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THE

CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS

THE HIDING-PLACE.

The Isle of Wight has long been distinguished as a favourite resort of travellers in quest of health or pleasure: and there are few localities that, within an equal compass, can present a greater variety of beautiful scenery—sublime and secluded, rural and romantic. Equally diversified are the reminiscences and associations which attach an interest to particular spots. Melancholy reflections connect themselves with the memory of an exiled and imprisoned monarch. Joyous sympathies rest on the spot selected as the favourite domestic retreat of our present Queen. Consecrated are the scenes of Legh Richmond's faithful ministry, and the quiet resting-places where his "Young Cottager" and "Dairyman's Daughter" await the consummation of the just.

One sequestered cave is visited with affecting interest, from the traditionary tale of its having been the retreat of a French prisoner who had escaped from prison, and there, for a considerable time, concealed himself—probably entertaining a hope of getting on board some vessel, and ultimately effecting his complete escape. But the hope proved fallacious; and the unhappy exile, though concealed from his pursuers, perished for want in his place of retreat!

The poor Frenchman needed another Refuge. It is possible that he sought and found it. If so, though his body perished in the cave, his soul was secure and safe. On the other hand, though success had attended his enterprise, and he had regained his desired home, yet, if the other Refuge had been neglected, he had ultimately perished—in a far more fearful sense than that of merely premature death.

Reader, has it ever occurred to you that you need a Hiding-place. To seek a hiding-place or refuge, supposes danger or calamity, realized or anticipated. He who flees for shelter imagines himself pursued by an enemy or avenger, or endangered by a storm. You, perhaps, entertain no such apprehensions, and are therefore unconcerned about seeking a hiding-place. A very short time may strip you of your fancied security, and convince you of the unspeakable value and indispensable necessity of what you now think little of. Be entreated not to lay aside this paper until you have devoted a few minutes to serious consideration of existing or impending dangers, and the desirableness of having a settled refuge to which you may continually resort.

You are in danger of the storm of worldly sorrow. At present, perhaps, all around you is pleasing, and all within is joyous and gay. You are in the possession of vigorous health, worldly sufficiency, and relative delights. So was Job on the morning of the very day in which he was stripped of them all. (Job i. 11.) And you, however favoured your present circumstances, have no security against the visitations of overwhelming calamity. This consideration need not, and ought not to damp the grateful enjoyment of your present happy lot; but it certainly suggests the wisdom of engaging a shelter—a place of security, succour, and repose, to which to resort when assailed by storms—so possible, so probable, in a world like this.

From not knowing a refuge in trouble, how many have been driven to utter despair! But there are others, whose troubles, sorrows, perplexities, and dangers, have been quite as great, who could yet calmly say, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble"—"In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion. He shall set me upon a rock." Those people have a special invitation: "Come, my people, enter thou into thy

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chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." And their reply is: "Deliver me, O Lord; I flee unto thee to hide me. My soul trusteth in thee; yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be overpast." (Ps. xlvi. 1, xxvii. 5; Isa. xxvi. 20; Ps. cxliii. 9, lvii. 1.) Oh, is it not an unspeakable happiness, in the time of trouble, to know where to run, and be sure of finding safety and succour.

Who are they that possess this privilege, and how may it be attained? "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." (Ps. xci. 1.) As a matter of choice they live near to God, holding communion with him, coming to him on the mercy-seat, by faith in the great Redeemer, and there relying, first for pardon and salvation, and then for all needful protection and support; and, whatever may happen, they are safe and happy under his shadow. But those who live far off from God by wicked works, who are careless about their souls, strangers to true repentance and lively faith in Christ, when trouble comes, run hither and thither in wild perplexity, and know not where to seek shelter and consolation.

There is a state of mind and feeling very much resembling those of a poor trembling creature, who is fleeing from the arrest of justice, or the pursuit of some powerful enemy, and seeks a secure hiding-place. It is that of a sinner awakened to a sense of guilt and danger, thus vividly described by the inimitable author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." "He was reading in his book" (the Bible. The Bible convinces men of sin of which they were not before conscious), "and, as he read, he burst out, crying, What shall I do to be saved? He looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because he could not tell which way to go." Being asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry? he answered: Sir, I perceive by this book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that, to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second." Reader, have you experienced anything like this? a deep and heart-felt conviction of guilt and danger — an earnest desire to flee from the wrath to come—an anxious uncertainty whither to flee, and whether it is possible to attain any shelter, or hiding-place? Is such your distressed condition? If it be, you are prepared to receive with joy the assurance that there is a hiding-place of God's own appointment and providing, and that whosoever runs into it shall be safe. "Behold, a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." (Isa. xxxii. 1, 2.) Jesus, "God manifest in the flesh," is the Man who shelters sinners from the wrath of God. Having himself sustained the storm in their stead, he becomes to them the Rock of Salvation; and the vilest of sinners is invited to take shelter in its clefts. Conscience, the broken law of God, the threatenings of just punishment, pursue the sinner as the avenger of blood pursued the manslayer among the Israelites. (Numb. xxxv.) But Jesus, the gift of God's unspeakable love, as the appointed cities of refuge under the law, is free of access to all who seek refuge in his blood; and the oath and promise of God are engaged that not one, under any circumstance, who comes to him by faith, shall perish, or be cast out. This gracious provision is made and assured, "that they might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them." "He is able also to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him; and him that cometh he will in no wise cast out." (Heb. vi. 18, vii. 23; John vi. 37.)

Death is as a dreadful storm, to which every child of Adam is inevitably exposed; or an invincible conqueror, the king of terrors, who claims every sinner as his lawful prey. What can then avail us for shelter and refuge? Nothing but an interest in Jesus; and, if believers in him, we shall pass through death uninjured. We shall not, indeed, escape, but we shall escape injury. "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh! what a refuge is Christ.

Then there is the judgment! What an awful scene is described in Rev. xx. 11–15! The Judge seated on his great white throne! Heaven and earth flying away! The dead, small and great, standing before God! The books opened! and every one waiting his judgment out of the things written in the books! What will then be the sinner's hiding-place? Many, many will endeavour to hide themselves in the dens and rocks of the mountains, and will say to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the wrath of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of

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the Lamb. For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" But vain will be the appeal: for mountains and rocks will flee away, and leave the wretched fugitives exposed before their almighty Judge. Not one will escape; but many will be acquitted—even all who have fled for refuge to Jesus: for "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.) All their sins are fully blotted out by the blood of Christ. There is no record against them. They stand before the Judge, accepted and approved in the everlasting righteousness of Jehovah-Jesus. Happy they who, united to him by a living faith, can say—

> "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
> My beauty are, my glorious dress;
> Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
> With joy may I lift up my head.
> Bold shall I stand in that great day,
> For who aught to my charge shall lay?
> Fully through Thee, absolv'd I am
> From sin's tremendous guilt and shame.

Reader, do not make light of these impending terrors. Trifling with them will not avert them. Rather think seriously of a refuge to which you may betake yourself and be safe. Beware of false refuges. What will riches, honours, pleasures, friends, do for you in the day of wrath? What will dependence on your own righteousness do? What! depend on the righteousness of a sinner, and reject that of an almighty Saviour! What madness! Can you hope thus to attain safety and satisfaction?

The five kings of Canaan escaped the hailstones and the sword, only to be reserved to a more ignominious death; for the cave in which they took shelter became, first their prison, and afterwards their grave. (Josh. x. 16.) There is no secure retreat for the enemies of God. No refuge but Christ can save in the day of wrath. To depend on any other is as great folly and madness as to seek shelter in a burning mountain. Every other refuge is vain, and must disappoint. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, that maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." (Jer. xvii. 5.) Hear what God says of all the false dependencies of scornful sinners, at the same time insuring the salvation of all who rest on Jesus: "Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves. Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion, for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste. Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place." (Isa. xxviii. 15-17.)

God cannot lie. Therefore the destruction of the unbeliever, and the salvation of the believer, are alike secure. Oh, then, renounce all other refuges, and flee to Him alone, whom God hath set forth to be his salvation, and the refuge of sinners, to the ends of the earth. Let the Christian who has fled to Jesus, as the only refuge for perishing sinners, be encouraged to realize the full and settled confidence which the assurances of God are designed and calculated to impart. "The eternal God is his refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms." (Deut. xxxii. 27.) When the waters of trouble rise and threaten to overflow, let him, by faith and prayer, seek his hiding-place in the Rock which they cannot reach (Ps. lxi. 2), and look to all the future of time and eternity without dismay, assured that "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; he shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end." (Is. xlv. 17.)

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

(*From the "British Quarterly Review."*)

We must try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole! what a unity it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards that heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his visions —"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth, that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the

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invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloamin, and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshaded forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers: so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon: but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by-and-by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtains of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.

To the ear it brings all the sounds that pulsate through it. The grave eloquence of men; the sweet songs and happy laughter of women; the prayers and the praises which they utter to God; the joyous carols of birds; the hum of insect wings; the whisper of the winds that breathe gently, and their laughter and wild choruses when they shriek in their wrath; the plashing of fountains; the murmur of rivers; the roaring of cataracts; the rustling of forests; the trumpet note of the thunder; and the deep solemn voice of the everlasting sea. Had there been no atmosphere, melody nor harmony would not have been, nor any music. The earth might have made signs to the eye, like one bereft of speech, and have muttered from her depths inarticulate sounds, but nature would have been voiceless, and we should have gazed only on shores "where all was dumb." To the last of the senses, the air is not less bountiful than to the others. It gathers to itself all perfumes and fragrance; from bean-fields in flower, and meadows of new-mown hay; from hills covered with wild thyme, and gardens of roses. The breezes, those "heavy-winged thieves," waft them hither and thither, and the sweet south wind "breathes upon banks of violets, stealing and giving odour."

Such is a faint outline of the atmosphere. The sea has been called the pathway of the nations, but it is a barrier as well as a bond between them. It is only the girdling and encircling air, which flows above and around all, that makes the "whole world kin." The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air, tomorrow will be speeding north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it, to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow riper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers.

The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoko and Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himmalayahs contribute to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon.

The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the pole-star for ages; and lotus lilies sucked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapour the snows that are lying on the tops of our hills.

The earth is our mother, and bears us in her arms: but the air is our foster-mother, and nurses each one. Men of all kindreds, and peoples, and nations, four-footed beasts and creeping things, fowls of the air and whales of the sea, old trees of the forest, mosses wreathed upon boughs, and lichens crumbling on stones, drink at the same perennial fount of life which flows freely for all. Nursed at the same breast, we are of one family—plants, animals, and men; and God's "tender mercies are over us all." Must we strive, by rule of logic and absolute demonstration, to shut up each reader into a corner, and compel him to acknowledge that the atmosphere was not self-created, but was made by Him "who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in?" Is there any one who can resist exclaiming—"O Lord! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all?"

FRAGMENTS ON POPERY.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM NEVINS, D.D., BALTIMORE.

I.—SALVATION FOR THE RICH.

THINK you that Christ has opened a wider door of entrance into heaven to the rich than to the poor? Think you that he has connected with the condition of the rich man an advantage whereby he may sooner or more easily obtain admittance into the place of his glorious presence? I do not believe it. But this is what the Church of Rome teaches. She preaches better tidings to the rich than to the

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poor—Christ did not. But I must make good this charge against the Church of Rome. I do it thus: According to her creed, all souls, except, perhaps, now and then one, of every condition, go, on their leaving the body, to purgatory. There they are. Now to get them out. How does she say this is to be done? Why, they must either suffer out their time (that is, all the time which remains after subtracting all the indulgences that were purchased and paid for), or their release must be effected by the efficacy of prayers and masses said for them by the faithful on earth. You remember that mass was performed lately by the Romish congress assembled in Baltimore, for the repose of the souls of two deceased bishops. There is no other way. Christ's sacrifice does not give rest to the soul, according to the Romanists, unless the sacrifice of the mass be added to it! Well, how are these masses, so necessary to the repose and release of the soul, to be had? Why, how do you suppose, but by *paying for them*! Give the priests money, and they will say them—at any rate, they promise that they will. Now, do you not see the advantage which money gives a man in the Church of Rome, and the hardship of being a *poor* Roman Catholic? I wonder any poor man should think the Roman Catholic religion the religion of Christ. Verily, Popery is no religion for poverty. What did our Saviour mean, when he said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?" (Mark x. 23.) According to the Roman Catholic doctrine, they are the very men that enter most easily—they having the wherewith to purchase indulgences and masses. It is the poor, according to this scheme, that with difficulty enter in. They have to serve their time out in purgatory, whereas the rich can buy their time off.

But is the thing managed in this way? Are not masses said for all that die in the Romish faith? Yes, there is a day in the year called All-souls' day (it comes on the 2d of November. Alas! for the poor Catholic who dies on the 3d, for he has to wait a whole year for a mass), when all of them are prayed for. The poor share in the benefit of the masses said on that day; but what does it amount to, when you consider the millions of Romanists that die every year, and the many millions not yet out of the fire, among whom the benefit is to be divided? It is not like having a mass said for one's soul in particular. But that is the privilege of the rich.

Now I do not believe that it is the religion of the blessed Jesus that makes this distinction in favour of the rich. I believe that Christ brought as good news from heaven to the poor as to the rich. I believe that every blessing which he has to dispose of may be bought *without money and without price*. (See Isa. lv. 1.) I believe that "whosoever will," may "take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) This is my creed.

There was poor Lazarus. I reckon he went to heaven as soon after he died as he would have done if he had had millions of money to leave to the Church; and I reckon the angels were as tender and careful of his soul as if he had been clothed in purple and fared sumptuously every day. And he was a poor man to whom the dying Saviour said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." If there was ever a man who, according to the Romish doctrine, should have gone to purgatory, and remained a great while there, it was that thief. But you see he did not go thither. Christ took him with him immediately to paradise. He went thither without penance, without *extreme unction*, without *confession to a priest*, without a single mass being said for him, in utter outrage of all the rules of the Church! I don't think that Joseph of Arimathea, rich as he was, could have got to heaven sooner than that penitent thief. But Christ always considered the poor; and that is not Christianity which does not consider them.

I will close with a syllogism. Christianity makes it as easy for a poor man to get to heaven as for one that is rich. This is my *major* proposition. Who dare dispute it? But the Church of Rome makes it not so easy for a poor man to get to heaven as one that is rich. This is my *minor* proposition, and this I have shown. Who dare deny it? Now my *conclusion* is, Therefore, the religion of the Church of Rome is not Christianity.

II.—NUNNERIES.

Every body knows how important convents, monasteries, nunneries, &c., are in the Roman Catholic religion. Who has not heard of monks and nuns, and of the establishments in which they respectively seclude themselves from the *world*! What a pity they cannot keep the flesh and the devil as far off! But the flesh they must carry in with them; and the devil is at no loss to find an entrance. There are no convents that can shut these out; and it is my opinion that it is not of much use to exclude the world, if they cannot at the same time shut out the other two. The world would be very harmless, but for the flesh and the devil. Besides, I am of opinion that a person may be *of* the world, though not *in* the world. *In*, but not *of* the world, is the Protestant doctrine, and the true plan. People forget that the world is not the great globe, with all its land and water; but that it is often an insidious little thing, which, ere one knows it, has taken up its lodgement in the heart. The heart can entertain the world. If so, convents cannot even keep out the *world*. They do not answer the purpose, therefore, for which they are intended.

But be this as it may, I find nothing for convents in the Bible. In the Old Testament not a word about them—in the New not a word. Now if they are such grand contrivances for making people good, and for keeping them pure, I am surprised they were never thought of till after the canon of Scripture was closed. Why did not the men who spoke by inspiration of God say anything about them? This puzzles me. I wish some of the Roman Catholic writers would explain the reason. They tell us why St. Paul omitted to say anything in his writings about the mass. It was, say the authors of the Rhemish Testament, in their annotations on Hebrews vii. 17, "because of the depth of the mystery, and the incredulity or feebleness of those to whom he wrote." We thank them for the admission that the apostle did not teach the doctrine of the mass. But how came they to know the reason of his silence upon it? Perhaps it was for a similar reason that he maintained a perfect silence on the subject of convents!

But if convents are such clever things, why did not *Enoch* take the vow of celibacy, and go into one, instead of "walking with God and begetting sons and daughters?" How much better a man, according to the Roman Catholic notion, he would have been had he only been a monk! And why did not St. John banish himself to some solitary Patmos, and there live the life of a hermit, before a persecuting emperor drove him into it? Why did not *Peter* and his wife part, and he turn friar and she nun? We look to such characters for examples. Why did not the Marys, or some others of the pious women of whom we read in the Bible, take the veil? Monachism, they may say, is an improvement on those times. But I do not like the idea of improvements

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on a system arranged by the wisdom of the Son of God himself.

There is what we call the *spirit* of a book. Now, the entire system of convents seems to me as clearly at variance with the spirit of the Bible, as one thing can be at variance with another. The Bible appears to have been written for persons who were to live in society with their fellow-men. It supposes human beings to be associated together in families and in civil communities, not as immured in monasteries and shut up in nunneries. It takes up the various relations of life, and descants on the duties growing out of them. But the system of monachism dissolves these relations. Is it scriptural then? But why should I ask if that be scriptural which was first instituted by St. Anthony in the fourth century after Christ?

WAS JOHN MILTON AN ARIAN?

No doubt seems to have been entertained of the stern theology of the author of Paradise Lost, until about the commencement of the present century, when a manuscript was found, containing a kind of system of theology, in which Arian opinions respecting the person of Christ are distinctly avowed, and also some very crude and extravagant opinions on several other subjects. As there seems to be little doubt about the genuineness of this work, the only question of importance relating to it is, at what period of Milton's life was this treatise written? If late in his life, then it must be admitted to contain his matured sentiments; but if early in life, the inference is, that he changed his opinions after mature study. The probability is, that this was a juvenile production written soon after his return from Italy; for had it been the result of his maturer studies, there is a strong probability that he would himself have given it to the world; for, though it contained opinions differing from the commonly received doctrines, Milton was not a man to conceal his opinions, or withhold them, through fear of public censure or clamour. Never existed a man of more independent mind, and one more fearless in publishing his real opinions. If orthodox opinions have been clearly and boldly avowed in his maturer writings, the inference seems probable that this treatise contains the early speculations of an ardent and vigorous mind, which, though written out with care, he would never have consented to publish in the more mature period of his life. This opinion is expressed by the author of a memoir of Milton, prefixed to his "Prose Works," published in 1845. This writer, in speaking of the "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," says, "That work he would never have given to the press himself, and which is, on every account, less worthy of praise than any of his other productions, [and] was probably composed during the first years after his return from Italy, and is the substance of familiar lectures to his pupils on theology. He had studied the nature of our *Saviour* before his mind attained the strength of its maturity, as some have looked upon the sun until for a while their sight was darkened. In the end he was right. In none of his great works is there a passage from which it can be inferred that he was an Arian: and in the very last of his writings he declares, that 'the doctrine of the Trinity is a plain doctrine in Scripture.'"

The author does not refer us to the place whence this testimony is taken; but in his work on "the Reformation in England," there is a remarkable prayer of this great man, from which the following is an extract:—

"Thou, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men! next then, I implore omnipotent King, Redeemer of the last remnant, whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting love! and thou, the third subsistence of Divine Infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! *one tri-personal Godhead!* look upon this, thy poor and almost expiring Church," &c.—*Milton's Prose Works*, vol. i., page 33.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY DR. HAWKES OF NEW ORLEANS.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
"Sister, I wish I could see.

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"O Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;—
His widow'd mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says, I God shall see.

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"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;—
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smil'd,
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up that poor blind child,
And open'd first his eyes in heaven.

A GLIMPSE OF THE REDEEMED IN GLORY.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.*

(Founded on Rev. vii. 9, &c.)

WHATEVER debate there may be regarding the locality of this description, there can be no question that it unveils a state of glory. Whether the scene of it be laid in earth or some other world, it is a glimpse of HEAVEN—one of the fullest and most satisfactory glimpses which the Bible gives. Perhaps it may do us good to dwell on it. It may give us more life-like and more home-like thoughts regarding those who have gone to it; and it may make us more diligent in insuring that we ourselves shall go thither. All that need be said may be summed up in answer to these two questions: Who are there? And what are they doing there?

We speak not now of the original inhabitants, but of the redeemed from among men; and we ask, WHO ARE THERE?

"*A multitude.*" The region is not solitary. Once it was. The period was when God was all in all. There was the throne, and the Great I AM sat upon that throne. But there was no world beneath it, and no multitude before it. And even after the sons of God were made, it was long before any of *our* race was there. When Abel found himself before the throne, he found no human comrade there. Seraphs waved their wings of fire, and cherubs hovered out and in around the depths of Deity; and all was sanctity, and all was love: but the new-comer found himself unique—not lonely, not unwelcome, but singular, and different from all the rest. But thus it is not now. There is "a multitude"—so many, as to give the region a friendly look of terrestrial brotherhood—so many, that the affinities and tastes which still survive will find their congeners and counterparts—so many, that every service will be sublimed, and every enjoyment heightened, by the countless throng who share it.

A *mighty* multitude. "A great multitude, which no man could number." Not a stinted few—not a scanty and reluctant remnant; but a mighty host—like God's own perfections, an affluent and exuberant throng—like Immanuel's merits, which brought them there, something very vast, and merging into infinity—so great a multitude, that, when those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression are added to the many saved in the thousand years of reigning righteousness, it may prove, in the long-run of our poor earth's history, that Satan's captives are outnumbered by the Saviour's trophies.

A *miscellaneous* multitude. "Of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues." For many ages, one nation supplied most of the inhabitants. Most of those who passed the pearly gates had spoken on earth the Hebrew tongue. But Jesus broke down the partition wall; and since His gospel went into all the world, all the world has contributed its citizens to the New Jerusalem. The Latin tongue has sent its Cornelius and its Clement; the Greek tongue has sent its Apollos and its Stephen, its Lydia and its Phœbe. The Philippian jailer is there; and there is the Ethiopian treasurer. All kindreds and people are there—men of all aptitudes and all instincts—men of all grades and conditions; the herdman of Tekoah, and the fisherman of Galilee; the head that once wore Israel's crown, and the genius which managed all the realm of Babylon. And there, suffused with sanctity, and softened into perfect subjection, we may recognise the temperament or the talent which gave each on earth his identity and his peculiar interest. David has not laid aside his harp, and there is still a field for Isaac to meditate. Solomon may have still the eagle eye, which searches nature's nooks, and scans the infinitude of things; and Moses may retain that meek aspect, to which no future was anxious, and no spot suspicious, for every place and every future was filled by a covenant God. Peter's step may still spring elastic and eager on the sapphire floor; whilst Paul triumphs in some lofty theme; and John's love-curtained eye creates for itself a brighter heaven. Blended and overborne by the prevailing likeness to the Elder Brother, each may retain his mental attributes and moral features; and in the dimensions of their disc, and the tinting of their rays, the stars of glory may differ from one another.

A multitude *who once were mourners.* "These are they which came out of great tribulation." To live in a world like this was itself a tribulation—a world of distance from God—a world of faith without sight—a world of wicked men; but they have come out of that tribulation. To have had to do with sin was a terrible tribulation—from the time that they were first convinced of it, and abhorred themselves in dust and ashes, all along through the great life-battle, contending with manifold temptations—contending with atheism and unbelief within—contending with their own carnality and sloth, their pride and worldly-mindedness, their unruly passions and sinful tempers: but they have come out of that tribulation also. They are done with conviction, and the broken spirit, and the daily struggle, and the entire tribulation of sin. And most of them had sorrows of another sort—the tribulation of personal trials. One of them had a brave family, and a splendid fortune; but the same black day saw that fortune fly away, and the grave close over seven sons and three daughters. Another was a king; and his heir-apparent was his pride and joy—a youth, whose beauty was a proverb through all the realm—so noble and yet so winsome, that his glance was fascination, and the people followed his chariot with delirious plaudits: but whilst the doating father eyed with swelling bosom his gallant successor, the selfish youth clutched at his father's crown; and the old monarch fled with a bursting heart, to return with a broken one—for

* From "*Evangelical Christendom*" for March.

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his misguided son was slain. One of them filled a place of power in a heathen land, and fidelity to his God brought him into constant jeopardy; till, reft of title, and torn from his mansion, he was flung food for lions into their howling den. And another was an evangelist, who delighted to go from city to city, proclaiming that Saviour whom he dearly loved; till the grasp of tyranny bore him away to an ocean rock, and left him to chant the name of Jesus to wailing winds and booming waves. And many others were "destitute, afflicted, tormented:" but from all tribulation they have now come out, and are a safe and happy multitude before the throne.

And they are a multitude *who shall form an eternal monument of the Redeemer's grace and power*—a multitude who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There was a time when their robes were not white. Of many, the character was stained by sensuality, and earthliness, and sin; and though some had little more than the dingy dye of the natural depravity, others were filthy with many a crime and much positive pollution. But, in his marvellous grace, God had opened a fountain for human guilt, and filled it with the precious blood of his own dear Son; and in that sin-purging fountain these ransomed ones had washed their robes. It was there that Abel, so amiable and innocent, felt it needful to seek a cleansing, and confessed to a more excellent sacrifice than that which smoked on his own altar. It was there that Enoch found the white robe in which he walked with God. It was thither that Manasseh carried his raiment, red with the blood of Jerusalem, and found it suddenly white as snow. And it was there that the dying thief, blackened with many an atrocity, washed away his stains, and was that same hour fit for Paradise. White is the uniform of glory—the spotless righteousness of Immanuel. This is the only garb which a child of Adam can wear before the throne of God. And though the apparel of some may be more curiously wrought and exquisitely embroidered than that of others—though the hand of the beautifying Spirit may have made it "raiment of needle-work"—the hue and lustre of each other is the same. Every spirit in glory wears the vesture radiant with redeeming righteousness—the snowy stole, which speaks of the fountain opened, and which will commemorate through eternity THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

Such are the human inhabitants of heaven. BUT WHAT IS IT THAT THEY DO THERE? What is their employment, and their blessedness?

They celebrate a victory. They have "palms in their hands." They are what the 2d and 3d chapters describe as "overcomers." They have fought a good fight, and won the battle; or rather, they celebrate the victory which the Captain of their salvation has won for them. As the 5th chapter explains these palms:—"Thou art worthy; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." It was once very like as if they would be worsted. The world opposed them. As Amalek withstood Israel, as soon as he knew that Israel wished to go to Canaan, so the world opposed the believer, as soon as he set his face toward Zion. First the world laughed, and then it frowned. First, friends jeered, and jested, and tried to rally him out of his religion, and then they looked severe. Ungodly relatives censured his foolish preciseness and fantastic scruples, and ungodly comrades sought to entrap him into ridiculous or wrong positions. And he felt so weak and friendless, that he was often ready to lose heart, and give up *this* battle. And the flesh opposed him. It fawned on him, and flattered him, and said, "Master, spare thyself." It coaxed him to be absent from the sanctuary, and to slur over secret devotion, and to make slight work of God's service. And again he was ready to give up. He felt that he had acted a part so ignoble and imbecile, that it would be more consistent to abandon his Christian profession altogether, and become once more an easy-minded worldling. And the devil opposed him. The great adversary filled his mind with fearful doubts and impious suggestions. Fiery darts were constantly alighting in his bosom; and, in the face of the most sober convictions, he would find himself questioning the most essential truths—the Atonement's sufficiency, or the Gospel's sincerity, or even the existence and perfections of God. Or he would find his heart dying away from the objects which once were dearest; rather shunning than courting Christian fellowship; sitting with averted eye, or delinquent heedlessness, under the preaching which once engrossed him; tossing aside the books with which he used to be so enchained and edified; seeing no force nor fulness in those texts which used to feed his soul as with marrow and fatness; and deliberately eyeing that same Saviour whom his soul once loved, but perceiving in Him no beauty that he should desire Him. And again he was ready to halt. "Am I not a hypocrite?" he asked himself; "and would it not be more honest to quit the name, seeing I have lost the thing?" But whilst he was thus trembling on the very verge of apostasy, an unseen power came to his rescue. The truths of God, or the terrors of judgment, or the attractions of the Saviour, told on him afresh; and, he hardly knows how, but he was constrained once more to turn his face to the foe. The battle began anew; and though he cannot boast of his exploits—he was fighting when he fell. The sword of the Spirit was then in his hand—a palm is in it *now*. And he wonders. How strange, that such a dubious fight should end in such a glorious victory! But here is the explanation—"*Thou* art worthy!" It was thou, O Captain of salvation, who didst shield my head in the day of battle. It was thou who didst uphold my slipping feet, and revive my fainting spirit. It was thou who didst repel those temptations which I hardly resisted, and didst give me victories where I put forth no valour. It was thou who didst slay the foe that slew me, and by conquering death for me hast secured that thy servant shall be conquered no more. Thanks be to God, who gave me the victory, through my Lord Jesus Christ! Thanks for this vicarious conquest; and thanks for this bloodless, but blood-bought palm!

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They serve God. "They cry with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!" "They are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple." Adoration at the throne, activity in the temple—the worship of the heart, the worship of the voice, the worship of the hands—the whole being consecrated and devoted to God,—these are the service of the upper sanctuary. *Here* the flesh is often wearied with an hour of worship; *there* "they rest not, day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." *Here* a week will often see us weary in well-doing; *there* they are drawn on by its own deliciousness to larger and larger fulfilments of Jehovah's will. *Here* we must lure ourselves to work by the prospect of rest hereafter; *there* the toil is luxury, and the labour recreation—and nothing but jubilees of praise, and holidays of higher service, are wanted to diversify the long and industrious Sabbath of the skies. And it matters not though sometimes the celestial citizens are represented as always singing, and sometimes as always flying—sometimes as always working, and sometimes as always resting—for there the work is rest, and every movement song: and the "many mansions" make one temple, and the whole being of its worshippers one tune—one mighty anthem, long as eternity, and large as its burden, the praise of the great Three-One—the self-renewing and ever-sounding hymn, in which the flight of every seraph, and the harp of every saint, and the smile of every raptured spirit, is a several note, and repeats ever over again, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!"

They see God. "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them;" or, as we have it in chapter xxii. 4, "They see his face." When the natural enmity is destroyed, and the soul is brought really to love God and delight in him, there will be times in its history when it will desire more fruition of the great I AM than it has ever experienced yet. And when it is thus "breaking for the longing which it hath" to look upon infinite excellence, it can sympathize with the exclamation of Augustine—"Lord, hast thou said, 'There shall no man see me, and live?'—then, let me die, that I may see thee." Or, rather, it can sympathise with the exultation of the patriarch, when he espied afar off his living Redeemer, and, forgetful of his miserable plight, started from the dust-heap, and triumphantly exclaimed—"In my flesh shall I see God!" And this is heaven. To be brought so near the perfection of beauty, that every competing perfection will look paltry—so near the Fountain of Life, that we shall know no blessedness in which God does not form the largest element—so near the Light of light and the Source of love, that we can never more drag our hearts away—this is to dwell in God, and have God dwelling in us; and what more is needful to make it heaven?

They follow the Lamb. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Even in heaven something of the mediatorial economy survives. Even where they see God, they follow the Lamb, and a close and conspicuous relation continues to subsist betwixt the Redeemer and his ransomed. He remains the leader of his blood-bought company: and whilst he prescribes their occupation, he is the immediate source of their blessedness. They have faculties capable of vast expansion, an avidity for excellence which is now insatiable, and a susceptibility of sacred enjoyment which nothing can content short of all the fulness of God. And the spiritual food—the soul-expanding and heart-gladdening truth—the Saviour supplies. The Lamb feeds them. And in his care for them, he guides them to one well-spring of wonder and one river of pleasure after another. He leads them to living fountains of waters. The Godhead is a boundless sea, on which the thin island of creation floats; and though the region be ever so dry and arid—a burning Baca; and though the object be ever so bleak and bald—a grim Horeb—a flinty rock; it needs only the touch of the prophet's rod, and forthwith a fountain springs exhaustless as that divine perfection whence it flows. Here on earth the divining rod is rare; and we can travel over leagues of creation, and years of providence, and even whole books of the Bible, and find in them nothing of God. But in that better country the Horeb never stanches, and the Baca never dries. The fountains play perpetual, and the waters ever live. And the Lamb is familiar with them all. To the bosky brink of one he leads his white-robed followers; and in its fringing glories, and populous profound, they read the riches of creative power and skill. To the melodious verge of another he conducts them; and in the geyser of light which gushes high, and flings its rainbows wide—in the balm scattered by its watted dews, and the songs with which the branches wave—they hear it endlessly repeated, "God is love." And to another still he guides them; and, simple as the margin looks, and limpid as the waters are, it dilates and deepens as they gaze—deepens till it mocks the longest line, dilates till Gabriel's eye can see no shore; and in its fathomless abyss, and ever-retreating bound, they recognise the Divine unsearchableness. In Paradise every fountain lives, and each living fountain is a lesson full of God!

And—just to complete the glance—*there are some things which there they never do.* They do not want, they do not weary, and they do not weep. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. . . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

And now—if any of your friends have slept in Jesus, is it not blissful to know how they are engaged? You and they once journeyed together: but a sudden door opened, and your father, or brother, or child, was snatched from your side; and ere you could follow, or even glance in, the door closed again. But the Lord has opened a crevice in the enclosing wall, and bids you look and see. See where they are—see what they are doing now. *You* are in great tribulation—it is even your tribulation to be deprived of *them:* but they have come out of all tribulation. You often find it hard to reach the throne of grace—hard to prevail with yourself to pray: they never

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quit the throne of God, but serve him day and night in his temple. It is only by faith that you can walk with Jesus! they see God, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. You suffer much from sickness, and languor, and bodily discomfort—our summers are too sultry, and our frosts too keen—and you lose much time through infirmities of the flesh: they hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither does the sun light on them, nor any heat. Your heart is often like to break; betwixt the unkindness of some, and the sufferings of others, you have tears to drink in great measure: God himself has wiped away all tears from *their* eyes. And your best frames and most blessed services are very brief. There is only one Sabbath in your week, and that is soon gone. There are few white days in your history—few days when you see the lustre of that robe with which God has already clothed you, and find your soul drawn forth in full-toned gratitude and praise. *Their* palm never withers. Their hallelujahs never cease. Their congregation never breaks up; their Sabbath knows no end. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

And you who trust that, through the tender mercy of God and the merits of Immanuel, yourselves are going to that same happy and holy world—let these views of it both encourage and admonish you. A late renowned physician, after speaking of some stupendous discoveries in astronomy, exclaims: "After such contemplations, how can one go into the tattle of the drawing-room, to be excited?" But far more justly may we demand—After *such* contemplations, how can we go into the world, to be frivolized and carnalized? How can one who hopes to follow the Lamb, make it all his study now to *follow the fashion?* How can the hand which yet hopes to wave the conqueror's palm take such a death-gripe of mammon? How can he who expects to join the white-robed multitude seek his present companions among earthly-minded men? Or, after such contemplations, how can I go into life, to be all engulfed in its enjoyments, its sorrows, or its cares? Shall I not rather cast my anchor within the veil, and ride buoyant over the griefs and gladness of mortality? And do I really and solemnly believe, that the adoration and the service of a present God are to be my employment soon—and shall I not be zealous in them *now?*

THE SET TIME COME.

A MINISTER of the gospel, in one of our northern cities, some years ago became deeply impressed with a desire for increased usefulness. He thought much upon the most probable means for the accomplishment of this object. The ordinary opportunities of access to his people, by pulpit ministration and customary pastoral visitings, did not satisfy his soul. He longed to lead his flock even more directly to Christ—to witness a greater degree of spirituality among them. With this view, he resolved to visit every family, and, as far as practicable, to ascertain the spiritual condition of each of its members, by personal conversation upon religious experience. At an appointed time he entered upon his labours of love. He called on one and another of the families of his people, had every household gathered, and with much affectionate concern spoke to them of the necessity of living each day for God and for eternity. His own soul was comforted, and he felt that his labours were not in vain in the Lord.

A day or two after he had commenced this employment, he called at the house of one of his most pious and influential members—a man of wealth. The father was absent at his place of business, but the mother, an amiable and pious woman, was at home. On making known to the latter his desire that she should summon her family to the parlour, and acquainting her with his design to speak personally to them—to admonish, exhort, or encourage, as they might need—the mother thanked him with tears of gratitude, but said, "I have one request to make of you, sir."

"What is that?" said the minister.

"It is that you will say nothing to my eldest daughter, Mary, on the subject of religion. I have prayed for that child for years. I have talked to her again and again; but her heart is set upon vanity. Fashion and the world are predominant in her affections. She has become, of late, exceedingly sensitive to reproof or admonition. Respectful in every other relation, she will not permit me to speak to her on religious subjects, without returning a violence of language entirely unbecoming a daughter. I have determined therefore to refrain from any direct appeal to her, until she shall give evidence of a greater docility. You will please therefore say nothing to Mary, whatever you may say to the others. I should be sorry to have your feelings injured, as well as my own, by the manner in which I am but too confident she would respond. May God bless your admonitions to the rest!"

In a few moments the family was gathered in the presence of the minister. Mary sat among them. She had entered, with a respectful courtesy, and taken her position at a window looking upon the street, apparently more interested in what was going on without, than attentive to the conversation within. The minister spoke first to the mother of her responsibilities and duties; then to a son, a youth of intellect and promise; then to a younger daughter, and so on until he had administered his kind and fatherly instructions to all. I mean all except Mary; to her he said nothing. He seemed to be unconscious of her presence. Tears of tenderness flowed freely from all who participated in the delightful interview, while Mary sat at the window playing idly with the tasselling at the silken curtains, her proud spirit refusing the least intimations of sympathetic feeling. The brightness of her eye was undimmed by any gathering tear—the loftiness of her carriage was not, for a moment, relaxed by the affecting scene before her; and when the minister said, "Let us pray!" she arose not from her seat, to bow with the rest, but remained still in her position of scornful unconcern, her delicate fingers toying with the silken fringe of the drapery before her. The minister poured out his soul in a fervent address to the throne of grace. O how earnestly did he commit that family to the guardianship of Heaven—referring to them in his supplications individually, and appropriately presenting them to the mercy of the Father, through the merit of the Son. But he offered no prayer for Mary. Unconcernedly and proudly, she still played with the silken toys. The prayer ceased—the good man arose. Taking each by the hand, he affectingly gave a parting admonition and invocation; and bowing coldly to Mary, who as coldly returned his civility, he left the room, and made his way to the entrance of the dwelling.

He had scarcely passed the threshold, when the

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words of the Redeemer, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," flashed upon his mind. Suddenly pausing, he said to himself, "Shall I refuse exertion for any soul, to save which my Master came down from heaven? Nay—God being my helper, I will return!"

Again he stood in the parlour. The family sat just as he left them, musing upon the things he had spoken. Mary was, to all appearance, still cold and unmoved.

With a courage imparted by the Holy Spirit he walked to where she sat, and taking her hand in his, said, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Shall he save *you?*"

The rock was smitten! The waters gushed forth freely and fully! Mary, proud and scornful as she seemed to be, needed only the word of invitation, to bow, and weep, and pray. Then was heard the bitter cry, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Angels hovered over that little assembly, and ere the descending sun gave place to the gathering twilight, the shout of conversion ascended to the throne, and there was joy in heaven over the sinner that had repented.

It is many years since the above was related to us, and we do not know that it has ever been in print before. Its lesson—which is two-fold—is borne upon its very face. Mothers may learn from it never to despair, and ministers may learn from it never to falter.—*Methodist Protestant.*

IS THIS DEATH?

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, LEAMINGTON.*

"Is this death?' said one, when dying; "O how I have dreaded its approach, and shrunk from its conflict. But I dread, I shrink from it no longer. If this is death, pleasant and welcome art thou!" If possible, yet more remarkable and triumphant was the falling asleep in Jesus of one whom I lately knew. His spiritual life was not stamped with those strong attributes which distinguish the man of gigantic faith, full assurance, and unclouded hope On the contrary, although occupying a prominent post in the Christian Church, usefully and honourably, yet when the subject of Christian experience was made to turn upon himself, it was evident to the writer, that his mind, sustained by a humble and fluctuating hope, was not quite a stranger to those fears of death to which the holiest of men are all their "lifetime *subject.*" But the time of his departure arrived. It pleased God—as if to demonstrate more clearly the immortality of the soul, and the power of the atoning blood—that from the moment of the fatal attack to its close, mental unconsciousness should suspend all intercourse with the beings and objects of that external world which already had receded from his view. But with the world beyond, the invisible, the eternal world, it was evident to all around him that he was in the closest and most blessed communion. Gazing upon the slain Lamb of God, he exclaimed, with a countenance expressive of the most painful emotion, "Thine agony! *Thine agony!*" Who can doubt but at that moment Jesus presented himself to his view, as having borne the curse, endured the suffering, and as having shed his blood for him. It was as a *crucified*, as an *atoning* Saviour, that he now manifested himself to his dying servant. Then, as if responding to the invitations and the beckonings of the glorified spirits who thronged the opposite shore, with distress wrinkling and darkening his brow, he plaintively said, "I cannot come! I *cannot* come!" still painfully conscious of the imprisonment of the body. Presently his countenance became radiant with heavenly joy, the cloud disappeared, and with tears gushing from his eyes, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "I come! I *come!*" and in an instant the last fetter gently broke, and his spirit was free. "So soft and noiseless was death's footstep, as not to disturb those slumbers which were soon to be succeeded by an eternal repose. And when the heaving of his heart was stilled for ever, and the happy spirit dismissed from her tabernacle of clay, it was by a touch so gentle, that the last breath was wholly unperceived: no mortal struggle, no agonizing convulsion, marked the moment of the soul's departure; and she was already towering on the wing, and far remote from all the toils and dangers of mortality, before the attendants had discovered even the preparations for her flight." Christian reader, let our anxiety, and aim, and prayer be, how we may holiest live, leaving the close of that life with Him who knows best "by what death we shall glorify God." O that, with Paul, our motto, emblazoned on our whole conduct, may be, "I die daily." With him may we exclaim, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." And with him yet again, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death. For, to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

* In "Peace for the Dying Christian"—a precious volume published in Edinburgh some time ago.

WORDS FOR MINISTERS.

WESLEY knew the importance of studious habits on the part of his preachers. To an indolent one he gives the following admonition, not inappropriate to some now-a-days:—"Your talent in preaching does not increase; it is about the same as it was seven years ago; it is lively, but not deep; there is little variety—there is no compass of thought. Reading alone can supply this, with daily meditation and daily prayer. You wrong yourself greatly by omitting this; you can never be a deep preacher without it, any more than a thorough Christian. Oh, begin! Fix some part of every day for private exercises. You may acquire the taste which you have not; what is tedious at first will afterwards be pleasant. Whether you like it or not, read and pray daily. It is for your life; there is no other way, else you will be a trifler all your days, and a petty, superficial preacher. Do justice to your own soul; give it time and means to grow; do not starve yourself any longer."

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It were to be wished that the advocates for the best of causes would, with Solomon, seek out acceptable words. I acknowledge that genteel drapery adds nothing to the value, but it adds to the agreeableness of truth, which is not the better received for appearing in dishabille, much less for being attired like a sloven. If we do not decorate her with what Lord Chesterfield terms "lace and embroidery," that is, with rich metaphors and refinement of style, yet an author should not permit her to walk abroad either in sluttish negligence, or in the garb of a shabby old gentlewoman fallen to decay.

The best clock in the world will be spoiled, if you are perpetually moving the hand backwards and forwards, and altering it in order to make it keep time with a variety of other clocks; it will hardly ever go regularly and well. So a minister, who shapes and accommodates his sentiments and discourses to the tastes and humours and opinions of other people, will never be happy, respectable, or useful.

Gospel ministers should not be too hasty and eager to wipe off every aspersion that is cast on them falsely for Christ's sake. Dirt on the character (if unjustly thrown), like dirt on the clothes, should be let alone for a while until it dries; and then it will rub off easily enough.

I have no notion of a timid, sneaking profession of Christ. Such preachers and professors are like a rat playing at hide-and-seek behind a wainscot, who pops his head through a hole to see if the coast is clear, and ventures out if nobody is in the way, but slinks back again when danger appears. We cannot be honest to Christ except we are bold for him. He is either worth all we can lose for him, or he is worth nothing.

CONFIDENCE.

If a merchant of incontestable opulence and honesty give me his note of hand binding himself to pay me so much money, I have no reason to fear a failure of payment. "Mr. —— is a person of vast wealth, and of as great integrity: my money, therefore, is as sure as if I had it in my pocket." Thus we reason concerning human things.

Give the same implicit credit to God's promises. We have it in his own writing, under his own hand and seal, that "Every one who believeth shall have everlasting life;" and, "Whoso cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," &c. Do not dishonour God's note of hand, by letting unbelief question either his ability or his veracity. Do not withhold from the God of heaven and earth that confidence which, in many cases, you cannot withhold from man. —*Toplady.*

TIME.

Were a man, every day, to throw a purse of money, or even a single guinea, into the sea, he would be looked upon as a madman, and his friends would soon confine him for such. But a man who throws away that which is of more value than gold, than mines, than the whole world—even his health, his peace, his time, and his soul—such a one is admired, esteemed, and applauded by the greater part of mankind. —*Ibid.*

A MARTYR'S LAST ADVICE.

"Oh, but I think it a very weighty piece of business to be within twelve hours of eternity, and not troubled." These were the words of one of the Scottish martyrs, on the evening before his execution Reader, when you come to stand within twelve hours of eternity, and you are well aware of the fact, will you be untroubled? Listen to the advice of the martyr, given at the same time that he uttered the above. "Time is precious. Oh! make use of it, and act for God; contend for truth; stand for God against all his enemies; fear not the wrath of man; love one another; wrestle with God; mutually confess your faults one to another; pray one with another; reprove, exhort, and rebuke one another in love; slight no commanded duty; live near to Christ; be faithful in your stations, as you will be answerable at the great day."

THE EYE OF GOD.

A candle wakes some men as well as a noise; the eye of the Lord works upon a good soul as much as his hand, and he is as much affected with this consideration, The Lord sees me, as with this, The Lord strikes me. What a cheerful spring, what a fruitful autumn hath that soul that hath the eye of the Lord always upon her! The eye of the Lord upon me makes midnight noon; the eye of the Lord sanctifies, nay, more than sanctifies—glorifies all the eclipses of dishonour, makes melancholy cheerfulness, diffidence assurance, and turns the jealousy of the sad soul into affability.

BIGOTRY OF THE DEIST.

True religion never produces fanaticism or bigotry. The greatest fanatics I ever knew were infidels, the greatest bigots were deists. They are the only men who will give you no liberty to think for yourself, while they strenuously claim that liberty for themselves. They remind me of the man who declared to one who disputed with him, that this was not a free country; he could not do as he pleased. "How so," said his companion; "can't you do as you please?" "Why, yes, pretty much, but I can't make you do as I please."

Fragments.

Better it is to go with a few to heaven than with a multitude to hell, and be damned for the sake of company.

Is a father to be blamed, for striking a cup of poison out of his child's hand? or God, for stripping us of those outward comforts which would run away with our hearts from him?

It is man's frailty to fall; but it is the property of the devil's child to lie still.

What can we wish for in an heritage, that is not to be found in God? Would we have large possessions?—He is immensity. Would we have a sure estate?—He is immutability. Would we have a term of long continuance?—He is eternity itself.

The sons of God have much in hand, and more in hope.

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THE WORLD SOUGHT—THE SOUL FORGOTTEN—BOTH LOST.

A Sketch for Young Men.

The subject of this sketch was the son of pious parents, and an only child. I knew nothing of him personally until after he had graduated at college. His father was a prominent man in a congregation near to the one of which I was pastor, and our acquaintance became very intimate.

I found his son a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and address, with a mind and attainments considerably above mediocrity. He was apparently amiable and respectful in all his deportment, so that, like the young man in the Gospel, he was lovely to look upon, but "lacked the one thing." Like him, also, he admitted the claims of religion, but was too entirely devoted to the world to give it his supreme regard. He was a child of many prayers, and had received much valuable instruction; but, so far as I could learn, had not, in all things, been "trained up in the way he should go." His fond parents had not sufficiently restrained him, and the fruits of this indulgence ripened into a harvest of grief, sadly abundant. Designing him for the ministry, they had given him an education somewhat more extensive than most young men then received who were intended for any of the learned professions.

When I first became acquainted with him, he was at home, undetermined, as his parents thought, respecting his future course. He had intimated to them, that he had a desire to follow the practice of law. They could not urge him to look to the ministry without piety, yet they could not consent to any other course. They could only urge him to give himself to God; and I sometimes thought that their remonstrances with him were not properly timed. In their earnestness they would sometimes remonstrate with him in the presence of other company, which seemed to have an unfavourable effect. But they did not know the true state of his mind. At their request, I had a conversation with him on the subject, and found that he had a fixed and settled purpose never to enter the ministry. I found, too, that he was purposely steeling himself against all remonstrances on the subject of religion. He had determined, that *for the present* he would not yield to its influence, lest it might be made an additional argument for urging him into the ministry. And with all his outward amiability, there was in his heart a deep-seated aversion to religion and all its concerns.

He had an ardent thirst for worldly fame and honour. This, I afterwards learned, he had imbibed at college, and it had become his ruling passion. Politics was his study, office was his god, and fame his heaven. To the pursuit of these he was determined to devote himself; and his desire to study law did not arise from a wish to be useful in that honourable profession, but from a hope that it might be found a stepping-stone to office. His conscience would not permit him to decide against religion entirely, but he madly determined to have nothing to do with it *for the present*, lest it might in some way interfere with his pursuit of the objects he had in view.

I was afterwards informed by one who had been his fellow-student, that when at college he became seriously impressed, during a revival of religion in the town, in which the college largely participated. In order to banish his serious impressions, he rushed into gay company and scenes of dissipation. The Spirit was grieved, it is to be feared, for ever.

With the reluctant consent of his parents, he studied law. He married an amiable and pious young lady, who, it was hoped, might have some influence in leading him to seek that salvation upon which he had so determinately turned his back. But he had thrown himself into the whirl of political strife, and still seemed to think of little else than office.

Affliction came: he buried his wife and child, and was himself brought to the very gates of death. He was mercifully spared, but with a constitution impaired by disease, from which he never recovered.

He had thus far been signally unsuccessful in all his efforts to obtain advancement. But affliction and disappointment seemed to be as little heeded as the remonstrances of his parents. A revival of religion occurred in the church of which his father was a member, and in the town in which he resided. He estranged himself from the church, refused to attend any of the meet-

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ings, and, to be out of the way of any religious influence, left home on pretence of business.

At length the way seemed to open for him to obtain his long-sought object. A vacancy occurred in an office of some importance, in the gift of the government, and an application was forwarded for him under very favourable prospects. But before the result could be known, he was prostrated under disease, which in a short time terminated in death. His disease was a fever of a malignant typhoid form, which, while it resisted all remedies, rendered him almost insensible to external objects. No one could ascertain that he had, at any time, the slightest thought respecting his spiritual condition. And *thus he died.*

A day or two before his death, and when his life was entirely despaired of, his appointment to the long-wished-for office came, and with it a commission from the government, with the State seal. That for which he had bartered heaven had come as if to mock his dying moments. What was it to him now? What was worldly office, with all its promised emoluments, to one just about to appear at the bar of God? Could its emoluments purchase that salvation now so infinitely important? could honour give him favour with God? or could that seal to his commission insure his entrance into heaven? His parents were filled with dread about his spiritual state. He had not sought the Lord in the days of his health, and now he was insensible. He could not understand them now, while they spoke of the great concerns. They thought of showing him his long-expected commission, in the hope that it might be the means of so arousing him that he might be made to comprehend his situation, and think of eternal things. They made the attempt.

I must leave the reader to conceive of that heart-rending scene—the aged parents approaching the dying bed of their only son, dying without hope—the mother, ready to sink, supporting herself on the arm of the father, who, in no less agony, held in his hand the fatal commission.

They succeeded in partially arousing him. And when the paper was opened, and put into his hand, he seemed to have some understanding of its import. A slight shudder passed over him, and he sunk back into a stupor seemingly deeper than before, from which all efforts to rouse him were in vain. In a few hours death terminated the scene, and his soul went to render up the solemn account, which was to decide his destiny for ever.

I need not add any word of warning. If this should meet the eye of any young man who is postponing the all-important concern in order to pursue the world with supreme devotion, and he find in the facts of this melancholy case no warning voice, all I could say would be of no avail.

REST AND BE THANKFUL;

OR,

THE WEEKLY RETREAT FOR A BUSY WORLD.*

"THE Lord has risen indeed! and this is the day which he has made! He has made it for me to rejoice and be glad. And so I shall. Last night I was fagged and weary; to-day I shall rest, and be refreshed. Last week, the long day was toil and hurry, and the jaded evening I gave to neighbours and the news. I fear that God was seldom in my thoughts, and the great realities were distant and very dim. But this is the Sabbath-day. Lord, help me to keep it holy. O fill it with thyself, and make it a foretaste of heaven."

So mused a Christian tradesman, as he woke up to a Lord's-day morning; and in a few minutes he was ready for its endeared engagements. His closet had double doors that morning. No knock of secular importunity startled its tranquillity; and it was with a delighted sense of leisure that its occupant entered on its exercises. He felt that he had time for everything. He had time to think of the past—its progress and its short-comings; and time to forecast the future—its dangers and its exigencies. And he had time to pray. Often on other days he grieved at stinted devotions, and went feebly through his work, from a fear that prayer had been stinted or restrained. But this morning he had leisure for full and deliberate supplication; and besides laying all his remembered wants and sins before his heavenly Father, he was enabled to intercede with affectionate fervour for many dear to him. And whilst he was thus employed, those friends began to assume a new aspect in his eyes. One had not used him well, and to another he himself had acted very ill; whilst many of them he had scanned with the hard and knowing eye of worldliness, or had raised a laugh against them by rehearsing their foibles and failings. But viewed beneath the mercy-seat, a sacred light shone over them; and he rose wondering at his wealth of friendship, and brimming with that benevolence which makes those better whom it loves—full of forgiveness, and resolved to make amends to his injured brother. And he had time to read the Word of God. Often had he been obliged to hurry out to business after a flying glance, a random snatch; but this morning he was able

* By the Rev. James Hamilton of London; and published as one of the "Sabbath Tracts for the Times."

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to peruse an entire epistle. He was astonished at the insight afforded by reading the whole continuously; and, rivetted by the parallel passages, he fastened many interesting particulars in his memory; and having thus marked and inwardly digested it, he rose from his lesson with a pleasant consciousness of enlarged intelligence, and with the invigoration of one in whom the word of Christ dwells richly.

From this retirement he carried earnestness into his family worship, and a more out-spoken affection marked the intercourse of the little breakfast party. It was the only morning when Harry, the young engineer, shared that meal with his brothers and sister; for every working day he spent the whole round of the clock at a distant foundery. And, to tell the truth, he was no great loser by his absence; for the morning repast was seldom distinguished for its flow of soul. Little Wat would be smuggling his Latin rudiments under the table, and refreshing his memory with Gerunds and Supines, whilst his father glanced perpetually at the silver watch, standing sentry beside the salt-cellar, and at every tinkle of the shop bell started nervously; and then some voice would be heard beneath, and pushing away the scalding cup, jerking the watch into the fob, and darting past his daughter, who had gone to express the toast up stairs, Mr. T—— was forthwith bowing behind the counter, whilst Mrs. T——and her daughter mournfully finished the interrupted meal. But this morning the shop bell was silent; the fidgetty watch lay still in the fob; and Wat's rudiments slept in the satchel. It was not only the quiet in the streets—it was not only the fresh faces and the Sunday attire—it was not only the piano closed, and the work-table locked, and the pamphlets and newspapers put away, which announced the Sabbath come again; but it was the look of home and leisure which lit up the little parlour. The sun came clearer than usual through the casement, for yesterday the windows were cleaned. The fire burned more brightly, for happier eyes were around it. And the old cat, who, in her kitten days had been Harry's playmate—an old cat now, for Harry was a baby then—the old cat felt the atmosphere domestic, and preferred the carpet-stool at the fender to her usual dormitory down in the kitchen. And though not very much was said, a great deal was seen and felt. Repose, affection, and a sacred calm filled the chamber, and the peace of God was keeping their hearts and minds.

The bells were ringing. Harry and his sister walked on to church together. Harry was now something more than a school-boy, and so did not feel it unmanly to walk to church with his sister. And she was older than he, and sedate, and gentle; and, far better, she was a humble and earnest follower of the blessed Saviour. She was full of hope about her brother, and was this morning trying to persuade him to become her fellow-teacher in the Sabbath-school. Their father and mother came after, and Wat with his new Bible, had charge of little Benjamin. When they had taken possession of their pew—and they nearly filled it—there were still some minutes to the hour. The father sat at the lower end of the seat, and his Bible was open before him. He read the 128th Psalm: "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord." And when the service began, it was a full heart which accompanied the prayers, and an exulting voice which swelled the psalms. That morning a distinguished stranger preached. The sermon was one long and lofty argument. Mrs. T—— and the young people scarcely understood it. To the close attention and vigorous intellect of Mr. T—— it was a transcendent treat. On the way home, his wife and daughter complained that they could not follow it. "It wanted stepping-stones. I know what he wished to prove, but I could not see how he made it out." "If there be a boat on the other side, you don't need stepping-stones. Do you remember the curious ferry which we crossed last summer? There was a rope hung over, and the gunwale of the boat was fastened to it. The rope dipped under the current, but it rose as the boat moved on, and that rope and the rush of the river were enough of themselves to carry us across. The sermon to-day had no stepping-stones, but the text and the landing-place were joined together by one strong line; and if you did not see the full drift of it, that was because the rope dipped under the river." And so the rest of the way he repeated the leading thoughts of the preacher, and brought them to the landing-place in their own style—by the easy stepping-stones.

However, they were all glad when their own minister entered the pulpit in the afternoon. A smile of recognition rose to the frank and open features of Mrs. T——, and even little Benjamin felt that all was right, and whispered, "Mama, that's Mr. ——." Wat was all attention; for he was sure there would be some story or something else which he could repeat on going home; and Emily, who had already written out some volumes of sermon notes, had her nimble pencil ready. Harry was a zealot for his minister, and stood up for him as the best preacher in all the town; and though Mr. T—— would have sometimes liked a little more system, or a somewhat closer exposition of Scripture, or a style of preaching more experimental, he felt gratitude and respect to a pastor whom his family loved, and was often impressed by his glowing earnestness. That afternoon the text was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And on the way

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home, Harry whispered to his sister, "Emily, I'll come and see your Sabbath class this evening."

Mr. T—— had a little cabinet with glazed doors, which he called his Sabbath library. There was a row of books for the younger folks, from little Benjamin's "Peep of Day," up to the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Fairchild Family, and Todd's Lectures, and Abbot's Young Christian, and Janeway's Token, and the Night of Toil, and the Lives of Eliot, and Martyn, and Mrs. Judson. And there was an old ancestral copy of Henry's Commentary, still wearing its snuff-brown coat, just as it used to do when grandmama read till dusk, and put in for a marker, not her spectacles, but their round wooden case. And there were Fox's Martyrs, and Flavel's works, and Thomas Boston's—tall folios which could not stand upright, and could not stoop, and were therefore laid upon their sides. And there was many a less bulky volume which bore the hallowed names of Owen, and Baxter, and Charnock, and Leighton, and Doddridge—names which it was solemn to look at. And on Sabbath evenings, when the sermons were repeated, and the hymns were said, and tea was over, this cabinet was opened, and one of its old worthies was brought down to edify the quiet hour. This evening the young people were all at the Sabbath school, and Mr. T—— had wheeled in the easy chair, and was sitting with "Cardiphonia" open before him, but—as Mrs. T—— noticed—without ever turning the leaf. At last he said, "Mary, I was thinking how good God has been to us. I trust it is long since, through grace, we ourselves were led to choose the better part; and now the Lord seems to be saying, 'I will be a God unto you, and your seed after you.' I hope we may always be able to seek for them and for ourselves first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness; for I feel to-night that if we really seek them, our heavenly Father will give the best gifts to ourselves and our children. Dear Mary, goodness and mercy are following us. The Lord is our shepherd, and I feel to-night as if after this I could be careful for nothing. Oh, but he is a gracious God." The tear was in his eye. His wife told him how Emily had taken in hand the country girl who had lately come to be their servant, and what progress her poor scholar had made in reading her Bible, and was going on to fill his overflowing heart still fuller, when Benjamin's tug at the bell announced the return of the party. The news of the Sabbath school were told—the best being, that Harry had given in his name as a teacher; and Hannah was called up to evening worship, and they sang—

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes these gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Next morning Harry was early a-foot. The road to the foundery lay through dingy lanes and miry streets, but that morning Harry had prayed more fervently than usual. The words, "This is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," had got into his mind, and he could not help saying them over and over again. A springy freshness mantled over the houses—a spring which none noticed, for the singing bird in his own bosom made it; and when Harry reached the forge he felt fresh as a lark, and strong as a lion. Some of his comrades had arranged a pleasure party for the by-gone Sunday; but their bleared eyes and earnest yawning, the vengeful way in which they jangled bars of iron, and cursed their tools, and jostled one another, were the only relics of the pleasure which survived on Monday morning. And sooner up than usual, Harry's father got calmly through the morning worship, and breakfast being ended, he was down in the shop betimes, and he could not help noticing to himself the readiness and recollectedness with which he had got through everything that day. Indeed, had you seen the dexterity with which he served two customers at once, and the happy knack with which he fitted every taste, and the deft felicity with which he laid his hand on the very article wanted, and the agility with which he climbed the ladder, and actually vaulted over the counter, and the transfusive good humour which sent every one away with a purpose to come back, you might have thought that Mr. T——, who had fully reached the middle age, had got a dip in the magic fountain which used to make old men young. And so he had. Yesterday he had renewed his youth, and he did it every week. And, reader, so may you; for the magic fountain is—a Sabbath sanctified.

FRAGMENTS FROM NEVINS.

FIXED PURPOSES.

I REMEMBER reading of a young man, who, in the course of a few years, squandered a large estate. Reduced to absolute want, he one day wandered out with the design of putting an end to his life. He came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked the estates he had lost. He sat himself down, dropped his head, and remained for some time in fixed deep thought, then suddenly sprung up, and with a vehement exulting emotion, while a gleam of hope irradiated his dark eye, exclaimed, "They shall be mine again." He had made his resolution and formed his plan. He now hastened to execute it. The result in due time was complete success, with an addition of other property.

There was another, who, after long darkness and distress of mind, at length exclaimed, "If there be a God in the universe, I will seek him, and find him, and devote myself to him." That man (as his life proved) is now in heaven.

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Our salvation does not depend so much on our laying hold, as our holding on. It is not he that sets out, and for a while runs well, but he that *endureth* to the end, that shall be saved. We might as well not lay hold, as not hold fast. Indeed, it is *better* not to vow, than to vow and not pay.

CONFESSION.

Suppose a Jewish priest had seen the publican going up to the temple, and asked him what he was going for, and when he had answered, "To confess my sins to God, and ask for mercy," had said, "You need not go so far; I'll hear you—confess to me—I can forgive you;" would he have gone down justified upon a compliance with so impious a request? Yet this is what the Catholic priests do habitually. They stop the people from going to God with their confessions.

MARRIAGE.

When a godly and ungodly person intermarry, I always know what is to be the consequence. The pious one expects to convert the other to God. But ten to one the conversion is to the world. Real success seldom attends such efforts. Take an example. Lot seems to have married a worldly-minded woman. That fact, combined with his own previous worldliness, kept his own piety low. Now, such piety as Lot's was, possessed in such small measure, and corrupted by such unholy mixtures, does not often communicate itself. It did not in this case. The example of such Christians is by no means impressive; and their prayers, if offered, are not apt to be prevalent. And a profession of religion, in our partners, or in any others, ought to be a subject of mourning rather than of rejoicing, when it is not the expression of real piety.

THE AGED.

What a mournful sight is the aged sinner! He is condemned. For sixty or seventy years has his Sovereign protracted the period of his reprieve, and what has he been doing all that time? Has he been honestly and earnestly trying to have his reprieve made a pardon, and to get the sentence of condemnation removed? No! He has not put forth one hearty effort for that—he has scarcely spent a solemn thought upon it. What, then, has he been doing? Hear, oh heavens, and be astonished, oh earth! he has been exerting himself to increase his prison accommodations—he has been engaged in acquiring property, in taking pleasure, and in seeking distinction among his fellow-convicts.

The aged may look back to the sins and follies of youth, and say, smilingly, that then they were "sowing their wild oats." But it is no laughing matter. Many have already reaped ruin from that sowing; and many will be to all eternity gathering a rueful harvest from it. I have no doubt that the ruin of very many has been owing to the currency of the sentiment, that young people must be permitted to sow their wild oats. Parents have thoughtlessly admitted the correctness of the sentiment, and have, consequently, indulged their children in follies and sins, from the power of which they were never after able to rescue them.

DEATH.

What a change is wrought in death! It is a very awful thing, even to die in the Lord. Remember this, Christian! In the morning thou art here, panting, labouring, dying—and before it is night on earth, thou art in distant paradise, breathing its air, and partaking in its delights—from this sphere and these revolutions, removed in a twinkling, where there is no need of sun or moon, but the living light of the divine glory illumines all. Now thou art with thy earthly friends and acquaintance, and anon with Christ, and one in the general assembly and Church of the First-born—this hour taking drinks and medicines from a nurse's hand, and a few hours afterwards it is given thee to drink of living waters, and to eat of the fruit of the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God. The poor malefactor, who came out of his prison to be crucified with Christ, as forlorn and hopeless a creature as lived, before the evening lights were kindled in Jerusalem, was a sanctified and saved spirit, in the happy society of saints and angels. What a change for this poor fellow! And, to every one that trusts in Jesus, it shall be in like manner.

A VICTORY OVER DEATH.

The great battle with this enemy was fought on the field of Calvary. Then the Prince of life met him, and turning his own weapons against him, vanquished him. True, the victor died; for it was only by death that death could be overcome; and the victory was none the less complete and glorious on that account. Every victory over death since that has been but the fruit of that first great victory. It is our Lord Jesus Christ, who, having himself gained, now giveth us the victory. We are conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved us. *He* putteth the palm in our hands. A multitude, which no man can number, have, through him, triumphed over death.

I was witness to one of these victories the other day. There was no conflict in the case—death made no show of resistance. He just gave up at once. He did not even look formidably. The victor, in this instance, remembered Calvary; and death also seemed to remember it. He has never recovered his spirit since that conflict, so fatal to him. He never will. Death is abolished to him that believeth in Jesus. "He that believeth shall never die." That which remains is not worthy of the name of death. Death is dark; but the scene I witnessed was bright, above the splendours of the mid-day sun. I asked the victor (I will not say victim) if it was bright to him? He said, in effect—"Bright as light could make it." Death is frightful. But here was no fear. I asked the dying conqueror if he had any fear? "None at all," he said. His countenance had told me that before. He was young—he had much to live for, and a few weeks before he had fondly loved life. But the love of life went with the fear of death. By nature he loved life—by grace he loved life eternal. It was the love of life, even of immortality, that made him willing to die. He loved LIFE too well to *live*.

Death is sorrowful. But there was no sorrow here, except in those who stood around. "This is the happiest moment I ever experienced," he said to me; and, certainly, his looks never before expressed such happiness. He realized the wish of the Persian poet; and he smiled while all around him wept. In short, death, in this case, not only suffered a defeat, but was swallowed up in victory, so that I saw nothing of it. And how came it to pass? I have already intimated. Was this a victory of nature? No. Was it a triumph of philosophy? No. It was an achievement of grace. Nature tamely succumbs to death. Philosophy submits with calmness to the inevitable decree. It is only Christianity which overcomes. I asked the young man if Christ was now precious: "Oh yes!—he is everything—MY ALL!" was his reply. I said, "Is He not enough?" "All-sufficient," he replied, "I need nothing more." At a moment of more than common rapture, he called for the singing of his favourite hymn. During the singing, his aspect was unearthly.

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A CONTROVERSY DETERMINED AT THE JUDGMENT.

There is one controversy which the last day shall for ever determine—the long and unhappy controversy about the Divinity of Jesus. *How* it shall be decided I leave you to judge, after I shall have asked a few questions. If the mover of all those sublime scenes, the agent in all those grand transactions, be not God, where is God? and why takes he no part in the doings of this last tremendous day? If Omnipotence be not in this work of general desolation, where is Omnipotence slumbering? Where is the work that benefits Omnipotence? If a mere creature is sitting on the throne of the universe, where sits Jehovah? Tell me, Reason. And why and where has he retired, when now the destiny of men and angels is determining? If it be not Omniscience on that throne, if not Omniscience, which, from the lost archangel down to the least human sinner, scans every life, searches every spirit, and scrutinizes the inmost thoughts and the deepest purposes, what has Omniscience to do? I had thought it was Deity, at whose stepping forth the everlasting mountains are scattered, and the perpetual hills do bow—Deity, from whose face the heaven and the earth do flee away—Deity, that keeps the keys of death and of hell—Deity, who sits on the throne of the universe—Deity, at whose hands I am to receive the eternal recompense.

DEGREES OF PUNISHMENT.

If all the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, it is but a sorry consolation, that there are different degrees of suffering in the world of woe. I admit that there will be varieties of misery among the subjects of perdition, and, in vindication of the justice of God, the doctrine should be preached; but let it not be misunderstood, let it not be made a ground of consolation, which it was never intended to be, to the wicked. Yes, there will be varieties, but let it be considered what every variety will include? the bitterness of the wrath of God, the blackness of darkness for ever, the loss of heaven, the forfeiture of the divine favour, the worm that never dies, the fire that is not quenched—eternity, and its child by misery, despair. Will any cup be tolerable, which has these ingredients in it? Is there any consolation here? Will you be spending your time in comparing one flame with another, in point of fierceness, or one worm with another, in point of appetite, when you ought to be fleeing from the wrath to come, and reaching forth to lay hold on the hope that is set before you?

HELL.

Many say they do not believe God ever made a creature to damn him, and, in so saying, suppose they say a very smart thing, and something quite conclusive in favour of their salvation. It is admitted that God never made a creature to damn him. But is a thing never put to a use for which it was not originally designed? God never made a creature to suffer damnation. Neither did he ever make a creature to sin, and to deserve damnation. But creatures have sinned, and have deserved it, though it was not the object for which they were originally made.

THE OUT-CASTES IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR, WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.*

Of all calamities that can befall a Hindu, the sorest is the loss of caste. This generally arises from some offence against ceremonial purity, or caste usage; such as the omission of established rites on occasion of a marriage, birth, or other important event; neglecting to sacrifice to ancestors; eating with a person of another caste, or out of vessels that had been used by them; or abandonment of the caste religion. In the case of a Brahman, drunkenness ought to be punished with expulsion; but that vice is rare, and I did hear of a wealthy Brahman who practised it with impunity. Of the condition to which a man is reduced by expulsion, a competent witness thus speaks: "He is a man as it were dead to the world. He is no longer in the society of men. By losing his caste, the Hindu is bereft of friends and relations, and often of wife and children, who will rather forsake him than share in his miserable lot. No one dares to eat with him, or even to pour him out a drop of water. If he has marriagable daughters, they are shunned; no other girls can be approached by his sons. Wherever he appears, he is scorned and pointed at as an out-caste. If he sinks under the grievous curse, his body is suffered to rot on the place where he dies. Even if, in losing his caste, he could descend into an inferior one, the evil would be less; but he has no such resource. A Sudra, little scrupulous as he is about honour or delicacy, would scorn to give his daughter in marriage even to a Brahman thus degraded. If he cannot re-establish himself in his own caste, he must sink into the infamous tribe of the Pariah, or mix with persons whose caste is equivocal."

Whether "the infamous tribe of the Pariah," the unhappy multitude who lie below the sacred line of caste, are the descendants of those who have been expelled from all the castes, or whether they represent an aboriginal race, crushed by a conquest too remote for any existing record, are points we could not determine, and need not discuss. But of whatever origin, they are found all over India, divided into Pariahs and Chucklers; the latter, who find a wretched living by working in leather, being as much despised by the other out-castes as they are by people of caste. The out-caste may not live in the common street; and in some parts of the extreme south, he may not even walk the street where the Brahmans reside. He is forbidden the house of all the castes; but in some districts may enter that part where the cattle are lodged, and may even show his head and one foot inside the door of the family apartment. To touch him, to enter his house, to drink water he had drawn, to eat food he had cooked, to use a vessel he had touched, to sit down beside him, to ride in the same vehicle, or even to give him a drink of water, would be unlawful for a man of caste. He would take a proposal for anything of the kind as a mortal affront. The condition of a slave is worse than theirs only in one respect—compulsory labour. But the slave may tread the same floor as his master, without polluting the whole house; he may

* From "Mission to the Mysore."

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enter the room where he sits, touch the dish he uses, sleep under the same roof, and prepare the food he eats. He is not made to feel that his step defiles a room; that his touch infects the purest wares; and that he carries in his own body, no matter how clean, a cursed incurable filthiness which fills with disgust all who have proper human sentiments. He has at least the privilege of a domestic animal. Above all, he may possibly die free; his children may be intelligent and respectable. But the out-caste has no hopes; no manumission can change his birth; he must bear his curse down to the grave; he must bequeath it to his children, who will bequeath it in turn, and from generation to generation on it must go, nor can any power arrest it, except one, of which he knows not. Nothing can elevate the out-caste, till the Gospel has taught his neighbours to own his rights. Every Englishman would ten thousand times prefer being a slave, permitted some semblance of intercourse with the rest of mankind, and having a possibility of ransom, with the glorious prospect of leaving his children free, to being an out-caste, driven to live beyond the village-wall, hunted from every door, scorned by the most base, loathed by the most vile, and knowing that this malediction awaits his little ones.

The morals and the manners of this hapless race too well answer to the degradation of their lot. But Dubois' picture is overdrawn; I never saw anything that would warrant such language as, "There is a coarseness about them which excites abhorrence. Their harsh and rugged features betray their inward character." They are necessarily inferior in appearance to the caste people; but when received as servants into European families, and respectably clothed, many of them are well-looking and agreeable. Even in their most wretched villages they excite, not so much abhorrence, as pity. They are very miserable and very immoral. Their living is precarious: sometimes employed as scavengers (for which the same writer holds them up to disgust), sometimes as horse-keepers, porters, or messengers; for the most part labouring in the fields for three-half-pence or two-pence a day; often selling themselves for a term to a farmer, or reduced to a kind of slavery as payment of debt, they never venture to hope for aught but poverty and shame. When labour fails, charity lends no substitute; for though I find, in the sacred books, directions for alms to out-castes, I never heard of such a thing taking place. The out-caste sees costly entertainments for beggars; but not one of these beggars would admit him to the honour of washing his dish, or dine in a room that his presence stained. Thus they are driven to eat all disgusting things: no sooner does a beast die, be the disease what it may, than a crowd of these hungry beings surround the carrion, and even for carrion they have generally to pay. Crows, rats, snakes, reptiles, almost everything, is pressed into the service of destitute nature, and drunkenness follows to crown their shame and woe.

It is said that, on one part of the Malabar coast, a section of out-castes is so abhorred that they are not allowed to erect houses, only an open shed supported on four bamboos; and that they may not approach a caste person nearer than a hundred yards, but must give notice of their approach by a loud cry. To prevent the danger of contact, they are forbidden the highway.

It is difficult to estimate the number of out-castes; possibly they may be a tenth of the whole population. If so, we have here TWENTY MILLIONS of human beings felled to the dust, and stamped upon by tyrannies almost incredible. Twenty millions, under the mild sceptre of England, who, though their neighbour be as poor, as ignorant, as vicious as they, dare not touch his hand, or enter his door! Twenty millions, who are held to be by nature filthy, and who, as the snail may not bound nor the jackal fly, so may not aspire to the society of man! It is sad. Christianity, her heart touched to see a twentieth of this number bound in the West, drew their chain around herself, and, by the heaving of her breast, rent it in twain. But the chain of this Eastern bondage cannot be rent; it must be gently melted. A whole people must be taught before the out-caste may even venture to use the plea, by which the negro thrilled every Christian heart, "Am I not a man and a brother?" Oh, what scorn and wrath would that plea, did he dare to use it, bring on the head of the out-caste! It would sound at present as a treason against all order and all nature. It would shock and revolt the whole community. He a brother! No, no; the frog may as well announce himself a lion, or the beetle claim kindred with the dove. England did a great and a kind deed when she lifted out of the dust a million of men, and built them a home on the rock of her own constitution; but she will do a greater and a kinder, when, by the gracious help of God, she restores to the frame of human society those many millions who have been amputated and cast away, like a mortified limb.

European influence has already done much for the out-castes. They have been universally employed as domestic servants, a privilege never conceded to them by their own countrymen; have been admitted to the army; have in many cases obtained lucrative situations; while in mission schools not a few have received the forbidden blessing of education. In large English settlements they are now raised above oppression on the part of the castes, though, of course, still subject to their exclusion. Lord Hardinge's ordinance, opening public employment to all who have qualified themselves by education, will in time much ameliorate their lot. And as the character of the English be-

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comes more known, their servants will be raised in general esteem. At first the castes, seeing that Europeans admitted Pariahs to their houses, and ate food of their preparing, regarded them with contempt, as belonging to the Pariah class. On this account, some writers strongly censured the English for so outraging the prejudices of the people. But English common sense does not honour prejudices that rob multitudes of their rights. The consequence will be, that the natives generally will learn to respect them more for acting on principles which their religion hallows; and at the same time the position of the out-castes will be insensibly elevated. But the influence of English life acts only within a narrow pale. All the British in India, soldiers included, are scarcely fifty thousand; if each of these improve on an average the condition of four outcastes, that is but one in a hundred of the twenty millions. That hapless mass have no hope but in the general spread of our Saviour's blessed rule; and, alas! as yet their Christian fellow-subjects are little informed of their numbers or their wrongs.

TRADITION, CHURCH, AND BIBLE.

It is impossible for Papists ever to know certainly that the Bible is the Word of God. All Romanists maintain that the Scriptures receive their authority from the Church, and that, without the authority of an infallible Church, it is impossible to know what books in the Bible are inspired and canonical, or whether any are. Dr. Milner, a standard writer in the Romish Church, says:—

"Indeed, it is so clear that the canon of Scripture is built on the tradition of the Church, that most learned Protestants, with Luther himself, have been forced to acknowledge it in terms almost as strong as those in the well-known declaration of St. Augustine, viz., 'I should not believe the Gospel itself, if the authority of the Catholic Church did not oblige me to do so.' And again: 'True it is, that I prove the inspiration of the Scriptures by the tradition of the Church.'"

Papists also admit, that the authority and infallibility of the Church must be proved from the Scripture. "True it is," says Milner, "that I prove the infallibility of the Church from the Scriptures." It is true he goes on to say: "But you must take notice, that, independent of, and prior to, the testimony of Scripture, I know from tradition that the Church is an illustrious society, instituted by Christ, and that its pastors have been appointed by him to guide me in the way of salvation." He does not say, however, that he knew the Church to be infallible by tradition.

Now, if the authority and infallibility of the Church is to be proved from the Scripture, it is manifest that we must first know what is to be considered Scripture; and, consequently, the inspiration and canonical authority of each book of the Scripture must be first settled. For, how can we prove any thing by the Scriptures before we know what is Scripture? But if the inspiration and canonical authority of the Scriptures are to be settled, as certainly they must, before the Church can derive any authority from them, of course they must be settled independently of the authority of the Church. Papists, however, constantly maintain that the Scripture cannot be proved to be God's word but by the Church; therefore, since it is perfectly evident that the Church cannot give authority to the Scriptures, they must ever remain doubtful whether the Bible is the word of God; for they are fond of quoting St. Augustine as saying: "I would not believe the Gospel itself, if the authority of the Catholic Church did not oblige me to do so." In fact, according to this doctrine, neither the Bible nor the Church has any authority at all; for the Bible has none except what it has derived from the Church, which itself was destitute of any authority. Consequently the Bible is worth nothing; and the Church has no authority except what it derives from the Bible, which, itself having no authority, of course could give none to the Church. What a doctrine! Is it supposable that an infallible Church can be guilty of such blunders? Yet it is even so. And is it not passing strange that so absurd a doctrine is supported and promoted by popes, bishops, and priests?

But to return. Should any say that the authority and infallibility of the Church can be proved from tradition, independently of the Scriptures, the difficulty is not removed; for how, I would ask, is the authority of tradition established? It must evidently depend either upon the Scriptures or upon the authority of the Church. There is no alternative. But tradition cannot be established by the Scriptures; for Dr. Milner and other Romish writers tell us that the canon of Scripture is built on the tradition of the Church. The Scriptures, therefore, depend, it seems, upon tradition, and not tradition upon the Scriptures. Does tradition, then, depend on the authority of the Church? No; for, according to the doctrine now under consideration, the authority and infallibility of the Church depend on tradition. Of course the Church cannot give authority to tradition, because tradition must be settled before we can know anything about the Church.

Here, then, are two inextricable difficulties in which Romanists are involved. 1*st*, How are we to ascertain infallibly whether there are any traditions of divine authority; and, if so, what those traditions are? 2*d*, How are we infallibly to ascertain the meaning of those divine traditions? The Bishop of Air has told us, that an infallible judge and interpreter is absolutely necessary in order to ascertain what traditions are divine, and the meaning of those traditions. "The same judge," says he, "the same interpreter that unfolds to us the sense of the divine books, must manifest to us also that of tradition."

But we must certainly learn whether there are any divine traditions—what those traditions are, if there be any such—and the precise interpretation of them—before either the Church or the Scripture can derive any authority from them. These points, however, can never be determined, as the Bishop admits, without an infallible judge and interpreter; but there

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evidently is no such interpreter, therefore the authority of the Church cannot be established by tradition. This great fabric—the Roman Church—is therefore built upon the sand. The foundation gives way, and the building must fall. The onward march of intelligence and virtue will crush her to pieces. How then, I ask, is it possible for any Papist, on his principles, ever to know the Bible to be the word of God? I say, they can never know it. The dilemma is truly remarkable. All Romanists, upon their own principles, must necessarily live and die doubtful whether the Bible is the word of God. The Scripture has no authority till the authority of the Church is established; the Church has no authority till the authority of tradition is established, and its meaning of infallibility ascertained; tradition has no authority till ascertained and explained by an infallible judge and interpreter; and, behold, no such interpreter can be found! Tradition, Church, and Bible, are all, like Noah's dove, without a place to rest the sole of her foot.

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.

THE Propaganda spends £50,000 a-year in the support of priests and Jesuits in Great Britain. The Protestants of Great Britain do not spend a tenth of that sum in the support of evangelistic labourers in France. The friends of the truth there, however, are filled with zeal, and in many places there is the prospect of a great work being accomplished speedily. In Paris, especially during the last six months, the work has increased exceedingly. Fifteen agents of different descriptions, are now engaged in carrying the word of truth from house to house. Several religious societies, desirous of labouring in the metropolis of Popery, have met together in the most Christian manner, in this vast missionary field. The Evangelical Society of Geneva has directed six colporteurs to Lyons; the Foreign Aid Society has sent two others; the Edinburgh Bible Society also supports two; a lady in Scotland has conveyed a special donation for another agent; the Free Church of Scotland entirely supports the minister for the new chapel of Croix Rousse. These several efforts are carried on with a harmony for which one cannot sufficiently bless God. The brethren employed in evangelization have meetings every fortnight, for the purpose of prayer, and the study, in common, of the various questions which interest the work; and also of passages of Scripture which may require elucidation. By means of these different agents, nearly *one thousand* Roman Catholic families are regularly visited, and in most of which the gospel is listened to with respect and pleasure. The colporteurs also take the addresses of the persons who purchase the Scriptures; they frequently return to these houses, and they water what has been sown. By these means doors are opened for the gospel, and the work gradually spread.

Numerous delightful and encouraging cases of conversion are occurring. The following are specimens:—

A colporteur one day entered the shop of a Mr. F——, and offered him the New Testament. Mr. F—— refused, but subsequently bought one, thinking it would serve him to refute the Protestants. He began to read his book, at first with mistrust; but little by little, he took a liking to it, and at length it interested him very much. Still he felt some scruples; if the book taught him to pray and to resist sin, it also produced another effect, and was detaching him from the Romish Church. Mr. F—— could not believe that his ancient Church could be in error; the book, no doubt, was false. Faithful to his Church, he left off reading his book, and ordered his wife to make away with it; he wished never to see it any more. On this he left the house, but had not been gone far, before he returned and asked for the book again. His first order had not been accomplished—his wife had not destroyed it. On recovering it, he pressed it to his lips, and embraced it as a friend whom he had lost, but recovered, and determined never to lose sight of again. He continued to read, and for some time redoubled his devotional practices in the Romish Church; he endeavoured to combat his own sins, and accomplished by mere devotion acts of superstition that the world even despises. His knowledge, however, of the New Testament, made him desirous of obtaining the whole Bible; and he travelled to Lyons to purchase one, but he would do nothing without consulting his spiritual director, who was a Capuchin monk. He confessed his design to him. "No, no," replies the monk, "do not read the Bible; it's all very well for learned men, but you would entirely lose yourself if you were to read it." He determined, though heart-broken, to obey his spiritual director, and to leave Lyons; but on crossing the bridge, he cast one more look of regret at the city which contained the much-desired Bible. Again he determined to return and purchase it:—"No," he says, "it is a temptation of the evil one;" and he sadly continued his journey home. A year passed by; on some solemn occasion, at the confessional, he asked permission of the priest to read the Bible and New Testament; at first the confessor appeared inclined to accede to his request, but concluded by refusing it. On his return home, he fancied he heard the voice of God himself, which told him to read his book continually. He did so, though he returned yet once more to mass, but the scales had fallen from his eyes. Image-worship and other idolatries now appeared to him to be monstrous errors; he wishes to leave the Church, but, to avoid making a disturbance, he waits till the mass is concluded. While obliged to wait, he reads attentively the portions of the New Testament contained in the Romish Liturgy, and then leaves the church, bidding a final adieu to Rome and to the Pope. The evangelist stationed at Tarare soon became acquainted with him, and instructed him more fully in the way of the gospel; but it was by the simple reading of the Word alone that he was led to reject Papal errors. The seed sown in good ground had taken strong root, and its fruits were soon visible externally. He is very useful to the cause of the gospel, and has made many sacrifices for it.

The work at Lyons proves more than many others, that souls must never be despaired of. One of the agents visited a family, where he met with but little encouragement. One day the father said to him, after a long discussion, "You would not so easily refute my son as you do me; you should talk to him." A rendezvous was fixed for the young man, but he would not attend. Happening to come in at the time, he would not so much as speak to the evangelist, but went to bed. Another agent afterwards called, but was so badly received that he had not sufficient courage to return. Some time afterwards the first one called again, but matters were very much changed. The mother said to him, "I hope the Lord will have mercy on me, and open my heart to understand his will." His surprise increased still more, when the son held out his hand to him, and excused himself for having been so rude on the former occasion. "Ah!" said he, "I was then very wicked, and at war with God; but I have read his Word, and have found peace

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for my soul." This family perseveres in the way of truth.

A young woman, whose husband was a soldier in the African army, came into France to receive an inheritance. She was to go to the north; but she preferred remaining at Lyons, where she had formerly spent her time very agreeably in the pleasures of the world. She contrived to combine a passionate love for the theatre with very great devotion to the Virgin. She discovered at Lyons one of her old friends, who, in the meantime, had embraced the gospel. One Sabbath evening, this young person was going to the theatre, when she met her young Christian friend, who was going to the chapel, and said to her, "You are going to your church, and I am going to mine." "Ah!" replied she, "would to God *you* were going to *mine*." They separated at the door of the theatre; but the next minute the young worldly woman changed her mind, and running after her friend, they both entered the chapel together. One of the deacons, as is the usual custom, gave each of them a tract. The one he gave to the young Christian woman was, "The Doctrine of Scripture on the Worship of Mary," and as it had a bright-coloured paper cover, her friend exchanged it for her own, which had none. This tract, which was not intended for her, was the instrument which was to break, at one blow, her love of the world, and her attachment to the Church of Rome. She read it several times; her conscience was alarmed. If the worship of Mary gave way, she saw that all her religion must go with it. She would do all she could, however, to save it; and solemnly promised the Virgin she would remain faithful to her. The following Sabbath she went to mass; but she had hardly entered the church, when her tract came into her mind so strongly, that she could listen to nothing else; and on returning home she read it over again. From that moment she gave up both mass and theatre, and her sole pleasure is attending religious meetings. She seems to devour the Word of God; and a sister in Christ, with whom she now lives, gives the most satisfactory testimony to the sincerity of her conversion.

HAVE I NO FATHER?

I WAS once in an awful storm at sea. We were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks; the steam-engines would work no longer, the wind raged violently, and around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance. It was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on; and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bending her eyes anxiously to the door, as if longing for her father's re-appearance. He came at last. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; an immense coat, great sea boots, and an oil-skin cap with flaps hanging down on his neck, were streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

After a little while, he asked if she were alarmed. "Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid."

"With me!" he cried; "you could not stand it for an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated.

"My child, you would be more frightened then," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. Oh father, let me with you!" and she threw her arms round his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain that were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus in the presence of that child I had comforted myself, and when she went, I felt abandoned, and for the first time fearful. I rose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight: shuddering, I shrank back, and threw myself again on my couch.

Then came the thought: "The child is content—she is with *her* father; 'And have I no father?'" O God, I thank thee! in that moment I could answer, "Yes." An unseen Father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father—a Father whose love surpasseth knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

"Oh!" cries the trembling soul, "the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness, and have no light." "Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord; "be happy, and know that God is thy Father."—"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things, shall work together for good for them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul, as the child clung to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity he will appear to be with thee, or to take thee to be with him.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

A STUDENT in Cincinnati, while prosecuting his studies for the Christian ministry, was accustomed, each Saturday afternoon, to labour as a colporteur, and distribute tracts in the steam-boats he found at the crowded quay. During all this time he saw no other fruit of his labour than an occasional look of interest, or an expression of gratitude for the silent messenger of mercy he bestowed. At length, having completed his studies, he went out as a domestic missionary to the state of Illinois. His field of missionary labour consisted of a large and destitute country, through which he was accustomed to travel, and to preach at those points where he could best

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assemble the people together. On one occasion, as he penetrated into a remote neighbourhood, which he had never before visited, he called at a house, where he was instantly recognised by a young lady, a member of the family, who expressed great joy at seeing him. He was himself unable to recover any clue by which he might identify the person who addressed him, and inquired where she had ever seen him before. "But do you not remember," said she, "that when we were moving out from Pennsylvania to Illinois, you came on board the steam-boat at Cincinnati, and talked with me about my soul, and gave me this tract, 'The Way to be Saved?' This tract," said she, holding up the silent messenger of truth, worn by frequent perusals—"this tract has, through the boundless mercy of God, led me to see my sin, and to trust in the cross of Christ alone for pardon. The same divine mercy has reached my dear parents, both before impenitent, and they now rejoice with me in the same atoning Saviour. O sir," she added, "we can never express our gratitude to God, for sending you to meet us on our way with such a precious word of instruction. We shall never forget you, nor this tract, to our dying day."

The young minister was overwhelmed with surprise and joy. He had entirely forgotten the individual before him, and the circumstance of ever giving her a tract; but he found, by comparing the date with that of his own colporteur labours, that he was distributing tracts among the boats at the same time. He had laboured long and faithfully, and had distributed many tracts, but had never before seen any direct results. But now, a long time after he had in toil and sorrow sowed the seed of divine truth, he found it coming up and bearing precious fruits of righteousness directly on his field of missionary labour. His heart was filled with gratitude, and he went forward with new courage in the service of his heavenly Master.

Christian reader, are you engaged in the self-denying work of a tract distributor? Be not discouraged. You go forth weeping now, bearing precious seed; but if you persevere with zeal and faith, you shall return rejoicing, bearing your sheaves with you.

A SINGLE EYE.

I was driving a spirited team in a new road. It was on the bank of a beautiful river. On the opposite shore was a young settlement and a stirring population. I heard the rattling of machinery and the roar of the waterfall. In a nearly opposite direction was a large cottage which a wealthy Englishman had erected just on the margin of the forest. The beautiful and the useful in art were side by side with the wild and grand in nature. I stood up in my waggon and gazed with delight in these different directions, forgetting that I was in a wood-side road, until a sudden bound of a wheel that had struck a stump, threw me forward under the horses' feet. A sleepless and merciful Providence saved me from imminent danger. There could have been no harm in viewing and admiring the things of interest around me, *in proper circumstances, and at a proper time.* But at *this* time I had other things in hand—horses to drive, and stumps and trees to shun. I needed to have my eye singly on my business.

It is often so in the pilgrim's journey through life. There are unnumbered things to admire by the way, and at a suitable time and place he may enjoy them. But much of his journey is in a new road, where there is constant need of watchfulness, lest he should be cast down and suffer spiritual detriment. Many fail of making good and safe progress in the way of life, because they do not keep their eye steadily on it. They gaze listlessly on indifferent objects, or with unholy desire on objects of worldly good, to the neglect of the great objects which should ever be distinctly before the eye of the believer. In seeking their own pleasure or worldly interest, they forget their spiritual affairs and the glory of God.

I have seen a young person set forward with a professed determination to follow Christ. But she did not keep her eye steadily fixed on Him. The way was new to her. Instead of looking to see what dangers might be in it, she allowed her eye to wander among the gay and thoughtless companions of her impenitent life. Perhaps she desired to participate in their pleasures, and at the same time to go on toward heaven. She was one evening in the prayer-room, and the next evening at the dance. At one time you would find her reading the Bible, and at another weeping over a romance. I will not—I *need* not—say how things terminated with her. There are many going the same way.

On every side of us, we see men who profess to be walking in the strait and narrow way, who at the same time have their attention on the world far more than on any other object. Occasionally they glance at the cross, and seem to have a momentary relenting for their wanderings. But soon their eyes rove again in quest of some earthly good. They are not satisfied with having all in Christ. They do not look perseveringly and steadily unto Jesus. They are double-minded and unstable in all their ways. They waver, and like a wave of the sea are driven and tossed, and therefore they cannot receive anything of the Lord. It is all vain. Christ is not to be so served. They who would be his servants indeed, must have a fixed and unalterable purpose of heart to make his glory ever supreme. Wavering and wandering, hesitating and halting, are departures from this purpose. Christ-serving and world-serving cannot go together. He who would so run in the heavenly race as to obtain, must keep his eye steadily on the prize set before him. The value of that prize must be so great in his estimation that nothing earthly can divert attention from it. It must be more precious to him than silver and gold, or he can never obtain it.—*N. Y Evangelist.*

COMMON RELIGIOUS CURIOSITIES.

1. A professor of religion praying with great fervour that God would convert the world, yet never giving a farthing for missions.

2. A man getting shouting happy and telling how much he loves the cause of God, and how much he is willing to deny self, yet fretting and scolding if any one asks for a little money.

3. A Christian brother, very much opposed to any thing like ornamenting our churches, such as furnishing them with blinds, carpeting the aisles, or cushioning the pulpit; yet furnishing his own dwelling with rich carpets, astral lamps, and splendid sofas.

4. A man who has a periodical head-ache, returning every Sabbath morning.

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5. A man who dare not expose his health by going to church on a stormy Sabbath, yet is very robust the next Monday, and can sled wood all day, though it storm and blow.

ALPINE LAY.

BY KRUMMACHER.

'MID loftiest Alps God's majesty is spread!
The dawn he painteth red,
The flow'rets white and blue,
And washeth them with dew.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps sweet herbs profusely grow.
The genial gales that blow,
Health on their wings convey;
The breath of God are they!
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps the fostering sun the while
Maketh the vales to smile,
The glacier's frozen brow
With rainbow hues to glow.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps the bleating flocks each day
Across the mountains stray;
Fresh pastures still they find,
And plenty leave behind.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps gush streams of silver sheen
The yawning cliffs between;
Fearless the chamois stand,
And drink from God's right hand!
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps in peace the shepherd lives;
He knows that He who gives
His tender lambs to feed,
Their master too will heed.
'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

A SOFT ANSWER.

How much does one consult his own happiness and that of others, by returning kind words for harsh and good deeds for evil! "He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." The horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbour put him in the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do just so again." "Neighbour," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window, in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing ground, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and *I'll do it again.*" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

QUICK! BE QUICK!

QUICK, young man! life is short. A great work is before you, and you have no time to lose. If you would succeed in business, win your way to honour, and save your soul, you must work quickly. The sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him, and crush him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, death worth the dying, because worth the gaining.

Quick, ye men of might in the road of life! Your life is more than half gone already. You are going down the hill, and the shadows begin to fall around you. If ye have aught to do before ye die, do it quickly. The morning has fled, mid-day has passed, and the night cometh.

Quick, ye aged men, quick! Once you thought threescore years and ten to be an endless time, and that they could never pass away. They have come, they have gone, and what have they left? The days of pleasure are past, and the days of darkness are here. Have you left any work undone? Have you come to infirmities and trembling, with no preparation for death? Ah, quick, ye aged fathers and grey-bearded sires. Already are the messengers of death beginning to tender their services, to bring you to the sepulchres of your fathers. With the feeble remnants of existence struggle for heaven. Work, pray, seek, while life lingers; mercy waits, and God is gracious!

THE BEST IS LEFT.

"I AM fallen," cried Jeremy Taylor, "into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me! They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirits, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep, and digest, and eat, and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbours' pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself. The best is left."

THE WAY GRACE WORKS.

GRACE does not stand upon the distant mountain-top, and call on the sinner to climb up the steep heights, that he may obtain its treasures; it comes down into the valley in quest of him—nay, it stretches down its hand into the very lowest depths of the horrible pit, to pluck him thence out of the miry clay. It does not offer to pay the ninety and nine talents, if he will pay the remaining one; it provides payment for the whole, whatever the sum may be. It does not offer to complete the work, if he will only begin it by doing what he can; it takes the whole work in hand, from first to last, pre-supposing his total helplessness. It does not bargain with the sinner, that if he will throw off a few sins, and put forth some efforts after better things, it will step in and relieve him of the rest, by forgiving and cleansing him; it comes up to him at once, with nothing short of complete forgiveness as the starting-point of all his efforts to be holy. It does not say—"Go, and sin no more, and I will not condemn thee;" it says at once, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."
—*The Story of Grace, by Rev. H. Bonar.*

DANGER.

REV. RICHARD CECIL said to one of his parishioners, who had previously asked for counsel, and whom he had not seen for some time: "I understand you are very dangerously situated." "I am not aware of it," was the reply. "I hear you are getting rich," said Mr. Cecil; "Take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands to destruction."

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A COMMON BUT VAIN EXCUSE.

THERE are many persons who excuse themselves from personal attention to the subject of religion, upon the plea that there are so many different sects, they know not which is right.

It is true the Christian world is divided into a great many parties, all professing to have the same great end in view. It may also be true, that there are some among each that are truly sincere; but it is far from being true that all sincere men have been diligent, careful, earnest, and prayerful, in choosing their ground, and in examining the foundations of their faith. It is a result, we confess, of human depravity, that there are so many modes of faith; but we are far from considering that the mere existence of sects furnishes a valid reason why any man should neglect his own salvation. We view it the other way. We think that the more sects there are, the more each man should be in earnest to find the right one.

Consider, 1*st*, That the Bible foretells the existence of sects. Some people are so foolish as to think that the Bible cannot be from God, because men differ in understanding it. We say, however, that the Bible could not be true if there were no sects; for it expressly says there shall arise false prophets and false teachers. It is plain that this is not a good excuse; for before he told us our duty, the Lord knew that we might have difficulty in choosing our way.

Consider, 2*d*, How a little common sense would help a man who was really perplexed because there are so many opinions in religion. Does a man of sense ever neglect any other duty because there are so many opinions? Suppose a citizen should say, "There are so many parties in politics, so much talk of free trade and tariffs, this, that, and the other; so many parties, so many lies, so much slander, I will not go to the poll; I don't know how to vote;" or if a mechanic should say, "The fashions change so frequently, I will not make clothes or boots;" or if a farmer should refuse to sow or plough, because there are so many different ways of farming—would we not think them foolish? And why is it that every sensible man prides himself upon having a mind of his own, except upon the great subject which is to determine his everlasting welfare?

Consider, 3*d*, Whether, after all, there may not be some real advantage flowing from the fact, that men are so divided in opinion. It is indeed true, that these divisions in the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ are the effects of human infirmity and depravity, and that a great many mischiefs flow from them; but it is worth while to consider whether they are not, at least, a valuable test of the interest which men feel upon the matter of God's revelations. If men really wished to know what God has sent for their instruction, it is very plain that the more exertion is necessary to gain this knowledge, the more effort they should make. The plain matter of fact is, that whenever men wish to gain any important end, they put forth exertion just in proportion to the difficulties they expect to encounter. If, then, any man excuses himself from attending to personal religion because he sees difficulty in choosing which sect of Christians is right, it is by no means a harsh judgment on him to say, that in reality he has not much interest in the matter. The true reason for offering this excuse is a careless heart.

Consider, then, 4*th*, Whether this excuse for carelessness ought not to be turned into a motive for prompt and earnest inquiry. Is it true, that even a sincere and prayerful inquirer upon the great subject of eternal salvation may mistake the path of life? Is it true that there are dangerous and soul-destroying heresies? Then it is highly important that I should waste no time in idleness. I should fling by my carelessness; I should earnestly seek the path of safety.

The truth is, that this matter of so many sects has been much exaggerated. All error is unprofitable; but every error is not destructive to the soul. Many religious denominations differ in mere minor matters, and as to the great doctrines of salvation, many of them point the guilty sinner to the cross. But, as far as concerns the excuse we are considering, we may say, that if only one sect were right, and all the rest were on their way to perdition, this plea might seem to be stronger. Yet is it not true, that if only one way were right, and we knew not which, then every man that truly valued his soul would search, and think, and pray, and strive, to find that strait and narrow path? In other words, the stronger this excuse seems, the

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weaker it really is; in fact, it ought to be a weapon to break down the stubborn carelessness of the objector.

Consider, *5th*, Whether you are not in reality choosing one of the sects, and that very one of which you may be certain that it is wrong. Our Lord speaks of the synagogue of Satan; he says also that the man who does not choose with him, decides against him; that he who gathers not with him, scattereth abroad.

The excuse, then, will be of no avail at the judgment-seat. Some of those that held erroneous views shall perish on that day; but all who felt too little interest to seek the Lord shall surely be lost.

A SISTER'S MEMORIAL OF A BROTHER.

Mr. ——— was one of those whom it pleases God to endow with talents of the highest order. He stood nearly alone amongst his class-fellows; and such was his generous nature and kindness of heart, that he won the affections of those who were aware that he was carrying off honour after honour from them. His powers of perception were very clear, his memory remarkably retentive, so that what he had once acquired he never forgot. He was of a very cheerful temperament, warm-hearted, and, especially to his own family, most affectionate. At a very early age, he manifested great firmness and fortitude, in bearing pain without allowing a murmur to escape him, from the fear of paining others. Of a robust constitution, he was able to undergo much bodily fatigue, and excelled in athletic exercises, and thought that nothing could hurt him. But some over-exertions and exposures laid the foundation of the disease which was to carry him rapidly to the grave. I may say that he was his father's pride, and his mother's joy; his fine manly appearance, open, intelligent countenance, won him favour wherever he appeared. It unfortunately was not the habit of our family to instil religious principles into the heart of the young, and as my brother grew up he adopted views completely opposed to the Gospel of Christ. Though his strength was rapidly decreasing, he had no thought beyond the present scene; and his parents would never have forgiven any one, had they been faithful enough to tell him that he was a dying man.

Such was the state of matters. He was sinking in most rapid consumption. No one dared speak to him of the concerns of his soul; and the one or two members of the family whom it had pleased the Lord in his infinite mercy to call out of darkness into his glorious light, were in despair as to his future prospect, when He whose ways are not as man's ways, who can make his Spirit breathe upon the dry bones and make them live, sent that Spirit to awaken the soul that seemed lost in infidelity; and without a human agent, it was God's will to manifest his power.

My brother suddenly became aware that he was dying, and said to the physician who visited him, "I cannot live—I feel that I am dying." His kind physician, himself a decided Christian, knew how to reply, and told him that there was nothing now on earth for him to trust to—that he must turn to the cross of Christ. He quoted several passages of Scripture; but from not being present, I am ignorant of what they were. On his elder brother going into the room afterwards (one who knew his Lord), he said, "It is too late." "What is too late?" "It is too late for me to repent." His brother assured him that it was never too late to repent and turn to God, read the parable of the prodigal son, and prayed with him—*his* heart overflowing with gratitude to find that his many earnest prayers *for* him were thus, at the eleventh hour, about to be answered. His sense of sin became most overwhelming. He wept much, and for several days could see no hope. He had denied the Lord who bought him; but faith was given him to believe in that Lord. He was convinced that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; he looked unto Him and was lightened, and from the abyss of despair and misery he was at once lifted up to rejoice in the cross of Christ, and to cast himself at the Redeemer's feet. From that time not a cloud overcast the future prospect of an eternity of glory in the presence of that Saviour to whom he felt that he could commit his all. He made his worldly arrangements with the prudence and decision that became his character. His vigour of mind had returned from the time that thoughts of eternity had taken possession of his heart. For a few days his bodily sufferings were great; but in the midst of them he rejoiced in God his Saviour, spoke much of the wonders of redeeming love, sent for the junior members of the family and exhorted them with much affection to seek the Lord in the days of their youth; took leave of his fond father in a most affecting and impressive manner; and within three weeks from his being roused from the sleep of spiritual death, he expired without a sigh. Indeed, those standing beside him could not tell at what instant the spirit fled.

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A short time before he breathed his last, on some refreshment being offered to him, he smilingly declined it, saying he would take nothing more until he drank of the wine in the kingdom of his God. His last words were, "My faith will be light soon;" and with a look of brightness, as if he had indeed seen heaven open, his eyes were fixed in an earnest gaze, and he was gone.

THE IDOL-WORSHIP OF INDIA.*

I.—A HEATHEN FEAST-DAY.

In India no god is thought sufficiently honoured without a *parashé*—a day of devotional festivity, once a year. With modifications from our climate and local customs, the *parashé* is fairly represented by the patron, or annual feast-day of a patron saint or tutelar god, in Ireland. The patron is the great day of the year, a day for the exercise of all kinds of devotion, and the indulgence of all kinds of depravity—for penances, and gambling, for paying vows and drunkenness, for masses and match-makings, for invoking saints and feeing showmen. Such also is a *parashé*, but with more parade, less intemperance, and abundantly more nocturnal license. Goobbee Appa being far above the ordinary rank of tutelar divinities, his *parashé* extends over a whole week. One day, as this festive season was drawing nigh, we saw a train of well-dressed natives make for the mission-house, led by the *sherti* and *yajamána*, the two great municipal authorities. Leaving their slippers at a short distance from the house, they advanced with that graceful formality in which they excel, made low *salaams*, presented some limes and plantains, and proceeded to pay compliments, which, if "done into English," would sound more ludicrous than respectful. After a while, we were informed that they had come to ask a favour, which they hoped would not be denied. The *parashé* was approaching; but one wheel of the great car was damaged, and it was found difficult to obtain suitable timber for a new one; for they are not made with spokes, but of solid wood, in the ancient fashion. When Mr. Hodson was building the mission-house, he had bought and felled some trees; one of these remained; it was the very thing for their purpose; and now they had come to entreat that we would "be favourable, and command them this tree." In vain did we protest that we could not in any way abet idolatry. All who have been in India can bear witness to the importunity of a Hindu applicant. Resolute as a barrister, and pertinacious as a tax-gatherer, he assails you on every side. He seems to make it a point of honour not to take a denial: it is a reflection on his power of flattery, and knowledge of character—on both of which points they pique themselves. You are entreated, wheedled, and bepraised, until, if you persist in refusing till he is beaten off, you feel very much as if you had gained a battle. In the present case they did not want for numbers, for skill, or perseverance; they argued, they prayed, they cajoled; but all in vain—it was a matter of conscience, and we stood there. At length, one who was very familiar with me, turned to me and said, "Are not you my friend?" "Certainly." "Well, then, as you are my friend, and as you have an objection to give the tree to Goobbee Appa, you can just make a present of it to me, and I will be very thankful for it." This was a stroke of rhetoric by which they plainly thought I was fairly placed in a dilemma. "It would delight me," I replied, "to give you any private mark of friendship; but, knowing that you want it for the service of an idol, it would be a sin for me to give it to you, and one must not commit sin for any friend." This evidently disconcerted them; and I added, "Now does it not strike you as strange? We came here for the very purpose of turning you from the worship of Goobbee Appa, declaring that he is only an image; that he can do nothing for you; that, indeed, he can do nothing for himself. We have never asked anything from Goobbee Appa since we came, yet we have everything we want; but here comes Goobbee Appa to us, saying, 'I am a very great god, and have many worshippers; they are going to make me a grand feast, and I want to go and see them; but I am lame and cannot go; won't you help me?' Is it not strange that Goobbee Appa should come as a petitioner to us?" They soon took leave, with obeisances far less dignified than those of their introduction.

Before the day for commencing the feast, the top of the car was towering among the trees. The prints which every one has seen of the car of Juggernaut, give a just idea of the vehicles used for idol-processions all over the country—a ponderous structure of wood, rising through several successive storeys, in the form of a tower, and resting on four giant wheels of solid wood. On the appointed day, crowds of people flocked to the sacred spot from every direction. They had no means of shelter, and therefore selected a place under some tree where they might sleep, engaging it by pre-occupation. With the devotees was a proportionate number of jugglers, showmen, and gamblers. Those swinging-boxes popular in English fairs (called, I believe, "whirligigs"), in which four persons ride at a time, and revolving vertically, are in turn above and below, were whirling boisterous freights of urchins. Not a few were enjoying the excitement of cock-fights and ram-fights; the latter being a favourite pastime with the Hindus, but the former chiefly practised by the Mohammedans. Early in the evening, when entering the eastern gate, we were met by a stately procession. A band of music led the way. Then came a

* From Arthur's "Voyage to the Mysore."

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train of ladies, the wives of the merchants residing in the fort, who had exhausted their own skill and their husbands' wealth to make them splendid. Their silks were costly, their jewels profuse; they shone with gold, and as they walked, silver music tinkled on their ankles. Their cheeks were saffroned, their teeth vermilioned, and their black eyes surrounded with a circle of auxiliary blackness. They marched with a slow and reverential grace, each lady holding up on the palms of her hands (*palmas supinas*) two vessels, some of polished brass, some of silver, on which were tastefully arranged bananas, mangoes, pine apples, pomegranates, limes, oranges, and tufts of cusha-grass, or the sacred *tulasi*. They were on too high an errand to walk on vulgar earth. Before them a man spread upon the ground a succession of silk cloths, such as are used by the ladies for garments; and on these garments, thus strewed in the way, they walked the whole distance from the fort to the temple, about half a mile, that they might with becoming reverence approach a presence so august as that of Goobbee Appa, the old schoolmaster!

Towards nightfall the crowd stood densely over all the ground spreading before the temple. A small *muntapa*, or domed canopy, supported by stone pillars, and covering a small raised platform, stood about half way between the temple and the car, and was used as a station, or resting-place, for the idol. Flambeaux gleamed on the dark faces and variegated attire of the thick mass. Hosts of musicians tortured the air into excruciating cries, as if it were in mortal pain. Groups of gaily-dressed temple-women added to the brilliancy and to the blackness of the scene. Gaudy flags hanging out from the car waved gently, and a thick rope from each side stretched far before it. Between it and the *muntapa* we stood preaching the gospel of Christ to a serried crowd of listeners. Presently came a priest, bearing in one hand a small brazen vessel, and in the other a bunch of cusha-grass. He walked slowly round the car, and round the *muntapa*, which he then ascended; and, dipping the bunch of grass into the holy water, carefully sprinkled the spot on which the god was about to rest. By this rite India seemed brought into present and vivid connection with ancient and modern Rome. One might have been watching a Romish priest, either of our own day or that of Virgil. Who ever witnessed the close of burial-service in a church on the Continent, without being vividly reminded of the very same scene as occurring at the grave of the hapless minstrel?—

> Idem ter socios purâ circumtulit undâ,
> Spargens rore levi, et ramo felicis olivæ:
> Lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba.
> *Æn.*, lib. vi., v. 230.

A moment or two after this, a band of music issued from the temple, accompanied by a blaze of torchlight, and a troop of dancing girls. Priests and wealthy votaries followed; then, borne on men's shoulders, a richly-caparisoned litter, on which sat the idol, covered with a graceful canopy. On each side were men plying large fans, to protect him from dust and flies. The march was slow, solemn, and devotional. It might have been the ark of the Lord. On reaching the *muntapa*, they rested the god for a few minutes; and then, reaching the car, began to pace round it in a slow circuit; but when approaching us, the litter suddenly stopped, and the men moved back a few paces, as if dragged involuntarily. This was repeated several times, leaving us to infer that the god was offended at our presence, and would not proceed; but not choosing to see the cause of his reluctance, we kept our ground, and at length some of the great men, seizing on the pole of the litter, pulled it heartily forward; by which zeal the indignation of Goobbee Appa was appeased, for he forthwith proceeded, and in a few minutes was upon his lofty throne. A suite of priests surrounded him, and the fan-men fanned lustily. Immediately on seeing him seated, the people took hold of the ropes in front, forming two long lines of men, with a space of three or four yards between. In this space the musicians and temple-women took their post. At this moment the car, with its enormous height, its waving flags, and the airy figures perched on high, towered impressively in the glaring torch-light. The long avenue of human beings in front, centred by the group of dancers, gave it a touch of new and wild sublimity, before which curiosity wonder and weeping struggled for the mastery. The band struck up, the dance began, the men at the ropes gave a shout, and stretched to the draught. There was a moment's pause: then the ponderous vehicle trembled, creaked, shook, and rumbled forward, with a heavy crashing. At that instant rose from the centre to the utmost edge of that throng a loud, reverent, but exulting cry, *Swami! Swami!* "O God! O God!" Thousands of voices swelled that invocation; thousands of heads bowed low. The lost race might have risen to hail the Redeemer, 'travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then from all sides a shower of plantains rained on the car; and, as they rebounded, happy, happy did he seem who secured a fruit sanctified by the touch of a thing so holy. The moving tower rumbled on, and the hapless people shouted. Little did they think that that wretched idol was both the sign of their darkness, and the instrument of their undoing. Their lamentable glee, and the magnitude of the car, irresistibly reminded us of the Trojans rejoicing about the pompous trophy that carried, but concealed, their destruction. And these were men! And they were our fellow-subjects! And they must die, and meet God! And our fathers were once as dark as they! A procession of maniacs to hail

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madness, or of skeletons to honour famine, or of corpses to welcome plague, could hardly touch you with a stranger or sadder thrill.

After the first great day, the attendance on the feast diminished; but, throughout the week, the ceremonies went on. Every night the idol made a procession, the vehicle being varied each time—an elephant, a kite, a peacock, and other forms, being called into requisition. Every evening we had a large and attentive audience. We pitched our little tent close by the ground, in order to be near the people during the heat of the day, that we might have opportunities of conversing with them. But our house was such an object of curiosity, that the numbers coming to see it were quite sufficient to furnish us with a perpetual congregation.

I.—AN IDOL DISCARDED.

Within sight of the mission-house, but distant above a mile, stood the village of Shingona Hully, with a temple to Runga, on a knoll a few hundred yards from the gate. About the time of my arrival, the inhabitants of this place declared that they had abandoned idolatry, and would no more honour the temple of Runga. To test their sincerity, Mr. Jenkins one morning asked them, whether we might go to the temple. "Oh, by all means!" "Might we enter?" "Yes, go where we liked." "Might we enter without taking off our shoes?" "Certainly; we don't care who goes, or how: we have given up the idol." But this was strong proof that their old feelings had vanished; and, accordingly, at the temple we found no obstacle to our entrance. Shod and covered, we passed up through the outer apartment to the sanctuary, where sat the grim image of Runga, incrusted in the congealed oil and *ghee* of many anointings, with the lightless lamp before him, faded garlands hanging round his neck, loads of dust settled on his person, and part of the roof falling in directly above. No room remained for doubt. The faith which once adored Runga had changed into contempt; and we rejoiced over that forsaken idol, as an earnest of better days. On afterwards inquiring what induced them to withdraw the confidence they had so long reposed in Runga, they answered, "You" (meaning the missionaries) "told us that the god did not protect us, but that we protected the god; that if we only left him alone, we should see that he could not take care of himself; and if he could not take care of himself, how could he take care of us? Now, we thought that was a *budhi mátu* ('a word of sense'), and so we resolved to see whether he could take care of himself or not; for we felt certain that if he could not take care of himself, it was out of the question that he could take care of us. Accordingly, we discontinued *pooja*. We soon found he could not keep the lamp burning, nor the garlands fresh, nor the temple clean, nor do a single thing for himself. The lamp went out, the flowers withered, the temple became dirty; and then," they added, laughing, "the roof fell in just over his head, and there he sat *soommanay* ('tamely') under it; so we saw very well he could not take care of himself."

Notwithstanding all this, we had some fears that the return of their annual feast-day would revive their love for heathenish merry-makings, with a force too strong for their new convictions. The day came, and we watched the village narrowly. There was no car, no procession, no music; and, when night came, no *tomtom* was beaten, no rocket sent up, nor any other sign that it was the day of Runga. One morning, when preaching in the village, I observed that the old man who used to conduct the services of the temple was not in the congregation; and feeling, for the moment, a suspicion lest he should have returned to his former occupation, I asked, "Where is the *pujári*?" A young man instantly replied, smiling and patting his person, "Oh, he is gone to the fields with the cattle: now that the temple is given up, he must do something for his stomach." Their abandonment of idol-worship seemed complete, and not a few of them averred that they now offered prayer to the one true God; yet they evinced no disposition to embrace the profession of Christianity. This they accounted for by saying, "Were we to do so now, we should be persecuted; we should lose our lands and our village, but if we wait a while longer, all the people will be of the same mind, and then we can all become Christians together, without the risk that would attend such a step at present." This answer I, at first, regarded simply as one of those adroit subterfuges in which a Hindu never fails; but when I heard it repeated in different neighbourhoods, and by persons between whom collusion was impossible, it satisfied me that, though they had not those poignant convictions of sin which would impel them to decision at all risks, a persuasion was growing upon their minds that the day drew nigh when our doctrines must prevail. I well remember one old man in Shingona Hully, who was very seldom in our congregations, and showed a remarkable unwillingness to hear us preach. Yet that man, with his wife and three sons, has been the first to come out, and, in the face of considerable opposition, to embrace the gospel of Christ. This took place about two years ago; and of his present character the missionaries on the spot give this account:—"Daniel, the father of the family, is really an interesting man. He is in the constant habit of collecting the people of his village, to read and to pray with them. Although he cannot himself read, he has, through his sons, obtained such a knowledge of the Gospel, and of many parts of the Old Testament, as makes him an efficient man in discussion with his countrymen."

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A RAILWAY SERMON.

"Blessed is the railroad that . . . . . keepeth the Sabbath."

"YOUR text is a very good one," exclaims the stockholder, "but it is not in the Bible."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes I am; for there were no railroads in Bible times."

"I know that the word *railroad* is not in our translation; but the word which is there means railroad."

"I doubt that very much. Let us see—where did you say your text was?"

"I have not said yet; but turn to Isa. lvi. 2, 'Blessed is the man that . . . . . keepeth the Sabbath.'"

"Well, a man is not a railroad, and a railroad is not a man."

"And still men own the railroad; and they are said to do whatever it does. We say a curse or a blessing has come upon such a railroad; and we mean by it, that a curse or a blessing has come upon the stockholders in connection with their ownership. We say of a steamboat, which will not run on the Sabbath, that it is a Sabbath-keeping boat; and we say of a railroad, over which the trains do not run on the Sabbath, that it is a Sabbath-keeping road. We mean by this, that the owners, in the one case, have such a high regard for the Sabbath, that they will not suffer their boat to run on that day; and, in the other, that the owners of the road have such a regard for the Sabbath, that they will not allow their road to be used on that day. The steamboat and the railroad are spoken of as accountable agents; and if our text had been translated, 'Blessed is the railroad,' no one could have mistaken its meaning. If the prophet should come back to earth in these days, and take up his abode near some railroad crossing, where his Sabbath meditations and devotions would be disturbed by the rumbling of the carriages, and the discordant scream of the whistle, would he not cry aloud in plain English, 'Blessed is the railroad that keepeth the Sabbath!'"

And now, for the sake of method, we will inquire—

First, From whom does the promised blessing come? This question is easily answered; it comes from Him who said on Mount Sinai, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

Secondly, In what does the blessing consist? It consists in that which happened unto Joseph, in Potiphar's house: "The Lord made all that he did to prosper." When the Lord blesses a railroad, he causeth the owners thereof to prosper.

Thirdly, Inquire which is of greater value, the blessing of heaven upon a Sabbath-keeping railroad, or, the dim prospect of a very small increase of dividends by transgressing Heaven's laws? Too many of the railroads venture on the latter course, preferring to risk their stock in the world's bank, rather than in the bank of heaven. It is a wonder that Christian men should do this. It is a maxim, all the world over, that the world's riches are mixed with disappointment, labour, and sorrow; but a wise man of old said: "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is, that the clean money, such as will pass current at heaven's bank, is made by the Sabbath-keeping railroad; but that which is made by running the carriages on the Sabbath, is all counterfeit; and the more a man has of it, the worse he is off. It will be strange if his bad coin do not, like Pharaoh's lean kine, eat up all the good, and leave the owner a poor beggar at last.

Our *first* inference is—If the blessing which attends the keeping of the Sabbath comes from heaven, it ought not to be despised; for there are no better blessings than those which come from that source.

Secondly, If the Sabbath is trampled down by railroad carriages, and consequently despised by men, for whom it was intended as a boon, there is reason to fear that the Giver will visit upon the stockholders and the nation the doom which will come at last upon the "despisers."

Finally, It is best to keep the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day," though the *purse* might think it more expedient to break it; for the gold got by transgression is cankered; and the garment got by wrong, moth-eaten.

LITTLE TOMMY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.*

"Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."—LUKE xviii. 16.

ON the Scotch side of the Cheviot Hills, a few miles west from the summit of the highest in the range, there stands, in a lonely glen, a thatched cottage, occupied by a shepherd and his family. Before the door, and at a little distance from the house, flows past a "wimpling burn," which, after receiving several additions in its course among the hills, and wearing different names as it descends, falls into the Teviot a few miles before joining the Tweed.

Between one and two miles down the windings of this rivulet stands another shepherd's house, whose inmates are their nearest neighbours. In other directions, their neighbours (shepherds, of course) are several miles distant from them, and there are only about forty families in the whole parish.

In this lonely cot little Tommy was born on the 25th August 1839. His sister, the eldest child, was not then two years' old. When she was about five, and Tommy little more than three, she began to teach him what she herself had learned—the twenty-third and other psalms, lines and verses of hymns, also a rhyming alphabet, which she could repeat, and which had been explained to her by her parents:—

A is for Angel, who sings the Lord's praise.
B stands for Bible, which shows us his ways.
C is the Christian, who makes it his guide.
D is for Death, which humbles our pride.
L is for Lamb, on Mount Calvary slain.
M is his Merits, but man's are all vain, &c.

* From the *United Secession Magazine*.

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This is a specimen of the rhymes taught and explained to little Tommy. His parents were often amazed as well as amused with the questions he put to them regarding God and man, sin and salvation, heaven and hell. He was very anxious to understand what none can fully comprehend—how Jesus Christ could be God, and yet a little child. He listened attentively and thought seriously on the answers his parents gave to his questions. The simple instructions of his sister seemed to be brought home to his heart by the special influence of Him who answers the prayers of parents in behalf of their children, and who can make babes and sucklings speak forth his praise. The "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War" were two favourite books. It is probable that some of the observations and explanations of these children were more simple and expressive, more poetical and original, than Taylor's (of Ongar) "Bunyan Explained to a Child." Not satisfied with what his sister could tell him, Tommy would often run to his mother and say, "Come tell us about Christ and about gude."

Thus the minds of these children were formed and began to expand under the prayerful and prudent instruction of Christian parents, far removed from the companionship of vicious children. The mountain tops, which appeared to meet the sky a few hundred yards from their father's house, seemed to them to contain all the world; what was beyond they little knew.

When between four and five, little Tommy was taken to the village to spend a few days with his grandmother. But hearing a man one day, in a passion, *swear*, he became alarmed, wept, and cried to be taken away from such a wicked place.

He felt much gratified when he was first permitted to remain out of bed till after family worship in the evening, and, when a little older, to be allowed to join in the *singing;* for he wished his parents' consent and approbation to all he did. On one occasion, when his father was from home a few days, Tommy proposed that family worship should not be omitted in his father's absence, and that his mother would sing, his sister would read the chapter, and he himself would pray. A friend asked him one day how often he prayed; he answered, "In the morning, and at night." The friend said, "Tommy, a minister once asked a boy the same question, and received a similar answer, for he said 'Twice a-day;' and the minister then replied, 'Did you ever hear of any body getting to heaven who prayed no oftener than twice a-day?'" "I pray oftener than that—I whiles pray in the byre," said Tommy. He also remarked to his mother, "We can easily pray though we are doing anything; for prayer is not words—it is thinking; and we can think prayer, and God hears us, when we walk, or stand, or sit, or do anything." His parents gave their children lessons in reading, as they could find time for this duty. Tommy, however, did not make rapid progress in his letters.

His sister often read to him, and told him things about the Saviour, when basking on the hill-side, and when sheltering themselves among the ferns. But the father having lost his health, gave up his situation, and removed, in May 1846, to a house in the village, for the sake of the education of his children. Tommy was thus removed from this lonely glen, and was never permitted to visit it again. It was a sweet spot in his remembrance. It was the place of his first and second birth—

> "Where first he learned to sing and pray,
> Of Jesus, grace, and glory."

Tommy was now sent to the village school. There he was attentive to his lessons, and was loved by his teacher. But the habits, language, and conduct of the other boys were so different from his views and feelings, that he seldom joined them in their sports, except as an on-looker, and he never made any of them his bosom companion. What seemed to grieve him most was, the restlessness and improper conduct which some of them manifested during prayer; for then, said he, the master does not see them, for his eyes are shut. They sometimes mocked and derided him, because he would not join with them in their sports and their games. But he preferred home, and to accompany his infirm father in his walks, to the noisy mirth of his school-fellows.

About the time the family removed from their sweet home among the mountains, the father's health seemed to rally a little; but after midsummer he gradually became weaker. He could, however, look forward to death without fear, and up to heaven with hope; relying on the work, sufferings, and intercession of the Saviour for the safety of his own soul, he could trust to the promise and power of his covenant God, that his wife and children would not be forsaken nor left destitute. He died on 28th December 1846, in the hope of a blessed resurrection.

During last summer, the mother would sometimes express herself despondingly regarding the dark prospect before her and her five helpless children. On these occasions, Tommy would try to say something to comfort her. Referring one day to the case of an orphan family whose parents had been recently removed by death, he remarked, "God will provide for them. For David said, 'though both his father and his mother left him, God would take care of him.' And God will take care of us if our father is taken away; and he will be a husband to you too, mother, for he has said it." His mother speaking of prayer, Tommy said, "I pray for you and my father every day. But I do not wish my father to ken what it is, for it will maybe make him wae." "Tell me." "It is, that if it is God's will, he may make him better; but if not, if he is to die, he may take him to heaven."

About a month previous to his father's death, Tommy was seized with influenza, which turned into consumption. From the first of his illness, before any danger was apprehended, Tommy expressed himself willing to live or die, be ill or get better, as God pleased. He would say, "*Thy will be done;* I would wish to get better, and God can make me better if he likes. When I die, I will go to heaven; for Christ died for me." One day it was observed that he was weeping, and he was asked, "Why do you weep, Tommy?" "Oh," said he, "my mother will be so wae for us."

The morning after his father's death, he asked as usual, "How is my father?"—When told he was gone, he said, "Well, mother, if he is in heaven, he is far happier than we are, and he will not miss us this morning."

Some Christian friends brought and sent jellies, grapes, and other cordials to him. He felt grateful for them, and said God had sent them, for he had put it into their hearts to send these things. "Mother, take some of them to the little laddie that is unwell in the next house: they will be ill off, and kind people give me so many good things."

He several times requested to be allowed to sleep in the garret along with his sister, that she might have opportunity to tell him things "about Jesus, and about gude," as she used to do when they sat together on the hill-side among the ferns. His mother said, "You will be taken up stairs when it is warmer weather." Tommy answered, "I will never see warmer weather; but I am not *feared* (afraid) to die—I ken where I am going." "Where are you going?" "I am going to heaven; be sure *you* and come too.

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I am going from you to my father; you are not to be ill about us. Folk have all to die, and I am to be taken away first; folk will have all to follow." "Do all the folk go to heaven?" "No, only God's folk come there; the rest go all to hell." He frequently asked his sister to read to him, and to tell him things as she used to do; also to tell John things, that he may be gude; for, said he, "God can easily make him gude if he likes." He was very much concerned about this brother, that he might seek and love Jesus. Early one morning before day-break, a few days previous to his death, he felt himself worse; he called his mother, and said he wanted his sister, as he had something to tell her. His mother wished him to allow her to lie till day-light, her usual time of rising. He said he might not be able to speak then. She was brought. He gave her his purse, and told her how he wished it parted, also how his clothes and books were to be divided, shook hands with her, and bade her farewell. His mother asked him, "Are you never afraid to die?" "No; I ken I am going to Jesus; I ken he died for me." "Is it because you are good, and did not swear as some of the scholars, that you think Jesus died for you?" "No, it is not that. Jesus did not die for good folk—he died for sinners; and I ken I am a sinner." On another occasion he said, smiling, "I think I hear God just whispering into my ear; but I will still say, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' As soon as I die, you must send word to my uncle and aunts that I am not afraid to die." During the last few days he lived, he was not permitted to speak much, lest it should increase the difficulty of breathing. But he often smiled when portions of the Scriptures, of the psalms, and hymns were read to him. He seemed to feel much pleasure in repeating a hymn, entitled, "The Fulness of Christ." It stands thus:—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load."

He liked the last verse best, and repeated it most frequently:—

"I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises—
To learn the angels' song."

Little Tommy died on Friday 5th of March, aged seven and a-half years. We trust his faith is now swallowed up in sight, and his hope in fruition and actual enjoyment in the presence of his God.

SUBJECTS OF MEDITATION.

[BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON, 1657.]

WHAT should a Christian meditate upon? I am entered on a large field, but I shall only glance at things; I shall but do as the disciples—pluck some ears of corn as I pass along.

Some may say, Alas! I am so barren I know not what to meditate upon. To help Christians, therefore, in this blessed work, I shall show you some choice, select matter for meditation. There are fifteen things in the law of God which we should principally meditate upon.

First, Meditate on God's attributes. The attributes of God are the several beams by which the divine nature shines forth to us; and there are six special attributes which we should fix our meditations upon.

I. Meditate upon God's omniscience. His eye is continually upon us; he hath a window which opens into the conscience; our thoughts are unveiled before him. He can tell the words we speak "in our bedchamber." (2 Kings vi. 12.) He is described with seven eyes, to show his omniscience. (Rev. v. 6.) "Thou numberest my steps." (Job xiv. 16.) The Hebrew word signifies to take an exact account. God is said to number our steps, when he makes a curious and critical observation of our actions. God sets down every passage of our lives, and keeps as it were a day-book of all we do, and enters it down into the book. Meditate much on this omniscience.

The meditation of God's omniscience would have these effects—

1. It would be as a curb to check and restrain us from sin. Will the thief steal when the judge looks on?

2. The meditation of God's omniscience would be a good means to make the heart sincere. God hath set a window at every man's breast: "Doth not he see all my ways?" (Job xxxi. 4.) If I harbour proud, malicious thoughts, if I look at my own interest more than Christ's, if I dissemble in my repentance, the God of heaven takes notice.

II. Meditate on the holiness of God. Holiness is the embroidered robe God wears; it is the glory of the Godhead—"Glorious in holiness" (Exod. xv. 11); it is the most orient pearl of the crown of heaven. God is the exemplar and pattern of holiness. It is primarily and originally in God as light in the sun; you may as well separate weight from lead, or heat from fire, as holiness from the divine nature. God's holiness is that whereby his heart riseth against any sin, as being most diametrically opposite to his essence: "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." (Hab. i. 13.) Meditate much on this attribute.

The meditation of God's holiness would have this effect; it would be a means to transform us into the similitude and likeness of God. God never loves us till we are like him. While, by meditation, we are looking upon the beams of holiness, which are gloriously transparent in God, we shall grow like him, and be holy as he is holy. Holiness is a beautiful thing. (Ps. cx. 3.) It puts a kind of angelical brightness upon us; it is the only coin that will pass current in heaven.

III. Meditate on the wisdom of God. He is called "The only wise God." (1 Tim. i. 17.) His wisdom shines forth in the works of providence; he sits at the helm, guiding all things regularly and harmoniously; he brings light out of darkness; he can strike a straight stroke with a crooked stick; he can make use of the injustice of men to do that which is just; he is infinitely wise; he breaks us by afflictions, and upon these broken pieces of the ship brings us safe to shore.

The meditation of God's wisdom would sweetly calm our hearts. 1. When we see things go cross in public, the wise God holds the reins of government in his hand; and let who will rule, God overrules; he knows how to turn all to good; his work will be beautiful in its season. 2. When things go ill with us in our private concerns, the meditation of God's wisdom will rock our hearts quiet. The wise God hath set me in this condition, and whether health or sickness, wisdom will order it for the best. God will make a medicine of poison; all things shall be useful to me; either the Lord will expel some sin, or exercise some grace. The meditation of this would silence murmuring.

IV. Meditate on the power of God. This power is visible in the creation. "He hangs the earth upon nothing." (Job xxvi. 7.) What can that God not do who can create? Nothing can stand before a creating power; he needs no pre-existent matter to work upon; he needs no instruments to work with—he can work

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without tools. He it is before whom the angels veil their faces, and the kings of the earth cast their crowns. He it is that "removes the earth out of her place." (Job ix. 6.) An earthquake makes the earth tremble upon its pillars; but God can shake it out of its place. God can with a word unpin the wheels, and break the axle-tree of the creation. He can suspend natural agents, stop the lion's mouth, cause the sun to stand still—make the fire not burn. Xerxes, the Persian monarch, threw fetters into the sea, as if he would have chained up the unruly waters; but when God commands, "the winds and seas obey him." (Matt. viii. 27.) If he speak the word, an army of stars appears. (Judg. v. 20.) If he stamp with his foot, a host of angels are presently in battle array; if he lift up an ensign, and doth but hiss, his very enemies shall be up in arms to revenge his quarrel. (Isa. v. 26.) Who would provoke this God! "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. x. 31): as a lion "he tears in pieces the adversaries." (Ps. l. 22.) O meditate on this power of God!

The meditation of God's power would be a great stay to faith. A Christian's faith may anchor safely upon the rock of God's power. It was Samson's riddle, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." (Judg. xiv. 14.) While we are meditating on the power of God, out of this strong comes forth sweetness. Is the Church of God low?—he can "create Jerusalem a praise." (Isa. lxv. 18.) Is thy corruption strong?—God can break the head of this leviathan. Is thy heart hard? is there a stone there?—God can dissolve it. "The Almighty makes my heart soft." (Job xxiii. 16.) Faith triumphs in the power of God: out of this strong comes forth sweetness. Abraham, meditating on God's power, did not stagger through unbelief. (Rom. iv. 20.) He knew God could perform his promise, even contrary to the usual course of nature.

V. Meditate upon the mercy of God. "Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to all them that call upon thee." (Ps. lxxxvi. 5.) God's mercy is so sweet, that it makes all his other attributes sweet. Holiness without mercy, and justice without mercy, were dreadful. Though the children of God are under some clouds of affliction, yet the sun of mercy is never quite out of sight. God's justice reaches to the clouds—his mercy reaches above the clouds. How slow is God to anger! He was longer in destroying Jericho, than in making the world; he made the world in six days; but he was seven days in demolishing the walls of Jericho. How many warning pieces did God shoot against Jerusalem, before he shot off his destroying piece! Justice goes a foot-pace (Gen. xviii. 21), mercy hath wings (Ps. lvii. 1), the sword of justice often lies a long time in the scabbard, and rusts, till sin draws it out and whets it against a nation. God's justice is like the widow's oil, which ran a while, and ceased. (2 Kings iv. 6.) God's mercy is like Aaron's oil, which rested not on his head, but ran down to the skirts of his garment. (Ps. cxxxiii. 2.) So the golden oil of God's mercy doth not rest upon the head of a good parent, but is poured on his children, and so runs down "to the third and fourth generation," even the borders of a religious seed. Often meditate upon the mercy of God.

The meditation of mercy would be a powerful loadstone to draw sinners to God by repentance. (Rom. ii. 4.) It would be as a cork to the net to keep the heart from sinking in despair. Behold a city of refuge to fly to: "God is the Father of mercies." (2 Cor. i. 3.) Mercy doth as naturally issue from him, as the child from the parent. God "delights in mercy." (Micah vii. 18.) Mercy finds out the worst sinner; mercy comes not only with salvation in its hand, but with healing under its wings.

The meditation of God's mercy would melt a sinner into tears. A prisoner reading a pardon sent him from the king, fell a-weeping, and burst out into these words: "A pardon hath done that which death could not do; it hath made my heart relent."

VI. Meditate upon the truth of God. Mercy makes the promise, and truth performs it: "I will not suffer my faithfulness to fail." (Ps. lxxxix. 33.) God can as well deny himself as his word. He is "abundant in truth." (Exod. xxxiv. 6.) What is that? If God hath made a promise of mercy to his people, he will be so far from coming short of his word, that he will be better than his word. God often doth more than he hath said—never less; he often shoots beyond the mark of the promise he hath set—never short of it. He is abundant in truth. "The Strength of Israel will not lie." (1 Sam xv. 29.)

The meditation of God's truth would—1. Be a pillar of support for faith. The world hangs upon God's power, and faith hangs upon the truth. 2. The meditation of God's truth would make us ambitious to imitate him. We should be true in our words, true in our dealings.

Second, Meditate upon the promises of God. The promises are flowers growing in the paradise of Scripture; meditation, like the bee, sucks out the sweetness of them. The promises are of no use or comfort to us, till they are meditated upon. For as the roses hanging in the garden may give a fragrant perfume, yet their sweet water is distilled only by the fire; so the promises are sweet in reading over, but the water of these roses, the spirit and quintessence of the promises, are distilled into the soul only by meditation. The incense when it is pounded and beaten, smells sweetest. Meditating on a promise, like the beating of the incense, makes it most odoriferous and pleasant. The promises may be compared to a golden mine, which then only enricheth when the gold is dug out; by holy meditation we dig out that spiritual gold which lies hid in the mine of the promise, and so we come to be enriched. Carden saith, there is no precious stone but hath some hidden virtue in it. They are called precious promises. (2 Pet. i. 4.) When they are culled by meditation, then their virtue appears, and they become precious indeed. There are three sorts of promises, which we should chiefly meditate upon.

I. Promises of remission: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xliii. 25.) Whereas the poor sinner may say, Alas! I am deep in arrears with God; I fear I have not filled his bottle with my tears, but I have filled his book with my debts. Well, but meditate on his promise: "I am he that blotteth out," &c. The word there in the original to blot out, is a metaphor alluding to a merchant, who, when his debtor hath paid him, blots out the debt, and gives him an acquittance. So saith God, I will blot out your sin, I will cross the debt-book. Ah, but, may the poor soul say, it may be a great while first; I may be a long time under the convulsions of conscience; I may even pine away, and "my life draw nigh to the grave." (Ps. lxxxviii. 9.) No, in the Hebrew it is, "I am blotting out thy transgressions." I have taken my pen, and am crossing out thy score. Oh, but, may the sinner say, there is no reason God should do this for me. Well, but acts of grace do not go by reason: "I will blot out thy sins for my name's sake." Oh, but, saith the sinner, will not the Lord call my sins again to remembrance? No, he promiseth an act of oblivion: I will not upbraid thee with thy sins, or sue thee

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with a bond that is cancelled; "I will remember thy sins no more." Here is a sweet promise to meditate upon; it is a hive full of the honey of the gospel.

II. Meditate upon promises of sanctification. The earth is not so apt to be overgrown with weeds and thorns, as the heart is to be overgrown with lusts. Now, God hath made many promises of healing (Hos. xiv. 4), and purging (Jer. xxxiii. 8), promises of sending his Spirit (Isa. xliv. 3), which, from its sanctifying nature, is compared sometimes to water which cleanseth the vessel; sometimes to wind, which is the fan to winnow and purify the air; sometimes to fire, which doth refine the metals. Meditate often on that promise, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." (Isa. i. 18.) Scarlet is so deep a dye, that all the art of man cannot take it out: but behold here a promise; God will lay the soul a whitening; he will make of a scarlet sinner a milk-white saint. By virtue of this refining and consecrating work, a Christian is made partaker of the divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4); he hath a fitness to have communion with God for ever. Meditate much on this promise.

III. Meditate upon promises of remuneration: "The haven of rest" (Heb. iv. 9), "the beatifical sight of God" (Matt. v. 8), the glorious mansions. (John xiv. 2.) Meditation on these promises will keep us from fainting under our sins and sorrows.

(To be Continued.)

AIM HIGH.

Do not look at the practice and example of other Christians, in forming the standard of piety at which you aim. The allowance of this thing has probably had a more disastrous influence on the Church and on the world, than on all other causes that could be named. Generally, when persons commence a Christian life, their consciences are susceptible and tender. They are strict and watchful in the performance of duty, and are pained even by a slight neglect. They have been wont to feel, that becoming religious implies a great change; that "old things may pass away, and all things become new." And when they begin to look around among their Christian friends, and turn to them for aid, and to those who have had experience and made advances in Christian life, they find that they seem to look upon duties and deficiencies in a very different manner. They seem to neglect many things which the young Christian has felt to be very important; and to practise many things which he has supposed inconsistent with religion. Then commence the disastrous effects. The young Christian begins to feel that he need not be more particular than those to whom he has ever looked up with deference and respect. He begins to imagine that he has been rather too strict and particular. He begins to take a retrograde course; and though his conscience and the Bible often check and reprove, yet after a few inefficient struggles, he lowers his standard, and walks as do others.

Look into your Bible, and see how Christians ought to live. See how the Bible says those who are Christians must live; and then, if you find your Christian friends living in a different way, instead of having cause for feeling that you may do so too, you have only cause to fear that they are deceiving themselves with the belief that they are Christians when they are not. Remember that the farther your Christian friends depart from the standard of Christian character laid down in the Bible, the less reason have you to hope that they are Christians. And do not hesitate on this subject, because you find many professed Christians, who are indifferent, lax in their practice and example. Remember that Christ has said, "Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord;" thus claiming to be his disciples, to whom he will say, "I never knew you."—*Dr. Bedell.*

STOP IN TIME.

FREQUENT acts of sin beget a habit and custom in sin; and then as soon may "the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots," as one "accustomed to do evil," ever learn to do well.

Bernard describes the steps of sin, how it comes to its height: "First time, it is importable; next time, heavy, no more importable; then easy, then light, then sweet—at last necessary; and what was at first importable to be committed, is now impossible to be omitted." And St. Austin confirms this by a story of his own mother, who, by sipping of the cup at first when she filled the wine, learnt at last to take almost whole cups. *Qui modica non spernit paulatim decidit*, is his good note upon it: "He that makes a small matter of small sins, is in the ready way to fall into the greatest." Every new relapse into a former sin is like the adding of a new figure to the first cipher; which raiseth the sinner's account ten or a hundred times more.

Therefore, if thou hast been overtaken once, stop and be humbled, and say, "Once I have spoken," or done amiss; "but I will not answer," to plead for myself. Beware the second time, the second fall, as the second blow makes the fray. But if a second time, say, "Yea, twice; but I will proceed no farther." But be sure thou take heed of drawing sin with a threefold cord, or "cart-rope;" this "threefold cord is not easily broken." Take heed of a third act; "fear, and the pit, and the snare are before thee:" O bold and presumptuous sinner! if thou escape the fear of the first act, thou mayst perish in the pit for the second; but if thou escape the pit, thou wilt be taken in the snare, the third time. "Upon the ungodly, God raineth snares." God gives them once to a reprobate mind, and they are gone. Think not, after a third or fourth act of presumptuous sin, to go and shake thyself (by prayer and repentance), as Samson once, and that thy strength may return to thee to be delivered from these Philistines which lie in wait for thee. He did so, "but wist not," till he found it by woful experience, "that the Lord was departed from him." So may it be with thee; therefore be warned.—*Sheffield.*

A PAGE FOR MINISTERS' WIVES.

THEIR station is a very responsible and difficult one. Besides the care of their own households, they hold relations to all the families in their husbands' parishes, and to the Christian public, which are sustained by no other class of females in the community. "I speak what I do know, and testify that I have seen." They have every body to visit, and every body to please—they must be ladies in the parlour, servants in the kitchen, and everything in the nursery. They must always be ready to receive calls, morning, noon, and night; and must meet every one with a smile, whatever cares and burdens may weigh

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down their spirits. In country parishes, at least, no class of wives and house-keepers are so liable to be criticised and found fault with as they are. If the pastor's salary, however meagre it may be, does not support him, it is because his wife is no economist, or keeps too much domestic help, or spends too much money for new furniture. If she sets a good table, and entertains her friends generously, she is extravagant; if she does not, she is penurious. She is too dressy and fashionable for some, or quite too plain and homespun for others. Some complain that she is proud, and does not visit them; others, perhaps, that she visits too much, and neglects her own family.

Now, what can the poor woman do? May I be heard, in a few words, as her humble advocate and apologist? With all her efforts, a minister's wife cannot *be* everywhere, nor *do* everything; and why should it be expected of her? Her husband is a public man, to be sure. All the families in his parish have claims on him, as their spiritual guide and teacher. If he does not visit them in their sickness and afflictions, they have a right to complain. The vows of his consecration are upon him; but his wife was not ordained with him. Very likely she was not present; and, if she were there, she did not stand up to receive the charge. She never promised to perform pastoral labours, nor to take upon her the most onerous responsibilities in all or any of the departments of female benevolence. Her first duty, like that of every other wife, is to take care of her own household—to make the most of a moderate income—to minister to the wants, health, and comfort of her children—to superintend their religious education, and to relieve her husband, as far as may be, from every-day family cares, so that he may have more time for study, for pastoral visiting, and for the countless miscellaneous duties of his sacred calling. It is not right, in any way, to hinder her from being a good wife and mother. If she does not take care of her house, and lighten her husband's burdens, who will?

These things being done, the next duty of a pastor's wife seems to be cordially to receive the old and young, the rich and the poor of the parish, as they may wish to call on the minister and his family, and to show a lively interest in their welfare. In this way she imperceptibly gains their affections, and prepares their minds for every good influence. It more than doubles the power of her husband over many of them as a preacher and pastor.

In the next place, a pastor's wife is expected to "use hospitality" towards ministerial brethren and strangers. She must have room for them at her table and in her chambers. Such company generally is very pleasant, and may be made highly profitable; but it takes up time, and, of course, leaves less for other objects.

Every pious and sensible wife of a pastor will, of course, wish to do what she can to promote the religious interests of the church and congregation. She will wish, if possible, to visit all the families, and will be specially mindful of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted; but let her not be blamed, if, in the multitude of her family cares, some of these offices should be neglected. I say again, she cannot be everywhere, nor do everything.

If she has good health and good help, and her husband has a good salary, and she has no young children to confine her at home, she may be much abroad in the parish, and in various ways accomplish much good neither demanded nor reasonably expected. Very few are so favourably situated. In all ordinary cases, ministers' wives have as little time for miscellaneous services out of their families, as any class of wives and mothers in the parish. If, therefore, they look well to their own households—if they relieve their husbands from "serving tables"—if they keep their children in subjection, and teach them the "chief end of man"—if they make their home agreeable to all classes of visitors and callers in the congregation, and treat strangers with hospitality, to the extent of their means; and if they do what they can, over and above all this, let them feel that, instead of being blamed for not doing more, they have the sympathies and cordial good-will of the whole people.

SCATTERING, YET INCREASING.

An eminent divine of this city, now with God, in his funeral sermon at the burial of a merchant, speaking of his charity, saith, that at his first effectual call, among other things he then resolved upon, this was one, to set apart every year a tenth part of his gain for pious purposes; and that God from that time forward abundantly advanced his estate. And, withal, he adds a passage very remarkable, and therefore I shall give it you in his own words: "True it is that for some space of time, some three or four years after that his resolution of setting a tenth apart for such purposes, he thrived not, he found no increase, nor came forward in the world, as formerly he had done: yet was he not thereby discouraged; nor did he forbear to be bountiful, as opportunity was offered, and the necessity of poor people required it. But he gave still with cheerfulness and comfort out of love to God; conceiving that God, in wisdom and goodness, prospered him not, *thereby to try his sincerity to Him, and his charity to others;* yea, and that he himself might thereby have experience of his love unto God, his faith, patience, and constancy." But then he adds: "From that time forward, God abundantly advanced his estate; so that he found experimentally all those gracious promises of God true, of his blessing of him that 'dispenseth and dispenseth to the poor' (Ps. cxii. 9), and of the repayment of that with interest that is so lent to the Lord. (Prov. xix. 17.)"—*Cripplegate Lectures*, 1659.

SUPERSTITION.

It may seem incredible, but it is undoubtedly true, that there now exists at the Marmadilla Frank, in the middle of the city and island of Bombay, British India, a human being who has inhabited a summer-house, and held on the palm of his left hand a heavy flower-pot for twenty-one years without intermission. The narrator of this circumstance actually saw the hermit (for such he is called). The arm is completely sinew-bound and shrivelled; the nails of his fingers are nine inches long, and curved like the talons of a bird. His beard nearly reaches to the ground when standing erect.

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Whilst sitting, the man rests his elbow on his knee, and when walking he supports it with the other hand. His countenance indicates intelligence, and he once had very extensive possessions. All he now possesses are a few rags round the middle of his body, and a servant, who is allowed to attend to his immediate wants, the pecuniary part of which is supplied by visitors.

Twenty-one years ago he lost caste by eating mutton! an indulgence totally forbidden in food, and was, consequently, condemned to hold for thirty years a large flower-pot filled with earth, in which grows a sacred plant. To lose caste, and not be able to take it up again, according to the superstitions of these deluded idolaters, is to incur the penalty of everlasting misery in a future state. What an example does this poor deluded creature afford of perseverance, zeal, courage, and devotion, worthy even of the highest cause! If he live to redeem his caste, most likely he will hereafter be set apart to be worshipped as a god!—*Christian Reflector.*

THE STARS.

I CANNOT say that it is chiefly the contemplation of their infinitude, and the immeasurable space they occupy, that enraptures me in the stars. These conditions rather tend to confuse the mind; and in this view of countless numbers and unlimited space there lies, moreover, much that belongs rather to a temporary and human, than to an eternally abiding consideration. Still less do I regard them absolutely with reference to the life after this. But the mere thought they are so far beyond and above everything terrestrial—the feeling, that before them everything earthly so utterly vanishes to nothing—that the single man is so infinitely insignificant in the comparison with these worlds strewn over all space—that his destinies, his enjoyments, and sacrifices, to which he attaches such a minute importance—how all these fade like nothing before such immense objects; then, that the constellations bind together all the races of man, and all the eras of the earth—that they have beheld all that has passed since the beginning of time, and will see all that passes until its end;—in thoughts like these I can always lose myself with a silent delight in the view of the starry firmament. It is, in very truth, a spectacle of the highest solemnity, when, in the stillness of night, in a heaven quite clear, the stars, like a choir of worlds, arise and descend—while existence, as it were, falls asunder into two separate parts: the one, belonging to earth, grows dumb in the utter silence of night; and thereupon the other mounts upwards in all its elevation, splendour, and majesty. And, when contemplated from this point of view, the starry heavens have truly a moral influence on the mind.—*Von Humboldt.*

A GOOD SERMON.

Dr. BEECHER once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so that the passage was very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into the shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers.

Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he actually went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and benediction, with only ONE hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after, it was brought to the Doctor's mind quite remarkably. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the Doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the Doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together in a house alone, once, in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man, "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "I do, indeed—and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!"

So striking a result made no little impression upon the old veteran's mind. He learned that the man was at the time a lawyer, who was in the town on business; and, tired of a Sabbath morning at a country hotel, went, in despite of the storm, to church to hear that sermon. The Doctor often tells the story, and adds, "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."

MURMUR AT NOTHING.

IF our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God (at least to permit it to happen), and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a Father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

FEARS.

IN the hands of a skilful husbandman even weeds are turned to good account. When rooted up and burnt, they are good manure, and conduce to fertilize the land they annoyed before. So the doubts and fears, and the infirmities of the elect, are overruled by al mighty grace, to their present and eternal good; as conducing to keep us humble at God's footstool, to endear the merits of Jesus, and to make us feel our weakness and dependence, and to render us watchful unto prayer.—*Toplady.*

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THE COMPREHENSIVE CHRISTIAN.

BY THE REV. D. HORACE BUSHNELL.

A COMPREHENSIVE character is the only really great character possible among men; and, being that which holds the fullest agreement and sympathy with God, it is one, we are persuaded, that is specially valued and cherished by him. One man abhors all prejudice, testifies against it night and day, places all his guards on the side opposite; and as prejudgments of some kind are the necessary condition of all judgments, it results, of course, that he falls into an error quite as hurtful and more weak, ceasing to have any fixed opinion, or to hold manfully any truth whatever. Another, seeing no evil but in a change of opinions, holds his opinions by his will, and not by his understanding. And as no truth can penetrate the will, he becomes a stupid and obstinate bigot—standing for truth itself, as if it were no better than falsehood.

There is a class of Christians who specially abhor a scrupulous religion. It is uncomfortable, it wears a superstitious look, and therefore they are moved to assert their dignity by venturing out, occasionally, on acts or exhibitions that are plainly sinful. And then when they return to their duty (which they are quite certain finally to omit) they consent to obey God, not because of the principle, but because of the importance of the occasion! In expelling all scruples, they have made an exile of their consciences. A man at the other extreme will have it for his religion to be exact in all the items of discipline, and will become so conscientious about mint, anise, and cummin, that no conscience will be left for judgment, or mercy, or even for honesty.

Some persons are all for charity, meaning by the term a spirit of allowance towards the faults and crimes of others. Christ, they say, commands us not to judge; but they do not observe that there are things which we can see without judging, and which, as they display their own iniquity, ought to be condemned in the severest terms of reprobation. Charity will cover a multitude of sins—not all. The dearest and truest charity will uncover many. Opposite to such, we have a tribe of censorious Christians, who require us to be bold against sin, who put the harshest constructions on all conduct, scorching and denouncing as surely as they speak. If they could not find some sin to denounce, they would begin to have a poor opinion of their own piety.

There is a class of disciples who especially love prudence. It is the cardinal virtue. They dread, of course, all manifestations of feeling; which is the same as to say that they live in the absence of feeling, for our feelings are the welling up of the soul's waters, the kindling up of its fires, when no jealousy is awake to suppress them. If they are watched, they retreat to their cell—joy, love, hope, pity, fear—a silent, timorous brood, they dare not move. The prudential man thus becomes a man of ice; or, since the soul is borne up and away to God only on the wings of feeling, sinks into a state of dull negation. Then we have another class, who detest the trammels of prudence, and are never in their element, save when they are rioting in emotion. But as the capacity of feeling is limited, it comes to pass in a few days that what they had is wholly burnt to a cinder. Then, as they have a side of capacity for bad feeling still left, new signs will begin to appear. As the raptures abate and the high symptoms droop, a kind of despair begins to lower, a faint chiding also is heard, then a loud rail, then bitter deprecations and possibly imprecations too; charges are levelled at individuals, arrows are shot at the mark, and the volcanic eructations thrown up at the sky, are proofs visible and audible of the fierce and devilish heat that rages within. This is fanaticism, a malicious piety, kindling its wrath by prayer and holy rites.

There are other classes of extremes affecting the character, which are more speculative in their nature. What endless war have we between the school of reason and the school of faith. But the truly enlarged disciple will somehow manage to comprehend both, considering it to be the highest reason to believe, and the highest faith to reason. One man places virtue in action, another in feeling. Possibly it is in a moral standing of the soul to which it ascends between both—action inspired by feeling, feeling realized by action—thus in the moral liberty of the whole man. One class consider Christian piety to be a God-ward and devotional habit. Another class are equally

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sure that God is pleased with us when we do our duties to our fellow-men. Thus we have pietism, or quietism, on one side, and philanthropy on the other. But the comprehensive Word commands us to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God—to love God, and, through him, love our brother—to love our brother, and to see therein that we love God. Some profess to be justified by faith, some by works. But as faith without works is dead, and works without faith are equally so, there are some who prefer to show their faith by their works, and quicken their works by faith, and thus to be alive in both. There is also a school of legalists, and a school of spiritualists. The former live without liberty, the latter without law. But the true Christian soul is free in the law; for it is the art of love to hold a soul under discipline, and beguile it still of all sense of constraint. Some resolve all duty into self-interest. Others are equally sure that all self-interest is criminal. Possibly self-interest may offer motives that will bring the soul up unto God, and prepare it to such thoughts, that it will freely love God and duty for their own sake, and thus go above self-interest. So one person is for experiences, another for habits; one for sentiments, another for principles. But God is comprehensive, working *all* in *all*—only by diverse operations. A large body of Christians insist on a perfectly uniform exercise in religion. Another body are for new scenes and high demonstrations. But God, consulting both for uniformity and diversity, prefers to bring us on towards one by means of the other.

So in all the possible views or aspects of Christian character, you will come nearest to what is great and Christ-like, if you seek to unite whatever repugnant extremes are before you—to be modest and yet bold; conciliatory and yet inflexible; patient in suffering, sharp in rebuke; deferential to all men, independent of all; charitable towards the erring, severe against the error; at once gentle and rigid, catholic and exclusive, all things to all men, and one thing only to yourself. The more numerous and repugnant the extremes of character (excepting those which are sinful) you are able to unite in one comprehensive and harmonious whole, the more finished and complete your Christian character will be.

SUBJECTS OF MEDITATION.

(Continued from page 34.)

Third, Meditate upon the love of Christ. Christ is full of love, as he is of merit. What was it but love, that he should save us, and not the angels? Among the rarities of the loadstone, this is not the least, that leaving the gold and pearl, it should draw iron to it, which is a baser kind of metal; thus, that Christ should leave the angels, those more noble spirits, the gold and pearl, and draw mankind to him, how doth this proclaim his love! Love was the wing on which he fled to take our nature on him. 1. How transcendent is Christ's love to the saints! The apostle calls it a love "that passeth knowledge." (Eph. iii. 19.) It is such a love as God the Father bears to Christ; the same for quality, though not equality. "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." (John xv. 9.) A believer's heart is the garden where Christ hath planted this sweet flower of his love. It is the channel through which the golden stream of his affection runs. 2. How distinguishing is Christ's love! "Not many wise, not many noble are called." (1 Cor. i. 26.) In the old law, God passed by the lion and the eagle, and took the dove for sacrifice: that God should pass by so many of birth and parts, and that the lot of free grace should fall upon thee—oh, the depth of divine love! 3. How invincible is the love of Christ! "It is strong as death." (Cant. viii. 6.) Death might take away his life, not his love; and as death could not wholly quench that divine flame of love, so neither could sin. The Church had her infirmities, her sleepy fits (Cant. v. 2); but though blacked and sullied, yet still she was a dove. Christ could see the faith, and overlook the failing. He who drew Alexander while there was a scar upon his face, drew him with his finger upon the scar. Christ puts the finger of mercy upon the scars of the saints; he will not throw away his pearls for every speck of dirt. And what makes this love of Christ the more stupendous, there was nothing in us to excite or draw forth his love. He did not love us because we were worthy; but, by loving us, he made us worthy. 4. How immutable is Christ's love! "Having loved his own, he loved them to the end." (John xiii. 1.) The saints are like letters of gold engraven upon Christ's heart, which cannot be razed out. Meditate much upon the love of Christ.

The serious meditation of the love of Christ,

I. Would make us love him again. "Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burnt?" (Prov. vi. 28.) Who can tread, by meditation, upon these hot coals of Christ's love, and his heart not burn in love to him?

II. The meditation of Christ's love would cause our eyes to flow with tears for our gospel unkindnesses. Oh, that we should sin against so sweet a Saviour! Had we none to abuse but our friend? had we nothing to kick against but love? did not Christ suffer enough upon the cross, but must we needs make him suffer more? do we give him more gall and vinegar to drink? Oh, if any thing can dissolve the heart into mourning, it is ingratitude and unkindness offered to Christ! When Peter thought of Christ's love to him—Christ could deny Peter nothing; yet that he should deny Christ—this made his eyes water: "Peter went out and wept bitterly." (Matt. xxvi. 75.)

III. The meditation of Christ's love would make us love our enemies. Jesus Christ showed love to his enemies. We read of the fire licking up the water. (1 Kings xviii. 38.) It is usual for water to quench the fire; but for fire to draw up and consume the water, which was not capable of burning, this was miraculous. Such a miracle did Christ show; his love did burn where there was no fit miracle to work upon—nothing but sin and enmity; he loved his enemies; the fire of his love did consume and lick up the water of their sins. He prayed for his enemies—"Father, forgive them." He shed tears for those

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who shed his blood. Those who gave him gall and vinegar to drink, to them he gave his blood to drink. The meditation of this love would melt our hearts in love to our enemies. Austin saith: "Christ made a pulpit of the cross; and the great lesson he taught Christians was, to love their enemies."

IV. The meditation of Christ's love would be a means to support us, in case of his absence. Sometimes he is pleased to withdraw himself (Cant. v. 6); yet, when we consider how entire and immutable his love is (John xiii. 1), it will make us wait with patience till he sweetly manifest himself to us. He is love (1 John iv. 16), and he cannot forsake his people over long. He may take his leave, not his last farewell. (Micah vii. 19.) The sun may be gone a while from us, but in due time it returns. The meditation of Christ's love may make us wait for the return of the Sun of righteousness. "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come." (Heb. x. 37.) He is truth, therefore he shall come; he is love, therefore he will come.

Fourth, Meditate upon sin.

I. Meditate on the guilt of sin. We are in Adam as in a common head or root; and he sinning, we became guilty; "in whom all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12); by his treason our blood is tainted, and this guilt bringeth shame with it." (Rom. vi. 21.)

II. Meditate upon the defiling nature of sin. Not only is the guilt of Adam's sin imputed, but the poison of his nature is disseminated to us. Our virgin nature is defiled, the heart is spotted (1 Kings viii. 38); how, then, can the actions be pure? If the water be foul in the well, it cannot be clean in the bucket. "We are all as an unclean thing." (Isa. lxiv. 6.) We are like a patient under the physician's hand, who hath no sound part in him—his head bruised, his liver swelled, his lungs perished, his blood inflamed, his feet gangrened. Thus it is with us before grace comes: in the mind, darkness; in the memory, slipperiness; in the heart, hardness; in the will, stubbornness; "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in us; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." (Isa. i. 6.) A sinner defiled with sin is no better than a devil in man's shape. Also what is sadly to be laid to heart is the adherency of this sin. Sin is naturalized to us; the apostle calls it an encompassing sin (Heb. xii. 1)—a sin that will not easily be cast off. A man may as well shake off the skin of his body as the sin of his soul; it sticks fast as the ivy to the wall. There is no shaking off this viper till death. Oh, often meditate on this contagion of sin. How strong is that poison, a drop whereof is able to poison a whole sea! how venomous and malignant was that apple, a taste whereof poisoned all mankind! Meditate seriously on this. The meditation of sin would make the plumes of pride fall; if our knowledge makes us proud, we have sin enough to make us humble. The best saint alive who is taken out of the grave of sin yet hath the smell of the grave-clothes still upon him.

III. Meditate upon the curse of sin. "Cursed be every one that continues not in all things written in the book of the law." (Gal. iii. 10.) This curse is like a blast upon fruit, which keeps it from thriving. Sin is not only a defiling, but a damning thing; it is not only a spot in the face, but a stab at the heart. Sin betrays us into the devil's hands, who, like Draco, writes all his laws in blood. Sin binds us over to the wrath of God; and then what are all our earthly enjoyments but like Damaris' banquets, with a sword hanging over the head? Sin brings forth the "roll written with curses" against the sinner (Zech. v.); and it is a "flying roll" (verse 2); it comes swiftly, if mercy doth not stop it. "Ye are cursed with a curse." (Mal. iii. 9.) Thus it is till the entail of this curse be cut off by Christ. Oh, meditate upon this curse due to sin.

The meditation of this curse would make us afraid, 1. Of retaining sin. When Micah had stolen his mother's money, and heard her curse him, he durst not keep it any longer, but restored it. (Judg. xvii. 2.) He was afraid of his mother's curse; what, then, is God's curse! 2. The meditation of this curse would make us afraid of entertaining sin. We would not willingly entertain one in our house who had the plague. Sin brings a curse along with it, which is the plague of God that cleaves to a sinner. The meditation of this would make us fly from sin. While we sit under the shadow of this bramble, fire will come out of the bramble eternally to devour us. (Judg. ix. 15.)

Fifth, Meditate upon the vanity of the creature. When you have sifted out the finest flour that the creature doth afford, you will find something either to dissatisfy or nauseate. The best wine hath its froth, the sweetest rose its prickles, and the purest comforts their dregs; the creature cannot be said to be full, unless of vanity—as a bladder may be filled with wind. "In the fulness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits." (Job xx. 22.) They who think to find happiness here are sure to be deceived. Meditate on this vanity. The world is like a looking-glass, which represents that face which is not really in it.

I. The meditation of this vanity would be like the digging about the roots of a tree, to loosen it from the earth; it would much loosen our hearts from the world, and be an excellent preservative against a surfeit. Let a Christian think thus with himself:—Why am I so serious about vanity? If the whole earth were changed into a globe of gold, it could not fill my heart.

II. The meditation of the creature's vanity would make us look after more solid comforts—the favour of God, the blood of Christ, the influences of the Spirit. When I see the life which I fetch from the cistern is vain, I will go the more to the spring-head. In Christ there is an inexhaustible treasury. When a man finds the bough begin to break, he lets go the bough, and catches hold on the main tree: so when we find the creature to be but a rotten bough, then by faith we shall catch hold on Christ the tree of life. (Rev. ii. 7.) The creature is but a reed; God is the rock of ages.

Sixth, Meditate upon the excellency of grace. Grace is—1. Precious in itself; precious faith (2 Pet. i. 1.) Grace is precious in its original; it comes from above (James iii. 17); and in its nature it is the seed of God (1 John iii. 9.) Grace is the spiritual enamel and embroidery of the soul; it is the very signature and engraving of the Holy Ghost. Grace doth not lose its colour; it is such a commodity, that the longer we keep it the better it is; it changeth into glory. 2. As grace is precious in itself, so it makes us precious to God, as a rich diamond adorns them that wear it. "Since thou wert precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable." (Isa. xliii. 4.) The saints who are invested with grace are God's jewels (Mal. iii. 17); though sullied with reproach, though besmeared with blood, yet jewels: all the world besides is but lumber. These are the jewels; and heaven is the golden cabinet where they shall be locked up safe. A gracious man is the glory of the age he lives in—like Melancthon, who was called the phœnix of Germany. So illustrious in God's eye is a soul bespangled with grace, that he doth not think the world worthy of him: "Of whom the world was not worthy." (Heb. xi. 38.) Therefore God calls for his people home so fast, because they are too good to

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live in the world. "The righteous is more excellent than his neighbour." (Prov. xii. 26.)

Grace is the best blessing; it hath a transcendency above all things else. There are two things sparkle much in our eyes; but grace infinitely outshines both. 1. Gold. The sun doth not shine so bright in our eyes as gold; it is the mirror of beauty. "Money answers all things" (Eccles. x. 19); but grace weighs heavier than gold. Gold draws the heart *from* God; grace draws the heart *to* God. Gold doth but enrich the mortal part; grace the angelical. Gold perisheth (1 Pet. i. 7); grace perseveres. The rose, the fuller it is blown, the sooner it sheds—an emblem of all things besides grace. 2. Gifts. These are nature's pride. Gifts and parts, like Rachel, are fair to look upon; but grace excels. I had rather be holy than eloquent. A heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions. Gifts commend no man to God. It is not the paring of the apple we esteem, though of a vermilion colour, but the fruit. We judge not the better of a horse for his trappings and ornaments, unless he have good mettle. What are the most glorious parts, if there be not the mettle of grace in the heart? Gifts may be bestowed upon one for the good of others; but grace is bestowed for a man's own eternal advantage. God may send away reprobates with gifts, as Abraham did the sons of the concubines (Gen. xxv. 6); but he entails the inheritance only upon grace. Oh, often meditate upon the excellency of grace.

The musing on the beauty of grace would,

1. Make us fall in love with it. He that meditates on the worth of a diamond grows in love with it. Damascen calls the graces of the Spirit the very characters and impressions of the divine nature. Grace is that flower of delight, which, like the vine in the parable, "cheers the heart of God and man." (Judg. ix. 13.)

2. The meditation of the excellency of grace would make us earnest in the pursuit after it. We dig for gold in the mine, we labour for it in the furnace: did we meditate on the worth of grace, we would dig in the mine of ordinances for it. What labour and wrestling in prayer! we should put on a modest boldness, and not take a denial. "What wilt thou give me," saith Abraham, "seeing I go childless?" (Gen. xv. 2.) So would the soul say, Lord, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go graceless? who will give me to drink of the "water of the well of life?"

3. The meditation of the excellency of grace would make us endeavour to be instrumental to convey grace to others. Is grace so transcendently precious, and have I a child who wants grace? Oh, that I might be a means to convey this treasure into his soul! I have read of a rich Florentine, who, being about to die, called all his sons together, and used these words to them:—"It much rejoiceth me, now upon my death-bed, that I shall leave you all wealthy." But a parent's ambition should be rather to convey sanctity; that he may say—O my children! it rejoiceth me that I shall leave you gracious; it comforts me that, before I die, I shall see Jesus Christ live in you.

Seventh, Meditate upon thy spiritual estate. Enter into a serious meditation on the state of your souls. While you are meditating on other things, do not forget yourselves: the great work lies at home. It was Solomon's advice, "Know the state of thy flock" (Prov. xxvii. 23): much more know the state of thy soul. For want of this meditation, men are like travellers, skilled in other countries, but ignorant of their own: so they know other things, but know not how it goes with their souls, whether they are in a good or bad state. There are few who, by holy meditation, enter within themselves. There are two reasons why so few meditate upon the state of their souls.

I. Self-guiltiness. Men are loath to look into their hearts by meditation, lest they should find that which would trouble them. The cup is in their sack. Most are herein like tradesmen who, being ready to sink in their estates, are loath to look into their books of account, lest they should find their estate low; but hadst thou not better enter thy heart by meditation, than God should in a sad manner enter into judgment with thee?

II. Presumption. Men hope all is well. Men will not take their land upon trust, but will have it surveyed; yet they will take their spiritual estate upon trust, without any surveying. They are confident their case is good. (Prov. xiv. 16.) It is a thing not to be disputed; and this confidence is but conceit. The foolish virgins, though they had no oil in their lamps, yet how confident were they! "They came knocking;" it was a peremptory knock, they doubted not of admittance: so many are not sure of their salvation, but secure; they presume all is well, never seriously meditating whether they have oil or not. O Christian, meditate about thy soul: see how the case stands between God and thee. Do as merchants: cast up thy estate, that thou mayst see what thou art worth; see if thou art rich towards God. (Luke xii. 21.) Meditate about three things. 1. About thy debts: see if thy debts be paid or not; that is, thy sins pardoned: see if there be no arrears, no sin in thy soul unrepented of. 2. Meditate about thy will: see if thy will be made yet. Hast thou resigned up all the interest in thyself? Hast thou given up thy love to God? Hast thou given up thy will? This is to make thy will: meditate about the will; make thy spiritual will in the time of health. If thou puttest off the making of thy will till death, it may be invalid; perhaps God will not accept of thy soul then. 3. Meditate about thy evidences. These evidences are the graces of the Spirit. See whether thou hast any evidences. What desires hast thou after Christ? what faith? See whether there be no flaw in thy evidences; are thy desires true? dost thou as well desire heavenly principles as heavenly privileges? O meditate seriously upon your evidences!

To sift our hearts thus by meditation, is very necessary. If we find our estate is not sound, the mistake is discovered, and the danger prevented: if it be sound, we shall have the comfort of it. What gladness was it to Hezekiah, when he could say, "Remember now, O Lord, how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight." (Isa. xxxviii. 3.) So, what unspeakable comfort would it be, when a Christian, upon a serious meditation and review of his spiritual condition, can say, I have something to show for heaven; "I know I am passed from death to life" (1 John iii. 14); and, as a holy man once said, "I am Christ's, and the devil hath nothing to do with me."

Eighth, Meditate upon the small number of them that shall be saved. "But few are chosen." (Matt. xx. 16.) Among the millions in Rome, there are but few senators; and among the swarms of people in the world, there are but few believers. We read of four sorts of ground in the parable, and but one good ground. (Matt. xiii.) How few in the world know Christ! how few believe in him! "Who hath believed our report?" (Isa. liii. 1.) How few strike sail to Christ's sceptre! (Luke xix. 14.) The heathen idolaters and Mohammedans possess almost all Asia and Africa; in many parts of the world the devil is worshipped; Satan takes up most climates and hearts. How many formalists are there in the

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world? "having a form of godliness" (2 Tim. iii. 5); like wool that receives a slight tincture, not a deep dye, whose religion is a paint, which a storm of persecution will wash off—not an engraving. These look like Christ's doves, but are the serpent's brood. They hate God's image like the panther that hates the picture of a man.

O often meditate on the small number of them that shall be saved. The meditation of this would—

1. Keep us from marching along with the multitude. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude." (Exod. xxiii. 2.) The multitude usually goes wrong: most men walk "after the course of the world" (Eph. ii. 2); that is, the lusts of their hearts, and the fashions of the times. They march after the prince of the air. The meditation of this would make us turn out of the common road.

2. Meditation on the fewness of them that shall be saved, would make us walk tremblingly. Few find the way; and when they have found it, few walk in the way. The thoughts of this would work holy fear (Heb. iv. 1); not a despairing fear, but a jealous and cautious fear. This fear the eminent saints of God have had. Austin saith of himself, he knocked at heaven's gate with a trembling hand. This fear is joined with hope. "The Lord takes pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." (Ps. cxlvii. 11.) A child of God fears, because the gate is strait; but hopes, because the gate is open.

3. Meditation on the small number of them that shall be saved, would be a whetstone to industry. It would put us upon working out our salvation; if there are so few that shall be crowned, it would make us the swifter in the race. This meditation would be an alarm to sleepy Christians.

4. *Ninth*, Meditate upon final apostasy. Think what a sad thing it is to begin in religion to build, and not be able to finish. (Luke xiv. 30.) Joash was good while his uncle Jehoiada lived; but after he died, Joash grew wicked, and all his religion was buried in his uncle's grave. We live in the fall of the leaf: how many are fallen to damnable heresies! (2 Pet. ii. 1.) Meditate seriously on that Scripture, "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance." (Heb. vi. 4-6.) A man may be enlightened, and that from a double lamp—the Word and Spirit; but these beams, though they are irradiating, yet are not penetrating. It is possible he may have a taste of the heavenly gift. This taste may not only illuminate, but refresh; it may carry some sweetness in it—there may be a kind of delight in spiritual things: thus far a man may go, and yet fall away finally. Now this will be very sad, it being such a God-affronting, and Christ-reproaching sin: "Know therefore it is an evil and bitter thing that thou hast forsaken the Lord." (Jer. ii. 19.) Meditate upon final relapses.

Meditation upon apostasy would make us earnest in prayer to God—1. For soundness of heart: "Make my heart sound in thy statutes." (Ps. cxix. 80.) Lord, let me not be an alchymy Christian; work a thorough work of grace upon me; though I am not washed perfectly, let me be washed thoroughly. (Ps. li. 2.) That which begins in hypocrisy, ends in apostasy. 2. Meditation upon the final falling away of hypocrites would make us earnest in prayer for perseverance. "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." (Ps. xvii. 5.) Lord, hold me up, that I may hold out. Thou hast set the crown at the end of the race, let me run the race, that I may wear the crown; it was Bess's prayer, and let it be ours: "Lord, perfect what thou hast begun in me, that I may not suffer shipwreck when I am almost at the haven."

(To be continued.)

FACTS AND HINTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

A SEXTON'S son became an astronomer by devoting a few hours every evening to the study of the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Gifford was in early life, an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. His destitution was such, that he was compelled to work out his problems on a smooth piece of leather with a blunted awl. David Rittenhouse was a plough boy, and covered his plough beam and fences with his juvenile calculations. James Ferguson was a shepherd's boy, and learned to read and write while watching his flock in the field by night, and with no other light than the moon and stars.

Young man, how do you spend your evenings? Do you dissipate them in idleness, or irrational and profitless amusement? If so, do you ever expect to be anything but a hewer of wood and a drawer of water? Set yourself to some useful work. Read—think—get into rational company. You will never attain to eminence, or even respectability, except by the employment of such means. If eminence never be attained, you will find that you will, at least, reap a harvest of happiness and pleasure. Either way you will find a treasure.

Let no one sneer, or be incredulous at the perusal of the following story. It is true, and conveys an important lesson:—

Fifteen years ago, two strangers met on ——— Bridge. One was a young man fresh from the country, with his wardrobe and all in a bundle under his arm. The other was a resident in the city. The young man accosted the gentleman, told him that he had come anxious to push his way, and asked him if he knew where he could get anything to do. "What sort of employment are you seeking for?" was the reply. "Well," said the country lad, "I'm not particular; I calculated to teach school when I left home, but they told me back here, that they thought I couldn't get any one about here. Do you know of any warehouse where they want a hand?" Finding the countryman was ready for anything in the way of work, the gentleman told him where he might get employment as a hand-cart man, and bade him good-bye. It was not long after this casual interview, that the young man sought out his adviser, and thanked him for helping him to a place. He had found the place to which he had been recommended, and had then full employment in a retail grocer's store, in carting packages and doing jobs of different kinds. From this humble beginning, he worked his way along in the world to be a partner in the same concern. He is now reputed to be worth from ten to fifteen thousand pounds.

So much for energy and perseverance, with a willingness to do honest work for a living. Men of such

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sort of stuff, who, if they cannot at once do what they would, do what they can, with the blessing of Providence, are quite sure to succeed in the world.

Horace Greeley, in speaking of progress often made by a judicious course of mental self-culture, says: "A single fact now occurs to me, which I have never seen recorded. I have often worshipped in a Baptist meeting-house in Vermont, whereon at its construction, some thirty years since, a studious and exemplary young man was for some time employed as a carpenter, who afterwards qualified himself, and entered upon the responsibilities of the Christian ministry. The young man was Jared Sparks, editor of the 'North American Review,' of 'Washington's Voluminous Writings,' &c., and now recognised as one of the foremost scholars, historians, and critics in America."

We have been reminded by this of another professor at Cambridge, who commenced his career in boyhood by carrying a foot stove to church on Sabbaths, and performing other domestic chores for the lady of one of the dignitaries of that institution. The D.D. detected the boy's smartness, took a fancy to him, and sent him to school; and finding he made good progress in his studies, he gave him a college education. The result is, though yet a comparatively young man, he holds an important professorship in Cambridge, and, we believe, fills it with honour and success. Boys, try.

IF I WERE A RICH MAN!

"If I were a rich man!" said Mr. Harris.

"And suppose you were, neighbour, what then?" said Mr. Brown, who overheard the exclamation.

"Why, I'd give to the poor, and reap the pleasures of charity."

"You would, would you?"

"Yes, sir, most certainly."

"And wouldn't wish to keep a trifle for this purpose or for that, and ride in your carriage, when you might as well go afoot?"

"No, sir; not I, Mr. Brown."

"And would prove yourself an honourable exception among the rich men, would you?"

"I should try, I think."

"But what makes you think you would be so much better than the rich in general?"

"O, I can't say, exactly; I suppose it is because I so frequently experience the inconveniences of poverty."

"You poor! Mr. Harris. Why, I always considered you a wealthy man."

"*Me* wealthy! Why, sir, I couldn't muster a hundred pounds, if I should sell everything I possess. Rich! I'd like to own my dinner before I eat it; I am sure I should grow fat at the bare thought."

"But, Mr. Harris, what would you really do if you were as rich as Baron Rothschild?"

"Well, I don't know exactly what I would do with so much money as he has; but one thing is certain, I'd give all the poor in my neighbourhood one good dinner."

"Is that all?"

"O no! I would repeat the dose so often that the leanest should cry enough!" Besides, I'd build them churches, and pay for ministers and bibles.

"Well, Mr. Harris, I have heard a great many people talk in just this manner; but when Providence had blest them, they have almost invariably forgotten their good resolutions."

"Some may have done so; but I'd show you the difference."

"Ah! I fear, neighbour," said Mr. Brown, as he walked away, "but few are able to withstand temptation."

"And I am willing to be tempted; the sooner the better," said Mr. Harris, and he passed on.

But one year from the date of the above conversation, Mr. Harris was what the world calls a rich man. An uncle had died in the Indies (or somewhere else), at just the lucky moment, leaving him sole heir to a fortune. Mr. Harris' first intelligence was a draft for twelve thousand pounds, payable at sight. The poor man could hardly contain himself for joy; a thousand brilliant visions danced through his brain His wife should not labour; his children should be finely dressed, and delicately fed—and—his neighbours should have—yes, he would give—something to his neighbours.

The news of his good fortune spread like wild-fire. Friends gathered round to congratulate. One and another volunteered this service and that, offers they would never have made but for the coming of that same twelve thousand pounds.

Mr. Harris moved from his humble cottage to a splendid house in town. Mrs. Harris no longer performed the drudgery of her family. Jane and Ellen left off knitting mittens for their brothers, and Henry and Edward split no more wood for the kitchen fire.

With wealth came wants unnumbered. Labour, once performed from necessity, was renounced entirely, and with it the pleasure that labour brings.

Mr. Harris soon found himself unable to walk. Horses must do the drudgery his limbs had hitherto been able to perform, while pampered appetite rejected wholesome food, which not long ago crowned his table.

Mr. Brown, who had anticipated such revolutions, should his neighbour's wish be gratified, looked on in silence. True, the good man breathed a sigh now and then for the fickleness of his fellows, but he chose that time and opportunity should convince Mr. Harris that, after all his boasting, he was only human. The wholesome resolves "to do something for his

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neighbours" were undoubtedly forgotten in the multiplicity of cares which now encompassed our rich friend, unless we reckon the feastings he gave those who were able to feast in return as worthy of the title, and the few subscriptions which figured ostentatiously in the books of some religious societies.

Not that Mr. Harris possessed less kindly impulses than in former times. Not so. He was ever a neighbourly man, and ready to assist others according to his ability. Once his expenses were few, because his income was limited; now his new position furnished a necessity for larger expenditures, and he really had nothing left to give—at least so he convinced himself, and endeavoured to convince others.

If man is omniverous in any passion, it must be love of gold, not for its own sake alone, so much as for the gratification it insures. Wealth can purchase honour, fame, luxury, might, and right, everything but—and many a poor rich man groans as he hears the "but"—happiness.

That is the poor man's birthright, if he will but lawfully claim the boon. Honour may come at the beck of a silver wand. Fame may weave her laurels to bind the brow already decked with brilliants. But pardon, peace, contentment, without which gold is vain, are won "without money and without price."

In the process of time Mr. Harris fell ill. Mr. Brown, who had never lost sight of his old friend, now renewed his former friendly intercourse. Dim recollections of a conversation once held with this same Mr. Brown haunted the sick man's mind. He was willing to be tempted; his wish had been granted, and, like many others, proved him a frail man. During a protracted illness, recollections of neglected opportunities and wasteful extravagance troubled him. Resolutions for the future were frequently avowed, but, through the resolve of Providence, nipped in the bud.

The man who but a few years ago found his heart so deeply touched with sympathy for his fellows, had not fulfilled his better promptings when means were in his power, and sought therefore to atone for past neglect, by bestowing in one generous bequest that which he could no longer retain, purchasing at once a name in the world for charity, and (as he, poor man, thought) a right to be remembered at the portals of heaven!

How many a man with means at his command to alleviate much of human suffering, pleads inability, with the piteous addendum, "If I were only rich!"

"If I were only rich!" What then? The good performed in this world is not estimated by pounds and shillings by Him who seeth the heart. There was once a poor widow more commended for the bestowal of two mites, than her wealthy compeers for their large gifts. "Do good as ye have opportunity;" and see in our next story what one, with little money but with a willing heart, *can* do.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

"She hath done what she could," said the Saviour, of one whose devotion to him led her to the tomb of her crucified Lord, to watch for his resurrection. Young Christian, can *that* be said of you? "She hath done what she could?" Oh! how full of encouragement is the simple story of Mary's love, to the humble disciple of the Saviour!

There lived in a poor hut a girl of sixteen. The only means of instruction ever enjoyed by her did not last for more than six months; but her mind was awakened by an ardent desire for knowledge. After she had learned by heart the few books within her reach, she took the Bible, and though she had seldom heard the Gospel preached, yet the Spirit of God inspired her with wonder as she read the story of a Saviour's love. Her wonder was changed to fear: she was humbled; she sought pardon; and with a sense of forgiveness came the inquiry, what she, a poor ignorant child, could do for her Saviour? She thought of her brothers; she read to them over and over again the lessons she had learned from the Bible. She had heard of Sabbath schools, and with a determination to establish one among the few neighbours in her vicinity, she persuaded her father to lend his kitchen for a school-room. When the Sabbath came, twenty poor ignorant children filled her room. Soon her school increased; old men and middle-aged came, and the youthful teacher was happy; yet with a trembling heart she persevered.

Years passed; and in place of scores, hundreds gathered in that school each returning Sabbath, and it is now in the midst of a flourishing village. A neat church stands by the side of the old kitchen, and the songs of Zion echo from its walls; and the voice of the Gospel minister is heard from its pulpit on the Lord's-day. That teacher sleeps! She has gone to receive the blessed commendation—"She hath done what she could."

Yes, she has ceased from her labours; but mark the sequel. A brother, who listened to the first lessons of holiness that trembled on her lips, is preparing for the Christian ministry; others are devoted, useful Christians; and one of the scholars is already on missionary ground. Verily, "she hath done what she could."

To every young Christian, we would say, "Go and do likewise." Look around you. Are your brothers and sisters better for your example? Are your companions looking to you for a pattern of holiness; or are you a stumbling-block over which they will plunge into the abodes of the lost? Say, is your heart steeped in the

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love of Christ? Is it burning with a missionary spirit? You can be a missionary even where you are—in your own town, in your own neighbourhood; for there are those all around you who seldom hear the sound of the Gospel. Seek them out; bring them to Christ. Thus you may bear fruit to the glory of God; and of you too it may be said, "She hath done what she could."

THE DEATH-BED OF THE BARREN PROFESSOR.

To give you, in a few particulars, the manner of this man's dying:—

1. Now he hath his fruitless fruits beleaguer him round his bed, together with all the bands and legions of his other wickedness. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked man himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." (Prov. v. 22.)

2. Now some terrible discovery of God is made out unto him, to the perplexing and terrifying of his guilty conscience. "God shall cast upon him, and not spare." (Job xxvii. 22.)

3. The dark entry he is to go through will be a sore amazement to him; for fear shall be in the way, when he shall see the yawning jaws of death to gape upon him, and the doors of the shadow of death open (Job xxxviii. 17), to give him a passage out of the world. Now, who will meet him in this dark entry? how shall he pass through this long entry into another world?

4. For the reason of guilt, and a shaken conscience, his life will hang in continual doubt before him, and he shall be afraid day and night; and shall have no assurance of his life. (Deut. xxviii. 66.)

5. Now also want will come up against him; he will come up like an armed man. This is a terrible army to him that is graceless in heart, and fruitless in life. This want will continually cry in thine ears, Here is a new birth wanting; a new heart, and a new spirit wanting; here is the fear of God wanting; and a good conversation wanting; "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting." (Dan. v. 27.)

6. Together with these standeth by the companions of death—death and hell, death and devils, death and endless torment in the everlasting flames of devouring fire. When God shall come up unto the people, he will invade them with his troops.

But how will this man die? "Can now his heart endure, or can his hands be strong?" (Ezek. xxii. 14.)

1. God, Christ, and pity, have left him: sin against light, against mercy, and the long-suffering of God, is come up against him; his hope and confidence now lie a-dying by him, and his conscience totters and shakes continually within him.

2. Death is at his work, cutting of him down, hewing both bark and heart, both body and soul asunder: the man groans, but death hears him not: he looks ghastly, carefully, dejectedly; he sweats, he trembles, but death matters nothing.

3. Fearful cogitations haunt him; misgivings, direful apprehensions of God terrify him. Now he hath time to think what the loss of heaven will be, and what the torments of hell will be; now he looks no way but he is frighted.

4. Now would he live, but may not; he would live, though it were but the life of a bed-ridden man, but must not. He that cuts him down, sways him, as the feller of wood sways the tottering tree; now this way, then that, at last a root breaks, an heart-string, an eye-string, snaps asunder.

5. And now, could the soul be annihilated, or brought to nothing; for now how happy would it count itself, but it sees that may not be. Wherefore it is put to a wonderful strait: stay in the body it may not, go out of the body it dare not. Life is going, the blood settles in the flesh, and the lungs being now no more able to draw breath through the nostrils, at last goes out the weary trembling soul, who is immediately seized by devils, who lay lurking in every hole in the chamber for that very purpose. His friends take care of the body, wrap it up in the sheet and coffin: the soul is out of their thought and reach, going down to the chamber of death.—*Bunyan.*

AN ILLUSTRATION OF PROVIDENCE.

In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber, who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's-day. As he was pursuing his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship, just as the minister was giving out his text: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man, by following his profession on the Lord's-day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath dressing, and worship God. He replied, that beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night, spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent.

He discontinued Sabbath dressing, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace of God, which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel customers left him, and he was nicknamed a Puritan or Methodist. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop; and, in the course of years, became so reduced, as to take a cellar under the old market-house, and dress the common people.

One Saturday evening, between light and

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dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the ostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, *as he did not like to violate the Sabbath*. This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears, asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as there was scarcely light enough. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

When shaved, he said: "There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half-a-crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?" "William Reed," said the astonished barber. "William Reed!" echoed the stranger—"William Reed! by your dialect you are from the west?" "Yes, sir; from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton! What was your father's name?" "Thomas." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, sir; one after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead."

"Come along, follow me," said the stranger; "I am going to see a person who says *his* name is William Reed of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are, I have great news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed."

They went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way, in a most extraordinary manner, and he had pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property. Thus was man's extremity God's opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one *half-penny*, or even had credit for a *candle*, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, "Seek ye my face in vain."

TOO BUSY TO THINK OF ESCAPING HELL.

CANST thou find time for thy body; time to eat and sleep, and not find time for thy soul? Canst thou find time to employ about thy recreation, and no time to employ about thy salvation? Canst thou find time for idle visits, and no time to visit the throne of grace?

O take heed thou goest not to hell in the crowd of worldly business. Joshua was a commander of an army, yet his work as a soldier was not to hinder his work as a saint: he must pray as well as fight, and take the book of the law in his hand as well as the sword. (Josh. i. 8.)

Dost thou think in thy conscience that it will be a good excuse at the last day, when God shall ask thee, Why didst thou not take pains for heaven? and thou shalt say, Lord, I was so steeped in worldly business, that I was hindered. Were it a good plea for a servant to say to his master, that he was so drunk he could not work? Truly, it is much like thine, to say, that thou wert so drunk with the cares of the world, thou couldst not be violent for the kingdom. . . . .

Take heed of too much violence after the world; the world cools good affections. The earth puts out the fire. The world's silver trumpet sounds a retreat, and calls men off from their pursuit after heaven. The world hindered the young man from following Christ; he went away sorrowful: whereupon saith our Saviour, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" (Luke xviii. 24.) The religion of Demas lay buried in the earth: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." (2 Tim. iv. 10.) It was a saying of Pius Quintus, "When I first entered into orders, I had some good hope of my salvation; when I became a cardinal, I doubted of it; but since I came to be pope, I do even despair of it." Jonathan pursued the victory till he came to the honeycomb, and then he stood still. (1 Sam. xiv. 27.) Many are violent for the kingdom of God, till gain or preferment offers itself; when they meet with this honey, then they stand still. The world blinds men's eyes that they do not see the way, and fetters their feet that they do not run in the way of God's commandments. Mithridates, king of Pontus, being worsted by the Romans, and fearing he should not escape them, caused a great deal of silver and gold to be scattered in the ways, which while the Roman soldiers were busy in gathering, he got away from them. The like stratagem Satan useth; knowing what tempting things riches are, he throws them in men's way, that while they are eager in gathering these he may hinder them in their pursuit of happiness. I have observed some who did once, Jehu like, drive on furiously in the cause of religion, when the world hath come in upon them, their chariot-wheels have been pulled off, and they have driven on heavily. If a man had to climb up a steep rock, and weights were tied to his legs, they would hinder his ascent. Men's golden weights hinder them in climbing up this steep rock which leads to salvation. The world's music charms men asleep, and when they are asleep they are not fit to work. A thing cannot be carried violently to two extremes at once. The ship cannot go full sail to the east and west at the same time; so a man cannot be violent for heaven and earth at once. He may have Christ and the world, but cannot love Christ and the world. (1 John ii. 15.) He that is all fire for the world, will be all ice for heaven. Take heed of engaging your affections too far in these secular things. Use the world as your servant, but do not follow it as your master.—*Watson.*

It is impossible to churn happiness out of a chest of gold—it will never come: you can never make unfading crowns of fading flowers. When pleasures, profits, honours, will make you blessed; when you

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can sow your fields with grace, and fill your barns with sheaves of saffron; when the Lord Jesus is your wine, the Word of God your bread, the bosom of Christ your bed of love, the honour of Christ your trade, the graces of the Spirit your gold—then, and not till then, you may write happiness upon these things. These are the pleasures which are for evermore; this is the enduring substance, these the crowns that wither not; here you may find that which your soul seeketh for; here is the mine, here is the vein, here the spring of happiness—"ever with the Lord." The devil offers you the glory of the world—God offers eternal glory; put not a scorn upon God's offers, nor a cheat upon your own souls. The devil's offers are not only inconsiderable, but fraudulent; he offers that which it is none of his own to give—the world; or, if it were, it would be infinitely too short of the price he will have for it—your precious and immortal souls. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And suppose thou shouldst repent of thy bargain, the devil will not repent of his; nor will he sell as he buyeth. Shouldst thou say to him, "Here, devil, take the world, and give me my soul again—I repent; he would but laugh at thee, and say, as the priests said to Judas, "See thou to that; what is that to me?" Thou hadst what thou agreedst for; I have done thee no wrong.—*Case.*

TO DOWNCAST SOULS.

Forsake not duty, because thou wantest comfort.—Thou hadst better want joy than neglect duty; for duty is more necessary than comfort, and in order to it; therefore it must be minded more. To seek comfort, may be in love to thyself; but to be constant in duty in the want of comfort, argues conscientious obedience to the commands of thy God. Though thou art not taken up into the arms of Christ, yet lie at his feet; though he doth not take thee into his bosom, yet throng among the crowd to touch the hem of his garment. He might deny thee comfort, and yet own thee for his child; but thou canst not deny him duty, and yet own him for thy God. If he do not tell thee thou art his son, yet do not thou say, thou wilt not be his servant. I beseech thee, say not, "I will hear no more, I will pray no more: ordinances are in vain, and all endeavours will be in vain." Casting off hope clips the wings of serious, constant endeavours. Limit not God to thy time. Joseph did not presently discover himself unto his brethren, but carried himself as a stranger to them. Joseph knew that they were his brethren, but they knew not that they were related to him; but they often coming to him, and making known their perplexed condition in the grief and trouble of their souls, with sad complaints and moans, he could no longer refrain; his heart was full, his bowels did yearn, and the fire of love did so flame forth, that made his tears presently boil over. "I am Joseph your brother: I will show you kindness; be not troubled." (Gen. xlv. 1, &c.) While thou followest God with thy complaints, and pressest hard after Christ, he will at length show and make known himself unto thee. "O thou weeping sinner, I am Jesus thy Brother, I am thy Redeemer, I will be thy Saviour: though thou hast dealt unkindly with me, yet I will receive thee with the sweet embracements of my everlasting love." Read Ps. lxxxiv. 8; Hosea vi. 1—3; Isa. liv. 7, 8.—*Doolittle.*

IT DOES ME GOOD TO ATTEND THE PRAYER-MEETING.

It attaches me to the brethren. In long absence I become alienated. Sympathy ceases. When I attend, I see in them the image of my Saviour. Their prayers, their exhortations, their songs win, melt, and bind my heart.

> "In such society as this
> My willing soul would stay."

It helps me in my Christian course. I cannot go on alone. If I am alone, I become weary. If I am alone, I faint. If I am alone, I sleep, or adversaries draw me aside, and I lose my path. In the prayer-meeting, faintness and weariness depart; and, with companions and friends, I go onward, onward. Each one I attend brings me nearer my home.

It brightens my graces. Knowledge is increased. Hear I learn better than even from the pulpit, the state of the Church, the feelings of the brethren, their anxiety for sinners; my repentance is deepened, faith strengthened, hope revived, charity expanded. The humble confession; the perhaps homely, yet faithful exhortation of one who bears Christ in his heart; the related personal experience, burnish all my armour, and I come down, like Moses, shining from the Mount.

It increases my usefulness. "What do you more than others?" say the world, when I stay from the prayer-meeting. I cannot rebuke them. I cannot pray for them. I am a stumbling-block over which they fall and perish. When I attend, I encourage others. My example preaches to sinners and worldly professors. It cheers my minister. I bear the character of a consistent Christian, and I may be one among others to draw down the power of the Holy Spirit.

It secures me happiness. If I stay away, I am not happy;—not happy in myself, for my conscience reproves me; not happy in the brethren, for they condemn me; not happy in Christ, for he forsakes me. I go to the prayer-meeting, and he is there. I find *Him* whom my soul loveth. And there is revived

> ——"the blessedness I knew
> When first I sought the Lord."

And when at parting, we sing, it closely allies me to heaven. I feel that to-morrow, or next day, I shall be there. I become more active in duty, care less for the world, bid earth

> ——— "roll on,
> Nor mind its idle whirl."

IT DOES ME GOOD TO VISIT THE SICK.

It arrests my worldliness. What is the world to a man with a burning fever, or sinking in consumption? As I sit beside him, I feel my folly in racing after the world and hoarding up his treasures.

It draws out my sympathies. Amid unseen wretchedness I grow hardened. I almost fancy there is none. I care for none. A half-hour by a sick-bed changes all the tone of my soul. My heart becomes tender, and resolves on bearing others' woes.

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It makes me prize health. Men think but little of health when they enjoy it. It must be taken from them, or they must witness its loss in others, to know its value. When I sit by the bed of a poor, lingering sufferer, and hear his groans and sighs O then I exclaim, What a blessing is health! What a mercy do I enjoy! How good to me is my heavenly Father!

It impresses me with the evil of sin. Sickness is the effect of sin. When I witness the agony of the sufferer, I say, There is sin's work.

I learn much of the care, kindness, and love, of Christ. When the Christian is in health, I see but little difference, perhaps none, between his comforts and those of other men; but when I visit him on a sick-bed, I see a precious fulfilment of the declaration, "Thou wilt strengthen him upon a bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in sickness."

And on the other hand—

I learn much of the misery of the sinner. Oh! what heart-rending scenes have I witnessed, when sitting by the bed-side of gay and thoughtless sinners, suddenly prostrated by disease, and just hanging over the grave, without God and without hope! A world would they give for one drop of consolation.

It teaches me that a season of health is the time in which to attend to religion. I visit the sick for the good of their souls. But O! the pain, the distress, the sinking of body and sinking of spirit!—these engross all the mind, and I hasten away to say to the man in health, Sir, now is your day for repentance—not to-morrow.

It makes me willing to put off this mortal, and put on immortality. What, I exclaim, as I visit the sick, is this body which we so much prize

> "Bound to bear the agonies and woes
> That sickly flesh and shattered nerves impose?"

and what a place will heaven be, where "the inhabitants shall no more say, *I am sick!*" O, let it go. Sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power; sown a natural body, it shall be raised a spiritual body; this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality.

Resolved, to-day, I will visit the sick more and more.—*New York Evangelist.*

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

Upon examining the edge of a very sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits every where a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and every where equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen, appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature paintings appear before the microscope ragged and uneven, entirely devoid of beauty, either in the drawing or colouring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God even in the least productions, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects, what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of colouring! azure, green, and vermillion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies, and diamonds, fringe, and embroidery, on their bodies, wings, heads, and every part! how high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we every where behold!

AND THEN?

Filippo Neri was living at one of the Italian universities, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had been long wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law school at this university, on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains or labour in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time; and when at last he came to stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said, "Well! and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" asked Filippo Neri again.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence and zeal, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then," replied the youth, "why then, there can't be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides I shall make money, and grow rich."

"And then?" repeated Filippo.

"And then," pursued the young lawyer—"then I shall live comfortably and honourably, in wealth and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And then?" asked the holy man.

"And then," said the youth—"and then—and then—then I shall die."

Here Filippo lifted his voice and again asked, "And then?" Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head, and went away. This last "And then?" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get quit of it. Soon after he forsook the study of the law, and gave himself up to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in his service.

The question which Filippo Neri put to the young lawyer, is one which we should put frequently to ourselves. When we have done all that we are doing, all that we aim at doing, all that we dream of doing, even supposing that all our dreams are accomplished, that every wish of our heart is fulfilled, still we may ask, What will we do, what will be, then? Whenever we cast our thoughts forward,

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never let them stop short on his side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself: but when we have followed ourselves thither, and have seen ourselves laid therein, still ask ourselves the searching question, *And then?*

CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

Some ask the question, How, and in what manner, shall we see Christ? whether we shall see his Godhead with bodily eyes? It is not good to be wise above what is written. Thus far, I think, may with modesty be asserted, that we shall with our bodily eyes behold Christ's human nature. His glory as a Mediator shall be visible to the saints, and shall be beheld by glorified eyes. In this sense that Scripture is to be understood, "In my flesh I shall see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold." (Job xix. 26, 27.) Great and amazing will that glory be which shall sparkle from the human nature of Christ. If his transfiguration was so glorious (Matt. xvii. 2), what will his inauguration be? Augustine wished that he might have seen three things before he died—Paul in the pulpit, Rome in its glory, and Christ in the flesh; but what were these to this sight of Christ in heaven? We shall beheld not a crucified body, but a glorified body.

WHOM SHALL I FEAR?

True piety elevates its possessor in the scale of being, exalts his feelings, dignifies his character, and sanctifies his heart. It provides for us a suitable relief in every trying state, and enables us to exult in God as the God of our salvation. Let us notice—

The Confidence of the Christian.—"Whom shall I fear?" This is not the language of vain presumption, but the expression of Christian assurance. Whom have we to fear?

God? He is reconciled.—The love of God is shed abroad in the believer's heart, and the possession of love softens the feeling of fear. Shall we be afraid to approach a reconciled Father?

The law? It is satisfied.—Those who are under the bond of the covenant, need not fear the curse of the law; its threatenings are averted, and the curse is turned into a blessing.

Satan? He is conquered.—He can go no farther than the length of his chain. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Afflictions? They are sanctified.—Shall I fear that which comes from my Father, who loves me? Shall I fear that which is designed for my good? Shall I fear that which is sent to promote the spiritual benefit of my soul? The diamond of piety never sparkles so brightly as when the Christian is surrounded with the darkness of affliction.

Death? It is vanquished.—To the believer it is only "the shadow of death;" there is no substantial evil in it. The shadow of a serpent will not sting, the shadow of a lion will not devour, and the shadow of a sword will not kill. Death is only a dark passage that leads to our Father's house. The unbeliever has everything to fear! God is his enemy, he is under the curse of the law, led captive by the devil, his afflictions are unsanctified, and he is unprepared for death.

Moulin tells of a dying man, to whom some say the devil appeared, and showed him a parchment, that was very long, wherein was written on every side the sins of the poor sick man, which were many in number; and that there were also written the idle words he had spoken, which made up three quarters of the words that he had spoken in his life, and his actions digested according to the commandments: whereupon Satan said, "Seest thou? behold thy virtues! see here what thine examination shall be!" Whereunto the poor sinner answered: "It is true, Satan; but thou hast not set down all; for thou shouldst have added, and set down here below, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all our sins;* and this also should not have been forgotten, *That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life!*"

Fragments.

If we are for setting buttresses to the house that is built upon a rock, what is this but a disparagement to the foundation? If the foundation be already firm and good, why are you for endeavouring to strengthen it? So far as you set up any props unto Christ the foundation, who is to bear up all by himself, so far you disparage Christ, so far you bring him down, and give him not the pre-eminence.

We cannot (fully) understand the sufferings of Christ. God only knows what is in the curse of the law. God only knows what is the true (and utmost) desert of sin. How, then, do we know what Christ suffered, when the punishment due to our sin, when all our iniquities met on him, and he had the curse of the law upon him! God only knows what is in these things.—*Owen.*

Grace is of a stirring nature, and not a dead thing (like an image), which you may lock up in a chest, and nobody know what God you worship. No; grace will show itself; it will walk with you and talk by you in all places and companies; it will buy with you and sell with you, and have a hand in all your enterprises. It is too much alive to be smothered.—*Gurnall.*

When Christ entered into Jerusalem the people spread their garments in the way. When he enters into our hearts, we pull off our own righteousness, and not only lay it under Christ's feet, but even trample upon it ourselves.

A Christian too conversant with people of the world, resembles a bright piece of plate too much exposed to the air: which though in reality it continues plate still, yet grows tarnished and loses its fine burnish, and needs a fresh cleansing and rubbing up.

As I would not throw away my watch for varying a few minutes from the exact point of time; so neither would I disclaim a regenerate person for his not in every thing exactly thinking with me. Christians are no more infallible than watches.

Good works, like the golden ear-rings of the Israelites, are valuable in themselves; but if once exalted into a golden calf, to be worshipped and relied upon, are damningly pernicious.

It is distrust of God to be troubled about what is to come, impatience against God to be troubled for what is present, and anger at him to be troubled for what is past.—*Patrick.*

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"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD."

A Sermon.

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."—MARK xvi. 15, 16.

THERE is often something very affecting in parting words. When Jacob was about to die, he gathered his children around his bed, and addressed them in most remarkable words (Gen. xlix.); so did Moses when he was about to be parted from Israel (Deut. xxxiii.); and so did David before he died. You have here the parting words of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, accordingly, they reveal more of the heart of Christ—more of the freeness of the gospel, and his compassion to the world, than all his words that went before. All his words were gracious words, because they came out of a heart full of grace and truth; but these words are peculiarly gracious—they contain the essence of the love and compassion of Christ. Observe in them—

I. The compassion of Christ in sending the gospel to the world. II. The eternal results of the preached gospel. III. The actual working of the gospel.

I. The compassion of Christ in sending the gospel to the world.

1. In giving ministers: "Go ye." His own ministry was now done. Never man spake like this man; his words were spirit and life. But they had neglected that glorious Prophet; they had cast him out of the vineyard, and killed him: it would have been righteous to have taken up the gift into heaven again. The whole world had rejected him; the Jewish nation had made their hands red in his blood; the Gentiles had mocked and scourged him: it would have been just to leave the world to its own heart's lusts. But no; the love that made him come at first made him persevere now: he now sends his disciples to the whole world.

Christ gives ministers. They are his gift to the world. Though they are sinners in themselves—unbelieving and hard-hearted—yet he sends them. "Go ye." In Eph. iv.: "He ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some pastors and teachers." And in Jer. iii. 15: "I will give you pastors."

He raises them up from the womb. (Jer. i. 5.) He educates them for himself. When Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, probably Satan thought he was sharpening a weapon to destroy the gospel. He little knew that Christ had his eye upon him, and would make him an arrow in his hand.

In due time he calls them. "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore-fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel." (Amos vii. 14, 15.)

Learn not to despise ministers. The man by whom the message is sent is a great stumbling-block to many. You see many defects in your ministers—much unbelief and hardness of heart; you see defects in their temper or in their life; you see defects in their manner—they speak too roughly or too sharply—or they are not eloquent, and so forth; and so you stumble at the messenger. See here, when Christ sent his disciples, he first upbraided their unbelief—and yet he sent by them; and so he does still—he sends you divine treasures in a poor leaky earthen vessel, that the excellency of the power may be of him, and not of us.

Would you refuse gold because it was offered you in a poor ragged purse? Would you refuse a draught of water because it came in a chipped and broken bowl? And why will ye refuse to fly to Christ because of imperfections in the messengers? Oh, it is a sad thing, that men will lie down in hell because we could not tell them genteelly enough to flee from it!

Thank Christ for the ministers he has given. We are called this day to thank Christ for the labourers he has been raising up. One hundred and fifty new labourers have sprung up in Scotland within these six years. Many of these have been remarkably owned by God. Many of them, though little more than boys in years, have been made spiritual fathers, and can say, "Behold, I and the children which thou hast given me." Who but the Lord Jesus could have sent us such men?

Ask more. He has done much for us; thank him by asking more. There are unsearchable

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riches in Christ—fulness. He has the hearts of all men in his hands. When I look to men, then my heart fails; but when I look to Christ, then I see there is good hope.

2. In bidding them go. The Christian ministry is a seeking ministry. All that ever came before Christ *attracted* men to them. Plato taught in a garden, and Socrates in a school. They never thought of going to seek men; but Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. If Christ had sat down upon his throne, and waited till men came to him, he would have waited for ever. Therefore he left the sheep in the wilderness, and went after that which was lost. He went from one village to another, saying, "I have meat to eat that the world knoweth not of."

So his disciples went everywhere preaching the word. Daily in the temple, and from house to house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus. They were ready to preach the gospel to those that were in Rome also. They all went upon the seeking plan; they did not wait till men sought them.

So now it behoves the Christian Church to go—to seek that which is lost. If we were to wait till the Hindus send across the ocean to say, Come and preach the gospel to us, we should wait for ever. If we were to wait till the Ethiopians send us ambassadors to pray for gospel missionaries, alas! Ethiopia would never stretch out her hands to God. If we were to wait till the Jews ask us to come and help them, then Israel would never be saved. If we were to wait till unconverted men in this town—the thousands that have fallen out of gospel ordinances—come and ask for the gospel, we would wait for ever. "Go ye," saith Christ; do not wait till they come; go to them, and tell them the unsearchable riches of Christ. The gospel is a message of love, and love impels to go. "I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay"—"Necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel." If you saw one drowning whom you loved, love would impel you to run to save him. If you saw the house of a neighbour on fire, love would impel you to knock at his door and to help him to flee. And so, if you see the souls of others perishing, you will go and tell them the way of pardon.

This is what we still need in this town—a ministry that will go and seek the people. We need men with the Spirit of Christ in them—who can love as he loved, and weep as he wept; men who will leave the sheep that are safe in the fold, to seek the one sheep that is lost. We want men who will leave home, and comforts, and self behind them, and seek the haunts of profligacy—the dens of the Cowgate; who, with the love of Christ in their heart, and the words of Christ upon their tongue, may call poor prodigals to turn, saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

Obj. Why build more churches? there is plenty of room in those that are already built.—*Ans.* It is possible this may be true—I do not know. But it matters nothing to the object we have in view. It is a seeking ministry we want—those who will obey the word of Christ: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Empty space within the church will never convert souls, no more than empty space out of the church. It is men like Christ, having the same mind, the same spirit, the same end in view. This is what we plead for. For my part, I do not so much care whether you give them a roof over their head, if you will only give us the living, ordained ministers of Christ, to seek and to save that which is lost.

Obj. If the people will not come to the church, they do not deserve that ministers should go to them.—*Ans.* Alas! if that objection were good, Christ had never come to this world at all. He might have said, Why should I die for this rebellious race? they never asked me to come; they are gainsaying and disobedient. But, ah! that was what moved him to die for men. It was all of grace. If that objection were good, would Christ ever have come to your soul? If you had got your desert, you would have been in the lowest hell. He hath not dealt with us as we sinned.

Obj. If you send ministers to them, they will be no better—they are sunk too low. Ah blessed be God, we have proof that this is a lie. "Such were some of you; but ye are washed." Of whom shall we despair, since you have found mercy? "Go into the highways and hedges." Send a man of God, and he will find a rich harvest among the Socialists, Chartists, publicans, and harlots. "Many that are last shall be first."

3. In sending them to all the world and to every creature. When Christ first sent his disciples, he said to them, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." But now, when the work was finished, he opens the door to every nation: "Go ye into all the world, and

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preach the gospel to every creature." This is the parting command of Christ, and should be graven on every Christian heart. It is the will of Christ that every creature on every shore should bear the glad tidings of great joy.

(1.) Because all are under the same condemnation.—There is no difference, for all have sinned—all have fallen in Adam, are under the same curse, are filled with the same depravity. Every creature in every land is in danger of hell. The polished Hindu, the supercilious Turk, the wandering Arab, the self-conceited Chinese, the infidel Frenchman, the superstitious Italian—all are in the same condemnation; therefore said the Lord Jesus, "Go"—go to them all.

(2.) The gospel answers every creature.—Christ answers the need of every creature. It is the very thing, and the only thing, that will cover his soul. "There is no other name given under heaven, or among men, whereby we can be saved." The blood of Christ is a fountain that will wash out sins of every dye in every place under heaven. The obedience of Christ will cover souls however deformed—wherever found.

Does any of you say, The gospel does not answer me? If you are a creature of God at all the gospel answers you. It is free to you—it is addressed to you. Oh! creatures of God's hand, under his wrath, yet spared to hear of his love, there is a covering for you, there is room—there is the best robe for you.

Does any of you feel the gospel answering your need? It answers the need of every other creature as well as you. Oh, carry it to these millions as yet unsheltered—millions never heard the glad sound. Oh, do not stay! but carry this blessed gospel to every creature.

Oh, the amazing love of Christ! Oh, the amazing guilt of Christians! For eighteen hundred years that word has been written in the Bible and the hearts of Christians. Oh! could I take you now to the cottage of some poor idolater, beneath the spreading palm—could you stand beside his dying bed, and see him going down to the pit without ever having heard of the name of Jesus—would you not go away smiting on your breast, that Christians had not obeyed their Lord's farewell command? Ah! if you knew how many thousands are every year entering into an eternal hell, who never heard the Sabbath bell, or the voice of the missionary, you would bestir yourselves, and not live so much at ease, while millions are sitting in darkness.

Nay, could I take you to the dying-bed of a neglected soul in this town—a child of poverty and sin and shame, and show you how she dies without a Bible—without a minister—without a prayer; ah! would not these dying eyes strike to your heart the bitter reproach, "Christ said, Send the gospel to me, and you have not done it?"

II. The eternal results of the gospel: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." We never preach but it is to the salvation or damnation of some; so it was with Christ himself. One thief believed and was saved, the other believed not and was damned.

So with the apostles: "Some believed, and some believed not." (Acts xxviii.) "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed."

So it is now. I never expected that you would all believe and be saved. I came to bear witness of the light. Some of you, I trust, have believed to the saving of your soul. Most, I fear, believe not, and will remain unbelieving, and will perish.

Any creature may be saved. We preach the gospel to every creature. If only you believe it you shall be saved, however many your sins be. Your sins may be grown up to heaven; still if you believe and betake yourself to Christ, you shall be saved. It matters not that you are old in sin, that your heart is accustomed to do evil, that all your companions are sinful, that you have sinned away former convictions—have sinned against light, grace, love; it matters not, if you believe you, shall be saved. Old sinners may this day find refuge in Christ. The hindrance is not on Christ's part—his blood and righteousness are now laid at your feet. He that believeth shall be saved.

Any creature may be damned. Some of you say, I do not think that I can come to Christ, but I hope I shall not go to hell. I have been a good-natured, kind man, and done the best I could. Ah, my friends! "He that believeth not shall be damned." Whatever you are, if you have not fled to Christ, the wrath of God is over you; and as surely as the believer shall be saved, so surely shall she unbeliever be damned.

Some of you say, I have been awakened—have left off my open sins—have begun to pray—find great delight in prayer. Have you fled to Christ? Are you now believing on the Son of God? Does your heart melt towards Jesus Christ and him crucified?—if not, you

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shall be damned. Some perish at ease in Zion —some perish trembling—some perish almost persuaded to be Christians.

III. The working of the gospel.

There are two concerned in the preaching of the gospel. 1. The ministers, who are commanded to go everywhere. 2. The Lord Jesus, who works with them.

How does Christ work with them? *Ans.* In two ways.—1. By his own presence. As man, he sits on the right hand of God, there to appear for us. As God, he is present everywhere with his disciples and ministers. "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." 2. By his Spirit. Here is the grand encouragement of ministers. We are not alone. Often we feel alone. Often my heart dies within me when I feel my own hardness and unbelief—when I see the open ungodliness, Sabbath-breaking, and awful impurity of thousands—when I see the frozen-heartedness of so many, the coldness and waywardness of believers. But the Lord Jesus is near. I feel his presence, and am upheld. When the world hate us, we retire into his bosom.

We enter the haunts of worldliness and sin. Jesus says, "Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee. I will make thee an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land." (Jer. i. 17, 18.)

He hides us in the secret of his presence from the strife of tongues. We come to the deep black river: he says, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." We come to the fiery furnace. How can I enter here? Jesus says, "When thou passest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Learn from this the guilt of refusing the gospel ministry. Some of you despise and reject our ministry. Ye find errors in the ministry, or in the manner, or in the matter. You are offended. Oh, consider that word of the Lord Jesus—"He that refuseth you, refuseth me." The Lord is working with us. The whole object of my ministry among you has been to bring you to hear Jesus, to eat his flesh and drink his blood, that he might dwell in you, and you in him. Now, it is a small matter that you despise me; but, ah! eternity alone will show you the guilt of refusing Him who speaks from heaven, and speaks by us.

There is many a mill-stone round the neck of those of you that are on the road to ruin, but the heaviest mill-stone of all is the guilt of despising the Shepherd's voice when he cries after you—"Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?"

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

[Mrs. Mary Paris, wife of Rev. John D. Paris, and missionary of the American Board at the Sandwich Islands, died on the 18th of February 1847. Her dying experience was peculiarly happy through the sustaining power of a clear and triumphant faith.]

On being asked how she felt in relation to her soul, she replied, "I have had no distressing fears. I know I love my Saviour and that he loves me. I sometimes shrink from the thought of death, and the cold, cold grave; but, when I look beyond, all is peace. The Saviour himself is gone to prepare us mansions in heaven, and he hath said, 'I will come again and receive you to myself.'" After a little pause, she said, "The Saviour can give us such a view of his glory as to remove all fears of death. It has often seemed to me as if, during my sickness, he had appeared at my pillow, speaking peace to my soul."

On another occasion, raising her hands and her eyes from a bed of languishing, she said, "O, the love of Christ! how free—how precious—how unchanging! It is different from all other love. It does not pass by or cast off the chief of sinners. It loves us to the end. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? I shall soon be separated from my beloved firstborn, but the love of Christ makes it almost easy." . . . . . One evening, after a season of agonizing pain, succeeded by a trembling and sinking of the whole system, she said, "O, this *mud house* is giving way—it is coming down—it will soon return to dust; but I have another house, not made with hands; I have long ago sought and found rest there—I have no other rest or resting-place.

At another time, she said: "I love to go back and review my past life, and trace the hand of the Lord. I remember well, when I was thirteen years old, the first sense of pardoning love; how the Saviour revealed himself to me, and what a sense of peace and joy I had in believing. No one conversed with or counselled me at that time on spiritual things; but the Lord taught me by his own blessed Spirit. I had no one to whom I could unburden my bursting heart but Jesus. I am a monument of his rich and distinguishing grace."

On being asked if she regretted coming on a foreign mission, she replied, "O, no; the Lord has led me, and I rejoice in it. I am sorry, my dear husband"—bursting into tears—"I am sorry that I have been such a poor helper." Speaking of the children, she said, "I trust I shall receive them again in heaven. I have had feelings of assurance respecting their salvation which I dare not utter. God is faithful."

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On the morning of the 5th, after a night of extreme suffering, she said, "I have had a hard night, but the Lord knoweth what is best. O, my dear husband, I have had such longings last night for death." On being asked if the grave had no terrors, she replied, "*None.* No, welcome the tomb. Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom. O! I want to drop this shell and fly away and be at rest. I long, yes, I long to be with Christ."

Hearing the phrase, "The dark valley and shadow of death," she inquired, "What does that mean? I do not understand it. I look upon death very differently. Jesus will come and take the soul to himself. It will be released from its crumbling house of clay, and wafted to the realms of immortal glory. The valley does not look dark to me now; but perhaps it may. But I think it will not be dark to me anywhere, if my Saviour is with me; and he will never leave me—never."

On another occasion, and during a night of great pain, she would often say, "It is just right. It is my Father. I love to be passive in his hand—to know no will but his." Again, she says, "O, how sweet, how precious are the promises of God! I love to believe and take him at his word. His word is truth—everlasting truth: it can never, never fail."

It was her earnest request that her children might not be permitted to read story books, light and exciting tales, until their minds had first been stored with the truths of the Bible. "Let their minds," said she, "first be stored with divine truth. Let them read the pure Word of God. O! it will be of so much value to them in after life."

One night, when near her end, she urged her husband to seek rest in sleep. He objected, saying that her hands and feet were cold, her pulse feeble and irregular, and that he feared she would swoon away and wake no more. "O!" said she, "you ought not to say so. It would be a blessed swooning to swoon away into the arms of my Saviour, and awake in his image. Don't be afraid, my beloved husband. If Jesus should come and take me away from your side, without a struggle or a groan, surely you would not reflect on yourself."

A little before her departure, her husband inquired if she had any preference as to where she should be buried. "No," she replied, "I have not thought of this poor crumbling dust. My thoughts have been above. It is but of little consequence what becomes of this bundle of bones. I leave that with you to do what is proper. Then, breaking out, she exclaimed,

"Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light—
Clothed in a body like our own."

She then said to Mr. Paris, "When the hour of my departure comes, I would like to have all silent and still. It is often thought that everybody must crowd around the dying bed. I would like to have our dear children, one on each side, and you by my pillow. I wish them to see their mother die when all is calm, nothing to disturb."

On hearing the hymn commencing—

"High in yonder realms of light,"

she said, "That hymn is good, but it has not vigour enough for my mind. I love to drink in such hymns as these:—

'*My* God! the *spring* of all my *joys*,
The *life* of my *delights*,
The *glory* of my *brightest* days,
And *comfort* of my *nights!*' &c.

And,

'*My God*, my *life*, my *love*,
To thee, to thee I call.'

My soul takes in such hymns as these. God is the source and centre of all blessedness."

Continuing to live and suffer longer than had been anticipated, she said, "We must wait our heavenly Father's will. When he calls me, then I will go joyfully. His time is best. O! for grace, for patience to suffer under his will."

On another occasion, when Mr. Paris read—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

and spoke of Bunyan's river of death, remarking that she now stood on its verge, she replied, "I do not like that view of death. Our blessed Saviour has told us that he will 'come again' for his own, and 'receive' them to himself. I love to believe his words, and to commit my soul to him. If he takes me to himself, death is swallowed up in victory. What are all the dark valleys and rivers, if Jesus is with us? Oh! precious to believe him—to believe just what my Saviour says."

About thirty-six hours before her departure, she said, "'Bless the Lord, O my soul! For ever bless his holy name.' This has been the language of my heart all the day. How good! how good! *O how good he is!* We know but little of his goodness."

Thankful that she was at peace with God, through the blood of the cross, and having an intense and fearful view of what would be the condition of a dying sinner, racked with such mortal pains as hers, and yet unprepared to meet his Judge, she exclaimed, "How dreadful! O how dreadful! if I had remained unreconciled to God until this dying hour! O, no! this is no place to prepare to die; no time to prepare to meet God."

The day before her death, while in a paroxyism of agonizing pain, she cried out, "Oh! how can I bear it?" Then checking herself, she said, "He tempers the pains to my strength." With a soul breaking for its longings after God, she then exclaimed, "O, my Beloved, come! Thou beloved of my soul, come quickly!"

During the night previous to her release, she exhibited great sinking and prostration of her physical powers, alternately sleeping and wak

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ing without much ability to converse. Mr. Paris tried several times to rouse her, saying that he feared she would sleep the sleep of death. "O, don't be afraid," said she; "if I do, it will be well. Jesus is present—he is precious."

After this she made several efforts to converse, but was unable. The messenger had entered her chamber. The windows of her earthly house were being darkened. The veil which separated her from the other world was being rent. The golden bowl was being broken. With great effort, after raising her hands, she articulated the name of her first-born—"Mary, Mary." The children were waked and placed by her side, as she had requested; but she saw them not, nor spoke again. "Mary" was the last word which fell from her mortal lips.

Morning was breaking upon the mountains of Hawaii, and a morning of immortal brightness and glory was dawning on her soul. Her mortal powers gently gave way. The "silver cord" was loosened, and at eight o'clock A.M. she quietly left us for the bosom of her Saviour.

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

WHAT dost thou here, oh, wand'ring dove,
From thy nest in the Rock's riven breast?
'Tis fair, but the falcon is wheeling above—
Ah! fly to thy sheltering nest—
To thy nest, wand'ring dove, to thy nest.

Frail bark, on that bright summer's sea,
That the breezes now curl but in sport,
Spread cheer'ly thy sail, nor, though pleasant it be,
E'er linger till safely in port—
For the port, little bark, for the port.

Timid roe, who the hunter dost flee,
While his arrow e'en now's on the wing,
In yon deep green recess there's a fountain for thee,
Go rest by that clear secret spring—
To the spring, panting roe, to the spring.

My spirit still hov'ring, half blest
Midst shadows so fleeting and dim,
Ah! know'st thou thy rock and thy haven,
And thy pure spring of joy? then to Him—
Then to Him, fluttering spirit, to Him.

THE PARENT OF THE MISSIONARY.

IT is probably known to many of our readers, that several of the children of the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw have gone forth as missionaries to the heathen. The first who went was a daughter, married to the Rev. John Reid, missionary at Bellary, East Indies, who died in 1841, after a laborious and successful mission of eleven years. We were struck, in recently reading his memoir, with the address delivered by Dr. Wardlaw after his ordination. Christian parents will find it most worthy of their perusal.

And here, perhaps, it might be prudent for me to close, without venturing to touch on ground of which I feel all the tenderness and delicacy. Yet, if I did so, I might be thought unnatural. Turning, then, for a few moments from you, let me say a word or two to my hearers, suggested by the peculiar circumstances in which I now appear before them, and in which others, dear and valued friends and relatives both present and absent, are one with me.

Our blessed Master, when his heart was melted to tender pity by a survey of the multitudes whom he saw "fainting and scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd," said to his disciples—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." Do we, my Christian friends, obey the gracious mandate? Is it our prayer, that he may provide suitable labourers; that he may impart the qualifications, and that he may inspire the disposition and desire for the work? Do we leave him to select his instruments according to his pleasure, as his own wisdom and grace may direct him? And shall we, then, shrink or murmur, if, in answering our prayer, and in making the selection, he should be pleased to come within the limit of our own domestic circle? Shall we venture to restrict him, and to say, "Take whom thou wilt, but take not *mine!*" No, blessed Redeemer! Far from every Christian parent's heart be such a thought—the thought at once of selfishness and of presumption—a thought which would indicate an unworthy predominance of nature over grace! O let us rather esteem it a favour conferred on us and ours, when thou art thus pleased to employ any of them in a work so full of honour.

But to fathers and mothers, to brothers and sisters, now hearing me, who are alive to the sensibilities of nature, I need not say that on such an occasion there is a struggle: and to those kindred sensibilities in their hearts we make our appeal, for sympathy and for prayer. Did my dear young friend, whom I have now been addressing, stand alone, I should, from long and endearing intimacy, have experienced towards *him* all the warm and lively interests of friendship, at so important a crisis of his history; and towards those beloved relatives who were giving him up to God with the tears of nature's love, all the tenderness of a parent's sympathy. But I am now called to feel, not mere sympathy with the sensibilities of others: I am called to join them in the sacrifice of those sensibilities at the shrine of the cross. He goes not alone. He goes with one, whom Providence has attached to him, not only by the most tender and sacred of nature's affections, but by a kindred spirit of love to Christ and desire to advance his glory—one, of whom I dare not trust my heart to say what I feel; but towards whom I should act unjustly as well as unnaturally were I to withhold *this* testimony at least—that never was attachment more powerfully and tenderly reciprocal between parent and child, and that never was child more thoroughly and consistently dutiful and devoted to parent. And, instead of saying more (which all propriety forbids), I shall only call on all the fathers and mothers in this assembly to look within, and to read in their own hearts the mingled joy and sorrow by which *ours* (and I include the *absent* as well as the present), are at the same instant cheered and saddened, elevated and depressed.

I repeat, my Christian hearers, were we as spiritually-minded as we ought to be, the joy should ex-

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ceed the sorrow;—grace should maintain the ascendency over nature; and we should feel it the very highest honour that could be bestowed on any whom we love, to be employed as instruments of promoting the grand purposes of the Godhead in the Redeemer's mediation—in that wonderful scheme which was suggested by infinite love, devised by infinite wisdom, and consummated by infinite power. My brethren, we are too worldly. How many are there, even among professing Christians, who would catch with eagerness, for a child, at any situation, however distant the sphere of it, of peculiarly lucrative promise! How many are there, who would be forward to apply for a situation in the retinue of royalty, or the suite of an ambassador from an earthly court—whose eyes, instead of being dimmed by the tears of sadness, would brighten and beam with joy at the success of their application—and whose hearts when they saw their child quit the shores of his native land, amidst the eclat of honourable preference and of earthly distinction, would exult in the anticipations of fortune and of fame!—And is it indeed possible, that any Christian parent should feel thus; and should yet be disappointed, and mortified, and downcast, were his child to set his heart on being a missionary? Shall the blush of shame rise to the cheek of such a parent, on his child announcing his determination; as if it were rather a disparagement to his family—something to which he secretly attaches associations of meanness—something to which he may *submit*, but in which he cannot *rejoice*? Is this, I say, *possible*? Alas! I fear it is more. But "these things ought not so to be." What! shall more value be set, in a Christian's estimate, on the acquisition of the wealth of this world, than on the division of the "unsearchable riches of Christ?" Shall higher honour be attached to an embassy from an earthly prince, than to an embassy from Him who "hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written—KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS?"—higher honour to an embassy, of which the design is the adjustment of some political difference, the arrangement of some treaty of commercial intercourse, the settling of the terms of peace, or of the limits of empire between rival states, than to an embassy of which the glorious object is to vindicate to mankind the insulted honours of the government of Jehovah, to proclaim to rebellious fellow-creatures the peace which has been made for them with their offended Maker, to bring them back to holy and happy allegiance, to publish the reconciliation of earth and heaven!

"The kingdom of Christ is not of this world." How long will it be ere the subjects of this kingdom act up to their principles, and show that they do hold in the highest estimation the *honours* which are not of this world?—that they do really glory in the Cross;—that they do, indeed, "seek first the kingdom of God;"—that they do reckon a commission under the "Prince of Peace" as more truly illustrious than one under the most renowned of earthly sovereigns? Let Christian parents act on this principle. Let them inculcate it upon the minds, and infuse it into the hearts of their children. Let young disciples, such as are "strong, and have the word of God abiding in them, and have overcome the wicked one," avow the principle, and offer themselves to the honourable work. Let the world see that we are in earnest. Let them not have it to say to us, In profession you glory in the cross; but in practice, you prefer the honours of the world. Let the love of Christ "constrain us to live not unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us and rose again." Let Christ be our end in life; and Christ will be our hope in death, and our portion through eternity!

Since the date of this address, another daughter and a son of Dr. Wardlaw have gone forth as missionaries. The following is an extract from the address of the venerable parent at the ordination of the latter:—

Never did I undertake a public duty amid such a tide of conflicting emotions. Nearly twelve years ago, I was called to address the charge, on a similar occasion, to one who was a son by affinity, though not by blood; but one who hardly could have been more dear to me, had he been "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." That dear devoted youth, after a brief but a most active, disinterested, able, and honourable career, has already fallen in the glorious service, and gone from his work to a crown. Never did missionary go forth with a heart more entirely surrendered to the cause of God and of souls, or with powers more unreservedly consecrated to its faithful prosecution—more thoroughly determined to "spend and be spent for Christ." And never did missionary in so short a time earn for himself a larger measure of personal affection or official approbation. His memory is embalmed in blessing. His aged mother, deprived, by the tidings of her son's departure, of the hope of ever again seeing him upon earth, has since gone to meet him in heaven. His bereaved and disconsolate widow, with her fatherless family, has come back, in shattered health, to a mournful though cordial welcome in her native home, amidst weeping yet thankful friends. Your younger sister and her missionary partner, having gone from Britain in the delightful anticipation of union in India with those they fondly loved, in the intercourse of kindred affection, and the sacred fellowship of the work of the Lord, have been stunned, on their arrival, with the heart-break of bitterly disappointed hope. These are circumstances not the most encouraging to yourself in the near prospect of entering on your own missionary life; nor the most cheering to those to whom your happiness is so precious. But I knew you too well to imagine for a moment that you would be daunted by them. There was too much of principle in your resolution for that. You had counted the cost. Had you shrunk, you would have proved yourself unworthy of the honour of a missionary of the cross. He who goes forth in that capacity must be one who has learned to say with Paul—"None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God!" The tidings of a brother's death only contributed, as I had assured myself it would, to settle your determination. In the true spirit of the apostle's words, you declared yourself "*baptized for the dead*;" called upon the more decided step, to forward and fill up the place of the fallen, and should your divine Leader so ordain it, to fall yourself in the same glorious conflict..... WITH your shield or ON it, my beloved boy!"

THE BASS ROCK.*

THE Bass, though one of the Plutonic strongholds of the earth, and certainly not the least impregnable among the number, has, so far as the policy and character of its old masters are exhibited in the record, no very ennobling history. It has been strong chiefly on the side of the despot and the tyrant. Its

* From Mr. Hugh Miller's exquisite geologic chapter in the volume recently published under this title.

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name appears in our earlier literature only to be associated with lying legends and false miracles. Then, after forming for centuries the site of a stronghold little remarkable in the annals of the country, save that the unfortunate James I. took sail from it for France previous to his long captivity in England, the rock was converted into a State prison, at a time when to worship God agreeably to the dictates of conscience was a grave State offence. And so its dungeons came to be filled with not a few of the country's best men. At a still later period, it held out for James II., and was the last spot in Great Britain that recognised as legitimate the event which placed the Constitution of the empire on its present happy basis. And then, for a time, it became a haunt of lawless pirates, the dread of defenceless fishermen and the honest trader. How reconcile with so disreputable a history, the feelings of respect and veneration with which the old rock is so frequently surveyed, and so extensively associated? Johnson, in his singularly vigorous and manly poem, which poets, such as Sir Walter Scott, have so greatly admired, but which mere critics have censured as non-poetical, speaks of a virtue "sovereign o'er *transmuted* ill." Virtue *does* possess a transmutative power. The death of patriots and heroes under the hands of public executioners confers honour on scaffolds and gibbets; the prison-cells of martyrs and confessors breathe forth recollections of the endurance of the persecuted, that absorb all those harsher associations which link on to the memory of the persecutor. Nay, even instruments of fierce torture come to be regarded less as the repulsive mementoes of a ruthless cruelty, than as the valued relics of a high heroism. And hence the interest that attaches to the Bass.

It is now many years since I gazed on this rock for the first time, from the frith beyond; but the recollection of the emotions which it excited is still fresh. Some of its more celebrated sufferers came from the immediate neighbourhood of the locality in which I passed my childhood and boyhood, with my first years of labour;—a little northern oasis, in which, during the times of the persecution of Charles II. and his brother, Presbyterianism was as strong and vital as in any district of the south or west; and the "echoes of their fame," to employ the language of Wordsworth, "ring through" that part of "Scotland to this hour." In the quarry in which I first became acquainted with severe toil, and an observer of geological phenomena, I used to know when it was time to cease from my labours for the day, by marking the evening sun resting over the high-lying farm-house of Brea—the little patrimony from which one of the captives of the Bass—Fraser —derived his title. And from the grassy knoll above the hollow I could see the parish churches of two of its other more noted captives—M'Gilligen of Alness, and Hog of Kiltearn. Hence many an imagination about the rocky Bass, with its high-lying walks and dizzy precipices, had filled my mind long ere I had seen it. I have now before me, among the jottings of an old journal, a brief record of the feelings with which I first surveyed it from the deck of a sailing vessel; nor, though the passage does smack, I find of the enthusiasm of early youth, am I greatly ashamed of it. "We are bearing up the Frith in gallant style, within two miles of the shore, and shall in a few hours, if the breeze fail not, be within sight of Edinburgh. Yonder is the Bass, rising like an immense tower out of the sea. Times have changed since the excellent of the earth were condemned by the unjust and the dissolute to wear out life on that solitary rock. My eyes fill as I gaze on it! The persecutors have gone to their place: the last vial has long since been poured out on the heads of the infatuated race who, in their short-sighted policy, would fain have rendered men faithful to their princes by making them untrue to their God. But the noble constancy of the persecuted, the high fortitude of the martyr, still live; there is a halo encircling the brow of that rugged rock; and from many a solitary grave, and many a lonely battle-field, there come voices and thunderings like these which issued of old from within the cloud, that tell us how this world, with all its little interests, must pass away, but that for those who fight the good fight, and keep the faith, there abideth a rest that is eternal."

It is not uninstructive to remark, from facts and feelings such as these—and the instances on record are very great—how much more permanently *good* connects itself with matter, in the associations of the human mind, than *evil*. The wickedness of the wicked cannot so enfeoff itself, if one may so speak, in even their contrivances of most diabolical design —screws, and boots, and thumbkins, dolorous dungeons, and scaffolds hung round with the insignia of disgrace—but that the virtues of their victims seize hold upon them, and so entirely appropriate them in the recollection of future generations, that the claim of the original possessors is lost. What a striking comment on the sacred text, "The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot!" It seems to throw a gleam of light, too, athwart a deeply mysterious subject. It was a greatly worse time than the present in this country, when the dungeon's of yonder rock were crowded with the country's most conscientious men. And yet how intense the interest with which we look back upon these times; and on the rock itself, as a sort of stepping-stone by which to ascend to their scenes of ready sacrifice, firm endurance, and high resolve; and how very poor would not the national history become, were all its records of resembling purport and character to be blotted out! The evil of the past has served but to enhance its good. May there not be a time coming when the just made perfect shall look back upon all ill, moral and physical, with a similar feeling; when the tree of the knowledge of *good* and *evil* shall grow once more beside the tree of life in the Paradise of God, but when its fruit, rendered wholesome by the transmutative power, shall be the subject of no punitive prohibition; and when the world which we inhabit, wrapped round with holiest associations, as once the dungeon-house and scaffold of a Divine Sufferer, shall be regarded—disreputable as we may now deem its annals

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—with reverence and respect, as the *Bass* of the universe, and its history be deemed perhaps the most precious record in the archives of heaven?

EGYPT.

(*From Wilson's "Lands of the Bible."*)

THE "land of ancient kings," beheld from its proudest monuments, cannot but recall the memory of the mighty dead. I am free to confess, however, or rather pleased to declare, that it was associated in my mind more with sacred than with civil writ. And why should it be otherwise? Of all the places foreign to Judea, Egypt holds the most conspicuous place in the volume of inspiration. Abraham, the patriarch of the faithful, and his comely and beloved spouse, flee to it, in order to escape the famine which raged in the land of Canaan. Joseph, in the wonderful providence of God, the precursor and saviour of his brethren and parent, enters it as a slave, and rises to the dignity of a prince, presiding over the counsels of its legal courts, and halls of judgment, and treasuries of food and money. The family of Jacob, chosen for the conservation of true religion during the awful period of the general apostasy of the world from God, sojourns in it for upwards of two centuries, with an increase of its numbers so wonderful as to render it formidable to a tyrannical sovereign, who, in the devisings of his own wickedness, was induced to attempt its reduction, or extirpation, by the hand of violence and oppression. Moses, the "goodly child," and destined by God to be the deliverer of his kindred from cruel bondage, is found floating on its river in his bulrush cradle, by the daughter of Pharaoh, and reared and instructed by her in "all the wisdom of Egypt." The Lord brings out his people, by a strong hand and an outstretched arm, from the house of bondage, amidst the terrors of his vengeance inflicted on that haughty ruler, of whom, with reference to his all-controlling sovereignty, he has said, "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth." When Jehovah interdicted the Jews from holding intercommunion with the ungodly Gentiles, Egypt had a partial exemption made in its favour: "Thou shalt not abhor an Egyptian; because thou wast a stranger in his land." Solomon, the most powerful prince of Israel, is married to the daughter of an Egyptian sovereign. Shishak, the first king of Egypt who is mentioned in Scripture by his personal name, carries his arms into Judea, takes Jerusalem, and carries off "the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house," in the reign of Rehoboam. "Zerah the Ethiopian," who, with his army of "a thousand thousand and three hundred chariots," was smitten by the Lord before Asa and before Judah, is recognised both chronologically and nominally in Osorthon, or Osorkon I. The name of "Tirhakah, king of Ethiopia," mentioned in the Second Book of Kings and by Isaiah, is discovered on one of the Egyptian temples in the form of Tehrak. "Necho, king of Egypt," who by his archers overthrew Josiah in the valley of Megiddo, and put Jehoahaz in bonds at Riblah, is not overlooked by profane chronologists and historians. Several of the latter Pharaohs become the allies and confederates of the kings of Israel and Judah, as the last mentioned monarch, who set Jehoiakim on the throne. Many Hebrews, in the spirit of unbelief and cowardice, flee to Egypt through fear of Nebuchadnezzar, and dwell at Migdol, and at Tahpenes, and at Noph, and in the country of Pathros, where they were visited by the divine indignation, and where those who survived of their number saw the Lord through the instrumentality of the king of Babylon, "kindle a fire in the houses of the gods, and burn them," "break the images of Bethshemes," and confound their purpose to "burn incense to the queen of heaven." The child Jesus himself is conducted to Egypt by Joseph and Mary, and finds a refuge there from the murderous hate of Herod, who sought to destroy him. Egypt is frequently the theme of prophetical discourse, and to the present day its political and natural changes, and lengthened depression and degradation, have most strictly accorded with the declarations of the inspired seers. The whole monumental wonders and antiquities of the land, seem to have been preserved as if for the express purpose of evincing the authenticity and illustrating the narratives of the Bible, every single allusion of which, either to the circumstances of the country or of the people, is seen to have the minutest consistency with truth—so strikingly so, indeed, as to have attracted the attention of every Egyptian antiquary. Egypt will share in the blessings which are yet in store for all the nations of the earth. The Lord will send it a Saviour, and a great one, even greater than Alexander, who is generally supposed by critics to have been primarily before the evangelical prophet, when he announced its recovery from its afflictions and its depressions. He that has smitten it will heal it. The Lord of hosts shall bless it, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance.

HINTS FOR PARENTS.

MY MOTHER IN HER CLOSET.

NOTHING used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion, as my mother's counsels and prayers. Very frequently she retired with her children to a private room; and after she had read the Bible with us, and given us some good instruction and advice, kneeled down with us and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervour, I have seldom known equalled. These seasons were always pleasant to us; and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me then almost an angel; her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance, indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times. It would have been impossible. I felt then that it was a great blessing to have a praying mother; and I have felt it much more sensibly since. Those counsels and prayers time will never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution.

EMPLOYMENT BETTER THAN SCOLDING.

Great unkindness and injustice is often done to little children, by treating them as mischievous, and scolding them for being troublesome—when the truth is, the little creatures are either weary for want of employment, or else the love of knowledge, or curiosity, has induced them to examine the *inside* of something they ought not to have meddled with. Find them something to occupy them—work such as they can do, or innocent amusement—and they will not trouble you with mischievousness.

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It has been said, the mind of a child is as active as that of a statesman. This must be acknowledged, since it is admitted that a child learns more the first two years of its life than in any six subsequent ones. And only think what the little creatures have to acquire! They have to learn a *language*—and one might almost say *two*, if we take into account the unintelligible jargon that some use when talking to infant children. Then they have to learn the use of every thing around them, and the various characters of the persons they meet with.

A father tells us, while he was working in his garden, his little son was very desirous to help him; the hoe, shovel, and rake were each in turn put into requisition, and, as might have been expected, he did more harm than good; and the father was under the necessity of arresting him several times, by saying: "Little boy, you must not do that; you must not do so." At length the little fellow said: "Well, what MAY I do?"

THE FAULTS OF CHILDREN.

It may be well to drop a hint against the folly and impropriety of making the faults of your children the subject of conversation with other people. Nothing can be more unkind and injudicious. If you wish your children to reform and improve, you must throw a shield around their character. However foolishly they may have acted, let them see that you are anxious to keep open the way for their return to propriety and respectability. Many a youth has been driven to despair by being taumtingly upbraided before strangers with misconduct, which never needed, and therefore never ought, to have been known beyond his own family. On the other hand, many a wanderer has been encouraged to return, by observing, in those most injured by his follies, a general readiness cordially to re-instate him in their esteem, and to shield his reputation from the reproaches of others.

GARDEN MEDITATION.

UPON SOME DESPISED YET USEFUL WEEDS.

WHEN I saw some productions which are deemed weeds, and usually grow in the fields without labour, pains, or care of man; or are thrown out of the garden with contempt, as not being either sweet for savour or beautiful to the eye;—when I beheld these very weeds gathered, and successfully used, by some of the greatest masters in medicine, for the curing of great distempers; when the more glorious, gorgeous, and more esteemed vegetables were disregarded;—this made me consider how deceitful a thing it is to judge by the outward appearance, and that beauty and virtue are not always linked together, neither go they hand in hand. Many have been deceived when they have pleased their eyes by beauty. Samuel, that man of God, was deceived by his eye when he thought Eliab, David's elder brother, was to be the Lord's anointed, because he had a good outward appearance. "And it came to pass, when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely the Lord's anointed is before him. But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (1 Sam. xvi. 6, 7.) Many a man under a homely garb carries more real worth, more true gentility, yea, nobility, than others do under their silks and velvets. Yet there was a disease amongst Christians in the apostles' time, and it is almost epidemical in our day, to respect the clothes or outward ornaments of a man more than his dispositions and qualifications. "If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool: are ye not then partial in yourselves?" Whatever disrespect man may discover for the lowly, "God hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom." (James ii. 2–5.) A poor man, though wise, yea, though by his wisdom he saved the city, yet is not remembered. (Eccles. ix. 15.) Many wise ministers are heard with scorn, or at least with disregard, till men lie upon their deathbed; and then they are sent unto for counsel, or rather comfort. It is not, however, always those that can speak most eloquently that speak best: he is the best preacher that woos for Christ and not for himself, and would set the crown upon his Lord's head, and not his own. It is not the tickling of the fancy a preacher should so much mind, as to speak convincingly to the conscience.

O my soul! judge not by the outward but the inward qualification, neither cover hypocrisy by a mask of seeming sincerity; for God will, ere long, pluck off such visors. Slight no man merely upon account of his poverty, for God thinks never the worse of him for it; admire no man merely for his riches, for God thinks never the better of him for them: this would be to worship a golden calf. The time is coming, that the king must leave his robes behind him, and the beggar his rags; and the inward qualifications alone must distinguish between the one and the other. Dives and Lazarus, when they come to stand on even ground, shall by these be tried; and so must all, by what means or titles soever they have been dignified, distinguished, or called. Our works and worth, not our wealth, will follow us. Wherever thou seest Christ in any, own him; for God will own him. Esteem grace in the soul more than gold in the purse, and the robes of righteousness above the most costly jewels. For thy counsellors take the wisest, not the wealthiest. Esteem that preacher best who speaks home to the heart and conscience; not him who seeks to please the fancy. Esteem that sermon best where thou findest most of Christ; and not that which is dressed with rhetorical flourishes, which serve to darken and not illustrate the matter.

O my God, should I cover my profaneness or hypocrisy with the visor of seeming holiness, thou wilt soon discover it, and unmask me; for thou searchest the heart, and triest the reins, and all things are open and apparent to thee. Lord, give me sincerity and truth in the inward part, for this is thy gift; make me such as thy own soul delights in; let me not be deceived by my own deceitful heart, nor think to deceive others, for I cannot deceive thy all-seeing eye. —*Bury.*

A PRAYER-MEETING.

A MINISTER, who was not very remarkable for his zeal in the cause of his Divine Master, while travelling, not many months ago, stopped for a night in a place where there was an extensive revival of religion. After resting for a short time at the inn, his wish to

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view the place led him to stroll through the streets. He had not proceeded far on his evening ramble, before his ear was arrested by the voice of prayer. He paused and listened, and finding that the voice issued from a retired and humble dwelling by the road-side, stranger as he was, he resolved to enter. On entering, he found himself unexpectedly surrounded by a band of disciples assembled for special prayer. He cast his eye about upon the little group, in a vain endeavour to find some one whom he could recognise as an acquaintance; but all were strangers in person, though brethren in Christ. Collecting his wandering thoughts, he bowed himself in the humble attitude of prayer, and, to his infinite surprise, he soon discovered that himself, by name, and the people of his charge, were the subjects of ardent and importunate supplication. The person who was leading their devotions was an entire stranger to him, and yet he seemed to wrestle in spirit with God, that he might be aroused to greater faithfulness and zeal in his ministerial duties and private devotions, and that God would prepare him to become instrumental in reviving his work in the church and congregation over which he was placed as a spiritual watchman. After the meeting had closed, being deeply impressed with the guilt of his past negligence, and with the responsibility of the ministerial office, he silently withdrew and returned to his lodgings. Not long after this event, he returned to his people, and resumed, with renewed vigour, the duties of his office. Within a short time, a revival commenced in his congregation, and many were early numbered as the hopeful subjects of redeeming mercy.—*Troy Review.*

THE LAST JOURNEY.

I THINK when the Lord calls a godly man out of this world, he sends him such glad tidings, and such a kind invitation into the other world, that if he had faith to believe it, his spirit must revive when he sees the wagon of death, which comes to carry him thither. The godly shall have a safe passage to another world. They must, indeed, go through the valley of the shadow of death; but though it be in itself a dark and shady vale, it shall be a valley of hope to them, they shall not be driven through it, but *walk* through it, as men in perfect safety who fear no evil. (Ps. xxiii. 4.) Why should they fear? They have the Lord's safe conduct, his pass sealed with his own blood; namely, the blessed covenant, which is the saints' death-bed comfort. (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.) "Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he cause it not to grow." Who, then, can harm them? It is safe riding in Christ's chariot (Cant. iii. 9), both through life and death. They have good and honourable attendants—a *guard*, even a guard of angels. These encamp about them in the time of their life; and surely will not leave them in the day of their death. These happy ministering spirits are attendants on their Lord's bride, and will doubtless convey her safe home to his house. When friends in mournful mood stand by the saint's bed-side, waiting to see him draw his last breath, his soul is waited for of holy angels to be carried by them into *Abraham's bosom.* (Luke xvi. 22.) The Captain of the saints' salvation is the Captain of this holy guard; he was their guide even unto death, and he will be their guide through it too. (Ps. xxiii. 4.) "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." They may, without fear, pass that river, being confident it shall not overflow them; and may walk through that fire, being sure they shall not be burnt by it.—*Boston.*

Fear not, thou that longest to be at home. A few steps more, and thou art there. Death to God's people, is but a ferry-boat. Every day, and every hour, the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more. Soon, O believer, it will be said to thee, as it was to her in the Gospel, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." When you are got to the boundary of your race below, and stand on the verge of heaven, and the confines of immortality, then there will be nothing but the short valley of death between you and the promised land; the labours of your pilgrimage will then be on the point of conclusion, and you will have nothing to do but to entreat God, as Moses did, "I pray thee let me go over and see the promised land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, even Lebanon." Or with David, "Send out thy light and truth, that they may lead me, and bring me to thy holy hill," and to this thy dwelling-place.

Be not dismayed at the prospect of getting home; dread not the interjacent valley; it is but the shadow of death; and what is there in a shadow to be afraid of? Dark as it may seem, it will brighten as you enter; and the farther you go, the brighter it will prove. I have known many a believer go weeping to the river of death; but I never knew a believer go weeping all the way through it. Even an earthly parent is particularly tender and careful of a dying child. Much more will the great and gracious Father of the elect, support, cherish, and defend his own children in the hour of death; believers should not have a slavish dread of death; for where is the infant that is afraid to go to sleep in its nurse's arms?—*Toplady.*

DO I LOVE MY WIFE?

AT my marriage I appealed to God for the sincerity of my affection, and in his presence vowed to live with my wife as a good husband in the Lord.

The word of the Lord is: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it"—"So ought husbands to love their wives as their own bodies"—"Husbands, deal with your wives as heirs together of the grace of life." Has my love come up to this standard? Do I seek the spiritual good of my wife, as earnestly as my own bodily comfort? Do I act as if I believed we were one in the Lord? Do I watch over her spiritual state, to quicken her in duty and guard her against sin, and whisper tender encouragement under despondency and temptation? Do I lead the way in cultivating every Christian grace, and cheer her on to make her calling and election sure?

Alas! I have long enjoyed the affections of an amiable and professedly Christian wife, but have done almost nothing that proves a true regard for her best interests. I have cared for her temporal wants; but, for all that I have done directly to supply her spiritual wants, her soul might have starved. I have not even kept myself acquainted with her spiritual joys, and sorrows, and fears, and trials, and triumphs; had she been suddenly taken from me, I could not have told from her own lips whether she was waiting for the coming of the Lord or not. I have been professedly running the Christian race in company with

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the wife of my youth, and yet showed little sympathy with her, and sought little from her in working out our salvation. I fear I have hindered, instead of helping her. Is this love?

THEATRES.

In reading the chronicles of the French Revolution, some time ago, we were strongly impressed with a fact, which the history of that standing monument of the folly of a nation trying to live without God, presents to our view. It is the fact, that during that most ferocious exhibition of unsanctified intellect and ungoverned passion—"the Age of Reason"—theatres increased, in Paris alone, from six to twenty-five. One of two things is certain—either the spirit of the times cherished the institutions, or the institutions fed the fires which involved millions of people in unparalleled crime and suffering.

A learned and observant judge, on the British bench, in summing up a case for a jury, made the astounding assertion, "One theatre destroys more souls than fifty churches can save." Most of our readers who reside in cities, or large towns, where these soul-destroying nurseries of vice are generally found, can no doubt call to mind numerous instances where the brightest prospects have been clouded, and the deepest degradation encountered, by a fatal introduction to this region of the shadow of death.

"I called," said a minister, "some time ago to see a mother. She was in distress; she not only wept, but wept aloud. What is the matter? I inquired. 'O my child,' and she wept again—'O my child is committed to prison,' and again she wept—'O my child is just committed to prison; and I fear he will never, never return to his father's house;' and she wept again; and with all my firmness I could not forbear weeping too. I was afraid to ask the cause; I did not need, for she said, 'O that theatre; he was a virtuous, kind youth, till that theatre proved his ruin.' This was her testimony—it was the young man's also."

THE BUSINESS OF FAITH.

Faith fixes its aspect on the things of God, and so faith concludes: "'I have higher and nobler projects, designs of deeper concernment,' than to sit down, engulf and please myself in these poor, earthly, drossy, dirty things here below. I have many corruptions within,—these are to be mortified; many, temptations without,—these are to be resisted; many sweet motions and whispers of the Spirit,—these are to be cherished; many weak graces,—these are to be strengthened; many personal, relational duties,—these are to be performed; in a word, an effectual calling and election to be made sure,—this, above all, is to be regarded." Faith discovers a world beyond the moon, and trades thither; leaving the men of the earth to load themselves with clay and coals, faith pursues its staple commodity, and traffics for grace and glory. Thus David, when he had branded the worldling for "disquieting himself in vain, for heaping up riches, and knowing not who shall gather them," with a holy disdain turns his back upon the world, as not worth his thoughts; saying, "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" (Ps. xxxix. 6, 7.) As if he had said, "It is true I have riches, and honour, a crown, a kingdom; but is this the portion I could be content to sit down with? No, no; 'My hope is in thee. Deliver me from all my transgressions.' (Verse 8.) Let them that love the world, enjoy it; but, Lord, pay not my portion in such adulterate coin, but in pardon of sin, and peace of conscience: this, this is what I wait for." Thus Luther, having a rich present sent him, "professed with a holy boldness to God, that such things should not serve his turn." He was not taken with pebbles; his nobler soul flew higher, and was fixed on pearls. It is God's *favour* that the subjects of the King of heaven desire, rather than his *preferment;* like him that preferred Alexander's kiss before a great sum of money, given by Alexander to another. Thus faith looks upward on God, and the things of God, and acts accordingly.

OCCASIONAL FALLS.

A godly man may sometimes run himself, through precipitancy and thoughtlessness, upon that which is evil. There is no man so bad but he may do some good actions; and there is no man so good but he may do some bad actions. But the course and tenor of a godly man's life is religious; when he doth *deviate* to sin, yet he doth *devote* himself to God. It is with a Christian as it is with a company of mariners at sea; they are bound for such a coast: now, while they are sailing, they may meet with such a cross-wind as may turn them back, and drive them a quite contrary way; but as soon as the storm is over, and the sea calm, they recover themselves again, and get into the right way where they sailed before. So it is with a Christian: heaven is the haven he is bound for, the Scripture is the compass he sails by; yet, a contrary wind of temptation blowing, he may be driven back into a sinful action; but he recovers himself again by repentance, and sails on constantly to the heavenly port.

A CONTRAST.

The Saviour of the world was pre-eminent for his lowliness and meekness, and condescended to wash his disciples' feet. He who calls himself the vicar of Christ, at Rome, and his greatest earthly representative, with a very different kind of condescension, *suffers* the highest dignitaries to kiss his feet.

Peter was a fisherman, and when he became a fisher of men, was laborious and constant in preaching the gospel. The pope, who styles himself his successor, is an earthly potentate, and never preaches the gospel at all.

Paul styled himself the "chief of sinners." The pope is styled by his adherents, "His Holiness;" and of late we have seen an address to him from a public meeting, and sanctioned by some professed Protestants, in which this blasphemous title is repeatedly and seriously accorded to him.

Fragments.

The greatest happiness of a creature, is not to have the creature for its happiness.

High professor, despise not weak saints. Thou mayst come to wish to be in the condition of the meanest of them.—*Wilcox.*

Go to heaven boldly, let men say what they will. Use yourself to the weather: a little rain will not melt you. The more you wrap up, the more liable you will be to take cold.

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LIVE NOT TO YOURSELF.

BY THE REV. JOHN TOD, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

On a frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go ask it why it hangs there. "Hang here," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties, to kindle emotions in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who pencilled every leaf and laid them thus on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lonely mountain side, with the bare possibility that he threw me one passing glance, my end is the same. I live not to myself."

Beside yon highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say surely that must stand for itself alone. "No," says the tree, "God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller; the acorns I have matured from year to year, have been carried far and near, and groves of forest oak can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle, which has perched on my top; for the humming bird, that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air; for the insect, that has formed a home within the folds of my bark, —and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and I will go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth, and cheer his home. I live not to myself."

On yonder mountain sides comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling a ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously down. Go ask the leaper what it is doing.

"I was born," says the brook, "high up the mountain—but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must, but hastening down to water the sweet valley, where the thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the great ocean to rise again in vapour, and perhaps come back again in the clouds, to my own native mountain, and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel in whose bright face you may not read, 'None of us liveth to himself.'"

Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler what it is doing there? Its voice comes down the path of light, and cries, "I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the creation. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy at the creation of the earth—Ay, I was there—

'When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath;
And the orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joys of youth, as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung.'

"Here among the morning stars, I hold my place and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I have oceans and mountains, and I support myriads of immortal beings on my bosom; and when I have done this, I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm, and fixes his eyes on me, and finds his home across the ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister stars, who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one lives or shines for herself."

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the raindrop which swells the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in

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the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all hath He written, "None of us liveth to himself."

And if you will read this lesson in characters awfully distinct and striking, you will go to the Garden of Gethsemane, and hear the Redeemer in prayer, while the Angel of God strengthens him. You will read it on the hill of Calvary, where a voice, that might be the concentrated voice of the whole universe of God, proclaims that the highest, noblest deed which the infinite can do, is to do good to others.

Do you ask under what obligation you lie to supply your neighbour's needs? Look at Jesus. Did he *owe* you anything when he left heaven for the cross?

SUBJECTS OF MEDITATION.

(Continued from page 41.)

Tenth, Meditate upon death. We say we must all die, but who is he that meditates seriously upon it? Meditate—1. On the certainty of death; "it is appointed for all once to die." (Heb. ix. 27.) There is a statute out. 2. Meditate upon the proximity of death: it is near to us.—We are almost setting our feet upon the dark entry of death. The poets painted time with wings; it not only rides post, but flies, and carries us upon its wings. The race is short between the cradle and the grave: the sentence of death is already passed: "To dust thou shalt return" (Gen. iii. 19); so that our life is but a short reprieval from death, which is granted to a condemned man. "Mine age is as nothing" (Ps. xxxix. 5); nay, if it were possible to take something out of nothing, our life is less than nothing, reckoned with eternity. 3. Meditate upon the uncertainty of the time. We have no lease, but may be turned out the next hour; there are so many casualties, that it is a wonder if life be not cut off by untimely death. How soon may God seal us a lease of ejectment! Our grave may be digged before night. To-day we may lie upon a pillow of down, to-morrow we may be laid upon a pillow of dust. To-day the sermon bell goes, to-morrow our passing bell may go. 4. Think seriously, that to die is to be but once done, and after death there is nothing to be done. If thou diest in thine impenitency, there is no repenting in the grave. If thou leavest thy work at death half done, there is no finishing it in the grave. "There is no work, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." (Eccles. ix. 10.) If a garrison surrender at the first summons, there is mercy; but if it stay till the red flag be hung out, and the garrison is stormed, there is no mercy then. Now it is a day of grace, and God holds forth the white flag of mercy to the penitent; if we stay till God hold forth the red flag, and storm us by death, then there is no mercy. There is nothing to be done for our souls after death. The meditation on death would work these admirable effects.

1. Meditation upon death would pull down the plumes of pride. Thou art but dust animated; shall dust and ashes be proud? Thou hast a grassy body (Isa. xl. 6), and shall shortly be mowed down. "I have said ye are gods" (Ps. lxxxii. 6); but lest they should grow proud, he adds a corrective, "Ye shall die like men" (verse 7)—Ye are dying gods.

2. Meditation upon death would be a means to give a death's wound to sin. There is no stronger antidote against sin, saith Austin, than frequent meditation upon death. Am I now sinning, and to-morrow may be dying; what if death should take me doing the devil's work, would it not send me to him to receive double pay? Carry the thoughts of death as a table-book always about thee, and when sin tempts, pull out this table-book, and read in it, and you shall see sin will vanish. We should look upon sin in two glasses—the glass of Christ's blood, and the glass of death.

3. Meditation upon death would be a bridle for intemperance. Shall I pamper that body which must lie down in the house of rottenness? Our Saviour at a feast, breaks forth into mention of his burial. (Matt. xxxvi. 12.) Feeding upon the thoughts of death, would be an excellent preservative against a surfeit.

4. Meditation upon death would make us husband time better, and crowd up much work in a little room. Many meet in taverns to drive away time; the apostle bids us redeem it: "Redeeming the time." (Eph. v. 16.) Our life should be like jewels; though little in bulk, yet great in worth. Some die young, yet with grey hairs upon them; we must be like grass of the field—useful; not like grass of the house-top, which withers before it be grown up. (Ps. cxxix. 6.) To live and not be serviceable, is not life, but time.

5. Meditation upon death would make us lay in provision against such a time. It would spur us on in the pursuit after holiness. Death is the great plunderer—it will shortly plunder us of all our outward comforts; our feathers of beauty and honour must be laid in the dust, but death cannot plunder us of our graces. The commonwealth of Venice, in their armoury have this inscription, "Happy is he that in time of peace thinks of war." He that often meditates on death will make preparation against its coming.

Eleventh, Meditate on the day of judgment. "God hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world." (Acts xvii. 31.) Meditate—1. Upon the solemnity of this trial. The trumpet shall sound to summon all the world before the judge (1 Thess. iv. 16); and Jesus Christ shall "come in the glory of his Father, with all his holy angels." (Matt. xvi. 27.) 2. Meditate upon the universality of this trial: "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." (2 Cor. v. 10.) Kings and nobles, all must come to the bar—there is no exemption. I have read of a wicked king, who on his death-bed fell a weeping; his brother asked him why he wept? "To think," saith he, "that I, who have judged others, am now going to be judged myself." 3. Mediate on the impartiality of the trial; Christ will do justice: "He will judge the world in righteousness." (Acts xvii. 31.) There are are no bribes taken in this court; no relations take place here. The Thebans pictured their judges blind, and without hands: blind, that they might not respect persons; without hands, that they might take no bribes. Christ's sceptre is a "sceptre of righteousness." (Heb. i. 8.) It is not nearness of blood avails; nor will he be bribed with a tear. 4. Meditate upon the exactness of the trial; it will be very critical; "He will thoroughly purge his floor." (Matt. iii. 12.) Not a grace, or a sin, but Christ's fan will discover it; he will judge the heart as well as the fact. 5. Meditate upon the issue and consequence of this trial. There will be a discrimination made. He will separate the good from the bad.

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(Matt. xxv. 32.) The wheat and chaff may both grow together, but they shall not lie together.

Meditate often upon this court of judicature, from whence is no appeal. Feathers swim upon the water, but gold sinks in it. Light feathery Christians float in vanity—they mind not the day of judgment; but serious spirits sink deep into the meditation of it. Most men put far away from them the evil day. (Amos vi. 3.) They report of the Italians, that in a great thunder-storm they used to ring their bells, and shoot off their cannons, that the sound of their bells, and the roaring of their cannons might drown the noise of the thunder; so the devil delights men with the music of the world, that the noise of this should drown the noise of the day of judgment, and make them forget the sound of the last trump. Most men are guilty, therefore they do not love to hear of the assizes. When Paul preached of judgment, Felix trembled (Acts xxiv. 25)—he had a bad conscience; Josephus tells us of Felix, that he was a wicked man; the woman that lived with him (Drusilla by name) he had enticed away from her husband; and when he heard of judgment, he fell a trembling. O, I beseech you, meditate upon this last and solemn day!

Meditation upon the day of judgment,

1. Would make us scan all our actions; Christ will come with his fan and his sieve; will this action of mine abide the test at that great day?

2. Meditation on the last day would make us labour to approve our hearts to God, the great judge and umpire of the world. It is no matter what men think of us, but what is our Judge's opinion of us? To him we must stand or fall. The meditation of the day of judgment would make us endeavour to be like Moses, who was fair to God, as the original hath it. (Acts vii. 20.) The galaxy, or milky way, as the astronomers call it, is a bright circle in the heavens containing many stars; but they are so small, that they have no name, nor are they taken cognizance of by the astronomers. Give me leave to apply it. Possibly others may take no notice of us; we are so small as to have no name in the world, yet if we are true stars, and can approve our hearts to God, we shall hold up our heads with boldness, when we come to stand before our Judge.

3. Meditation on the day of judgment would make us labour after an interest in Christ. There is no standing *before* Christ, but by being *in* Christ. If Christ be thine, then all is well; no matter what is charged, if all be discharged. (Rom. viii. 33, 34.) There is no way in the world to stand in the day of judgment, but by making a party; make Christ thy friend, and then thy Judge will be thy advocate. (1 John ii. 1.)

4. Meditation on the day of judgment would make Christians less censorious; they would not reprobate others so fast. Who art thou that judgest another? dost thou take Christ's sceptre into thy hand? darest thou sit in judgment upon thy brother? perhaps when the critical day comes, he may be found gold, and thou chaff. It is true, we may judge men's way, but not their persons (Rom. xiv. 10); but why dost thou judge thy brother? we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

5. Meditation on the day of judgment would yield much comfort to a Christian, and that in two cases.

(1.) In case of weakness of grace. A poor Christian when he sees his grace so defective, is ready to be discouraged, but at the day of judgment if Christ find but a drachm of sincerity, it shall be accepted; if thine be true gold, though it may be light, Christ will put his merits into the scales, and make it pass current. If thou hast no sin of allowance, thou shalt have grains of allowance. I may allude to that passage in Amos ix. 9: "Yet shall not the least grain fall to the earth." He that hath but a grain of grace, not the least grain shall fall to hell.

(2.) In case of censures and slanders. The saints go here through strange reports. (2 Cor. vi. 8.) There is no walking in the world now-a-days, let us tread never so warily, without catching some specks of dirt. John Baptist's head in a charger is a common dish in this age—it is ordinary to bring in a saint beheaded of his good name; but at the day of judgment Christ will unload his people of all their calumnies and reproaches; he will at that day wash his spouse so white, that she shall not only be guiltless but spotless—her black spots of reproach shall be taken away: "He will present his Church glorious, not having spot or wrinkle." (Eph. v. 27.)

Twelfth, Meditate upon hell.

I. Meditate upon the pain of loss: "And the door was shut." (Matt. xxv. 10.) To have Christ's face veiled over, and a perpetual eclipse and midnight in the soul; to be cast out of God's presence, in whose presence is fulness of joy, this doth aggravate and imbitter the condition of the damned; it is like mingling gall with wormwood.

II. Meditate upon the pain of sense. The Photinians hold there is no hell, but they speak in a dream. "The wicked shall be turned into hell." (Ps. ix. 17.) And here meditate on two things—

1. The place of hell. 2. The company.

1. Meditate on the place of hell. It is called "a place of torment." (Luke xvi. 28.) There are two things especially in hell to torment.

(1.) Fire. (Rev. xx. 15.) It is called a lake of burning fire. Austin, Peter Lombard, Gregory the Great, say, this fire of hell is a material fire, though they say it is infinitely hotter than any culinary fire; that is but painted fire to this. I wish none of us may know what kind of fire it is; but I rather think the fire of hell is partly material, and partly spiritual: the material fire is to work upon the body, the spiritual to torture the soul. This is the wrath of God, which is both fire and bellows: "Who knoweth the power of thine anger?" (Ps. xc. 11.)

But it may be objected, If there be any material fire in hell, it will consume the bodies there. I answer, It shall burn without consuming, as Moses' bush did. (Exod. iii. 2.) The power of God silenceth all disputes. If God, by his infinite power, could make the fire of the three children not to consume, cannot he make the fire of hell burn and not consume? Austin tells of a strange salt in Sicily, which, if it be put in the fire, swims: that God who can make salt, contrary to its nature, swim in the fire, can make the bodies of the damned not consume in the fire.

(2.) The worm (Mark xix. 44): "Where the worm never dies." Homer, in his Odyssey feigns, that Titius' liver was gnawn by two vultures in hell. This never-dying worm which Christ speaks of, is the gnawing of a guilty conscience. Melancthon calls it a hellish fury. They that will not hear conscience preaching shall feel conscience gnawing; and so great is the extremity of these two, the fire which burns, and the worm which bites, that there will follow "gnashing of teeth." (Matt. viii. 12.) The damned will gnash their teeth for horror and anguish. That must needs be sad cheer, as Latimer saith, where weeping is served in for the first course, and gnashing of teeth for the second; to endure this will be intolerable, to avoid it will be impossible.

2. Meditate of the company in hell—the devil and his angels. (Matt. xxv. 41.) Job complains he was a companion to owls. (Job xxxix. 29.) What will it be to be a companion to devils! Consider, 1.—Their ghastly deformity; they make hell look blacker. 2. Their deadly antipathy; they are fired with rage

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against mankind; first they become tempters, then tormentors.

Meditate much on hell. Let us go into hell by contemplation, that we may not go into hell by condemnation. How restless is the condition of the damned! The ancients feign of Endymion, that he got leave of Jupiter always to sleep. What would the damned in hell give for such a license! in their pains is neither intermission nor mitigation.

Serious meditation on hell, would make us—

1. Fear sin as hell. Sin is hell's fuel. Sin, like Samson's foxes (Judg. xv. 5), carries devouring fire in the tail of it.

2. Meditation on hell would cause rejoicing in a child of God. The saint's fear of hell is like the two Marys' fear: "They departed from the sepulchre with fear and great joy." (Matt. xxviii. 8.) A believer may fear to think of the place of torment, but rejoice to think that he shall not come into this place. When a man stands upon a high rock, he trembles to look down into the sea: yet he rejoiceth that he is not there struggling with the waves. A child of God when he thinks of hell, rejoiceth with trembling. A prison is not made for the king's sons to be put in. A great naturalist observes, that nothing will so soon quench fire, as salt and blood. Whether it be so or not, sure I am, the salt brinish tears of repentance, and the blood of Christ, will quench the fire of hell to a believer. Christ himself hath felt the pains of hell for you. The Lamb of God being roasted in the fire of God's wrath, by this burnt-offering the Lord is now appeased towards his people. Oh how may the godly rejoice! "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ." (Rom. viii. 1.) When the Son of God was in the furnace (Dan. iii. 25), the fire did the three children no hurt; so Christ being for a time in the fiery furnace of God's wrath, that fire can do a believer no hurt. The saints have the garment of Christ's righteousness upon them, and the fire of hell can never singe this garment.

(To be continued.)

"I AM THE GOD OF ABRAHAM."*

WHAT is the argument for the continued existence of the patriarchs, founded on the words, "I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob!" Some have supposed that it is founded on the word *am*. "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob"—not "I was, or I have been." This, however, proceeds on ignorance of the original Hebrew, in which there is no verb at all, and which reads thus, "*I, the God*," &c. Others again suppose that, from the very idea of a relation, it logically follows, that if the one being live, the other lives also at the time when the relation is asserted to exist. This, however, by no means follows. Even beings the most closely related may be spoken of under the relative designations when they are no more. Thus David might, without impropriety, have said, "I am the father of Absalom;" if any purpose of designation to those who did not know him would have been served thereby, even after the death of his son. The words would only imply that the relation, having once existed, could not be destroyed; but would not at all imply, that both the related parties continued in life.

Our Lord's argument, I apprehend, rests on a quite different basis. It is not founded on such grammatical or metaphysical considerations, but on moral and spiritual ones. The nerve of the argument is brought to light by the Saviour himself, when he adds, "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living." The name of God is too high and awful to be thus uttered in union with the names of beings wholly mortal. He is too grand and venerable a being to connect his eternal existence in this appropriating manner with creatures of a day. Hence he *would* not have called himself, *could* not have called himself, the God of the patriarchs ages after their death, had they wholly died. There would be a manifest incongruity in his admitting into covenant with himself beings so devoid of his image as the Living One. The relation of grace between God and man, is one in which God pledges himself to be all to his creatures that a God can be; and hence, because he lives, they must live also. He could not be the God of those whom he suffered to die; he could not lower himself to the level of men, who must see the grave devour all, and survive themselves the wreck of all that were once called by their name. Nothing could invalidate this conclusion but the physical impossibility of making men immortal. But their God would not assume the name when he could not verify it—would not enter into the relation when he could not develop its appropriate results. The Saviour's argument is parallel to the sublime and bold assertion of the apostle Paul on the same subject—the immortality of the patriarchs: "God is not ashamed to be called *their God*, for he hath provided for them a city." Could he suffer them to perish, the honour of his name would be gone; their death would be a stain on the glory of his own eternal life. Man may bury his dead out of his sight, and be still the brother of the departed, acting a brother's part; the land that bore us may cover us, and be still our country; our mother earth that nursed us may take us to a last embrace, and be our common mother still; but let it not be said that God has done all when he has provided for us a grave, or that he can still be the God of those who, after bearing his name, and being marked with the seal of his covenant, lie down together and are covered with the dust.

This is one side of the argument—the reason springing from the dignity and resources of the Godhead. But there is another side—the reason springing from the begun immortality of the patriarchs. This is contained in the words "for all," or rather, "for *they* all live to him." There is something in the very act of living to God, which insures continued life. Spiritual life in the patriarchs was the germ of immortality. The Saviour does not say, "they *lived*," but, "*they live* to him." The distinction of tenses is here of no importance. The life once

* By the Rev. John Cairns of Berwick, in the *United Presbyterian Magazine*.

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begun still maintains itself, and shall never cease. Thus the eternal covenant of God, which, on his part, secured their immortality; on their part also, by their vital assent to, and participation of it, involved the same pledge. It has been well said, that intellectual life involves something like a pledge of its own perpetuity, and that we recoil from the idea of a great mind, like that of Newton, returning to nothing, and mingling with the earth. But there is something in holiness which requires immortality even more than mental greatness. It would be still more strange that a spirit which had known and loved God should sink into nothing, than one which had merely known his works, and ranged, on however grand a scale, through the universe of matter.

Here, then, is the Saviour's twofold argument—the covenant of God, as an outward privilege, secured the immortality of those admitted to it; the consent of the patriarchs to the purpose of that covenant, viz., their living to God, as an inward disposition, was a further guarantee of the same blessing.

FRAGMENTS ON POPERY.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM NEVINS, D.D., BALTIMORE.

I.—THE POPE AN IDOLATER.

It may seem a very uncharitable title I give this article. What, some will say, charge the Pope with being an idolater! What do you mean? I mean just what I say, that this boasted head of the Church, and self-styled vicar of Christ, residing at Rome, ascribes divine attributes and pays divine honours to a creature, even to a human being, a partaker in our mortality and sin!—and if that is not idolatry, I don't know what idolatry is. If that is not idolatry, the worship of the golden calf was not—the worship of the gods of Hinduism is not. What truer definition of idolatry can be given than that it is an ascribing of divine attributes and a paying of divine honours to a creature? It does not matter what the creature is, whether it be the angel nearest the throne of God, or an onion that grows in the garden, such as they of Egypt once worshipped. It is its being a created thing—it is its being *not God*, that makes the service done it idolatry.

But can I make good this charge against the successor of St Peter, as they call him? If I cannot, I sin not merely against charity, but against truth. But I can establish it. Nor will I derive the proof from the Pope's enemies, nor will I look for it in the histories of the Papacy. The Pope himself shall supply me with the proof. Out of his own mouth will I judge him. If his own words do not convict him of idolatry, believe it not. But if they do, away with the objection that it is an offence against charity to speak of such a thing as the Pope's being an idolater. My charity "rejoiceth in the truth." The charge can be uncharitable only by being untrue. It is too late in the day, I trust, for idolatry to find an apologist. But to the proof. Perhaps you suppose it is some obscure Pope of the dark ages that I am going to prove an idolater. No, it is a Pope of the nineteenth century—the present reigning Pope, Gregory XVI.* He is the idolater; and here are his own words in proof of it. They are part of the circular, or encyclical letter, sent forth by him on entering on his office, and addressed to all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops. The letter may be found in the Laity's Directory, 1833, and has been extensively published without any of its statements being contradicted. In it the Pope calls upon all the clergy to implore "that SHE (the Virgin Mary) who has been, through every great calamity, our patroness and protectoress, may watch over us writing to you, and lead our mind by her heavenly influence, to those counsels which may prove most salutary to Christ's flock!" Is comment necessary? Observe, he recognises *not God* as having been their defence, but *her* as having been their protectress in past calamities, and directs the clergy to pray to her to continue her watch over them! As contrast is one of the principles on which ideas are associated, I was reminded, in reading this, of the 121st Psalm, in which the writer speaks of the one "that *keepeth* Israel." It is not *she*, according to the Psalmist, but *He*, the Lord which made heaven and earth, that keepeth Israel. But, according to the Pope, it is the Virgin Mary that keeps Israel; and he speaks of her as exerting a heavenly influence on the mind. I always thought it was the exclusive prerogative of Jehovah to have access to the mind, and to exert an immediate influence on it; and I cannot but think now that the Pope must *err* in this matter, though he speaks *ex cathedrâ*. I cannot believe he was exactly *infallible* when he wrote that letter.

But you have not heard the worst of it yet. In the same letter he says: "But that all may have a successful and happy issue, *let us raise our eyes* to the most blessed Virgin Mary, *who alone destroys heresies, who is our greatest hope*, yea, THE ENTIRE GROUND OF OUR HOPE!" The capitals are mine, but the words are the Pope's. Now, just look at this. Did you ever hear any thing like it? Observe what Mary is said to be and to do, and what the clergy are exhorted to do. The Pope's religion cannot be the *oldest*, as they pretend. It is not the religion of the *Psalms*. In the 121st Psalm the writer says, "*I* will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord." And in the 123d, "Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us." But the Pope says, "Let us raise our eyes to the most blessed Virgin Mary." There is the difference between the Pope and the Psalmist. Protestants in this case side with the Psalmist: and in this particular our religion is not only older than Luther, but older even than the Pope.

I would inquire of the reader whether these prayers which the Pope would have the whole Church address to the Virgin Mary, are not precisely such as are proper to be addressed to God, and which others do address to him? Do they not ask of *her* just what ought to be asked of *Him*, and what He alone can give? After asking such things as the Romanists are directed to ask of the Virgin Mary, what remains to be asked of God in prayer? And is not this putting a creature in the place of God? Indeed, is it not putting God quite out of the question? The eyes are raised in prayer to the Virgin, and they are lifted no higher. There they fix. Is not this idolatry? And you see he is not satisfied himself with being an idolater, but he wants the entire clergy, and of course the whole Romish Church, to join him in his idolatry!

I wish the Pope had explained how the blessed

* This was written some years ago, and of course before the accession of Pius IX. He, however, has in this respect followed precisely in the footsteps of his predecessor.

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Virgin *destroys heresies*. He says she does it, and she *alone*. I should think it rather belonged to "the Spirit of Truth" to destroy heresies, and to "guide into all truth." But no, says the Pope—the Spirit of Truth has nothing to do with it. It is all done by the blessed Virgin! She "*alone* destroys heresies."

The Romanists complain that we call their Pope *Antichrist*. But I would appeal to any one to say if he is not Antichrist, who, overlooking Christ altogether, says of another, that *she* is "our greatest hope, yea, the entire ground of our hope?" Is not that *against* Christ? The Bible speaks of *Him* as "our hope" (1 Tim. i. 1); yea, of Him as our *only* hope; for "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. iii. 11.) "Neither is there salvation in any other." (Acts iv. 12.) It would seem from this, that Christ is the *ground of hope*. But not so, says the Pope; the blessed Virgin is "the entire ground of our hope." By the way, I should not be surprised if that hope should disappoint its possessor. Now, is not the Pope Antichrist? Well, if he is an idolater and Antichrist, ought he to be adhered to? What sort of a body must that be, which has such a head? I think I should not like to be a *member* of it. And I must confess that I am against such a person having any more power in our free, enlightened, and happy America, than he has already. Pray let us not, after having broken the chains of political thraldom, come in bondage to idolatry.

II.—THE HARDEST RELIGION.

Among the compliments which our brethren of the Church of Rome pay to their religion, this is one. They say it is the *hardest* religion—that no other religion requires so much of its votary. Hence they would have it inferred that theirs must be the divine and only true religion. The yoke being so hard, and the burden so heavy, they must of course be Christ's.

I shall examine this claim to the precedence in point of difficulty. And something I am prepared to concede to the Church of Rome on this score. There is a part of her *faith* which I acknowledge it is exceedingly hard to receive. It requires a powerful effort doubtless to believe the doctrine of transubstantiation, viz., that the bread and wine of the sacrament are changed into——what? The body and blood of Christ? Not that alone, but also into his *soul and divinity!* Yes, it is hard to *believe* it is so, when one *sees* it is not so, and *knows* it cannot be so. It is hard to disbelieve at will those long-tried and faithful servants, the senses; and especially that first of the five, the sight. There *is* difficulty in the Romish religion truly. It puts a tremendous strain on the mind.

There is also her doctrine about the necessity of baptism to salvation, which some of us find it very hard to believe. One reason of our difficulty is that that doctrine bears so hard upon the heathen, and particularly on the immense multitude of infants who every where die without baptism. According to the doctrine of Rome, that baptism is indispensable to salvation, they are all lost for the want of a little water! Poor things, they fare no better than the thief on the cross who died without baptism. They get no farther than paradise the first day. It *is* a hard religion. This doctrine is cruelly hard upon *children;* as her doctrine that money, by the purchase of prayers and masses, releases souls from purgatory, is hard upon the *poor*.

So much for the difficulty of her *faith*. But *all* of that is not so hard as, for example, her doctrine of *indulgences*. It is never hard to be *indulged*. There is no hardship, but very great convenience for a delinquent sinner to have such a bank to draw upon as the accumulated merits of the saints in bygone ages, who did more than they needed for their own salvation, having loved God with considerably more than "all the heart, and soul, and strength, and mind!" *This* doctrine does not make the Roman Catholic religion a hard one, neither does the doctrine of *venial sins*. You know they hold that there are some sins whose wages is not death. They are excusable—mere peccadilloes. *We* recognise no such sins. We think with St Paul, that "cursed is every one that continueth not in *all* things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

But perhaps when the Romanists speak of their religion as a hard one, they refer not so much to its faith as to its *practice*. It is what they have to *do* that is so hard. But why do they speak of it as hard? It looks as if it were a task to them—as if they did not find their sweetest and purest delight in it. It would appear as if they did not esteem the service of God as much their privilege as their duty. One would suppose, to hear them talk, that the commandments of God are grievous. I am truly sorry for them that Christ's yoke, which, He says, is easy, they find to be so *galling* to them. We Protestants never think of speaking of our religion as hard. "Wisdom's ways" we find to be "pleasantness, and all her paths peace." Our language is, "Oh how love I thy law! How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" But it seems not to be so with Romanists. I have been struck with surprise to hear even the most devout of them speak of the requirements of their religion as things which they *must* comply with. "I must," is the language which they use in reference to almost every thing of a religious kind that they do. I have thought with myself how it is possible that their hearts can be in their religion, if they esteem it such a hardship. How will heaven be able to make them happy, if the exercises and acts on earth, most akin to those of heaven, are so irksome that they engage in them only from sheer necessity!

But I must advert to some of the hard practices which the Romish religion requires of her votaries. There is that practice of confessing to the priest. Is not that hard? Truly it is. I think I should find it hard to tell everything, even the most secret thoughts, to any body called a priest; and then to have to perform whatever penance he might please to prescribe. Yes, it is hard—so hard, and so absurd too, that God has never required it at our hands. He says to the sinner, Come at once to me with your broken heart, and make your confession to me; for He is "in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." (2 Cor. v. 19.)

Again, *fasting* is reckoned among the hard things of the Romish religion; and indeed it is hard not to eat when one is hungry. But that is not their idea of fasting. Their idea of fasting is in accordance with what St Paul says to Timothy in his prediction concerning them, an "*abstaining from meats*," or "whatsoever is sold in the shambles." Now there is nothing so very hard in that restriction. He must be very difficult to please who cannot satisfy his appetite out of all the variety of the vegetable kingdom, when he has moreover the liberty of the entire fishmarket.

But there is one thing about the Romish religion in view of which I suppose I must admit it to be the *hardest* religion. It belongs strictly neither to *faith* nor *practice*. You will guess that I have in my mind —*purgatory*. Now, as a *doctrine*, there are many things about it hard to be believed; as, for example, that material fire should be able to act on an immaterial spirit, and thereby purify it too. But hard as

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purgatory is to be *believed*, it is still harder to be *suffered*. Yes, it is hard, after having gone through the whole routine of the sacraments, and lived long a good Romanist, then to die, and go into an intense fire. It is so hard that I, for my part, prefer the religion of poor Lazarus, whom the angels took straight to heaven; and of the penitent malefactor, who spent a part of the day on which he died in paradise. Surely St Paul could not have been thinking of purgatory when he said, "To me to die is *gain*." But I forget that he lived before the time of the Romish religion.

III.—THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

This is the Roman Catholic doctrine; but is it *Bible* doctrine? I believe, however, that the Romanists say it is no part of doctrine, but of *discipline*. This is a sorry evasion. It amounts to a confession that some of their ecclesiastical practises have no warrant in Christian doctrine. It is saying that it is a part of their discipline that their clergy *do* not marry, but no part of their doctrine that they *should* not.

But let us see how this doctrine or discipline, or by whatever name it may be called, tallies with the Scriptures; and as we proceed, we shall see why the Romanists are unwilling that the people should read the Bible. We shall see what a world of trouble it would occasion the priests, were they to be in the habit of reading it. Suppose, for example, an intelligent Romanist to take up Paul's *First* Epistle to Timothy for perusal. Well, he reads along till he comes to the third chapter, where he finds Paul telling Timothy what a bishop must be. He must be this and that, and among other things "the husband of one wife." The reader is shocked. "Why, what does this mean? Our priests tell us that a bishop must not marry at all. Our Church prohibits all her clergy from marrying. Which is right—our priests and Church, or St Paul?" He concludes to read on. Coming to verse 4th, he meets with this qualification of the bishop: "One that ruleth well his own house," that is, *family*. But how can he, if not permitted to have a house of his own? He proceeds: "Having his children in subjection." His *children*—*his* children! What, a bishop having children of his own, and having them collected in a family too! And then there follows a most provoking parenthesis: "For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" His ruling his own house well is to be a criterion of his ability to take care of the Church of God, and yet they say that he must not marry!

But the apostle passes on to speak of the *deacons*, and to say what they must be; and in verse 11th, he says what sort of wives they should have—"even so must their wives be grave," &c. So far from encouraging a doubt whether they should marry or not, Paul gives them directions for choosing a wife.

Now, need any one wonder that the priests do not want to have the Bible read by the people—a Bible which contains such statements as these, and which moreover declares that marriage is honourable in *all*, without exception of clergy? I do not wonder at it. Who would put into the hands of his children and servants, and recommend to their perusal and belief, a book containing statements so much at variance with his *oral* communications to them?

But there is a passage a little farther on, at the beginning of chapter iv., which, I suppose, constitutes with the priests a still stronger objection to the popular reading of this part of the Bible particularly. 'The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith—*forbidding to marry*." Now, they are afraid that if the people were to read this, they might say, "Why, St Paul must mean our Church; it forbids to marry." And as it might give the priests some trouble to show that he did not mean their Church, the better way is not to let the people know that there is any such passage in the Bible.

WHAT CAN A HUMBLE FEMALE DO?

Two sisters who had sought to be useful in the city of New York, were providentially removed to a village not far distant, and, as a means of doing good as they had opportunity, provided themselves with religious tracts. After circulating them for a long time, with apparently no good result, they became interested on behalf of a young lady who was well known in the circles of worldly fashion. They made her a subject of special prayer; and when about to visit her, on one occasion, bowed before the Lord in secret, asking divine direction and a blessing. They selected the tract, "Don't put it off," consisting chiefly of passages from Scripture; and when they presented it, they prayed with her. They returned home, and in secret asked the Lord to bless the tract they had given. He heard their supplication; and from the time that she read that tract, the young lady was deeply convinced of sin. She felt the terrors of the law, and was heavily burdened during several months, before she realized that Christ was her peace; yet she was much concerned for others, and anxiously sought, by reading to them the tract the Lord had blessed to her, and by conversation, to be the means of bringing them to Christ. At length she became a happy Christian, testifying the grace of God wherever she had opportunity; and from that time was more assiduously employed in efforts to do good.

One of the persons to whom she read the tract during the season of her anxiety, soon joined her in the service of her blessed Master. A young married woman, to whom she endeavoured to communicate religious truth, repelled it, saying that her child so fully engaged her attention, that she had no time to think of religion. The young lady recollected the excuses she herself had made, and what others had done for her salvation, and retiring to her closet, laid the tract that had been made useful to her before the Lord, and besought him that he would in like manner bless it to that young woman. She then went and gave it to her, with the request that she would immediately read it, and then returned to her closet again to pray that it might be blessed. Presently she was called from her knees to receive a message from Mrs ——, requesting that she would return to her immediately. She did so, and found her kneeling on the floor, crying to God for mercy. Her conviction of sin was abiding; it increased in depth; and after a while this woman also was

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enabled to see that the chastisement of her peace was upon Christ, and that with his stripes she was healed.

This young married woman has also been blessed in efforts to do good. She lately made a visit to the parents of her husband, and in the evening related what the Lord had done for her soul, and read the tract that had been the means of her awakening. Her mother heard with much attention, and the admonition, "Don't put it off," come to her with power. She wept, and from that evening regardod herself as a sinner ready to perish; and now the fixed purpose of her soul appears to be, "I'll go to Jesus."

Here are four persons who have reason to praise God for one copy of a tract of four pages; for though they subsequently read other tracts, and Bunyan's "Come and Welcome," and derived much instruction and comfort from their perusal, "Don't put it off," in connection with prayerful personal effort, appears to have been the means of their awakening. There are other persons in the neighbourhood who appear to be concerned for their spiritual state, and as God employs the influence that individuals exert upon one another as a means of carrying on his work, who can tell whereunto this may grow?—*Report of the New York City Tract Society.*

JOHN BERRIDGE AND ROWLAND HILL.

Among the itinerants who, during the great depression of vital piety in England, followed in the footsteps of Whitefield—connected with the Established Church, yet at war with its dead formality—was John Berridge; some extracts from whose correspondence will both amuse and instruct.* In a letter addressed to David Simpson, he says:—

"When I began to itinerate, a multitude of dangers seemed ready to ingulf me. My friends were up in arms, my college was provoked, my bishop incensed, the clergy on fire, and the church cannons were pointing their ghastly mouths at me; my first diocesan told me that I should soon be either in Bedlam or in jail.

"But through the good blessing of my God, I am yet in the possession of my senses, my tithes, and my liberty; and He who has hitherto delivered, I trust will yet deliver me from ecclesiastical fires and the paw of worldly bears. I have suffered from nothing except from lapidations and pillory treats, which yet have proved more frightful than hurtful. If you are invited to go out, and feel yourself inclined to do so, take a lover's leap, neck or nothing, and commit yourself to Jesus. Ask no man's leave to preach Christ; that is unevangelical and shameful. Seek not much advice about it; that is dangerous. Such advice, I find, generally comes the wrong way—heels uppermost.

"Most preachers love a snug church and a whole skin; and what they love they will prescribe. If you are determined to be evangelically regular, *i. e.*, secularly irregular, then expect, wherever you go, a storm will follow you, which may fright you, but will bring no real harm. Make the Lord your whole trust, and all will be well."

Such a man as Berridge would naturally be strongly attracted to a man like Rowland Hill. Having heard of Rowland Hill's first attempt at preaching in the market place in 1771, the venerable man addressed to the young preacher the following letter:—

"My Dear Rowly,—Your letter refreshed me much. Go on, and fear nothing but your own heart. You are in the high road to everlasting honour, pursuing the very track of your Master, and highly favoured by him. Your ship is now in full sail, and of course will require much ballast to keep her steady and upright. This ballast will be thrown into your ship providentially, just as it is wanted, by ill-judging, luke-warm professors, and a crazy world. When Jesus sees your heart elevated, though secretly unknown to yourself, he will throw in a fresh skip of ballast to sink your bark a little lower. When you need but a little depression, the world may give it; when you want more, professors may bring it; when more still, your —— may give a blow. They are all your friends when they use you ill; and you ought to be thankful to the heavenly Physician for thus paring off the proud flesh from your heart, as to an earthly surgeon for paring off the proud flesh from your limbs. Did not the world scourge your Master, spit in his face, crown him with thorns, and crucify him? Did not chief priests and Pharisees insult him, mock him, tempt him, and defame him? Did not his kinsfolk come and lay hold of him to stop his ministry when he first set, thinking him beside himself? (Mark iii. 21.) Well, you know, the servant must be as his Master; yet fear none of these things. Jesus will make you more than conqueror—needful support and comfort will be given you here, and everlasting glory crown thy head hereafter. If your old college friends drop their correspondence, heed it not, only seek a closer communication with Jesus; our cisterns must dry up before we can lie wholly at the fountain. Through mercy I have been so kept on my legs this summer, as to preach twice every Sabbath—and intend setting up a weekly lecture again. Keep on praying and preaching. Let nothing stop you. The Lord be with your spirit and mine.

John Berridge."

In 1773, Rowland Hill was ordained a deacon. This ordination he attained with much difficulty; and his disregard of ecclesiastical order in his itinerant preaching prevented him from ever being admitted to priest's orders, and compelled him, as he expressed it, to go through life "wearing only one ecclesiastical boot." About the same time he was married to Miss Tudway, a sister of a member of Parliament. But in his first negotiations with her, he frankly declared his purposes of life, and inquired, "Can you be contented to see me a despised pilgrim for my once despised Master, rejected for my labours, and reproached for my God?" But she had congenial views with him on this subject. In allusion to his ordination and marriage, Berridge, under date of September, 1774, writes:—

"Dear Sir,—I mean, My Dear Rowly,—Your kind letter was long in coming, but it brought good tidings, and refreshed my heart. The motto of your seal rejoiced me much: it gave me a peep into your bosom, and a taste of your letter before I read it. Indeed, I was somewhat afraid lest orders and a petticoat would cure you of rambling; but my fears were groundless, and all is well.

"The lampoon published against you, is a blessed

* Some account of Berridge will be found in our last Volume, p. 427, from the pen of the Rev. James Hamilton.

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omen for good, that God intends to honour you. Luther used to say, when the Lord had fresh work for him, a strong trial was always sent beforehand, to prepare him for it by humiliation. Fear not, go forward! and the more reproach you meet with for Christ's sake, the more he will honour you.

Study not to be a fine preacher. Jerichos are blown down with rams' horns. Look simply unto Jesus for preaching food, and what is wanted will be given, and what is given will he blest, whether it be barley or a wheaten loaf, a crust, or crumb. When your heart is right meek and simple, Jesus will make an orator of you; when you grow lofty, and are pleased with your prattle, Jesus will make a fool of you. Your mouth will be a flowing stream, or a fountain sealed, according as your heart is. Avoid all controversy in preaching, talking, or writing; preach nothing down but the devil, and nothing up but Jesus Christ.

"I saw your other half once in London, and liked her largely. She wept prettily, and I hope her tears are not yet dried up. Give my kind love to her, and a hat full of kind respects to ——, &c., and take a heart full of affection for yourself.

"Grace and peace be with you both, and with yours, JOHN BERRIDGE."

Rowland Hill in his youth had been acquainted with Whitefield, and had imbibed much of his spirit, and was fond of occupying the same stations in which Whitefield had preached. After he had preached at Blackheath, on a hillock called Whitefield's Mount, Berridge wrote to him thus:—

"MY DEAR ROWLY,—I need not say that I love you, because all who are acquainted with the old and the young ass know it; and the more scandalous you grow, I mean evangelically scandalous, the more I must love you. A newspaper tells me where you are, and what you are doing, viz., turned out on Blackheath, and engaged in your old trade of devil-hunting, which is neither a profitable nor an honourable business, as the world goes, yet a more suitable employment for gospel ministers than fox-hunting or card-hunting. Success attend you—a firm seat upon the wooden horse, a clear shrill horn to animate the chase, and the hasty flight of many a devil, black or white. But when the Master is chasing the fiends of infidelity and profaneness from others, take heed yourself of the devil of pride, lest he creep into your own hive and eat up all the honey. He is a very subtle and a very handsome devil, I assure you; and coming always with a simpering look, a painted cheek, a dimpled chin, a nightingale's tongue, and a kissing lip—you would really take him for Gabriel, unless you spy his cloven foot, which he will hide if possible, under a cassock, as well as under a petticoat. This handsome devil, who talks as fine as any Frenchman, has often beguiled my heart and brought me to many a whipping-post; and unless you are made of better clay, or better pottered than myself, he will surely by his glozing speeches, conduct you to a house of correction. Yet be not discouraged. Bridewell is the common luck of gospel ministers. The best need bitter herbs, instead of mint sauce, to eat with their lamb. And if the Master brushes your back soundly with birch, he will make all well again with a kiss. Nothing better for a Christian than the Master's birch-wine: I am drinking it now, to sharpen my appetite, and to relieve a palsy of a spiritual kind.

"My last long visit to London has almost overset the old gospel pedlar; and my Everton friends tell me I must go no more to Tabernacle, unless I mean to lay my bones there. Well, if Jesus receiveth my spirit, no matter where my bones are laid; and I suppose that the worms at Tottenham have no sharper teeth than those at Everton, or if they have, it would not trouble me. I have had only two weekly journeys of preaching since I came down. The third laid me up without preaching, and sent me home in a carriage; since then I only preach on the Lord's-day, but keep eating every day of the week, so I have fourteen meals for one sermon. A poor business truly for a Methodist parson; yet I give thanks that I am not exalted to the privilege of a bishop, which is, to eat every day, and preach no day.

"My dear Rowly, give up yourself wholly to Jesus, and freely employ body and soul and sustenance in his service. Work while the day lasteth, for life, health, are uncertain; and what your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might.

"If Esau complains of stiff-back, or sore-breast, and cries out for some ease, and a lobster, give him a pulpit sweat and beef tea; this will quiet him, for the less he is humoured the stiller he grows. Present my hearty respects to your Mary, and tell her I wish her much joy in the Lord. Grace, abundant grace, be with you both, and with your affectionate servant, JOHN BERRIDGE."

EXHORT ONE ANOTHER DAILY.

IF we could get near enough to the prison-house of souls (1 Pet. iii. 19), to listen to what is passing there, we should overhear conversations which would make our ears to tingle. It is not improbable that our names are there associated with cursing and bitterness, and that the ruin of souls is ascribed to our negligence. We should hear one saying to his fellow-sufferer, "I had a Christian neighbour who lived next door to me eighteen years. He knew that I was regardless of religion, that I seldom attended public worship, that I often made the holy day of the Lord a season of worldly pleasure, but he never reproved my sin. To his silence I may trace my ruin. I remember the turning point in my life. It was a bright and beautiful morning. A friend had invited me to an excursion. His chaise drove off with us at the moment my neighbour was leaving his door to go to the house of God. I would then have given the world to accompany him, but I had gone too far to retreat. How well I remember all that passed on that occasion! Oh, what a curse is memory now! God has set my sins 'in order' before mine eyes. There they are, in all their horrible minuteness of circumstances; not a single aggravation is forgotten. My thoughts, all that day, ran on the account to which I should certainly be called next morning. I pondered over the best excuses that my proud heart, or my vain imagination, could suggest. One was close confinement during the week, and the necessity of occasional recreation for the benefit of my health. Another, that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. A third (and it was this that gave me greater relief than either), that it was only once—that I never intended to do so again. Miserable was that day to me, and it was followed by a sleepless night. Conscience would not suffer me to slumber. But that was the last time conscience ever disturbed my rest. Monday morning came. My answers were ready. I prepared myself for the dreaded interview, and wished it over. Had my

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neighbour then treated me with affectionate fidelity I had never gone on a Sabbath's excursion again. I had already resolved that it should be the last time, and I wanted an opportunity of saying so. Judge then my astonishment, when I found that the religious friend, in whose eyes I had fancied myself degraded for ever, made not the slightest allusion to the manner in which I had passed the previous day! His silence I unhappily regarded as the sanction of my sin. He was a kind neighbour, and a good man, and I could not imagine that he would see my soul in peril without informing me. Fortified by his indifference, I reached the conclusion which has satisfied thousands. I thought religion good, but not indispensable. I regarded it as a thing about which every one should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and not make himself a busybody in other men's matters. I felt assured that with it my neighbour would go to heaven, and almost as certain that I should find my way thither without it. His conduct seemed to justify my opinion. For his habitual silence I could account in no other way. During the lingering illness which brought my body to the grave, and my soul to this place of torment, there was hardly a day when I was not the subject of his kind inquiries; yet not one word did he say about the claims of Christ, or the guilt and danger of neglecting the great salvation. The consequence is, that here I am, and here I must stay for ever. Who can lie down in everlasting burnings? But I have no other bed. Thanks to my Christian neighbour for this awful doom! Had he been faithful to my soul, and warned me of the wrath to come, I had not been here."—*Ford's Decapolis.*

LESSONS OF A BEREAVEMENT.

"Set thee up way-marks." (Jer. xxxi. 21.) I desire here to set them up, and to record the severest of my visitations in the house of my pilgrimage. Lord, prepare me for the next!

I perceive I could not have properly sympathized with a friend in a similar case before this stroke. I could not have understood it.

I have, at times, so felt the importance of eternal things, that I thought the loss of any present comfort would be tolerable; but I had no idea how much depended on being ready, when the Son of Man came in such a providence.

I feel I now stand in the right position to see the world and the word; they both appear under aspects entirely new.

When I find my joys packed up and gone, my heart slain, the delight of my eyes taken away; when I recollect who is gone before her, who is following, and what remains for the world to offer, my heart cries, "I loathe it, I would not live alway." (Job vii. 16.) I thank God that I am also to go.

I perceive I did not know how much my life was bound up in the life of a creature; when she went, nothing seemed left; one is not, and the rest seem a few thin and scattered remains.

And yet how much better for my lamb to be suddenly housed, to slip unexpectedly into the fold to which I was conducting her, than remain exposed here! perhaps become a victim!

I cried, "O Lord, spare my child!" He did; but not as I meant; he snatched it from danger, and took it to his own home.

I have often prayed, "Lord, soften my heart; humble my pride; destroy my levity!" I knew enough of his way to fear the means; and he has, in his mercy towards me, regarded my soul more than my feelings.

I prayed earnestly for her life; duty compelled me to say, "Thy will be done;" but I meant nothing.

O my God, how long hast thou come "seeking fruit on this tree!" (Luke xiii. 7); how much hast thou done to cultivate it! Shall it still remain fruitless? shall it be cut down after all?

My passions forged impressions that she would live; but I now plainly perceive I am called to regard God, and not impressions.

I have been long like one in a fever, attended at times with a strong delirium. I begged hard that I might not be bled, but he meant a cure, and pierced my heart.

O how slender, how brittle, the thread on which hang all my earthly joys!

I wish ever to be asking, "Am I ready, should he send again, and take —— or —— or myself?" Setting my house in order (Isa. xxxviii. 1) will not make death approach sooner; but that it will render his coming much easier, I feel by sad experience.

When I pass by the blaze of dissipation and intemperance, I feel a moment's relief. I say to my heart, "Be still;" at least she is not left to follow these *ignes fatui:* how much better is even the grave for my T—— than the end of those things? (Rom. vi. 21.)

It is vain for me to wish, as I have done, to leave the world, and go to my Father, that I might inquire into the whole of the case—the seasons, the steps, the issue, &c. In a short time I shall; but he says enough now, if I have ears to hear.

In the mean time, help me, O my God and Father, to recollect that I received this drop of earthly comfort from a spring which still remains! Help me to feel that nothing essential is altered; "for with thee is the fountain of life." (Ps. xxxvi. 9.) Part of myself is already gone to thee—help what remains to follow!—*Cecil.*

MATERIALISM REASONED OUT.

Conversing, the other day, with an intelligent German physician, who not long since revisited his native land, I was led to ask some questions about the universities and the great professors of the Continent. He spoke of the latter as rank Materialists, and of others as scarcely daring to admit some evident truths, from their excessive fear of this error.

"They had better," said, "he do as I have done—go *through* Materialism."

"How was that?"

"I once held such views myself, but I reasoned them out in this way:—All bodies consist of atoms, upon whose peculiar arrangements and combinations depend their qualities. These arrangements and combinations are *accidental.* Thus atoms combined under a certain form compose the heart, and it *happens* to be the result of such combination that contraction and expansion causes the flux and the reflux of the blood. Under another form they compose the liver, and it happens that atoms combined secrete bile. Under another form they constitute the *brain,* and it happens that the brain *thinks,* or as some have even ventured to say, secretes thought. Then thought

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is accidental. My reasonings are accidental. My very conclusions, therefore, which have led me to believe in Materialism—are the result of *accident*—are uncertain—are unworthy of my confidence—are, in all probability, *untrue*."

"And so," added my friend, "I got *through* Materialism."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

GARDEN MEDITATION.

UPON AN OLD YET FRUITFUL TREE.

When I saw an old tree which promised little, yet was richly laden, and had not only more fruit than those which were younger, and made a greater show, but the fruit was better also; it exceeded not only in quantity but also in quality the other trees;—this observation made me think such a tree resembeld much an aged Christian, an old disciple, as we read, Acts xxi. 16. Of such it may be noticed, that they usually bear more and better fruit than younger professors, their judgment being ripened and mellowed by experience, and themselves usually not so censorious and self-willed as the others are, who are apt to condemn all that are not just of their judgment, even though they may exhibit as much of Christ and a gospel conversation as themselves. This consideration brought to my mind what the Psalmist says of such: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing." (Ps. xcii. 12–14.) Those that draw sap from Christ, and are grafted into him, must needs bud and bloom, and bring forth fruit; these are the trees planted by the rivers of water, which bring forth their fruit in their season (Ps. i. 3); for as aged men, so especially aged Christians, have their judgment ripened by experience, and mellowed by time; and their zeal is not a hot and furious zeal, without knowledge—a zeal, like that of the apostles James and John, who would have called for fire from heaven to consume the inhospitable Samaritans, as they said Elijah did. (Luke ix. 54.) Young professors, as I said, are prone to be censorious, apt to condemn those who cannot see with their eyes, or who differ from them, though it be in circumstantials and things of small concern; yea, perhaps, will disparage their graces, as if their own hearts, like Jehu's, were the touchstone of sincerity, and their own judgment the touchstone of truth. But aged Christians have learned Christ better, and studied their own hearts more, and will yield a grain of allowance to others, as knowing they need it themselves; and where they see the vitals of religion preserved, they will reach out the right hand of fellowship, though it be to men of a contrary persuasion, in lesser matters; yea, they will love them better and value them more than they do those of their own persuasion, in whom they cannot see such evident signs of grace. There is honourable mention made of an old disciple (Acts xxi. 16); a grey-headed, experienced Christian; a father (1 John ii. 13.) "Ye are they," said Christ, "which have continued with me: and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me." (Luke xxii. 28, 29.) God will especially reward those that are aged servants. "Days should speak," said Elihu, "and multitude of years should teach wisdom." (Job xxxii. 7.) It was a duty commanded by God, and yet is incumbent upon us, to "rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man" (Lev. xix. 32); but then much more an old Christian. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." (Prov. xvi. 31.)

O my soul, own Christ wherever thou seest him, and make not thy own judgment the test to try all other men's; nor, with Jehu, thine own heart the touchstone to try others. Judge the tree by the fruit, not by the leaves; and professors not by their words, but by their works. Grow in grace as thou growest in years; so mayest thou be an old disciple.

O my God, make me fruitful, and let my fruit be pleasant to thy taste, and let the last be better than the first.—*Bury.*

THE SIN OF WANDERING PRAYERS.

"A man that is praying," saith Bernard, "should behave himself as if he were entering into the court of heaven, where he sees the Lord upon his throne, surrounded with ten thousand of his angels and saints ministering unto him." When thou comest from a service in which thy heart hath been toying and wandering, thou mayest say, Verily God was in this place, and I knew it not. Suppose all the impertinences and vanities which have passed through thine heart in duty were written out, and interlined with thy petitions, couldst thou have the face to present them to God? Should thy tongue but utter all the thoughts of thy heart in prayer, would not men abhor thee? Why, thy thoughts are vocal to God. (Ps. cxxxix. 2.) If thou wert petitioning the king for thy life, would it not provoke him to see thee playing with thy dress, or catching at every fly that lights upon thy clothes, while speaking to him about such serious matters? O think sadly upon that scripture, "God is greatly to be feared in the assemblies of his saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are round about him." (Ps. lxxxix. 7.) Why did God descend in thunderings and lightnings, and dark clouds upon Sinai? (Exod. xix. 16-18.) Why did the mountains smoke under him? the people quake and tremble round about him, yea, Moses himself not excepted? but to teach the people, that great truth, "Let us have grace whereby we may serve him acceptably, with reverence and godly fear, for our God is a consuming fire?" (Heb. xii. 28, 29.) Present God thus before thee, and thy vain heart will quickly be reduced to a more serious frame.—*Flavel.*

CHILDREN, BE PROMPT.

Never say, when told to do anything, "In a minute," or, "By-and-by." This leads to a bad habit, which, if not overcome, will prevent all confidence in you as you grow up. You will then put off duties you owe to your neighbour in the same way, and lose his confidence. Many men lose the respect of their neighbours, not so much because they mean to do wrong, as through mere carelessness. By-and-by, and *to-morrow*, have ruined thousands, robbed them of their character, and made them anything but blessings in a neighbourhood. Little confidence can be placed in their word, not because they mean to tell falsehoods, but because of their carelessness. No obligation is fulfilled when it should be; and it is sometimes so in their own affairs. They lose days and weeks because business is not attended to when it ought to be. A tool is lost, because not promptly

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put back when done with. Fulfil every promise made promptly. Put it not off an hour.

One anecdote. A little boy borrowed a tool from a neighbour, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went, he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. After he had returned and gone to bed, he inquired and found the tool was not returned. He was much distressed to think his promise was not fulfilled, and was finally persuaded to go to sleep, and rise early and carry it home. By day-light he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off for his neighbour's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool at his neighbour's door; and it appeared, from the prints of little bare feet in the mud, that little Henry had *got up in his sleep* and carried the tool home, and went to bed again, and knew it not. Surely, a boy prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbours, and many offices of trust, and died lamented. If you form a careless habit in such matters, you will carry it into religion. It will be in the concerns of the soul, "By-and by, to-morrow, in a short time," &c.; and if you do not get rid of it soon, it will rob you of your character, of your soul, and heaven. *To-day—now.* Let this be your word. Be prompt for time and eternity.—*S. Baptist.*

HOPE IN GOD.

The sailor on the midnight sea, if he would behold the star that alone would guide him across the trackless deep, must look not on the dark troubled waves, but at the clear blue heavens. If the sky is overcast, and the star is veiled by clouds, he must turn to his compass, and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be hidden from his vision. So we, tossed on many a billow, if we would see heaven's guiding light, must look not on the waves of temptation, that dash and break around, but above to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

PRAYER IN DEATH.

When "the grinders shall cease, because they are few or weak," give me to feed on the manna of thy promises, and that bread which came down from heaven.

When "the daughters of music shall be brought low," let me hear by faith the song of Moses and the Lamb, sung by the celestial choir; when "they that look out of the windows are darkened," let the eyes of my soul be opened to behold, with thy dying martyr Stephen, Jesus sitting at the right hand of God; let my hope and desires look out at the windows, and say, "Why is his chariot (sent to fetch me to himself) so long a-coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

"Make haste, my beloved, be thou like the hart and roe upon the mountains of spices." Whether I perish in the field with Abel, or in the prison with the Baptist, or in my bed with Jacob, grant me thy gracious comforting presence, and then, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no ill." O do thou undertake my conduct in my passage over the rough waters of this Jordan, into Canaan, and then there will be no danger of drowning; assist me so to live by faith, that I may die in the faith, and when my friends take my earthly body to their disposal, O do thou receive my heaven-born soul into the arms of thine infinite mercy, "for thou hast redeemed it, O Lord God of truth!"—*Swinnock.*

GOD'S JUDGMENTS ARE MERCIES.

God executes no judgments upon men in this life but in mercy: either in mercy to that person, in his sense thereof, if he be sensible, or at least in mercy to his Church, in the example thereof, if he be not. There is no person to whom we can say that God's corrections are punishments, and otherwise than medicinal, and such as he may receive amendments by, that receives them; neither does it become us in any case to say, God lays this upon him, because he is so ill, but because he may be better.

WISHING TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

There is no virtue in this. Many rest contented with merely saying, "*I wish* I were a Christian." That may be true. And yet you are not a Christian. Ten thousand things which we wish to do, we yet on the whole choose not to do. God's requirement is, "*Choose* ye this day whom ye will serve." You "want to be a Christian," perhaps. But do you choose to be a Christian? Do you want to be a Christian in such a sense that you set aside every other "want" which interposes to prevent?

THE CHILD AND THE QUEEN.

Befurchte (gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II.) had one little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Shonhausen, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat, which had been placed for her, by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her Court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much plendour on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, the gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then folding her hands, she sang with her clear, childish voice, these words:—

> "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
> Are all my ornament and dress;
> Fearless, with these pure garments on,
> I'll view the splendours of thy throne."

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!".

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HEAVEN'S ATTRACTIONS.

I HAVE been thinking of the attractions of heaven—what there is in heaven to draw souls to it. I thought of *the place*. Heaven *has* place. Christ says to his disciples, "I go to prepare a *place* for you." It is a part of the consolation with which he comforts them, that heaven is a place, and not a mere state. What a place it must be! Selected out of all the locations of the universe—the chosen spot of space. We see, even on earth, places of great beauty, and we can conceive of spots far more delightful than any we see. But what comparison can these bear to heaven, where every thing exceeds whatever eye has seen, or imagination conceived? The earthly paradise must have been a charming spot. But what that to the heavenly? What the paradise assigned to the first Adam, who was of the earth, earthy, compared with that purchased by the second Adam, who is the Lord from heaven? It is a purchased possession. The price it cost the purchaser every one knows. Now, having purchased it, he has gone to prepare it—to set it in order—to lay out his skill upon it. Oh what a place Jesus will make—has already made—heaven! The place should attract us.

Then I thought of the freedom of the place from the evils of earth. Not only what *is* in heaven should attract us to it, but what is *not* there. And what is not there? There is no night there. Who does not want to go where no night is? No night—no *natural* night—none of its darkness, its damps, its dreariness; and no *moral* night—no ignorance—no error—no misery—no sin. These all belong to the night; and there is no night in heaven. And why no night there? What shines there so perpetually? It is not any natural luminary. It is a *moral* radiance that lights up heaven. "The glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." No need have they there of other light. This shines everywhere, and on all. All light is sweet, but no light is like this.

And not only no night there, but "no more *curse*." Christ redeemed them from the curse of the law, being made a curse for them. And "no more *death*." The last enemy is overcome at last. Each, as he enters the place, shouts victoriously, "O death!—O grave!" "Neither *sorrow*." It is *here*. Oh yes; it *is* here—around, within. We hear it; we see it; and at length we feel it. But it is not there. "Nor *crying*"—no expression of grief. "Neither shall there be any more *pain*: for the former things are passed away." And what becomes of *tears*? Are they left to dry up? Nay, God *wipes* them away. And this is a sure sign they will never return. What shall cause weeping, when he wipes away tears?

I have not said that there is no *sin* in heaven. I have not thought that necessary. If sin were there, night would be there, and the curse, and death, and all the other evils—the train of sin. These are not there, therefore sin is not. No, "we shall be *like* him; for we shall see him *as* he is."

What *is* there, then, since these are not? *Day* is there; and there is the *blessing* that maketh rich; and there is *life* and immortality; since no sorrow, *joy*—"fulness of joy—joy unspeakable;" and *smiles*, where tears were; and there they *rest*, not from their labours only, but from cares, and doubts, and fears. And *glory* is there, an "exceeding and eternal weight."

Then I thought of the *society*. It is composed of the excellent of the universe. The various orders of angels who kept their first estate—as humble as they are high—not ashamed of men. Why should they be, when the Lord of angels is not ashamed to call us brethren? The excellent of the earth also—all the *choice* spirits of every age and nation—the first man—the first martyr—the translated patriarch—the survivor of the deluge—the friend of God, and his juniors, Isaac and Israel—Moses, the lawgiver, and Joshua, the leader of the host—the pious kings—the prophets—the evangelists and apostles, Paul, John—the martyrs—the reformers—the Puritan fathers—the missionaries, Swartz, Brainerd, Martyn, Carey, and Morrison have just gone up; and the young brothers, who ascended from Sumatra—and another, connected with missions, *Wisner*,* has been suddenly sent for to heaven.

Is that all? Where is he who used to lisp "Father, mother,"—thy child? Passing out of

* An American divine.

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your hands, passed he not into those of Jesus? Yes, you suffered him. If any other than Jesus had said, "Suffer them to come to me," you would have said, No. Death does not quench those recently struck sparks of intelligence. Jesus is not going to lose one of those little brilliants. All shall be in his crown.

Perhaps thou hast a brother, or a sister there; that should draw you towards heaven. Perhaps a *mother*—she whose eye wept while it watched over thee, until at length it grew dim, and closed. Took she not in her cold hand, thine, while yet her heart was warm, and said she not, "I am going to Jesus. Follow me there?" Perhaps one nearer, dearer than child, than brother, than mother—the nearer, dearest is there. Shall I say who? Christian female, thy husband. Christian father, the young mother of thy babes. *He* is not—*she* is not; for God took them. Has heaven no attractions?

Heaven is gaining in attractions every day. True, the principal attractions continue the same. But the lesser ones multiply. Some have attractions there now, which they had not but a few months ago. Earth is losing. How fast it has been losing of late! But earth's losses are heaven's gains. They who have left so many dwelling-places of earth desolate, have gone to their Father's house in heaven. What if they shall not return to us? We shall go to them. That is better.

But the principal attractions I have not yet mentioned. There is our Father—our heavenly Father, whom we have so often addressed as such in prayer. He that nourished and brought us up, and has borne us on—he that has watched over us with an eye that never sleeps, and provided for us with a hand that never tires; and who can pity too. We have never seen our heavenly Father. But there he reveals himself. There he smiles; and the nations of the saved walk in the light of his countenance.

And there is He, to depart and be with whom Paul desired, as being "far better" than to live. There is his glorified humanity. If not having seen, we love him; and in him, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, what will be the love and the joy, when "we shall see him as he is?" There is he.

Heaven *has* attractions—many, and strong; and yet—who would think it?—how few feel and obey the heavenly attraction! How much more powerfully earth acts upon us! How unwilling we are to leave it for heaven!

THE HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

The question is often asked, "Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Some are very curious to be informed on the subject. It is a point they seem more anxious to know than some other more important points. I am afraid we shall not *all* know each other in heaven. I am afraid we shall not all be there to know and be known. Let us first try to get to heaven. It is more important that we should be there, than that we should know what other persons are there. Let us repent with a broken heart; and believe in Christ for a title to heaven; and "let us follow holiness," that we may be furnished with a fitness for heaven; and being ourselves "accepted in the Beloved, and sanctified through the Spirit, let us try to get as many others to heaven as we can; and let us leave the subject of mutual recognition in heaven for subsequent consideration. By the time we have done what I recommend, we shall be close upon the celestial confines—perhaps within heaven's limits.* * *

[The article is unfinished. The beloved author here laid down his pen; and instead of resuming it, was called, who can question, to realize the scenes he had been describing.] *

SUBJECTS OF MEDITATION.

(*Continued from* 64.)

Thirteenth, Meditate upon heaven. From the mount of meditation, as from Mount Nebo, we may take a view and prospect of the land of promise. Christ hath taken possession of heaven in the name of all believers: "Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus." (Heb. vi. 20.) Heaven must needs be a glorious city, which hath God both for its builder and inhabitant. Heaven is the extract and quintessence of all blessedness. There the saints shall have their wish. Austin wished that he might have seen three things before he died—Rome in its glory, Paul in the pulpit, and Christ in the flesh. But the saints shall see a better sight; they shall see, not Rome, but heaven in its glory; they shall see Paul, not in the pulpit, but on the throne, and shall sit with him; they shall see Christ's flesh, not veiled over with infirmities and disgraces, but in its spiritual embroidery—not a crucified, but a glorified body. They shall "behold the King in his beauty." (Isa. xxxiii. 17.) What a glorious place will this be! In heaven "God will be in all." (1 Cor. xv. 28.)

* The "beloved author" is the late Rev. Dr. Nevins of Baltimore, from whose fragmentary works we have made repeated extracts. The above were the last articles he ever wrote. He was a minister of the American Presbyterian Church, and died in 1835, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His last words were, "Precious Saviour, be with me to the end. Will it not be sweet to fall right into the arms of Jesus? Come Lord Jesus."

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Beauty to the eye, music to the ear, joy to the heart; and this he will be to the poorest saint, as well as the richest. O Christian, who art now at thy hard labour, perhaps following the plough, thou shalt sit on the throne of glory. (Rev. iii. 21.) Quintus Curtius writes of one who was digging in his garden, and on a sudden was made king, and a purple garment, richly embroidered with gold, put upon him: so shall it be done to the poorest believer; he shall be taken from his labouring work, and set at the right hand of God, having the crown of righteousness upon his head.

Meditate often on this Jerusalem above.

Meditation on heaven would—

1. Excite and quicken obedience. It would put spurs to our sluggish hearts, and make us "abound in the work of God, knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv. 58.) The weight of glory would not hinder us in our race, but cause us to run the faster: this weight would add wings to duty.

2. Meditation on heaven would make us strive after heart purity; because only the "pure in heart shall see God." (Matt. v. 8.) It is only a clear eye that can look upon a bright transparent object.

3. Meditation on heaven would be a pillar of support under our sufferings; heaven will make amends for all. One hour's abode in heaven will make us forget all our sorrows. The sun dries up the water; one beam of God's glorious face will dry up all our tears.

Fourteenth, Meditate on eternity. Some of the ancients have compared eternity to an intellectual sphere, whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere. Eternity to the godly is a day which hath no sun-setting, and to the wicked a night which hath no sun-rising. Eternity is a gulf which may swallow up all our thoughts. Meditate on that scripture (Matt. xxv. 46): "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

I. Meditate upon eternal punishment. The bitter cup out of which the damned drink shall never pass away from them. The sinner and the furnace shall never be parted. God's vial of wrath will be always dropping upon a wicked man. When you have reckoned up so many myriads and millions of years, nay, ages, as have passed the bounds of all arithmetic, eternity is not yet begun. This word *ever* breaks the heart: if the tree fall hell-ward, so it lies to all eternity. Now is the time of God's long-suffering (2 Pet. iii. 9); after death will be the time of the sinner's suffering long, when he shall "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire." (Jude 7.)

II. Meditate upon life eternal. The soul that is once landed on the heavenly shore, is past all storms. The glorified soul shall be for ever bathing itself in the rivers of pleasure. (Ps. xvi. 11.) This is that which makes heaven to be heaven: "We shall be ever with the Lord." (1 Thess. iv. 17.) Austin saith, "Lord, I am content to suffer any pains and torments in this world, if I might see thy face one day;" but, alas! were it only for a day, then to be ejected heaven, it would rather be an aggravation of misery; but this word, "Ever with the Lord," is very accumulative, and makes up the garland of glory. A state of eternity is a state of security.

Meditation on eternity would—

1. Make us very serious in what we do. Zeuxis being asked, why he was so long about a picture, answered, I paint for eternity. The thoughts of an irreversible condition after this life, would make us pray and hear as for eternity.

2. Meditation on eternity would make us overlook present things, as flitting and fading. What is the world to him that hath eternity in his eye? it is but the smallest part of a point, which, as the mathematicians say, is just nothing. He that thinks of eternity will despise "the pleasures of sin for a season."

3. Meditation on eternity would be a means to keep us from envying the prosperity of the wicked. Here they ruffle it in their silks, but what is this to eternity? As long as there is such a thing as eternity, God hath time enough to reckon with all his enemies.

Fifteenth, Meditate upon your experiences. The last subject of meditation is your experiences. Look over your receipts.

I. Hath not God provided liberally for you, and vouchsafed you those mercies which he hath denied to others, who are better than you? Here is an experience: "The God who hath fed me all my days." (Gen. xlviii. 15.) Thou never feedest, but mercy carves for thee; thou never goest to bed, but mercy draws the curtain, and sets a guard of angels about thee. Whatever thou hast, is out of the exchequer of free grace. Here is an experience to meditate upon.

II. Hath not God prevented many dangers, hath he not kept watch and ward about you? 1. What temporal dangers hath God screened off! thy neighbour's house on fire, and it hath not kindled in thy dwelling. Another infected—thou art free; behold, the golden feathers of protection covering thee. 2. What spiritual dangers hath God prevented! when others have been poisoned with error, thou hast been preserved. God hath sounded a retreat to thee; thou hast heard "a voice behind thee, saying, This is the way; walk in it." (Isa. xxx. 21.) When thou hast enlisted thyself, and taken pay on the devil's side, that God should "pluck thee as a brand out of the fire," that he should turn thy heart, and now thou espousest Christ's quarrel against sin; behold preventing grace! Here is an experience to meditate upon.

III. Hath not God spared you a long time? whence is it that others are struck dead in the act of sin, as Ananias and Sapphira (Acts v. 5, 10), and you are preserved as a monument of patience? Here is an experience, God hath done more for you than for the angels; he never waited for their repentance, but he hath waited for you year after year. (Isa. xxx. 18.) Therefore "will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious." He hath not only knocked at your heart in the ministry of the word, but he hath waited at the door. How long hath his Spirit striven with you! like an importunate suitor, that hath many denials, yet will not give over the suit. Methinks I see justice with a sword in its hand ready to strike, and mercy steps in for the sinner: "Lord, have patience with him a while longer." Methinks I hear the angels say to God, as the king of Israel once said to the prophet Elisha, "Shall I smite them? shall I smite them?" (2 Kings vi. 21.) So methinks I hear the angels say, Shall we take off the head of such a drunkard, swearer, blasphemer? and mercy seems to answer as the vine-dresser, "Let him alone this year." (Luke xiii. 8.) See if he will repent. Is not here an experience worth meditating upon? Mercy turns justice into a rainbow; the rainbow is a bow indeed, but hath no arrow in it; that justice hath been like the rainbow without an arrow, that it hath not shot thee to death. Here is a receipt of patience to read over and meditate upon.

IV. Hath not God often come in with assisting grace? When he hath bid thee mortify such a lust, and thou hast said as Jehoshaphat: "I have no might against this great army" (2 Chron. xx. 12), then God hath come in with auxiliary forces; "his grace

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hath been sufficient." When God hath bid thee pray for such a mercy, and thou hast found thyself very unfit; thy heart was at first dead and flat—all on a sudden thou art carried above thine own strength; thy tears drop, thy love flames; God hath come in with assisting grace. If the heart burn in prayer, God hath struck fire. The Spirit hath been tuning thy soul, and now thou makest sweet melody in prayer. Here is an experience to meditate upon.

V. Hath not God vanquished Satan for you? When the devil hath tempted to infidelity, to self-murder, when he would make you believe either that your graces were but a fiction, or God's promise but a counterfeit bond; now that you have not been foiled by the tempter, it is God who hath kept the garrison of your heart, else his fiery darts would have entered. Here is an experience to meditate upon.

VI. Have you not had many signal deliverances? When you have been even at the gates of death, God hath miraculously restored you, and renewed your strength as the eagle; may not you write that writing which Hezekiah did? "The writing of Hezekiah king of Judah, when he had been sick and was recovered of his sickness." (Isa. xxxviii. 9.) You thought the sun of your life was quite setting; but God made this sun return back many degrees. Here is an experience for meditation to feed upon. When you have been imprisoned, your foot taken in the snare, and the Lord hath broken the snare, nay, hath made those to break it who were the instruments of laying—behold an experience. O let us often revolve in mind our experiences! If a man had medicinal recipes by him, he would be often looking over them. You that have rare recipes by you, be often, by meditation, looking over your recipes.

Meditation on our experiences would—

1. Raise us to thankfulness. Considering that God hath set a hedge of providence about us, he hath strewed our way with roses, this would make us take the harp and viol, and praise the Lord; and not only praise, but record. (1 Chron. xvi. 4.) The meditating Christian keeps a register or chronicle of God's mercies, that the memory of them doth not decay. God would have the manna kept in the ark many hundred years, that the remembrance of that miracle might be preserved; a meditating soul takes care that the spiritual manna of an experience be kept safe.

2. Meditation on our experiences would engage our hearts to God in obedience. Mercy would be a needle to sew us to him. We would cry out as Bernard, "I have, Lord, two mites, a soul and a body, and I give them both to thee."

3. Meditation on our experiences would serve to convince us that God is no hard master; we might bring in our experiences as a sufficient confutation of that slander. When we have been falling, hath not God taken us by the hand? "When I said, My foot slippeth, thy goodness, O Lord, held me up." (Ps. xciv. 18.) How often hath God held our head and heart when we have been fainting! and is he a hard master? Is there any master besides God who will wait upon his servants? Christians, summon in your experiences. What vails* have you had! (Ps. xix. 11.) What inward serenity and peace, which neither the world can give, nor death take away! A Christian's own experiences may plead for God against such as desire rather to censure his ways, than to try them, and to cavil at them, than to walk in them.

4. Meditation on our experiences would make us communicative to others. We should be willing to tell our children and acquaintance "what God hath done for our souls." (Ps. xliv. 1.) At such a time we were brought low, and God raised us; at such a time in desertion, and God brought a promise to remembrance, which dropped in comfort. Meditation on God's gracious dealing with us would make us transmit and propagate our experience to others, that the mercies of God shown to us may bear a plentiful crop of praise, when we are dead and gone.

* Perquisites and presents given to servants.

A SABBATH IN DUBLIN.

THE writer had occasion, during the spring of last year, to spend a Sabbath in Dublin, in the company of a friend. We arrived towards dusk on Saturday evening, and took up our abode in one of the hotels in Sackville Street. We were not astonished, on descending to the coffee-room for breakfast on Sabbath morning, to find the newspapers in the room as usual, and in general request. This species of Sabbath desecration is too common among ourselves to call forth wonder or remark. Nevertheless, for our own part, we would be very much inclined to call in question his respect for the Sabbath as the Lord's-day whom we find engaged on it in such an occupation. The spirit of the Sabbath law excludes from the mind all interference with the ordinary occupations of the world, in order that, uninterrupted by its allurements, the soul may be occupied with divine things. He who knows aught of his own weakness, and who seeks to keep the Sabbath in spirit and in truth, will shun all that tends to fill him with distracting worldly thoughts.

We attended divine service in the forenoon in one of the cathedrals, and heard the English service. The ceremonial of the cathedral worship, the splendid vocal music of the full choir, and the solemn tones of the organ, had an imposing effect. We felt thrilled by the chanted cadences of the psalms. But the feeling was hardly that of devotion. Nothing is more easy than to mistake what is simply musical sympathy for feelings of worship. In this particular instance, the effect was prevented from reaching the devotional by observing the levity and carelessness to aught save the music with which many of the choir performed their parts. We noticed that, immediately before the singing of a strikingly beautiful anthem, a number of hearers entered the church, retiring on its conclusion, without waiting for the sermon which followed. They had evidently come to hear the music. We felt that, notwithstanding the imposing aspect of the cathedral, with its stained windows above the altar, shedding "a dim religious light," and the superlative music, vocal and instrumental, there might, after all, be little true devotion. We are not sure but that here also we might found an argument against bands in churches. The choir in this church was formed of professional singers merely; and the apparent result seemed to be, that this portion of public worship degenerated, on the one hand, into the mere production, and on the other, into admiration, of artistic effect. We strongly desiderate the improvement of church psalmody, but let it be congregational, and not professional.

The morning service was concluded about half-

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past one, and there is none in the afternoon in any of the churches in Dublin, sermons being preached in the evening instead. With the conclusion of the morning service, the religious exercises and appearance of the Dublin Sabbath seemed to be for the time suspended. Not being acquainted with the town, we turned, on leaving the cathedral, into a street which led us away through one of the poorer localities. Many of the shops were open, and buying and selling were conducted as usual. The streets were bustling with people, walking, standing in groups, smoking, and chatting to each other. In many of these groups the utmost hilarity prevailed. With one feature we were pleasingly struck—the complete absence of intemperance. We did not observe a single instance of intoxication during the whole day, nor indeed during our short stay in the city. Finding that the route we had selected led us away through a long series of dirty avenues, apparently into the country, we turned off from the straight line, and passing through some narrow and very filthy lanes, emerged into purer air upon the river, not far from the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham. On the opposite or north bank of the Liffey lay the principal road to the Phœnix Park; and it presented, throughout the whole of its length, as far as we could see up and down, a continuous line of cars and carriages, and an apparently interminable concourse of people, pouring towards this scene of recreation. Anxious to make ourselves personally acquainted, as far as time permitted, with the state of matters in this renowned city, we crossed the river, and bent our steps in the direction of the park. The Phœnix Park is about five miles in circuit, and was set apart by Lord Chesterfield, when he was viceroy, for the amusement of the public. Within its precincts stand the vice-regal lodge, and the residence of the Secretary. The Zoological Gardens also occupy a portion of it. It is beautifully ornamented with trees, and presents considerable variety of surface, enlivened with miniature lakes. Among the thousands who were pouring towards it, the greatest order prevailed; all seemed bent on enjoying themselves. The park is entered by a gate at its eastern extremity, within which roads diverge in several directions. That leading to the Zoological Gardens seemed most preferred by the pedestrians. We learned from a board outside the gate, that these gardens, accessible to the public during the week on payment of sixpence, were open on Sabbath, after two o'clock, at the reduced charge of one penny. Near the gate of the gardens were numerous stalls for the sale of fruit, cake, ginger beer, and other cheap refreshments; and the owners of them seemed to be driving a capital trade. Around the narrow passage by which the public are admitted to the gardens, a crowd collected faster than the pennies could be received. In other parts of the park, horsemen might be seen trying races—parties of boys playing at ball—multitudes amusing themselves in many ways, forgetful altogether that there is a God who will call to account the contemners of his Sabbaths.

Throughout all our route back to the hotel, the streets were thronged with cars, horsemen, and promenaders. The multitude of cars was perfectly surprising, and the character of their occupants not less so. These were principally of the poorer classes. We were struck with this, and found, on inquiry, that the rage for "Sunday car-driving" prevails so much among this class in Dublin, that often the whole wages of the preceding week are spent in hiring a car for the Sabbath afternoon. On this account the most glaring inconsistencies between the appearance of the riders and their conveyance continually occur. You may see a party of six galloping along with perhaps only one hat and two coats among the whole. Women without bonnets or caps, children with nothing but rags on them (scarcely enough to cover them), are to be seen on Sabbath afternoon, huddled together on a car, and away for a drive in the park. This is one specimen of the improvidence of the race. On remarking our astonishment to one of the waiters in the hotel, he shrugged his shoulders, and said, "His countrymen were foolish people, and spent all their money, driving in cars, instead of saving it up and living on it in comfort."

As we turned into Sackville Street, we saw an Irish funeral. It was that of a poor man, yet the hearse was followed by about thirty cars. These were overloaded with men, women, and children, in all descriptions of dress. They seemed to be all highly delighted, and in the merriest possible humour, notwithstanding the nature of the occasion which had drawn them together. The procession went along at a brisk trot, and was liker a marriage than a funeral. The practice of women and children accompanying the remains of the deceased to the tomb was new to us.

At six the bells summoned the church-goers again to assemble. We went to the Scotch Church in Lower Abbey Street, and heard a warm evangelical sermon from the words, "This man receiveth sinners." After what we had seen and heard during the day, it was refreshing indeed to join in the simple psalm of praise, and listen to the word preached in sincerity and truth. When we returned to the hotel, the streets were crowded with a gay assemblage, and there were indubitable tokens that darkness was not to end the profanation of the day. It was long after we had retired to our bed-room ere the sounds of the passing throng became stilled, and we could not help drawing a comparison between the Sabbath of Dublin and a Sabbath in either Edinburgh or Glasgow. In this country, even in busy Glasgow, the Sabbath morning is *felt*—actually *felt*, from the cessation of all labour—the hum of business and of men is still. But there, from earliest dawn till late, the streets echoed to the tramp of footsteps and the rattle of wheels; and, excepting that the principal shops were closed, and the bells reminded men of church, there was nought from which you could have known the Sabbath. The natural result of this secularizing of the Sabbath, is irreligion and immorality. It is well known that in Dublin these prevail to a great extent, and it is no wonder that it should be so. It may be said by some, that there is less cause for finding fault with the open-air relaxation of the Irish poor, than with scenes of intemperance too often to

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be met with in our own land, and especially in our larger towns. We admit that such intemperance does exist, and we acknowledge it to be a disgrace; but with reference to the objection attempted to be raised upon it, against a more strict outward observance of the Sabbath, we simply remark, that the vice can by no means be charged against the bulk of our population; and in respect of Glasgow particularly, the class amongst whom it exists is composed chiefly of low Irish, and the very refuse of the most degraded portion of our own community. In the Irish metropolis, the species of Sabbath desecration we have been describing is all but general; and when the extent to which it prevails, and the consequences to which it leads, are considered, we think no candid mind will conclude it to be a less evil than the other. Intemperance here is confined to the few, and the brutalizing nature of the vice prevents to a great extent the evil influence of example. But the other sin is alluring, and is in consequence widely spread and increasing. It leads to a total forgetfulness of God, and of the demands of his law. Sabbath observance may be called the eye of religion. When it has ceased to exist, there also must necessarily be awanting all true recognition of God and of divine things. So, in the absence of intemperance, we find prevailing in Dublin, to a far greater extent than here, a form of vice still more disastrous in its results. This we could infer from the immense numbers of wretched creatures infesting the streets, as well as from particular reference made, in the discourse we had listened to in the evening, to this fearfully extended evil, as one of the master-sins of the place. But even were this less apparent than it is, enough remains to indicate the low state of religion in Dublin, in the general coldness and want of respect with which it is regarded—a practice which stands out in bold relief to one accustomed to the outward reverence paid to it in this country, and the existence of which has gained for Scotland its high position as a moral and religious nation. If we would retain this position, let us guard our Sabbaths with anxious care. They are a sacred gift from God to man, ministering to the glory of the Creator and to the temporal and eternal welfare of the creature. Regarding the Sabbath, God declared to Israel: "It shall be a sign between me and you throughout all your generations" (Exod. xxxi. 12); and by the mouth of Ezekiel (xx. 19) he charged them with forgetfulness of this precept, and pointed out the want of this holy sign as one of the reasons why he had poured out his fury upon them. It would seem that the due observance of the Sabbath is a token between God and man, in every land as well as among the Jews; and the appropriation of that day for any but the purposes for which God appointed it, is a wilful ignoring of the claims of the Most High, and a public renunciation of his government and authority. Let Scotland cling to her Sabbath and her God. Let her seek the preservation of her hallowed day, assuming as her motto, in fighting for the remembrance of the Sabbath, that of her eastern metropolis, "Nisi Dominus frustra," in conjunction with that of her western, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word."

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY REV. J. J. LYONS.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun.
No peals or flashes heard or seen
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage—
The rough wave's sweeping force:
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal and woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though no outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that human heart
Is known and felt in heaven:
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

THE RAGGED BOY—THE RICH MERCHANT.*

"Be not weary in well doing, for in due time you shall reap."

Business of importance called me at one time to the great city, the London of America. I had spent the morning in viewing the great buildings—the City Hall, the great Custom House, Trinity Church, with its tall spire, then nearly completed, and many other public places so interesting to the stranger; and being much wearied with my morning's excursion, I sought my friend's house as a place of rest. While sitting at the dinner-table, a servant handed me a note that moment left at the door by some unknown person, which read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Having seen your name announced as one of the speakers at the Sunday-school meeting, it would give me great pleasure to see you at No. — Pearl Street, this afternoon at three o'clock. Do not disappoint me. Your friend,

"George S——."

I hastened to comply with the invitation at the appointed hour. Crowding my way along through the

* We met with this narrative in the *Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record*, a Canadian periodical.

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multitude of people thronging the busy streets, I arrived at last at the number mentioned in the note. I inquired of the clerk for the name, and to my surprise he introduced me to the proprietor of a large wholesale dry goods store, one of the first establishments in the city.

"Sir," said the merchant, "I believe I am not mistaken, this is Mr M——, the poor student of Mr W——, once my teacher in the Sabbath-school of W——."

"I was a poor student and a teacher in the school you mentioned; but this cannot be little George S——, the white-haired boy I owned as my scholar?"

"The same," answered the merchant, grasping my hand with the greatest joy, and a tear trickled down his cheek. "The same, only grown to manhood. You will pardon my hasty note and this abrupt meeting; but, sir, I thought that we should never, never meet again, and learning that you were in the city, I was anxious to offer you the hospitalities of my home during your stay, if it is agreeable and consistent with other engagements: please order your trunk to be taken to my house. My house is yours while you remain. I cannot be denied."

Indeed, I could not deny him. With joy I complied with his generous offer. And at his house I found a home indeed. Here it may be proper to give you a history of our first acquaintance.

While preparing for the ministry, it was the custom to seek out poor children for the Sabbath-school. In one of my rambles, I found a little boy in the street, poorly clad, with his little bare feet in the cold snow, no hat, and in the most wretched condition. I called him to me, and proposed the following questions—

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"My name is George S——."

"Where do you live?"

"In the woods, by the old mill."

"What is your father's name?"

"I have no father (and burst into tears); my father was brought home dead about a year ago. He was found frozen to death on the road to our house."

"And your mother—is she living?"

"Yes; but she is poor, and goes out to work."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes; one brother and one sister."

"Are they at home?"

"Yes, sir; they are little ones, and cannot go out now."

"Well, my little fellow, you want a pair of shoes and some clothes."

"Yes, sir, I do; but I want to get something for mother to eat first."

This told the story. I asked no more questions, but immediately set about the work to be done—George was soon in my waggon with me, and food enough for his mother's present necessities. On reaching their house, I found a lonely woman with two dear little ones, and nothing to eat. George jumped out of the waggon, and ran into the house, saying, "O mother, mother! you will not cry any more—the gentleman has got us enough to eat for a whole month." I found by inquiry, that the father had been a drunkard, and died in a drunken fit, and the poor widow to struggle on alone.

George was then about ten years of age, was the only child large enough to be of any help to his mother, and a good boy he was to that poor mother.

I left the house, and the next day sent some good woman to clothe them, and get George to attend school the next Sabbath. George was at the school, with new shoes, and hat, and clothes—a happy, cheerful boy.

For one year he was my scholar; then I left the place, and never saw him again, till I met him, as I have told you, a merchant in the great city. God had prospered him, giving him friends and influence, and from an errand boy in the store had raised him to be the owner. He was then twenty-four years old; with a wife, and one little boy a year old.

Now, go back with me to New York, and you may think that you see me seated at his fireside, while he is relating the dealings of God with him since I left him a little boy in the Sabbath-school of W——

Soon after I left the place, he was fortunate enough to meet a man from New York who loved Sabbath-schools. While he was on a visit to some friends in the country, he saw George, and being pleased with him, offered to take him home. The mother consented, and George left home with many tears for a place in the gentleman's store.

By good conduct he gained the affections of all who knew him. At the age of eighteen years, he was advanced to the station of clerk, and from a clerk to a partner with his employer. When he was twenty-one years of age, his partner died, having no children or relations, not even a wife; and he gave to poor George all the interest in the concern, and at once made him the owner of some thousands of pounds. And here I found myself seated with my old scholar, in a fine house and a happy family.

He is superintendent of a large school of poor boys, picked up from the streets and lanes of the city, a member of the Church, and much beloved by all his brethren—a man known too by the poor and afflicted. Every Sabbath morning he has a school among the poor sailors on the dock, in a room he hired for the purpose. As I sat there, so happily rejoicing in the goodness of God, as manifested in this instance, I could but ask George, "Where is your mother?"

"Oh, sir, she went home to heaven from my arms in this very room a few months since; and just before she died she gave me strict charge to seek you out, and if I found you, to tell you that her dying breath went up to God for a blessing on your head."

"Your sister, what has become of her; and baby brother?"

"Oh, sir, my brother has grown up to be a young man, and is now a clerk and first book-keeper in my store, and he too has a large class in the Sabbath-school; and my dear sister is far away, the companion of a devoted missionary in the west. She was married but a few months previous to my mother's death."

Here I must leave the history of this interesting family, and in a few words hint at the lesson it teaches.

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1. See how God always confers his blessings on those little children who love their parents. Little George cared not for the shoes for his cold feet, and a warm cap for his head, until his poor mother could have food.

And through that little boy, God came in mercy to the family. George early became a Christian, and was the humble instrument of the conversion of his mother and sister. The mother is permitted the privilege of dying in the glorious prospect of heaven, and sinking down to the grave sustained by the arms of her noble boy. The sister goes out to be the companion of the missionary, to aid in spreading the news of salvation to the poor and perishing.

2. What encouragement there is in this history of facts! It teaches us to labour for the poor and destitute sons of affliction and poverty, that they may shine as stars of the first magnitude in the Saviour's crown.

Dear teachers, remember the poor. Do not pass them by; care for them, and God will reward you a hundred-fold.

3. The benefits of Sabbath-school instruction are not confined merely to the things of time: they reach into eternity, and roll a wave of glory up to the very throne of the great God.

Oh, let us be faithful, industrious, prayerful, and devoted to our work a little longer—and soon we shall go home to our reward and our crown.

THE PROFIT OF GODLINESS.

By the Rev. James Hamilton, London.*

Not far from this London there dwelt an old couple. In their early life they were poor; but the husband became a Christian, and God blessed their industry, and they were living in a comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them to ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady had not so much grace as her husband, and still hankered after some of the Sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had forfeited from regard to the law of God. And so when the Christian visitor asked the contribution, she struck in, and said, "Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first began: my husband knows that very well. Have we not, Thomas?" And after a solemn pause, Thomas answered, "Yes, Mary; we have. I have lost a deal by my religion. Before I had got religion, Mary, I had got a water-pail, in which I used to carry water, and that, you know, I have lost many years ago; and then I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them also long ago. And, Mary, you know, that poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarrelling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a burdened conscience and a wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a mill-stone cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had got a washing-tray, in which you washed for hire; but since we got religion you have lost your washing-tray. And you had got a gown and a bonnet much the worse for wear, though they were all you had to wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me at times; but these you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose by our religion will be our everlasting gain."

And even so we might sum up the losses which true religion occasions, and in this way show the gain of godliness:—

To the loss of a bad character, so much profit.
Item—To the loss of a guilty conscience, so much.
Item—To the loss of a shocking temper, so much.
Item—To the loss of so many evil habits, so much.
And, to the loss of as many wicked companions, so much more.

But, as our time is short, I hasten to indicate some of the positions and immediate benefits of real religion to the working man.

1. Religion is forethought and frugality. The Christian does not need to set his heart on riches, for he has a better and an enduring heritage; but he cannot feel happy without providing for his own house. And whilst he seeks to provide things honest in the sight of all men, he remembers the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And, remembering all these things, he is anxious not only to earn the daily bread, but out of his earnings he will try to save as much as will keep himself and his children from ever being debtors to public charity. And for this purpose the self-denial and forethought, which are a part of his religion, give the Christian a great advantage. "From hand to mouth," or, as it is otherwise expressed, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the guiding of a besotted world; whilst "A good foundation for the time to come" is no less the maxim of a self-controlling and far-seeing piety. And thus, while I have heard of railway labourers who would drink between Saturday night and Monday morning the guinea for which they had toiled all the week; and have been told about miners who would spend twice the amount in the jollity of a single day; I have known others earning as little, who saved money enough to buy or to build a substantial house, or who laid up hundreds of pounds for their children. And just to show how a little of constant saving will come to a long-run of substantial comfort, I may mention that in a Provident Society—constructed on safe data—a working man, twenty-five years of age, paying 1s. 4½d. a-month, or a halfpenny each day, would secure 10s. a-week during sickness till he was sixty-five years of age; and then by a payment of 2s. 3d. a-month, or less than a penny a-day, till he reached his sixty-fifth year, he would be entitled all the rest of his life to receive 6s. a-week. Or, trying yet another plan, by paying 3s. 5d. a-month, or two pounds a-year, a little more than a penny a day, the same man would secure £100, which he might leave to any survivor when he dies. Or, combining all the three plans, a man now in his five-and-twentieth year, by a daily payment of 2¼d. during the working period of his life, might insure 10s. weekly whenever he was sick, 6s. weekly when he had reached sixty-five, and £100 to his family, whether he reached fourscore or died to-morrow. But, instead of insuring, some might prefer storing their surplus in a savings' bank; and there a daily penny would come to £50 in thirty years. And from a calculation which a friend handed me the other day, I find that a halfpenny worth of tobacco daily comes to £7 in ten years, and in the same period of ten years a moderate pint of beer costs £50, or £200 in forty years. And whilst I ought to speak very tenderly on a subject which involves the well-earned recreations and scanty enjoyments of the working-man, I believe that a solid result might be secured without any abridgment of happiness. Pitch

* Being part of a Lecture addressed to Working Men, and published in the *English Presbyterian Messenger*.

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your mark wherever you please—fix on the daily penny, or the weekly shilling, or the monthly crown—any maximum which you think you can safely manage, and notice, however hard it may be at the first—notice, if at last it does not provide for itself. Why, the very loose halfpence which one man will toss down on a fruiterer's stall, and the odd sixpences which another will melt in beer, or burn in tobacco, in the hands of his frugal neighbour would soon mount up to a fortune; and I believe that the most solid fortunes on record—the fullest of satisfaction to the founder, and the most enduring—have been made, not by enormous earnings or surprising windfalls, but by self-denied and systematic savings; by the resolute repetition of the golden adage, "I can do without it." *

2. Whilst piety is providence, whilst its tendency is to make men independent and self-sustaining, whilst it lifts off the mighty millstone which crushes the spirits and paralyzes effort, whilst it saves a man from debt, and whilst it kindles a bright gleam in the horizon of his earthly hereafter, whilst it enables a man to provide for his own house and his own old age—godliness is profitable for this life in another way. It expands the mind of its possessor and purifies his taste. It is a great mistake to confound riches and refinement, just as it is a great mistake to fancy, that because a man is poor he must be coarse and vulgar. Lord Jefferies, though seated on the highest tribunal in the realm, whilst pouring forth his brutal ribaldry, was a vulgar man; and a very vulgar man was Chancellor Thurlow, sporting oaths and obscenity at the table of the Prince of Wales. But there was no vulgarity about James Ferguson, though herding sheep, whilst his eye watched Arcturus and the Pleiades, and his wistful spirit wandered through immensity; and though seated at a stocking-loom, there was no vulgarity in the youth who penned the "Star of Bethlehem"—the weaver-boy, Henry Kirke White, was not a vulgar lad. And so, my respected friends, if you surrender your minds to the teaching of God's Word and Spirit, they will receive the truest, deepest refinement. There may be nothing in your movements to indicate the training of the dancing-school, or any thing in your elocution which speaks of courtly circles or smooth society; but there will be an elevation in your tastes and a purity in your feelings, as of those accustomed to the society of the King of kings. You will have a relish for a higher literature than the halfpenny ballad or the Sunday news, and for a more improving intercourse than the tap-room can supply. And though you may not have at easy command the phrases of politeness, the most polished, if they but be the children of God, will have sentiments and language in common with you, and a stronger affinity for you than for the most fine-spoken impiety. The religion which is at last to lift the beggar from the dunghill, and set him with nobles of the earth, will even now give the toiling man the elevated aims, the enlarged capacity, and lofty tastes which princes have often lacked; for if vice be the worst vulgarity, religion is the best refinement.

3. There is this third profit in godliness for the present life—it secures a happy home. It is God's great goodness that he has put the best things of this life within the reach of the mass of mankind. Few can ride or run about idle; few can afford to shoot or hunt. They are not many who can roam from land to land; not many who have got finely-furnished houses; not so many who can keep a carriage and a grand array of servants. But these are not the best things of this life, and they have no bearing on the life to come. It does not matter how finely the house be furnished, if all the inmates be out of sorts. It does not matter how fleet the courser flies, and how hot the hunter spurs, if care still ride behind. And it does not matter whether it be the Campagna or Chamounix, Paris or Vienna, if the weary coachfull, sated and insipid, be revolving round the world in search of vanity and vexation of spirit; if, cold and languid, the great lady can see nothing beautiful or nothing grand in all this paltry planet, and the hopeful youth on the box only wearying for the time when no "old gentleman" will stand betwixt himself and his property. Who would not change such hollow splendour for the boat of the "Happy Waterman," or the cottage of David Saunders, the shepherd of Salisbury Plain, for a toiling life which never spent an unearned shilling, and for a fire-side where a murmuring word was never heard, nor a look of bitterness or estrangement ever seen? And such a home, with God's blessing, might every pious workman boast:—if your wife were like-minded, and if both you and she sought it as the first thing for your children, that they might grow up godly and gracious; if your home were sanctified by daily prayer, and if in all your undertakings and engagements you sought the blessing of God. Such a home might yours become, if, first devoting yourself to God's service, you devoted to Him your household, and with mingled authority and affection carried out the Psalmist's resolution, "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way; I will walk within my house with a perfect heart. A froward heart shall depart from me; I will not know a wicked person. He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." The true way for the head of a family to secure respect to himself, is to have a constant respect to all God's commandments; and the true way for a father to draw to himself the reverence and affection of his children, is himself to walk with God in humility, obedience, and love.

4. A fourth blessing of godliness is a sanctified Sabbath. I would not call the gospel a levelling religion, but it is nearly the same thing, for it is an elevating religion. If it pulls nobody down, it raises all who embrace it up. To the poor pre-eminently the gospel, as Jesus proclaimed it, is preached. To the poor it offers the same Saviour and the same salvation as it offers to the rich. It was to the same heaven which had already received Abraham and David, that Lazarus was borne; and there is no privilege which the Father of earth's families has vouchsafed to the rich, but He has provided the same or better for the poor. And this is palpably exemplified in the rest of the Christian Sabbath. The English Constitution makes the house where a British subject dwells a sort of sacred ground; and the peasant has the same right to repel invasion from his cottage as has the baron to beat it back from his castle gates. And the law of God has made the Sabbath a sacred day, and gives the man of toil the same right to rest all through its blessed leisure as it gives the man of title or the man of power. And were the working classes true to God and true to one another, wealth would not bribe them, and power would not force them to part with the blessed boon. If my cottage be my castle, my Sabbath is my sanctuary; and if it need the sovereign's writ to eject me from the one, it would need my Creator's warrant to expel me from the other. But even as it is—even though if you refuse the Sunday-job, there be others who will greedily take it;—even though you should forfeit a present employment in a bold and believing stand for the

* One of Chambers' Penny Tracts, "Hints to Workmen." No. 170. contains many admirable suggestions on economy and providence. And, if they can any longer be procured, Mr Lewis, of Dundee, once published some most interesting lectures on the same subject.

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Sabbath, such is my faith in the Providence which guards the poor man's heritage, that I have no fear that you will be forsaken, or that your children will beg their bread. And if those of you who have the Sabbath at command would only keep it sacred—if, instead of making it a day of dissipation or carousing, or sight-seeing, you made it a day of innocent and holy resting, you would find the rich recompense, in a peaceful conscience and an improving character, in the elastic spirits and the husbanded energy, in the longer life and the sweeter home, which are the present reward of a Sabbath sanctified.

5. Once more I might mention that godliness is gain, because it insures sobriety. There is something very appalling in the thought that Britain expends every year fifty millions of money on intoxicating drink. We often complain of our high taxation, and we often grow nervous at the thought of our enormous national debt. But here is a tax for which we cannot blame our rulers—a tax self-imposed and self-levied, a tax for which we can only blame ourselves, a tax which would pay the interest of our national debt twice over, and a tax as large as the entire revenue of these United Kingdoms. We thought it a great sum to pay in order to give the slave his freedom—we thought the twenty millions given to the West India proprietors a mighty sacrifice; and certainly it was the noblest tribute any nation ever paid to the cause of philanthropy:—but large as it looks, half a year of national abstinence would have paid it all. We rather grudge the eight millions which Ireland got last winter, seeing it has failed to set our neighbours on their feet; but it was eight millions given to save a famishing people; and large as the grant to Ireland sounds, two months of national abstinence would have paid the whole of it. But tremendous as are the fifty millions which as a people we yearly engulf in strong drink, the thought which afflicts and appals us is that this terrible impost is mainly a tax on the working man. The lamentation is that many an industrious man will spend in liquor as much money as, had he saved it, would this year have furnished a room, and next year would have bought a beautiful library; as much money as would secure a splendid education for every child, or in the course of a few years would have made him a landlord instead of a tenant. Why, my friends, it would set our blood a-boiling if we heard that the Turkish Sultan taxed his subjects in the style that our British workmen tax themselves. It would bring the days of Wat Tyler back again, nay, it would create another Hampden, and conjure up a second Cromwell, did the Exchequer try to raise the impost, which our publicans levy, and our labourers and artisans cheerfully pay. But is it not a fearful infatuation? Is it not our national madness, to spend so much wealth in shattering our nerves, and exploding our characters, and ruining our souls? Many workmen, I rejoice to know, have been reclaimed by Teetotalism, and many have been preserved by timely religion. In whatever way a man is saved from that horrible vice, which is at once the destruction of the body and the damnation of the soul, "therein I do rejoice, and will rejoice." Only you cannot be a Christian without being also a sober man, and the more of God's grace you get, the easier will you find it to vanquish this most terrible of the working man's temptations.

My dear friends, I am loath to leave off, for I had many other things to say. If time permitted I think I could make it very plain that even for the present life piety is the truest policy and the best possession. I believe, for instance, that the pious apprentice, who is prayerful and painstaking, will become a more accomplished artisan than his more infidel neighbour, who has nothing but self-interest to stimulate, and nothing but his own cleverness to help him. And when that Christian apprentice becomes a journeyman, however bitter the world's prejudice against piety may be, I have no fear but that his Master in heaven will find for his servant employment on earth. The King of Babylon had no liking to Daniel's religion, but he could not rule his 127 provinces without Daniel's help. And the King of Egypt would have been glad to have Joseph's finance and Joseph's forethought, without Joseph's piety; but as he could not get the one without the other, he put up with the piety for the sake of the skilful policy. And so, sooner or later, the Christian workman will make himself indispensable. If he won't do a job on Sunday, neither will he be tipsy or stupified with the previous day's debauch all Monday. If he will not tell a lie for his master, neither will he tell one to him; and surely that trade is bad where honesty is a bar to promotion. A real Christian is civil and obliging, whilst worldly men are apt to be saucy or sycophants by turns. A real Christian is a man of his word—a man who, though he should swear to his own hurt, changeth not; and he is a man whom you can count upon: and these are the men who are worth more than wages, and whom wise employers would be sorry to let away.

And I would have been glad to show the better, because ever-during benefits of true religion—its blessedness in sickness and old age, and at death and in the world to come. And I would have liked much to address a few words of counsel and encouragement to Christian artisans. And should you yourselves desire it, I shall glady do it on a future day. But in the meanwhile I shall draw on your attention no longer. I have tried to be plain. I have not appealed to your passions. I have spoken to your better feeling and better sense. I have spoken as to wise men; consider what I say. I love your souls. I esteem very highly the place which you hold in society, and I am sanguine as to the improvement of which your condition and yourselves are capable. When I remember how many of the painters and poets, the engineers and the linguists of modern Europe once were shoemakers and tailors, weavers and cotton-spinners, carpenters and blacksmiths, there is no degree of intelligence and mental elevation to which the man of industry may not aspire. And when I remember the abundant reading and sterling orthodoxy, the mellow wisdom and patriarchal piety, which I have encountered in Christian workmen elsewhere, men of a lofty presence and noble bearing, from whose withering glance vice and profanity skulked away, there is no height of personal or domestic piety to which any industrious man who now hears me may not hope to attain. But I pray you to begin, and begin forthwith. We have met in the midst of sickness and mortality, and some who are here to-night may never enter a house of prayer again. There is but one way to secure a blessed immortality, and it is also the way to insure a happy existence here below. Be at peace with God, through Jesus Christ, and you will find that the gospel is the riches of the poor, and godliness the greatest gain of the working man.

BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

"It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting."—Isa. vii. 13.

Jane.—Father, what does this mean? "It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." Is a solemn meeting wrong?

Mr L.—No, my dear; a solemn meeting is not wrong, but a hypocritical meeting is wrong. When persons assemble themselves in the house of God,

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and pretend to worship him when they do not, then there is iniquity committed—iniquity which God looks upon with the deepest abhorrence. There is a great amount of iniquity committed in the house of God. In regard to a large portion of our conduct there, it is to be feared that, in the view of God, it is iniquity.

Jane.—I know there are some persons who do not behave well in meeting. There is M——, who sits just before us; I very often see her laughing at prayer time, and looking all about the meeting-house while the minister is preaching. I heard Mrs B—— say that she did wish M——'s father would keep awake sometimes, so as to keep her still.

Mr L.—You have mentioned two very common and grievous sins. I am astonished that persons born and educated in a Christian land can be guilty them.

Jane.—Once, when M—— was spoken to on the subject, she said she did not think her conduct was very bad. She said that there was no passage in the Bible that forbids one seeing what there was to be seen in the meeting.

Mr L.—Suppose a person should go into the presence of the Queen, to present a petition to her, and to hear her answer to it. Suppose that person, when presenting the petition, laughs in the Queen's face, and while she is making her reply, is occupied in looking at the various articles of furniture in the room; what would be thought of the conduct of such a person?

Jane.—Most persons would think that person insane.

Mr L.—True; we can scarcely conceive that a person in his senses could be guilty of treating the first magistrate of the nation with such disrespect. Yet that is just the disrespect with which many persons treat the King of kings.

Jane.—I never saw it in that light before.

Mr L.—Suppose the Chief-Justice should send for a person to come and see him on some business relating to a case in his court affecting that person's property and life. Well, he goes into the Chief-Justice's parlour, throws himself on a sofa, pays no attention to what is said to him, and falls asleep. Now, that is the way in which many a sinner treats God. You have never been guilty of either of the sins of which we have been speaking?

Jane.—No, sir; not as I remember. I am sure I never got asleep in church either.

Mr L.—So far is well, if you are not in the habit of gazing about the house of God; but do not your thoughts often wander about? You generally keep your eyes fixed on the speaker; do you keep your thoughts fixed upon God?

Jane.—I do not always give my attention to the sermon so closely as I ought.

Mr L.—Suppose your body were transparent, so that every thought and feeling could be seen by the congregation as readily as the movements of your body can be seen; suppose they could see your thoughts as easily as they can see M——'s actions; would not that, at times, cause uneasiness?

Jane.—Yes, sir.

Mr L.—God sees with the utmost clearness every thought and feeling which passes through your mind in his house. I am afraid, that notwithstanding the correctness of your external deportment, there often is iniquity in your heart in the solemn assembly. In God's sight thoughts and feelings are actions. Holiness becometh his house. We profess to assemble there to worship him, and to hear what he will say to us. When we fail to worship, and to pay reverent attention to his word, we are guilty of hypocrisy, of irreverence, and of flagrant iniquity.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"COME BACK ANOTHER TIME."

A CITY missionary called one day upon a woman whom he had not formerly visited, she having only lately come to reside in his district. He knocked at the door; and when she opened it he told who he was, and on what errand he came—to beseech her in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. When she heard this she seemed uneasy, and hastily said to him, "Come back another time—I am too busy to-day to speak to you."

The missionary bade her farewell with a kind parting word, and promised soon again to call on her. He learned, however, from one of the neighbours who was acquainted with this woman, that she was a very careless pleasure-loving sinner—too evidently one who was living without God in the world, and that in all likelihood the excuse she gave for not receiving the visit was no better than that of Felix.

Soon after this the faithful missionary was on his way to the house. When he again made himself and his errand known to the woman, she again answered, "Come back another time—I am too busy to see you to-day." The missionary quietly and solemnly replied, "Ah, my friend! death will one day come and knock at your door, and it will not do to tell him to come back another day."

This woman was married, and had a family; yet her mind was engrossed with the vanities of the world. When the missionary called the second time, her excuse was quite true; she *was* busy. What was she doing? *She was dressing herself previously to going to the theatre.* To the theatre—that devil's church, as it has been well called—she accordingly went that evening. She returned home apparently in her usual health. During the night, however, she was attacked with an alarming disorder, and died next morning. Death knocked at her door, and would take no refusal; it would be of no avail to say to him, "Call back another time."

Unconverted sinner, escape for thy life!

EVIL REPORTS.

THE longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters.

1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others.

2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.

3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.

5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*From Carus' Life of Simeon.*

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BE GENTLE.

"I WALKED," says Henry Martyn, "into the village where the boat stopped for the night, and found the worshipper of Cali by the sound of their drums and cymbals. I did not speak to them, on account of their being Bengalees. But being invited to walk in by the Brahmans, I walked within the railing, and asked a few questions about the idol. The Brahman, who spoke bad Hindostani, disputed with great heat, and his tongue ran faster than I could follow, and the people, who were about one hundred, shouted applause. But I continued to ask my questions without making any remarks upon the answers. I asked, among other things, whether what I had heard of Vishnu and Brahma were true, which they confessed. I forbore to press him with the consequences, which he seemed to feel, and so I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite mild, and said it was *chula bat* (good words), and asked me seriously at last, what I thought—was idol worship true or false? I felt it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer, and that I had declared it in the presence of a devil. And this I also learned, *that the power of gentleness is irresistible.*"

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

THE celebrated Fontenelle said, that women have a fibre more in the heart and a cell less in the brain, than men. This aptly suggests the true sphere of woman's action and the true source of her power. As the dew lies longest and produces most fertility in the shade, so woman in the shade of domestic retirement sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life. Thus the humble and retired often yield more valuable benefits to society than the noisy and bustling satellites of earth, whose very light and unconcealed enjoyment deteriorates and parches up the moral soil it flows over.

LOVE THE SAINTS.

IF we love God's picture, we love his image shining in the saints. "He that loves him that begat, loves him also that is begotten of him." (1 John v. 1.) It is possible to love a saint, yet not to love him as a saint; we may love him for something else—for his ingenuity, or because he is affable and bountiful. A beast loves a man, but not as he is a man, but because he feeds him, and gives him provender. But to love a saint as he is a saint, this is a sign of love to God. If we love a saint for his saintship, as having something of God in him, then we love him in th se four cases.

(1.) We love a saint though he be poor. A man that loves gold, loves a piece of gold though it be in a rag; so, though a saint be in rags, we love him, because there is something of Christ in him.

(2.) We love a saint, though he has many personal failings. There is no perfection here. In some, rash anger prevails; in some, inconstancy; in some, too much love of the world. A saint in this life is like gold in the ore; much dross of infirmity cleaves to him, yet we love him for the grace that is in him. A saint is like a fair face with a scar: we love the beautiful face of holiness, though there be a scar in it. The best emerald has its blemishes, the brightest stars their twinklings, and the best of the saints have their failings. Thou that canst not love another because of his infirmities, how wouldst thou have God love thee?

(3.) We love the saints though in some lesser things they differ from us. Perhaps another Christian has not so much light as thou, and that may make him err in some things; wilt thou presently un-saint him because he cannot come up to thy light? Where there is union in fundamentals, there ought to be union in affections.

(4.) We love the saints though they are persecuted. We love precious metal though it be in the furnace. St Paul did bear in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. (Gal. vi. 17.) Those marks were, like the soldier's scars, honourable. We must love a saint as well in chains as in scarlet. If we love Christ, we love his persecuted members.

If this be love to God, when we love his image sparkling in the saints, oh, then, how few lovers of God are to be found! Do they love God who hate them that are like God? Do they love Christ's person who are filled with a spirit of revenge against his people? How can that wife be said to love her husband, who tears his picture? Surely Judas and Julian are not yet dead—their spirit yet lives in the world. Who are guilty but the innocent! what greater crime than holiness, if the devil may be one of the grand jury! Wicked men may seem to bear great reverence to the saints departed; they canonize dead saints, but persecute living. In vain do men stand up at the creed, and tell the world they believe in God, when they abominate one of the articles of the creed, namely, the communion of saints. Surely there is not a greater sign of a man ripe for hell than this, not only to want grace, but to hate it.—*Watson.*

A DIFFERENCE.

IT would be, perhaps, impossible to find an unregenerate sinner, who does not entertain a flattering opinion of his own moral character as compared with that of some of his companions; and it is just as difficult to find an enlightened Christian, who does not regard his own personal sins as possessing some features of turpitude not discoverable in the sins of his fellow-Christians. Light makes all this difference. He that truly knows his own heart, can know nothing worse—his conviction is, "I am the chief of sinners."

GIVE GLORY TO GOD.

ALL the benefit which ariseth out of giving glory to God redounds to us, and none to Him. His glory is infinite and eternally the same—there is, and can be, no accession unto that by all our praises. When a glass reflecteth the brightness of the sun, there is but an acknowledgment of what is, not any addition of what is not. When an excellent orator makes a panegyrical oration in praise of some honourable person, he doth not infuse any drachm of worth into the person, but only setteth forth and declareth that which is unto others. A curious picture praiseth a beautiful face, not by adding beauty to it, but by representing that which was in it before. The window which lets in light into a house doth not benefit the light, but the house into which the light shineth. So our praising God doth serve to quicken, comfort, and refresh ourselves, who have interest in so good a God; or to edify and encourage our brethren, that they may be ambitious to serve so honourable a Master; but they add no lustre or glory to God at all.—*Reynolds.*

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HINTS TO MINISTERS AND HEARERS.

[FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.]

I.—TO MINISTERS.

THERE are three sorts of truths which must in our ministry be often preached.

First, Fundamental truths, or, as we call them, catechism points, that contain truths necessary to be known and believed. The weight of the whole building lies on these ground-cells more than on superstructory truths. In a kingdom there are some staple commodities and trades, without which the commonwealth could not subsist, as wool, corn, &c., in our country; and those ought to be encouraged above others, which though they be an ornament to the nation, yea, add to the riches of it, yet are not so necessary to the subsistence of it. Thus here, there is an excellent use of our other ministerial labours, as they tend to beautify and adorn, yea, enrich, the Christian with the knowledge of spiritual mysteries; but that which is chiefly to be regarded, is the constant, faithful opening of those main truths of the gospel; these are the landmarks, and show us the bounds of truth; and as it is in towns that abut one upon another, if the inhabitants do not sometimes perambulate and walk the bounds, to show the youth what they are, when the old studs are gone, the next generation may lose all their privileges by their encroaching neighbours, because not able to tell what is their own. There is no fundamental truth, but hath some evil neighbour (heresy I mean) butting on it; and the very reason why a spirit of error has so encroached of late years upon truth, is, because we have not walked the bounds with our people, in acquainting them with, and establishing their judgments on these fundamental points, so frequently and carefully as is requisite. And people are so much in fault, because they cast so much contempt upon this work, that they count a sermon on such points next to lost, and only child's meat.

Secondly, Those truths are oft to be preached, which ministers observe to be most undermined by Satan or his instruments in the judgments or lives of their people. The preacher must read and study his people as diligently as any book in his study; and as he finds them, dispense like a faithful steward unto them. Paul takes notice that the Galatians had been in ill handling by false apostles, who had even bewitched them back to the law in that great point of justification; and see how he beats upon that point. Our people complain, we are so much, so oft reproving the same error or sin; and the fault is their own, because they will not leave it. Who will blame the dog for continuing to bark, when the thief is all the while in the yard? Alas, alas, it is not once or twice rousing against sin, will do it! When people think the minister shows his laziness, because he preaches the same things, he may then be exercising his patience, in continuing to exhort and reprove those who oppose—waiting, if at last God will give them repentance, to the acknowledging of the truth. We are bid to lift up our voice like a trumpet; and would you have us cease while the battle lasts, or sound a retreat when it should be a battle?

Thirdly, Truths of daily use and practice. These are like bread and salt; whatever else is on, these must be on the board every meal. St Peter was of this mind (2 Pet. i. 12): "I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them." He had, you may see, been speaking of such graces and duties, that they could not pass a day without the exercise of them, and therefore will be ever their monitor to stir up their pure minds about them. All is not well, when a man is weary of his ordinary food, and nothing will go down but rarities; the stomach is sickly, when a man delights rather to pick some salad, than eat of solid meat: and how far this dainty age is gone in this spiritual disease, I think few are so far come to themselves as yet to consider and lament. O sirs, be not weary, as in doing, so in hearing those savoury truths preached you have daily use of, because ye know them, and have heard them often: faith and repentance will be good doctrine to preach and hear to the end of the world. You may as well quarrel with God because he hath made but one heaven, and one way to it, as be offended at the preacher for preaching these over and over. If thy heart be humble, and thy palate spiritual, old truths will be new to thee every time thou hearest them. In heaven, the saints draw all their wine of joy, as I may so say, at

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one tap, and shall to all eternity; and yet it never tastes flat. God is that one object their souls are filled with, and never weary of; and can anything of God and his love be wearisome to thee in the hearing here? I am not all this while an advocate for any loiterer in our Lord's vineyard, for any slothful servant in the work of the gospel, who wraps up his talent in idleness, or buries it in the earth, where, may be, he is digging and playing the worldling all the week, and then hath nothing to set before his people on the Lord's-day, but one or two mouldy loaves, which were kneaded many years before. This is not the good steward; here is the old, but where are the new things which he should bring out of his treasure? If the minister labour not to increase his stock, he is the worst thief in the parish. It is wicked for a man, trusted with the improving of orphans' estates, to let them lie dead by him; much more for a minister not to improve his gifts, which I may call the town-stock, given for the good of the souls of both rich and poor. If that preacher was wise (Eccles. xii. 9), who still "taught the people knowledge;" that is, was ever going on, endeavouring to build them higher in knowledge, and that he might, did "give good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs;" then surely he will be proved a foolish preacher at last, that wastes his time in sloth, or spends more of it in studying how to add to his estate out of his people's, than how to add to their gifts and graces, by a conscientious endeavour to increase his own.

II.—TO HEARERS.

First, Look thou art a wakeful hearer. Is it any wonder he should go away from the sermon no wiser than he came, that sleeps the greatest part of it away, or hears between sleeping and waking? It must be in a dream, sure, if God reveal anything of his mind to him. So indeed God did to the fathers of old, but it was not as they profanely slept under an ordinance. O take heed of such irreverence. He that composeth himself to sleep, as some do, at such a time, and he that is not humbled for it, and that deeply, both of them betray a base and low esteem they have of the ordinance. Surely thou thinkest but meanly of what is delivered, if it will not keep thee awake; yea, of God himself, whose message it is. See how thou art reproved by the awful carriage of a heathen, and that of a king. Ehud did but say to Eglon, "I have a message from God unto thee; and he arose out of his seat." (Judg. iii. 20.) And thou clappest down on thy seat to sleep! O how darest thou to put such an affront upon the great God? How oft did you fall asleep at dinner, or telling your money? And is not the word of God worth more than these? I should wonder if such sermon-sleepers do dream of anything but hell-fire. It is dangerous you know to fall asleep with a candle burning by our side; some have been so burned in their beds; but more dangerous to sleep while the candle of the word is shining so near us. What if you should sink down dead, like Eutychus? here is no Paul to raise you as he had; and that you shall not, where is your security?

Secondly, Thou must be an attentive hearer. He that is awake, but wanders with his eye or heart, what doth he but sleep with his eyes open? It were as good the servant should be asleep in his bed, as when up not to mind his master's business. When God intends a soul good by the word, he draws such a one to listen and hearken heedfully to what is delivered; as we see in Lydia, "who," it is said, "attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." And those, Luke xix. 48: "The people were attentive to hear him." They did hang on him as you shall see bees on some sweet flower, or as young birds on the bills of their dams as they feed them: that is the soul which shall get light and life by the word. "Hear, ye children, and attend to know understanding." (Prov. iv. 1.) Labour, therefore, in hearing the word, to fix thy quicksilver mind, and set thyself to hear, as it is said Jehoshaphat did to pray, and that thou mayst before thou goest get thy heart into some deep sense of thy spiritual wants, especially of thy ignorance of the things of God, and thy deplorable condition by reason of it. Till the heart be touched, the mind will not be fixed. Therefore you may observe, it is said, "God opened the heart of Lydia, that she attended." (Acts xvi. 14.) The mind goes on the will's errand; we spend our thoughts upon what our hearts propose. If the heart hath no sense of its ignorance, or no desires after God, no wonder such a one listens not what the preacher saith—his heart sends his mind another way. "They sit before thee as my people," saith God; "but their heart goeth after their covetousness." They do not come out of such an intent or desire to hear for any good to their souls—then they would apply themselves wholly to the work; no, it is their covetousness hath their hearts; and therefore as some idle servant, when he hath waited on

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his master, and brought him to his pew, then he goes out to his good fellows at the ale-house, and comes no more till sermon be almost done; so do the thoughts of most when they go to the ordinance—they slip out in the street, market, or shop—you may find them anywhere but about the duty before them; and all because these have their hearts more than God and his Word.

Thirdly, Thou must be a retentive hearer; without this the work will ever be to begin again. Truths to a forgetful hearer are as a seal set on water—the impression lasts no longer than the seal is on; the sermon once done, and all is undone; be therefore very careful to fasten what thou hearest on thy memory, which that thou mayst do,

First, Receive the truth in the love of it. An affectionate hearer will not be a forgetful hearer. Love helps the memory: "Can a woman forget her child, or a maid her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" No, they love them too well. Were the truths of God thus precious to thee, thou wouldst, with David, think of them day and night. Even when the Christian, through weakness of memory, cannot remember the very words he hears, to repeat them, yea then he keeps the power and savour of them in his spirit: as when sugar is dissolved in wine, you cannot see it, but you may taste it; when meet is eaten and digested, the man is cheered and strengthened by it, more able to walk and work than before, by which you may know it is not lost: so you may taste the truths the Christian heard, in his spirit, see them in his life. Perhaps if you ask him what the particulars were the minister had about faith, mortification, repentance, and the like, he cannot tell you; yet this you may find, his heart is more broken for sin, more enabled to rely on the promises, and more weaned from the world. As that good woman answered one, that, coming from the sermon, asked her what she remembered of the sermon, said, She could not at present recall much, but she heard that which should make her reform some things as soon as she came home.

Secondly, Meditate on what thou hearest; by this David got more wisdom than his teachers. Observe what truth, what scripture is cleared to thee in the sermon more than before—take some time in secret to converse with it, and make it thereby familiar with thy understanding. Meditation is to the sermon what the harrow is to the seed—it covers those truths which else might have been picked or wasted away. I am afraid there are many proofs turned down at a sermon, that are hardly turned up and looked on any more when the sermon is done; and if so, you make others believe you are greater traders for your souls than you are indeed; as if one should come to a shop and lay by a great deal of rich ware, and when he hath done, goes away and never calls for it. O take heed of such doings. The hypocrite cheats himself worst at last.

THE REV. ROBERT FLEMING, JUN.

[The remarkable corroborations which the prophetical calculations of this distinguished divine, in his "Discourse on the Rise and Fall of the Papacy," have met with, first in the year 1793, and much more recently in the present year, induce us to present our readers with the following sketch of his life, from the edition of his work recently published in Edinburgh by Mr Johnstone. In our next Number we shall lay before our readers the substance of his prophetical calculations, and their fulfilment.]

As the two eminent individuals who bore the name of Robert Fleming have been often mistaken for one and the same person, we shall briefly state a few particulars respecting the father, before we proceed to the memoir of his son, the author of "The Rise and Fall of Papacy."

Mr Robert Fleming, senior, was born at Yester, in East Lothian, of which parish his father was minister, A.D. 1630. After having received the elements of a liberal and learned education, he studied with a view to the ministry at the Universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews; and in his twenty-third year he was inducted to the charge of the parish of Cambuslang. Here he remained but for a few years; for, in consequence of the passing of the Glasgow Act, he was ejected, along with four hundred of the best ministers of Scotland, who refused to prostrate the liberties of the Church beneath the feet of civil power. In consequence of this Act, and the persecution that followed, in which Fleming was a sharer, he found himself compelled to take shelter in London, from which he was afterwards invited to the second pastoral charge of the Scots Church at Rotterdam—a call which he gladly accepted. In this place he discharged the duties of a faithful, able, and zealous minister, and also wrote several distinguished works, the chief of which, entitled "The Fulfilling of the Scripture," was highly prized by our fathers, and frequently referred to by the most eminent theological writers at the close of the seventeenth and a great portion of the eighteenth century. He also occasionally repaired to London, after the accession of William III., where his learning and piety insured him an affectionate welcome from the most eminent in the religious world. It was on one of these visits in 1694 that he was attacked with his last illness, and, after a short struggle, he expired, at the age of sixty-four.

The exact period of the birth of Robert Fleming, junior, author of the work on Prophecy, cannot now be ascertained. It appears, however, that he was born

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at Cambuslang, during the short incumbency of his father there; and that on the ejection of the latter, Robert, who must still have been in mere boyhood, if not absolute infancy, composed one of a young family of seven children, who were thus bereaved of paternal care, and thrown upon the wide world. But that gracious and heavenly Father for whose cause all this destitution had been incurred, did not suffer them to want, but, on the contrary, provided them with every comfort that was fitting for them. On the settlement of their parent in Holland, Robert, and the rest of the family, who some time previous had been deprived of their mother by death, repaired to Rotterdam.

Whatever education Robert had received before this period must have been of a desultory character, and liable to many interruptions; but in a mind of such an active and inquiring disposition, it generally happens that such obstacles, so far from impeding, only nerve for stronger and more successful efforts. After having been again settled under paternal superintendence, he continued his studies with redoubled ardour, and with the purpose of devoting them to the work of the ministry. Of his diligence, indeed, in preliminary studies, and the proficiency he made in classical and Biblical learning, there are ample proofs, not only in the general tenor of his after-life, but the writings he bequeathed to posterity. Of the solemn view which he took of the responsibility of the ministerial work, and the nature of the preparation required for it, he has given us a copious and interesting account, in the preface to his learned work, entitled "Christology." "When I had passed," he says, "the ordinary course of school and academical studies, and had resolved to devote my life wholly to the study of divinity, with the joint approbation of my friends and teachers, I thought it my duty to bind myself by a solemn resolution before God to prosecute that sacred work with the utmost attention of mind, divesting myself as far as possibly I could from all prejudices arising either from education, party, or interest. And I have reason to thank God that (while I was very young) my overhearing my father solemnly declare to some particular friends that he had all along acted thus, did leave such an impression upon my mind, that I took up this resolution very early, though not so solemnly as afterwards, when time and experience had further ripened and improved my reason."

The resolution thus adopted, Fleming pursued with extraordinary diligence, both at the University of Leyden and that of Utrecht. His fellow-students were content to use the lectures of the professors, and digest compends of theology; he, on the contrary, procured the books that had been written both for and against controverted points and cases. He would not decide without hearing both sides of the question, and in their own words. This bold experiment, however, was not without its disadvantages. "I must own," he says, "that I was frequently nonplussed, and rendered pendulous and doubtful what to think and believe in several cases. I lamented my own weakness, and want of acuteness and penetration, in comparison of others who were as confident in their opinion of the most difficult things, as if they had been the most facile." He comforted himself, however, in the thought, that by the wider range of study which he had adopted, he had learned more thoroughly the sentiments of those who differed in opinion from himself, and had acquired towards them a more enlarged charity. After having thus studied the controversies of the day, he turned to the classical writers, the philosophers of the Heathen world, and the fathers of the Christian Church. These he examined successively with great diligence and care; and perceiving that the patristic writings did not depend wholly upon the Scriptures for illustration, but reverted often to traditional sources, he fell back upon the Jewish and Rabbinical literature, that he might verify them at the fountain-head. Thus having plodded through the whole round of literature and scholastic theology, with a reference to its highest and most legitimate application—having weighed its worth, and ascertained its tendencies; and having, above all, imbibed that spirit of love and charity which he was so desirous to cultivate, he finally returned with redoubled affection to that Source of light and wisdom in which alone the inquiring soul can be at rest, and the most capacious intellect be filled to overflowing. His language on this subject is full of interest and meaning: "But when I had taken all this pains, and run round in this mental survey of learning, I began not only to tire and grow uneasy, but disrelish, and in some sort nauseate, all human writings. I found that there was no end in reading as well as in writing books, and that much study was a weariness to the flesh—nay, that vanity and vexation of spirit were themselves entailed upon this, as well as upon all other things that the children of Adam busied themselves about. I resolved, therefore, to betake myself for the future to the study of the Sacred Volume alone, as my main business, and to make no other use of other books than as they might become subservient to me in the understanding and improvement of the same. For I may say truly, with David, that I easily see the end of all human perfection, but that the law of God was exceeding broad, as appearing still greater and greater the more it was searched into and understood."

After Fleming had thus studied and investigated, and finally returned exclusively to the Source of all light and charity, he was privately ordained in Rotterdam, but without being set apart over any particular charge, in 1688, by several ministers of the Church of Scotland, at that time refugees in Holland. He soon after repaired to England as domestic chaplain to a private family, where he remained about four years, still cultivating assiduously his theological studies; and there, also, he published several poetical productions, which have shared in the fate of many of their contemporaries, being now rarely found, and seldom or never adverted to. At length, on having once more visited Holland, he received, in 1692, an invitation from the English Presbyterian Church at Leyden, to become their minister, with which he complied. Here he became so

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highly endeared to his people, that when, in consequence of the death of his excellent father in 1694, he was invited by the Presbyterian Church at Rotterdam to succeed their deceased pastor, his own congregation earnestly deprecated his removal. Much and earnest remonstrance between the two churches was the consequence, so that he was not admitted to the charge at Rotterdam until the commencement of the following year. To console his afflicted flock at Leyden, he promised to them, at his departure, to return and preach frequently among them, and also to dispense the sacrament to them every quarter —a promise which he sacredly fulfilled, until the settlement of a regular minister there made his further labours unnecessary.

It might have been expected that a translation effected with so much difficulty and reluctance would have precluded the pain of a second, and that Fleming would have been suffered to remain in the highly important charge which he held at Rotterdam; but such did not long continue to be the case. He had been little more than three years in that place, during which the congregation had greatly increased, and their means of comfort and respectability been greatly augmented, when a plan was in gitation to have him removed to London. A Scottish congregation had been for a long time established at Founders-Hall, Lothbury, whose minister, the Rev. Nicholas Blaikie, had become unfit, from age and debility, to discharge his pastoral duties. On this occasion they anxiously inquired for a successor, and both minister and people fixed their choice upon Mr Robert Fleming. It is said, also, that this harmonious application of two parties so greatly interested in the event was backed by the powerful interest of a third—even that of William himself, who had now sat nine years on the throne of Britain. It has been added, moreover, that the king, while Prince of Orange, had been personally cognizant of Fleming's learning, talents, and worth, and wished to secure them for the country over which he now ruled. At length the call of the Presbyterian Church in Lothbury, after much discussion, was accepted, and Fleming became their minister in the middle of 1698.

After this period, his life was the calm and even tenor of a diligent, laborious student and faithful divine. Although so repeatedly translated, he was no ambitious place-hunter; and instead of availing himself either of the high interest he possessed, or the invitations he received to more exalted situations in the Church, he contented himself with the humble charge of a chapel, and the lowly position of a Dissenter. An allusion to what he might have been, is contained in the dedication to his work. To be Principal of the University of Glasgow was no mean temptation for one so devoted to literature. The mace of office was placed before him, upon which he had only to lay his hand; and he refused. But even in the obscure retirement of Lothbury his merits were not hid; on the contrary, his profound and varied learning were appreciated by universities and distinguished literary individuals both at home and abroad; while the two highest personages of the realm—the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury —honoured him with their acquaintanceship. His majesty, we are told, frequently consulted him on the management of Scottish affairs; but such was the modesty of the presbyter, that these interviews, at his own earnest request, were always conducted in secrecy.

The latter days of this excellent divine were clouded with sorrow on account of the unsettled state of public affairs, and the dangers with which the Protestantism of the country was menaced. The selfish intrigues of the courtiers alternately to advance or thwart the establishment of the House of Hanover, according to the predominance of their own personal interests; the unscrupulous machinations of Popish emissaries; the growing ascendency of the Romish superstition; and the risk of a Popish successor with which the throne was incessantly threatened—these melancholy prospects constantly before him for years, preyed upon his gentle spirit and delicate constitution, and finally hurried him to the grave. He died in London, May 24, 1716.

It was amidst these despondent feelings and intense anxieties that Fleming published his "Discourse on the Rise and Fall of the Papacy." At this time the power of France was at the height, and William III. was maintaining against it what appeared to all but himself a most unsuccessful and hopeless struggle, while his most secret plans and measures were hourly sold by his servants to the Courts of Paris and St Germain. It was even then that Fleming, studying the interpretation of prophecy in a conscientious and modest spirit, believed that he beheld, in the pouring out of the fourth vial, the destruction of the French monarchy, and the fearful events with which it was to be accompanied. And how were these conjectures and guesses, as he so diffidently terms them, received? We have no means of learning the amount of attention they obtained, or the degree of faith with which they were regarded; perhaps, indeed, they were considered the fond reveries of a dreamer yearning for the accomplishment of events which, however desirable in themselves, were yet of all the most unlikely, or even impossible. But time rolled on, until nearly a century afterward, when these astounding predictions were fulfilled to the letter. The French monarchy was indeed extinguished in a fire of revolutionary principles, after, by its support of America, it had scorched the regal dominion of Britain. It was in the commencement of 1793, when the horrors of the revolution were at the wildest, and when Louis XVI. was about to perish ignominiously upon the scaffold, that Fleming's improbable predictions, written nearly a hundred years before, were recalled to memory, and brought before public attention, not only by extracts published in newspapers, but reprints of the work itself, both in England and America. The sensation they produced was deep, thrilling, and universal; and it is even alleged, that they constituted a powerful dissuasive, under the management of the liberal party, against the fatal war into which Britain was about to enter with republican France.

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THE FRUIT FOUND.

Few teachers are aware how long they are remembered, and, if faithful, with how much affection, by their scholars. More than twenty years ago, a lady, in a destitute neighbourhood, opened in her own house what she called a Sabbath school. The Bible and the catechism were recited by a number of children who united in the school. This teacher was a mother, and often has been known to hear thirty or forty lessons with an infant in her arms. These self-denying labours were not overlooked by the great Head of the Church. Those who attended her school grew up altogether unlike others in the same neighbourhood who did not attend. The moulding of their minds, and the forming of their characters seem to have been accomplished by her, and that, too, in some instances, when the almost omnipotent example of parents was directly opposed to her influence. Three of her scholars were the daughters of profane and intemperate parents. Such was the hold which this devoted teacher obtained over their affections and confidence, that she rescued them from the ruinous influence of these parents, and trained them to be ornaments in society. They were respectably settled in life.

One scholar, while on her death-bed, sent a messenger from the town in which she was residing, to request this teacher to come and see her. She was unable to go; but just as the young lady was going into eternity, leaning upon the staff of the Redeemer, she left a special message for her teacher—"Tell her that her instructions in that little Sabbath school were blessed to the salvation of my soul." Such was the influence of one teacher, and she a mother at the head of a family! Such were the rewards which she lived to receive. All may not see the results of their labours so clearly. Sometimes for wise reasons, the teacher will not be permitted to see the results, and to hear the offerings of the grateful scholar in this life. But the word of God shall not return to him void. The seed may seem to die; but it will, in God's own time, spring up, and bear fruit unto eternal life. As an illustration of this, we have often been affected at an incident connected with Henry Martyn. If we mistake not, our readers will be also.

Some years since, an English gentleman spent several weeks at Shiraz, Persia. He attended a public dinner with a party of Persians, among whom was one who took but little part in the conversation. He was below middle age, serious and mild in countenance. His name was Mohammed Rahem. In the course of a religious conversation, the Englishman expressed himself with some levity; at which Mohammed fixed his eyes upon him with such a look of surprise, regret, and reproof, as reached his very soul. Upon inquiry, the gentleman found that he had been educated as a mollah (priest), though he had never officiated; that he was much respected, was learned, retired in his habits, and was drawn out to attend that party, only by the expectation of meeting an Englishman, to whose nation and language he was much attached. In a subsequent interview, Mohammed Rahem declared himself a Christian, and gave the following account of the happy change in his views and feelings.

"In the year 1223 (of the Hejira), there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unparalled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from our mollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mohammed; and I visited this teacher of the despised sect, with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour towards him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated. His extreme forbearance towards his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed (for he spoke Persian excellently), gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally, to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our chief mollah. Need I detain you longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion. I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation (the memory of it will never fade from the tablet of my mind) sealed my conversion. He gave me a book; it has ever been my constant companion; the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation; its contents have often consoled me." Upon this he put into his hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian. On one of the blank leaves was written—"There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Henry Martyn.

JACOB'S WELL.

(*From Wilson's "Lands of the Bible."*)

On arriving at Jacob's Well, we found the mouth of it—which is in the middle of the ruins of a church by which it was formerly surmounted—covered with two large stones. These we were unable ourselves to remove; but a half dozen sturdy Arabs, from a small hamlet close by, did the needful for us, in expectation, of course, of a due reward. The opening over the well is an orifice in a dome or arch, less than two feet in diameter. Our Samaritan friend was the first to enter. He held by a piece of rope, which we kept in our hands till, swinging himself across the mouth of the well, properly so called, he found footing on the margin of the excavation over which the dome extends. Mr Smith and myself, dispensing with the superfluous parts of our dresses, followed his example; the Jew Mordecai and Dhanjibhái, whom we thought it expedient to leave without, keeping fast hold of the rope till, with the assistance of Jacob, we got a firm footing beside him. The Arabs entered one after another without difficulty. All within was hitherto darkness; but, by the aid of

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a packet of lucifers, we lighted our candles, and were able to look down the well to a considerable depth. It was now time to disclose our plan of operation to our native attendants. "Jacob," said we, "a friend of ours, an English traveller, and minister (the Rev. Andrew Bonar of Collace), dropped the five Books of Moses and the other inspired records into this well, about three years ago,* and if you will descend and bring them up, we shall give you a handsome *bakshish*." "Bakshish!" said the Arabs, kindling at the sound, "if there is to be a bakshish in the case, *we* must have it, for *we* are the lords of the land." "Well, down you go," said we, throwing the rope over their shoulders, "and you shall have the bakshish." "Nay, verily," said they, "you mean to hang us; let Jacob do what he pleases." Jacob was ready at our command; and when he had tied the rope round his body below his shoulders, he received our parting instructions. We asked him to call out to us the moment that he might arrive at the surface of the water, and told him that we should so hold the rope as to prevent him from sinking if there was any considerable depth of the element. We told him also to pull out one of the candles with which he had stored his breast, and to ignite it when he might get below. As he looked into the fearful pit on the brink of which he stood, terror took hold of him; and he betook himself to prayer in the Hebrew tongue. We, of course, gave him no interruption in his solemn exercise, as, in the circumstances of the case, we could not but admire the spirit of devotion which he evinced. On a signal given, we let him go. The Arabs held with us the rope, and we took care that he should descend as gently as possible. When our material was nearly exhausted, he called out, "I have reached the bottom; and it is at present scarcely covered with water." Forthwith he kindled his light; and that he might have every advantage, we threw him down a quantity of dry sticks, with which he made a blaze, which distinctly showed us the whole of the well, from the top to the bottom. We saw the end of the rope at its lower part; and we put a knot upon it at the margin above, that we might have the exact measurement when Jacob might come up. After searching for about five minutes for the Bible among the stones and mud at the bottom, our kind friend joyfully called out, "It is found! it is found! it is found!" We were not slow, it may be supposed, in giving him our congratulations. The prize he carefully put into his breast; and then he declared his readiness, with our aid, to make the ascent. Ready, however, he was not to move. He was evidently much frightened at the journey which was before him to the light of day; and he was not slow to confess his fears. "Never mind," cried Mordecai to him from the top, on observing his alarm, "you will get up by the help of the God of Jacob." He betook himself again to prayer, in which he continued for a much longer time than before his descent. When we got him in motion, he dangled very uncomfortably in the air, and complained much of the cutting of the rope near his armpits. By-and-by he became silent. We found it no easy matter to get him pulled up, as we had to keep the rope from the edge of the well, lest it should snap asunder. When he came into our hands, he was unable to speak; and we laid him down on the margin of the well, that he might collect his breath. "*Where is the bakshish?*" were the first words which he uttered, on regaining his faculty of speech. It was immediately forthcoming, to the extent of about a sovereign, and to his fullest satisfaction. A similar sum we divided among our Arab assistants. The book, from having been so long steeped in the water and mud below, was, with the exception of the boards, reduced to a mass of pulp. In our effort to recover it, we had ascertained the depth of the well, which is exactly seventy-five feet. Its diameter is about nine feet. It is entirely hewn out of the solid rock, and is a work of great labour. It bears marks about it of the greatest antiquity. "The well is deep," was the description given of it by the woman of Samaria to our Lord. It still, as now noticed, has the same character, although to a considerable extent it is perhaps filled with the stones which are thrown into it, to sound it, by travellers and pilgrims.

The adventure which I have now noticed being over, we emerged from the well; and sitting down at its mouth, we could not but think of the scenes and events of other days. We were near to the very "parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph." Jacob's well was here! Here Jesus the Saviour sat, wearied with his journey, suffering from the infirmities of that lowly human nature which he had assumed, when he came from heaven to accomplish the work of our redemption, which his Father had given him to do. Here he spake with inimitable simplicity and majesty, as never man spake, setting himself forth as the Source and Giver of the copious and satisfying waters of eternal life. Here he declared that the time was at hand when the whole world should be consecrated as the temple of God, and the spirituality of divine worship manifested in its fullest extent—"Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither at this mountain (Gerizim), nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. ..... The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him." Here, by his perfect knowledge of the human heart, and of the dark events of the woman's life, and by the wisdom, and power, and grace of his words, he so revealed himself as that Messiah whom the Samaritan as well as the Jew expected, that many believed on him, and knew that he was indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

The earliest notice of the locality of the well, after the time of Christ, is in the Jerusalem Itinerary, A.D. 333. Frequent references to it and to a church which surmounted it, are contained in subsequent writers. Most of these I have examined; but the most important have been collected by Quaresmius and Reland, and referred to by Dr Robinson. The traditions of Jews, Samaritans, Christians, and Mohammedans, agree in its identification. Its depth, compared with that of other wells at and near Shechem, tells in favour of the accuracy of the judgment which has been formed respecting it. It appears to me that there is much good sense in the following observations on this matter of Messrs Bonar and M'Cheyne: "In all the other wells and fountains which we saw in this valley, the water is within reach of the hand, but in this one the water seems never to rise high. This is one of the clear evidences that this is really the Well of Jacob, for at this day it would require what it required in the days of our Lord, an ἄντλημα, 'something to draw with, for it was deep.' On account of the great depth, the water would be peculiarly cool, and the associations that

* "Mr Bonar engaged a very affable Jew to show him the road to Jacob's Well, who, after leading him through the town, gave him in charge to another that knew the place. . . . . The guide removed a large stone that covers the mouth of the low vault built over the well; and then, thrusting himself through the narrow aperture, invited Mr Bonar to follow. This he accordingly did; and, in the act of descending, his Bible escaping from his breast-pocket, fell into the well, and was soon heard plunging in the water far below. The guide made very significant signs that it could not be recovered, 'for the well is deep.'"—*Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews*, pp. 283, 284.

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connected this well with their father Jacob, no doubt made it to be highly esteemed. For these reasons, although there is a fine stream of water close by the west side of the town, at least two gushing fountains within the walls, and the fountain El-Defna nearly a mile [half a mile] nearer the town, still the people of the town may very probably have reverenced and frequented Jacob's Well. This may, in part, account for the Samaritan woman coming so far to draw water; and there seems every probability that the town, in former times, extended much farther to the east than it does now. The narrative itself, however, seems to imply that the well was situated a considerable way from the town." No one acquainted with the custom of the people of the East, to have their wells in their own fields, will be at a loss to account for the digging of this well even in the vicinity of the natural fountains and streamlets of the valley in which it is situated.

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

THE view given of God in the second commandment as a *jealous* Being, and of the manner in which his jealousy was to express itself, has by some been represented as so peculiarly Jewish, by others as so flagrantly obnoxious to right principle, that they denounce the very thought of the decalogue being considered as a perfect revelation of the mind and will of God. The subject has long afforded a favourite ground of railing accusation to avowed infidels and rationalist divines; and Spinosa could not think of any thing in Scripture more clearly and manifestly repugnant to reason, than that the attribute of jealousy was ascribed to God in the decalogue itself.

The treatment which this article in the decalogue has met with, is a good specimen of the shallow and superficial character of infidelity. It proceeds on the supposition, that jealousy, when ascribed to God, must carry precisely the same meaning, and be understood to indicate the same affections, as when spoken of men. Considered as a disposition in man, it is commonly indicative of something sickly and distempered. But as every affection of the human mind must, when referred to God, be understood with such limitations as the infinite disparity between the divine and human natures renders necessary, it might be no difficult matter to modify the common notion of jealousy, so far as to render it perfectly compatible with the other representations given of God as perfect in holiness. But even this is scarcely necessary; for every scholar knows, that the word in the original is by no means restricted to what is distinctively meant by jealousy, and that the radical and proper idea, unless otherwise determined by the context, has respect merely to the *zeal* or ardour with which any one is disposed to vindicate his own rights. Applied to God, it simply presents him to our view as the one supreme Jehovah, who as such claims—cannot indeed but claim—he were not the One Eternal God, but an idol, if he did not claim—the undivided love and homage of his creatures; and who, consequently, must resist with holy zeal and indignation every attempt to deprive him of what is so peculiarly his own. It is only to give vividness to this idea, by investing it with the properties of an earthly relation, that the divine affection is so often presented under the special form of jealousy. It arises, as Calvin has remarked, from God's condescending to assume towards his people the character of a husband; in which respect he cannot bear a partner.

But allowing that the notion of jealousy, when thus explained, is a righteous and necessary attribute of Jehovah, does not the objection hold, at least in regard to the particular form of its manifestation mentioned in the second commandment? If it becomes God to be jealous, yet is it not to make his jealousy interfere with his justice, when he declares his purpose to visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations? So one might judge, if looking, not merely to the attacks of infidels, but to the feeble and unsatisfactory attempts which have too often been made to explain the declaration by Christian divines. Grotius, for example, resolves it simply into the absolute sovereignty of God, who has a right to do what he will with his own. Warburton represents it as a temporary expedient to supply the lack of a future state of reward and punishment under the law; and in his usual way, contends that no otherwise could the principle be vindicated, and the several scriptures referring to it harmonized. Michaëlis, Paley, and a host besides, while they also regard it as to a great extent a temporary arrangement, rest their defence of it mainly on the ground of its having to do only with temporal evils, and in no respect reaching to men's spiritual and eternal interests. It is fatal to all these attempts at explanation, that none of them fairly grapples with the visitation of evil threatened, as a punishment. For, viewed in this light, which is unquestionably the scriptural one, such attempts are manifestly nothing more than mere shifts and evasions of the point at issue. When resolved into the sovereignty of God, it still remains to be asked, whether such an exercise of his sovereignty is consistent with those ideas of immutable justice, which are implanted in the human breast? When viewed as a temporary expedient to supply a want, which, to say the least, might, if real, have admitted of a very simple remedy, the question still waits for solution, whether the expedient itself was in proper accordance with the righteous principles which should regulate every government, whether human or divine? And when it is affirmed, that the penalties denounced in the threatening were only temporal, the reply surely is competent, why might not God do in eternity what he does in time? Or, if the principle on which the punishment proceeds, be not in all respects justifiable, how could it be acted on by God temporarily, any more than eternally? Is it consistent with the notion of a God of infinite rectitude, that he should do on a small, what he could not do on a large scale?

The fundamental error in the false explanations referred to, lies in the supposition of the children, who are to suffer, being in a different state morally from that of their parents—innocent children bearing the chastisement due to the transgressions of their wicked parents. But the words of the threatening purposely guard against such an idea, by

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describing the third and fourth generations, on whom the visitation of evil was to fall, as of *those that hate God;* just as, on the other hand, the mercy which was pledged to thousands, was promised as the dowry of those that *love* him. Such children alone are here concerned, who, in the language of Calvin, "imitate the impiety of their progenitors." Indeed, Augustine has substantially expressed the right principle of interpretation on the subject, though he has sometimes failed in making the proper application of it, as when he says: "But the carnal generation also of the people of God belonging to the Old Testament, binds the sons to the sins of their parents; but the spiritual generation, as it has changed the inheritance, so also the threatenings of punishment, and the promises of reward." And still more distinctly in his Commentary on Ps. cix. 14, where he explains the visiting of the "iniquities of the fathers upon them that hate me," by saying, "That is, as their parents hated me; so that, just as the imitation of the good secures that even one's own sins are blotted out, so the imitation of the bad renders one obnoxious to the deserved punishment, not only of one's own sins, but also of the sins of those whose ways have been followed." In short, the Lord contemplates the existence among his professing worshippers of two entirely different *kinds* of generations —the one haters of God, and manifesting their hatred by depraving his worship, and pursuing courses of transgression—the other lovers of God, and manifesting their love by stedfastly adhering in all dutiful obedience to the way of his holy commandments. To these last, though they should extend to thousands of generations, he would show his mercy, causing it to flow on from age to age in a perennial stream of blessing. But as he is the righteous God, to whom vengeance as well as mercy belongs, the free outpouring of his beneficence upon these could not prevent or prejudice the execution of his justice upon that other class, who were entirely of a different spirit, and merited quite opposite treatment. It is an unwelcome subject, indeed; the merciful and gracious God has no delight in anticipating the day of evil, even for his most erring and wayward children; he shrinks, as it were, from contemplating the possibility of thousands being in this condition, and will not suffer himself to make mention of more than a third or a fourth generation rendering themselves the objects of his just displeasure. But still the wholesome truth must be declared, and the seasonable warning uttered. If men were determined to rebel against his authority, he could not leave himself without a witness, no, not even in regard to the first race of transgressors, that he hated their iniquities, and must take vengeance of their inventions. But if, notwithstanding, the children embraced the sinfulness of their parents, with the manifest seal of Heaven's displeasure on it, as their iniquity would be more aggravated, so its punishment should become more severe; the descending and entailed curse would deepen as it flowed on, increasing with every increase of depravity and corruption, till the measure of iniquity being filled up, the wrath should fall on them to the uttermost.

That this is the aspect of the divine character and government, which the declaration in the second commandment was meant to exhibit, is evident alone from the glowing delineations of mercy and goodness, with which the visitation of evil upon the children of disobedient parents is here and in other places coupled. But it is confirmed beyond all doubt by two distinct lines of reflection:—1. The facts of Israelitish history. These fully confirm the principle of God's government as now expounded, but give no countenance to the idea of a punishment being inflicted on the innocent for the guilty. However sinful one individual, or one generation might be, yet if the next in descent heartily turned to the Lord, they were sure of being received to pardon and blessing. We are furnished with a striking instance of this in the 14th chapter of Numbers, where we find Moses pleading for the pardon of Israel's transgressions, on the very ground of that revelation of the divine name or character in Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7, which, precisely as in the second commandment, combines the most touching representation of the divine mercy, with the threat to visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children. It never occurred to Moses, that this threat stood at all in the way of their obtaining a complete forgiveness. He found, indeed, that the Lord had determined to visit upon that generation their iniquities, so far as to exclude them from the land of Canaan, but without in the least marring the better prospects of their children, who had learned to hate the deeds of their fathers. And when, indeed, was it otherwise? Is it not one of the most striking features in the whole history of ancient Israel, that, so far from suffering for the sins of former generations, they did not suffer even for their own when they truly repented, but were immediately visited with favour and blessing? And, on the other hand, how constantly do we find the divine judgments increasing in severity when successive generations hardened themselves in their evil courses! Nor did it rarely happen, that the series of retributions reached their last issues by the third or fourth generation. It was so in particular with those who were put upon a course of special dealing—such as the house of Jeroboam, of Jehu, of Eli, &c. 2. Another source of confirmation to the principle as expounded by us, we find in the explanations given concerning it in the prophecies of Jeremiah and Ezekiel. These prophets lived at the time when the descending curse had utterly failed, so far as it had gone, to turn the children from the sinful courses of their fathers, and was fast running to a fatal termination. But the infatuated people being not less distinguished for self-righteous pride than for their obstinate perseverance in wickedness, they were constantly complaining, as stroke after stroke fell upon them, that they were made unjustly to bear the sins of their fathers. Anticipating our modern infidels, they charged God with injustice and inequality in his ways of dealing, instead of turning their eye inward, as they should have done, upon their own unrighteousness, and forsaking it for the way of peace. The 18th chapter of Ezekiel contains a lengthened expostulation with these stout-hearted offenders, in the

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course of which he utterly disclaims the interpretation they put upon the word and providence of God; and assures them, that if they would only turn from their evil doings, they would not have to suffer for their own or their fathers' guilt. And Jeremiah, in his 31st chapter, speaking of the new covenant, and of the blessed renovation it would accomplish on those who should be partakers of its grace, foretells that there would be an end of such foolish and wicked charges upon God for the inequality of his ways and dealing—for such an increased measure of the Spirit would be given, such an inward conformity to his laws would be produced, that his dealing with transgressors would in a manner cease—his ways would be all acquiesced in as holy, just, and good.—*Fairbairn's "Typology of Scripture."*

THE BORDEAUX TESTAMENT.

THE falsification of God's Holy Word, by substituting "do penance" for "repent," is not the most flagrant instance of the corruption of the Sacred Scriptures of which the votaries and advocates of Popery have been guilty. Soon after the expulsion of the Huguenots from France in 1685, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Papists, perceiving that they could not prevent the Scriptures from being read, resolved to force the Sacred Volume itself into their service, by the most audacious corruptions and interpolations. An edition of the New Testament was published, *so translated, that a Roman Catholic might find in it explicit statements of the peculiar dogmas of his Church.* The book was printed at Bordeaux in 1686. It was entitled, "The New Testament of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Translated from Latin into French, by the Divines of Louvain;" and the attestation of the Popish archbishop of Bordeaux was prefixed to it, assuring the reader that it was "carefully revised and corrected." Two doctors in divinity of the university of the same place, also recommended it as useful to all those who, *with permission of their superiors*, might read it. A few quotations will show the manner in which the work was executed, and the object which the translators had in view.

In the summary of the "contents" of Matt. xxvi., Mark xiv., and Luke xxii., it is said that those chapters contain the account of the "institution of the mass!" Acts xiii. 2 ("As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted") is thus rendered, "*As they offered to the Lord the sacrifice of the mass*, and fasted," &c. In Acts xi. 30, and other places, where our English version has the word "elders," this edition has "*priests.*"

A practice that has proved very productive of gain to the priesthood, is made scriptural in the following manner: "And his father and mother went every year *in pilgrimage* to Jerusalem." (Luke ii. 41.) "Beloved, thou actest as a true believer in all that thou doest towards the brethren, and towards the *pilgrims.*" (3 John v.)

Tradition is thus introduced: "Ye keep my commandments as I left them with you *by tradition.*" (1 Cor. xi. 2.) "The faith which has been once given to the saints *by tradition.*" (Jude 5.)

That the Roman Catholic might be able to prove that marriage is *a sacrament*, he was furnished with these renderings: "To those who are joined together *in the sacrament of marriage*, I command," &c. (1 Cor. vii. 10.) "Do not join yourselves *in the sacrament of marriage* with unbelievers." 2 (Cor. vi. 14.)

1 Cor. ix. 5, is so directly opposed to the constrained *celibacy of the clergy*, that we can scarcely wonder at finding an addition to the text. It stands thus: "Have we not power to lead about a sister, *a woman to serve us in the gospel, and to remember us with her goods*, as the other apostles?" &c.

In support of *human merit*, the translation of Heb. xiii. 16, may be quoted: "We *obtain merit toward God* by such sacrifices."

Purgatory could not be introduced but by a direct interpolation: "He himself shall be saved, yet in all cases as by *the fire of purgatory.*" 1 Cor. iii. 15.

Many other passages might be noticed. "Him only shalt thou serve *with latria*;" that is, with the worship specially and solely due to God. This addition was evidently made to prevent the text being urged against the invocation of the saints. (Luke iv. 8.) "Many of those who believed, came *to confess and declare their sins.*" (Acts xix. 18.) "After *a procession* of seven days round it." (Heb. xi. 30.) "Beware, lest being led away with others, *by the error of the wicked heretics*," &c. (2 Pet. iii. 17.) "There is some sin which is not *mortal* but *venial.*" (1 John v. 17.) "And round about the throne there were twenty-four thrones, and on the thrones twenty-four *priests* seated, all clothed with *albs.*" (Rev. iv. 4.) The *alb*, it will be recollected, is part of the official attire of a Roman Catholic priest.

But the most flagrant interpolation occurs in 1 Tim. iv. 1–3: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some will separate themselves from the *Roman faith*, giving themselves up to spirits of error, and to doctrines *taught by devils.* Speaking false things through hypocrisy, having also the conscience cauterized. *Condemning the sacrament of marriage, the abstinence from meats*, which God hath created for the faithful, and for those who have known the truth, to receive them with thanksgiving.

"Such," says Rev. J. M. Cramp, now president of the Baptist College in Montreal, to whom we are indebted for this important fact, "such was the Bordeaux New Testament. Whether it was actually translated by the divines of Louvain is doubtful. This is certain, however, that it was printed by the royal and university printer, and sanctioned by dignitaries of the Romish Church. It is proper to add, that the Roman Catholics were soon convinced of the folly of their conduct, in thus tampering with the Inspired Volume. To avoid the just odium brought on their cause by this wicked measure, they have endeavoured to destroy the whole edition. In consequence, the book is now excessively scarce."

Four copies of the Testament are known to be in existence in Great Britain. One is in the library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham; another is possessed by the Duke of Devonshire; a third is in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth; and the fourth was a few years ago in the possession of the late Duke of Sussex, by whom President Cramp was permitted to visit his valuable library, and to make the extracts from the Bordeaux Testament.

MY NATIVE HOME.

[IN the summer of 1800, the late Mr John Quincy Adams, then Ambassador at Berlin, made an excursion through Silesia, and visited the Giant Mountain, the highest land in Germany. It was the custom for travellers, after they had visited it, to write their names and some sentiment in a book kept at a cottage on the side of the mountain. Mr Adams was the first American that had ascended this mountain, and he thus describes his sensations:—

"Sentiments of devotion I have always found the

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first to take possession of the mind on ascending lofty mountains. At the summit of the Giant's head, my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to all that immensity of objects that expanded before my view. The transition from this idea, to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the Author of nature, was natural and immediate: from this to the recollection of my native country, my parents and friends, there was but a single and sudden step. On returning to the hut where we had lodged, I wrote the following lines in the book:—]

From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial freedom's most belov'd abode,
Panting, I climb'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wond'rous works of nature's God.

Where yonder summit, peering to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain,
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my *native home*—in vain.

As to that native home, which still infolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear,—
Still you, my parents, in its bosom holds,—
My fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.

Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair:
"Pilgrim, forbear, still upwards raise thy mind,
Look to the skies—thy *native home* is there."

A SHORT LECTURE ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

(FOR CHILDREN.)

WHO would be a thief? I suppose there is not a child present who does not think it very mean, and low, and wicked, to steal. You would despise the little boy who would put your ball or your top into his pocket, and thus steal it; and the little girl who would put a doll or pin-cushion in her bag, and carry it home, would be despised as mean and wicked. But suppose a poor man who was without any home should come to your house, almost without clothing, and very hungry. You all at once pity him. You give him food to eat, and your mother looks him up some clothing; and as he goes away, warm and comfortable, your father says to him, "Here, poor man, here are *six* dollars; I have but *seven* in the world, and give you six of them, and will keep only the seventh for myself and family." Would not this be very kind and generous in your father? I know you all think it would. But suppose that poor man went away, not thankful in the least, and in the night came back and broke into your house, and stole that *seventh* and *last* dollar which your father has. What would he deserve? Why, he would almost deserve the gallows; he would be an ungrateful monster, and a vile thief. But suppose, also, that in breaking into the house to get the dollar, he had to kill several members of the family. What, now, do you say? Is any punishment too severe? But take care, or you pass sentence upon yourself.

We are the poor man, and God has but seven days in the week. He gives us six of these in which to "labour and do all our work," and keeps only the seventh for himself; and the man, or the woman, or the child, who breaks the Sabbath, steals from God. Yes, he robs God, and in doing it, he sets a wicked example which kills the souls of others. Is not this stealing? Will you remember, then, that when you break the Sabbath you steal from God? Are there no little thieves present who have often thus stolen from God? Now, will God bless you and prosper you in doing so?—*Todd.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Do the devotees of pleasure ever read and ponder the affecting testimony of the high priest of their divinity? How often is he quoted as authority in the world of politeness and of pleasure! What regard is had to what he has said and written on matters pertaining to the things of this world! How many of his admirers think of him only as the man of pleasure, free from care and from anxious thought, gratified, delighted, satisfied with his manner of life, quite in love with the world, and made easy and happy by it! But Chesterfield has left another testimony—the record of his own experience, drawn from him by sober truth and reflection—an experience which no man of correct feeling or piety can read without weeping tears of pity and sadness over a scene so melancholy, and which furnishes a powerful antidote to the poison contained in his writings.

"I have run," writes this man of pleasure to a friend, "the silly rounds of business and pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those that have not experienced, always overrate them. They see only their gay outside, and are dazzled with the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect—" ah! the day of sober thought, of serious, honest reflection, comes to the worldling and the sinner, as well as to others, and it must be a day of awful gloom, and keen remorse, and self-reproach—"when I reflect back upon what I have seen, and what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world has any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most men boast of? No; for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he is become my enemy. It is my resolution to *sleep* in the carriage during the remainder of my journey."

Poor, wretched, forlorn Chesterfield, and

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was it thus that thou didst close thy career! Is it thus that the worldling in his leisure moments feels and acts, looking back upon the past with disgust, and forward to the future with despair? Then, O God, in thy mercy, "deliver me from the men of this world," who have their portion in this life.

"When a Christian minister," says Bishop Horne, in alluding to the case of this nobleman, "speaks slightingly of the world, he is supposed to do it in the way of his profession, and to decry, through envy, the pleasures he is forbidden to taste. But here, I think, you have the testimony of a witness every way competent. No one ever knew the world better, or enjoyed more of its favours, than this nobleman. Yet you see in how poor, abject, and wretched a condition, at the time when he most wanted help and comfort, the world left him and he left the world. The sentences above cited from him compose, in my opinion, the most striking and affecting sermon on the subject ever yet preached to mankind."

THE WORD "SELAH."

THE translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning of *eternally, for ever.* Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical or rhythmical note. Herder regards it as indicating a change of tone. Matheson thinks it a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat.* According to Luther and others, it means *silence!* Gesenius explains it to mean: "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to "*Sursum corda*—Up, my soul!" Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognises in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah. They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, 'Hear, Jehovah! or Awake, Jehovah!' and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear," &c. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah itself he thinks an abridged expression used for Higgaion Selah—Higgaion indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.

POWER OF FAITH.

WHEREVER we are, and however it is with us, faith sees that God is always the same, and is all-sufficient. Faith does not look at the difficulties in our way, but listens to the voice of the promises, and rests on the faithfulness of Him that hath promised. God will hear no voice but that of faith; and when faith speaks, God always hears. "Ask what you will, and it shall be given you." Faith honours God with confidence, and he crowns faith with success.—*Jones.*

SINNER, DELAY NOT!

DELAY not, sinner, till the hour of pain
To seek repentance: pain is absolute,
Exacting all the body and the brain—
Humanity's stern king from head to foot.
How canst thou pray, whilst fevered arrows shoot
Through this torn targe—while every bone doth ache,
And the sacred mind raves up and down her cell
Restless, and begging rest for mercy's sake?
Add not to death the bitter fears of hell.
Take pity on thy future self, poor man,
While yet in strength thy timely wisdom can;
Wrestle to-day with sin, and spare that strife
Of meeting all its terrors in the van,
Just at the ebbing agony of life. TUPPER.

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS."

"FOR all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." This golden chain, together with all things present, and all things to come, is linked to the believer, because he is united unto Christ. The believer hath an interest in Christ; by an interest in Christ, he hath an interest in God; and by an interest in God, he hath an interest in all things.

All the riches, pleasures, preferments, and profits of the world are but emptiness: your wisdom, your parts, your children, your lands, your revenues, without Christ, can amount to nothing; they are but like ciphers without a figure. It is said of believers (2 Cor. vi. 10), having nothing, they possess all things; because, though they had nothing in the world, yet, having Christ, they have all things; and, on the other hand, it may be truly said of the wicked and unbelieving, that, having all things, they possess nothing; because, though they had all things in the world at their will, yet, being without Christ, they have nothing: all they have is but emptiness; yea, all they have is a curse, because they have not Christ. But all good things in the world are but shadows of "what is in Christ." Outward riches are but a shadow of the unsearchable riches of Christ; outward life is but the shadow of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life; outward liberty is but a shadow of that freedom that is to be had in Christ: "If the Son make you free, then are you free indeed" (John viii. 36); importing that no freedom is freedom in deed and in truth but this: outward rest is but a shadow of the rest that is to be had in him: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The sun in the firmament is but the shadow of the Sun of righteousness, and of his glory; roses and lilies are but shadows of His beauty, who is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley; rivers and fountains are but shadows of His fulness who is the fountain of living waters; not a fountain closed, but a fountain opened to us: plants and trees are but a shadow of Him who is the plant of renown, the tree of life. All things that have an excellency in them are but shadows of Him in whom excellencies do concentre. All the stars of creature-excellencies are but shadows of him who is the bright and morning Star.—*Ralph Erskine.*

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FAMILY WORSHIP PROMOTIVE OF DOMESTIC HARMONY AND LOVE.*

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." —Ps. cxxxiii.

FAMILY peace is a blessing which cannot be overrated. We desire to show that it is directly promoted by family worship.

The stated and punctual assembly of a whole household for the service of God, has this tendency, if considered merely as a means of bringing the several members together. There are striking differences among families in regard to the simple quality of cohesion. While some are a bare collection of so many particles, without mutual attraction, others are consolidated into a unity of love. Many scattering influences are at work. Some of these may be referred to want of system and regularity; some to late hours, some to peculiarities of business, some to passion, and some to the dissipations of vice. From one or several of these influences we see domestic harmony impaired. Parents and children meet only at their meals, and not even at all of these. The tardy inmates of the house descend in the morning at any hour, and at long intervals, and the evening is often despoiled of the charm of home. In such circumstances, we are persuaded, the links of affection are tarnished, if not worn away. In proportion as the subjects of mutual obligation live apart, they will cease to care for one another. No customs of society are laudable or safe which tend, in any considerable degree, to separate parents from children, and brothers from sisters. It is good to bring together the coals on the domestic hearth. Hence we have always looked with unqualified satisfaction on the custom of gathering all the members of a family, however remote, under the paternal roof on a day of annual thanksgiving. There is a sacred virtue in even beholding the face of an aged father, and a gentle, beloved mother. On this very principle, the president of one of our colleges, justly celebrated for his influence on young men, was accustomed, when he saw the first tokens of aberration in a boy, to call him to his study, and kindly propose to him a simple visit to his parents. We do not wonder that the effect was often magical.

Family worship assembles the household twice every day, and that in a deliberate and solemn manner. No individual is missing. This is the law of the house from childhood to old age. The observance is as stated as the daily meals. Other employments and engagements are made to bow to this, until it becomes the irreversible rule of the little commonwealth. They look upon one another's faces—they exchange the salutations of affection. Now, if ever, kind words and gentle wishes will be breathed; plans for mutual benefit or entertainment will be laid; and the glow will be not the less because they are met to offer the sacrifice of praise. Taken singly, such influences are not to be despised, but they rise to inestimable magnitude, when diffused through all the days of long years—that is, over the entire progress of family life. By those who have enjoyed them they can never be forgotten. Such households stand in open contrast to those where parents and children, in haste and disorder, and with many interruptions, snatch their daily bread without so much as a word of thanks or prayer.

Some good results, in respect of harmony, ensue, when a household statedly assembles for the common pursuit of any lawful object whatever. Union, and the sentiment of union, are promoted by joint participation, and the effect is appreciable where the gathering is frequent and stated. Though it were only for exercise or recreation, for the practice of music, for an evening perusal of useful books, still there would be a contribution to mutual acquaintance and regard. But how much stronger is the operation of this principle when the avowed object of thus meeting is to seek the face of God, and to invoke his blessing!

There is no way in which we can more surely increase mutual love than by *praying for one another*. If you would retain warmth of affection for an absent friend, pray for him. If you would live in the regards of another, beseech him to pray for you. If you would conquer enmity in your own soul towards one who has wronged you, pray for him. Dissension or coldness cannot abide between those who bear each

* By the Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D., New York.

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other to God's throne in supplication. It is what we meet to do at family worship. Often has the tenderness of a half-dying attachment been renewed and made young again, when the parties have found themselves kneeling before the mercy-seat. Everything connected with such utterance of mutual good-will in the domestic worship tends to foster it, and thus the daily prayers are as the dews of Hermon.

The devotions of the household are commonly conducted by the parent, and parental affection often needs such an outlet. The son or the daughter might otherwise remain ignorant of the anxieties of the father. There are yearnings which the parent cannot express to man, not even to a child, but which must be poured forth to God, and which have their appropriate channel in the daily prayer. The hearing of such petitions, gushing warm from the heart, and the participation of such emotions, cannot but sometimes reach the hitherto obdurate mind, and tend to a strong and reigning affection. Both parent and child, if they are ever touched with genuine love, must experience it when they come together before their God and Saviour.

That revelation of divine truth which is perpetually expressed or implied in family worship, in Scripture, in psalms, and in prayers, *enjoins* this very peace and affection. The New Testament presents it in every page. The Word of God and prayer are, from day to day, bringing the duty constantly before the conscience. The household which is subjected to this forming influence, may be expected, more than others, to be a household of peace.

Some notice must here be taken of a painful but common case. Human depravity sometimes breaks forth in jars, and alienations, and strifes, among members of the same brotherhood, and, alas! even within the sacred limits of a Christian house. Harsh tempers, sour looks, moody silence, moroseness, grudges, bitter words, and alienations, mar the beauty of the circle. Hence we find slights, angry rebukes, suspicions, and recriminations. Happy, indeed, is that household over which these black clouds do not sometimes hover. But what means shall we seek to dispel them more efficaciously than a common devotion? That must be an obstinate ill-will which not only lets the sun go down on its wrath, but carries it to the altar, and to the evening sacrifice. It is hard to listen long to the Word of God without hearing the rebuke of all such dispositions. Peradventure the very portion read may say to the unrelenting one, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." (Matt. v. 23.) At all events, the whole spirit of the exercise breathes such an admonition; and it is most difficult to pray with malice on the heart. Forgiveness comes often to us while we are upon our knees.

Suppose even, what we are reluctant to suppose, that mutual approaches, perverse separation, and open quarrel, should enter a religious family. To offenders, in such a case, the season of prayer must be an hour of keen rebuke. Avowedly, they are bowed down to pray for one another. The hypocrisy and impiety of so doing out of a mind of hatred, will stare the sinner in the face, and may bring him to repentance. Reconciliation, begun in the heart during moments of devotion, may lead to the restoration of peace.

Sad as is the thought, even husband and wife may be drawn asunder, and may give place to the devil; shyness, severity, distrust, and unkindness, may spring up between those who have vowed to live together as heirs of the grace of life. But it is hard to believe that such persons, if they possess a spark of grace, can come to the posture and the words of prayer, in which they have been united so many times before in happier days, or can feel themselves encircled by their kneeling little ones, without surrendering the selfish spite, and making a faithful effort to crush the head of the viper. Congugal tenderness, forbearance, and love, are guarded by the exercises of family devotion.

Contrast all this with the condition of a domestic circle subject to the same malign influences, but without these checks and this sacred balm, and you will no longer marvel that where there is no worship, there is room for discord. The stream of unkindly temper runs on. Brooding silence is the best that can be expected. The day closes without reference to God. The griefs of the day are carried over into the morrow. Infant misconceptions and dislikes have full time to grow to stubborn maturity, and all this for want of that religious influence which would be secured by the hour of prayer.

In speaking of family worship as a means of concord, we might dwell on its influence upon absent members of the household. As children grow up, there are few families which

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do not send forth from their bosom some to distant places. These are not forgotten at the hearth which they have left. Day by day, the venerable father, joined in silent love by the more melting mother, cries to God for him who is afar upon the sea, or in foreign lands. These are moments which bring the cherished object full before the mind, and make the absent one present to the heart. Not to say that such prayers are answered, they enkindle and maintain the fire of affection. Most unthinking or most base must be the son or daughter who should fail to prize these parental intercessions, or disregard the supplications of the brother or the sister left at home. Often, we are sure, the recollection of the domestic worship comes up before the distant youth, on the high seas, or in remote wanderings—often is the secret tear shed over these privileges of his childhood. In the perpetual fire of the family worship, he knows he has a remembrancer in his father's house.

When, after years of absence, and it may be of sin, the son revisits the home of his childhood, and when, at the close of day, the circle draws around the fireside, and that worship is renewed which he remembers so well, what a torrent of ancient reminiscence pours into the heart! Such associations have their influence on even hardened natures, and they go to prove the blessedness of this familiar institution.

But after all that we may urge, the great and crowning reason why domestic worship promotes harmony, is, that it promotes true religion, and religion is love. Its mission is peace on earth, and good-will to men. Unlike the empirical schemes of Godwin, St Simon, Fourier, and Owen, which tear the household elements asunder, Christianity compacts the structure, and strengthens every wall. It adds a new cement, and makes the father more a father—the husband more a husband—the son more a son; so that there is not a social tie which does not become more strong and endearing by means of grace. If even enemies are reduced to amity by the gospel, how much greater must be its influence on the ties of blood and affinity! It consecrates every natural relation, and exalts human affections by expanding them into eternity. Its daily lessons, constantly recurring in family worship, bear directly on this point: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church. Let the wife see that she reverence her husband. Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath. Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord. Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ. And ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening, knowing that your Master also is in heaven. Love as brethren; be pitiful, be courteous. Honour all men. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers. Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Such are the touching accents of the gospel in general, and of this institution in particular, familiarized to every inmate of a Christian house, from the earliest infancy. And what the Word of God enjoins, the Spirit of grace produces in the heart, where true religion finds entrance. Under the daily influence of such motives, which drop as the rain and distil as the dew, the youthful heart may be expected, in many cases, to receive the noblest charities of a renewed nature.

Amidst all the imperfections of the Christian state, there have been thousands of families, since the founding of the Church, which have realized this ideal; and what spectacle on earth is more lovely! From the very cradle, the infant lips are taught to lisp the name of God, and the soft voices of childhood join in the daily praise. Brothers and sisters, already brought by baptism within the pale of the visible Church, grow up with all the additional reasons for mutual attachment, which spring from dedication to God. No day passes in which parents and children do not compass God's altars. When the father and mother begin to descend into the autumn of life, they behold their offspring prepared to walk in their steps. There is a Church in the house. When death enters, it is to make but a brief separation; and eternity sees the whole family in heaven, without exception or omission.

"The happiest family will not be always so. The most smiling circle will be in tears some day. All that I ask is, that you would secure for yourselves and your children a friend in that blessed Redeemer, who will wipe away all tears from your faces. Your families may soon be scattered, and familiar voices may cease to echo within your walls. They may go each to his own, and some of them may go far away.

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O see to it, that the God of Bethel goes with them, that they set up an altar even on a distant shore, and sing the Lord's song in that foreign land. They may be taken from this earth altogether, and leave you alone. O see to it, that as one after another goes, it may be to their Father's house above, and to sing with heavenly voices, and to a heavenly harp, the song which they first learned from you, and which you often sang together here—the song of Moses and the Lamb. And if you be taken, and some of them be left, see to it that you leave them the thankful assurance that you are gone to their Father and your Father—their God and your God. And, in the meanwhile, let your united worship be so frequent and so fervent, that when you are taken from their head, the one whose sad office it is to supply your place, as priest of that household, shall not be able to select a chapter or a psalm with which your living image and voice are not associated, and in which you, though dead, are not yet speaking to them. And thus my heart's wish for you all is,

'When soon or late you reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven;
May you rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.'" *

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM stands at the southern end of a plain of considerable extent, on part of a range of hills, some eminences of which rise even higher than the city. The immediate site is unequal, inclining from west to east, with precipitous ascents on three sides (the east, west, and south), surrounded by deep valleys below, which are encompassed by hills of hard limestone, so barren and rocky as almost to defy the efforts of human industry to cultivate. Other hills and mountains arise beyond; so that the city seems to stand in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, shut in from the rest of the world: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." (Ps. cxxv. 2.)

Jerusalem, long since stripped of its ancient magnificence, and now but a remnant of "the city beloved by God," is yet a considerable place; and, as it forms a centre between Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, is much frequented by the Arabs of each, as well as by pilgrims from all parts of the world. But the general aspect of the city and its vicinity is blighted and barren; the sycamore and cedar are no more; bare rocks present their rugged points through the languishing verdure; the vineyards are gone, and the vine cut off; the holy temple is destroyed; and the sons of Jacob, favoured as no other people ever were, are driven out, and scattered over the face of the globe; all is loneliness and wildness, where once was every luxury; the glory is departed from the city, and ruin and desolation alone remain, to mark the tremendous power and righteous judgment that smote and so fearfully laid it waste. Yet there is nothing in antiquity more impressive or wonderful; the most powerful emotions are excited, and the most enthusiastic interest felt—each mouldering ruin recalls a history; and every part, both within and without the walls, has been the scene of some miraculous event, associated with the great plan of human redemption. Here the spectator views the spot where, in the early days of the world, the dread voice of the Almighty has sounded, and where he made his glory visible; here is the scene of much that is venerable in Holy Writ, the cradle of our religion, and the theatre of most of its grand and important miracles; here he may trace many of the striking events in the history of the blessed Redeemer. Any language that could be used would be inadequate, and fall far short of conveying to the mind of a Christian, the depth of feeling produced by the sight of a city, the scene of transactions of so awful a nature regarding his eternal interest.

Jerusalem has been distinguished by revolutions more various and destructive than have occurred in any other city in the world. Seventeen times it has been sacked and partially destroyed. It has been the field of the military exploits of the Jewish, Roman, and Saracenic arms, and has been moistened by the blood of our ancestors in the romantic ages of the Crusades. Melchizedec is supposed to have founded the city about the year 2023, and it is first mentioned in Scripture under the name of Salem. (Gen. xiv. 18.) Fifty years after, it was taken by the Jebusites, who called it Jerusalem (Vision of Peace), and built the upper town on Mount Zion. Joshua, the first year after his arrival in the land of promise, made himself master of the lower town; but it was not until the time of David, that the Israelites possessed the upper, or "stronghold of Zion; so David dwelt in the fort, and called it the city of David." (2 Sam. v. 9.) Solomon, his son, erected the temple for the ark of the covenant, and embellished the city with many splendid works, the ruins of which still exist. Five years after the death of Solomon, the city was plundered by Shishak, king of Egypt. It suffered the same fate in the next century, at the hands of Joash, king of Israel; and, in the reign of Manasseh, it was sacked and partly destroyed by the Assyrians. In the year 3416, Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the city, burnt the temple, and sent the inhabitants to Babylon. On their return, after seventy years' captivity, the temple was rebuilt by Zerubbabel, Ezra, and Nehemiah. Antiochus the Great recaptured the city, and it was afterwards taken by Pto-

* The Church in the House.

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lemy Evergetes, after which it was again taken and sacked by Antiochus Epiphanes, who placed a statue of Jupiter in the temple, and sacrificed swine upon the altar. Judas Maccabeus subsequently gave freedom to his countrymen, but they, quarrelling amongst themselves, sought assistance from the Romans, and Pompey became master of the city: it was next taken by Antigonus (assisted by the Parthians), who, in his turn, was deposed and put to death by Herod the Great, during whose reign the blessed and awful events connected with the birth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, took place.

After the death of Agrippa, grandson of Herod, Judea was again reduced to a Roman province. The period had now arrived when Jerusalem was to suffer her severest trials; a scene was at hand in comparison with which all her sieges seemed but as slight afflictions. Their revolt against the authority of their masters, the Romans, brought against the inhabitants of the "Holy City" the powerful armies of Rome, commanded by Titus. During this siege two hundred thousand Jews perished by famine; from the 14th of April to the 1st of July, in the year 71 of the Christian era, one hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and eighty dead bodies were carried out of Jerusalem by a single gate. They ate the leather of their shoes and shields, and were at length reduced to such extremity that one mother devoured her own child; and eleven hundred thousand Jews perished in the streets of Jerusalem, besides women and children. Fearfully indeed was the imprecation of the impious murderers of Christ visited upon their children, whose blood like rivers flowed down the streets. The destruction of the city and the temple was almost entire, and was rendered complete not many years after by the Emperor Adrian, who demolished the last vestige which remained. He afterwards caused a new city to be built upon the site of Jerusalem, and dedicated all the sacred places to heathen deities.

The Jews were forbidden even to approach the Holy City, on pain of death; and this prohibition remained in full force, until they purchased from the Emperor Constantine (two centuries afterwards), the privilege of entering it once a-year, to weep over the ruins of their sanctuary!

About the time of Adrian, a new kind of religious service was introduced into the Church, which consisted in pilgrimages to the places where the Saviour was born, and where he lived and suffered. Even the Emperor Constantine and his mother Helena took part in these superstitious journeys, and promoted by the erection of the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre." Jerusalem, henceforth, became the chief seat of superstition; and the nominal sepulchre of Christ was for many centuries honoured as an holy place, before any one questioned the truth of the tradition, that it occupied the spot where the Lord was crucified and buried. During the last century, however, doubts were expressed about it by several travellers; and there are now many, both Papists and Protestants, who do not hesitate to deny its correctness.

The site of the once Holy City remained desecrated by Pagan idols and Pagan worshippers, until the reign of Constantine, when renouncing her idolatry, and again assuming the ancient name of Jerusalem, she returned to the worship of the true and only God.

Thirty years after the erection of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Emperor Julian, a bitter enemy of Christianity, assisted the Jews to rebuild their temple, in order to falsify the prophecies that had been uttered by Christ respecting it; but his project was defeated by the hand of the Almighty, for the labourers that were engaged in the work were destroyed by balls of fire, that broke forth repeatedly from the foundations of the temple, while they were at work. This is undeniably confirmed by the accounts of Christian, Heathen, and Jewish writers, who lived at or about that time.

Cosroes, the Persian king, invaded Jerusalem A.D. 613, and was in turn defeated by Heraclius, in A.D. 627. The cross, which was now restored to Jerusalem, was in less than nine years compelled to fall beneath the crescent of the Arabian caliph; for Omar, the descendent of Mohammed, took possession of Jerusalem, and the descendants of Abraham were forced to submit to the rule of the Saracens. In the year A.D. 868, Jerusalem was again conquered by a Turk, named Ahmed, who had made himself sovereign of Egypt; but in A.D. 905 the caliphs obtained possession of the city, and re-established the Mohammedan sway. Jerusalem alternately was in possession of the Saracens, Turks, and Egyptians, until the year 1099, when the Crusaders appeared on the borders of Palestine, and the standard of the cross waved beneath the walls of the city, where was the sepulchre of Christ. In the beginning of July, that same year, the Christian standard floated in triumph over the towers of the surrounding ramparts; and Godfrey de Bouillon was chosen the first king of Jerusalem. Our sketch must necessarily be too short to enter into any details of these times, and we hasten to a close. Saladin retook Jerusalem from the Christians eighty-eight years after the first crusade, and again raised the crescent over the walls. The Turks succeeded in 1217, in driving out the Saracens, and they in turn fled before the powerful army of the Crusaders in A.D. 1242. The Christians finally evacuated Jerusalem about A.D. 1291, and the Turks have since held possession of the holy places. But this ill-fated city, although its punishment has been so protracted and severe, appears not yet to have atoned for its unexampled guilt. A few years back the plague made fearful ravages amongst the inhabitants, since which it has

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suffered severely from the army of the Pacha of Egypt; and in July 1834, an earthquake damaged many of the principal buildings.

The lamentations of the Jews over their demolished temple may still be heard every Friday, at the south-west corner of the temple-wall, as bitter as those of their forefathers were, fifteen hundred years ago, though they have to purchase from the Mahommedans the privilege of weeping where their fathers sang! How great is the difference between the perishing appearance of the rabbins of the present day, in the humble synagogues of Jerusalem, and the splendid ritual service of the multitudes that worshipped in the temples of Herod; and especially between the light of knowledge which illuminated even the age of David, and the blindness which has now fallen upon Israel!

SCRIPTURE SONNETS.

"Worship God."—Rev. xxii. 9.

It is not good to pour the heart's full tide
Of love and hope on aught beneath the sky;
Or with the being's whole idolatry
Worship the worm that crawleth by our side
On this poor earth. For should thy trusting breast
Dream its fond treasure safely to invest
Within one floating skiff, one fragile bark,
Wild tempest-winds the trembling sails may bow,
Billowy waves ingulf the precious ark,
That ark had all thy freights, and where art thou?
Gazing upon a wreck: finding, too late,
Pure as had seemed to thee from earthly leaven
The love whose loss now leaves thee desolate,
That thou did'st put it in the place of heaven.

"My soul thirsteth for God."—Ps. lxiii. 1.

My God! my Friend! I seek a happiness
Earth gives not to my deep, imploring prayer:
Ah! make me *something* Thou wilt love and bless,
Be it the lowliest object of Thy care.
Make me the little wayside flow'r, that sheds
A meek, kind fragrance on the passer-by;
Make me the lamb, that in its stillness treads
The soft grass of Thy pasture peacefully;
Make me the morning dewdrop, that brings down
From heav'n the image of the tranquil star:
Make me but only, as all pure things are,
What Thou canst smile on, and approving own
For Thy faint likeness. Lord! I cannot be
Joyfully happy, if unlov'd by *Thee*.

A. W. M.

THE LAST DAYS OF A MISSIONARY PILGRIMAGE.

[All our readers have heard of Dr Judson, the Burman missionary. Some years ago his partner was removed from him by death. He afterwards visited America, and before returning to Burmah married a lady, most favourably known in literary circles by the name of "Fanny Forrester." Since that time she has written, and sent for publication in America, a life of the former Mrs Judson, from which we take the following touching passage:]

After the birth of a child, in December 1843, the flaxen-haired, sleek-shouldered boy, whose large, melting blue eyes, follow the movements of my pen, in wondering silence, as it traces these lines, Mrs Judson visibly declined. She had been some months previous to this event suffering under the wasting disease, which had followed close upon her track, like the shadow of death, since the first week of her arrival in Burmah. But she had endured so much, and yet lived, had so successfully resisted so many times, that it seemed scarce possible the place, which she had so long occupied in the dear heaven of earthly love, must be for ever darkened. The skill of the physician was taxed to its utmost; the kindness of the friend and the tenderness of the husband, each strove unweariedly, in turn and together—there were wet eyes, and bended knees, and prayerful voices, but the Mighty One bent not his ear; his own wisdom had marked her for a better way than their affection had power to devise.

A kind invitation from the commissioner of Maulmain to accompany his family in an excursion down the coast, gave her, for several weeks, the benefit of sea-air; and though she speaks of her sufferings as sometimes indescribably severe, during this voyage, and returned, paler, thinner and weaker than she left, it was still hoped, that she had made some little improvement. But the hope soon faded; she declined from day to day—always a little thinner, and a little weaker, but cheerful still—till at last a voyage to America was named, as presenting the only prospect of life. To America! the land of her birth, and the home of many a loved one; where parents, brothers, and sisters still trod the soil, and where her darling, her orphan boy might, once again, be folded to her bosom! Oh, should she visit dear Christian America once more? Yet she could not leave those for whom she had toiled and prayed, during twenty years of exile, without sadness. Had it been right, she would have preferred to die quietly in Burmah, rather than interrupt her husband's labours: and her heart sunk at parting, for years, if not for life, with the most helpless of her babes—the eldest of the three, only four years of age. But duty demanded the sacrifice; and she had too long been obedient to this voice to think of opposition now. They bore her to the ship, while both fair and dusky faces circled round; and long did the sound of those loved, farewell voices, half-smothered in grief and choked with tears, dwell upon her ear and heart. Near the Isle of France, the hope of final recovery grew so strong, that it became almost certainty (as much certainty as ever attends the prospects of mortals), and

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now a voice from poor, perishing Burmah seemed calling on the invalid for one more sacrifice. She dared not go back herself, but there seemed no longer a necessity for calling her husband from his missionary labour. He should return to his lonely home, and she, with her children, would pursue a way as lonely toward the "setting sun."

But the anticipated sacrifice was not permitted. After their arrival at the island, she faded very perceptibly; and "withering, still withering," was once again born back to the ship. And now we have the tender watching, the grateful smile, the bitter anguish of anticipated separation, and the soothing voice of love, winged for a flight to heaven; and above, and around, and closely blent with all—mingling, in dreams, in prayers, in hourly thoughts and spirit-crushing anticipations, the sweet, beautiful resignation, which none but the disciple of Christ can ever understand. Yet—must those blue waves indeed become the restless sepulchre of her precious dust? It was a sad thought; not to her who lay in her sweet smiles, waiting the withdrawal of her breath; but to him, the real sufferer, who leaned in uncomplaining agony over her pillow. Yet this, thank God! is spared. Behold yon rocky island St Helena! we make for port!

Whence the tears in those young eyes, as the small feet draw near, and the lips are bent to give the good-night kiss? and what means the low, mournful, but inimitably sweet murmur of voices, that swells and dies on the evening air? Oh, he that wept but at a brother's death, must look with peculiar tenderness on a scene like this!—childhood's last farewell breathed on a mother's dying lips.

It is morning, and all is over. The white "drapery of death lies quiet on the bosom cold;" and the wearied mourner sleeps peacefully, not far from the side of his beloved dead. And now, small feet are again astir, and rosy lips grow tremulous with sorrow. Turn we from those tears and sobs; for it it a mournful thing to look upon the grief of little hearts, for the first time wrung by the bitter anguish of the world, and with but the voice of a bereaved father to soothe them.

Colours are floating at half-mast in various directions; men bear about with them sad faces; and yonder, in the deep, heavy shadow of that overhanging tree, they are breaking up the earth for the missionary's grave. Now, they lower the coffin over the vessel's side, and arrange the mourners. They are blunt men, but of a true and generous mould, that wear the weeds of sympathetic sorrow; for the heart of the bold seamen is throbbing in their bosoms: and they recollect a fading figure, that used sometimes to glide along the deck like a spirit, wearing ever a beautiful spirit-smile. Slowly and heavily beat the oars, and slowly, boat behind boat, moves the mournful procession to the shore. The waiting crowd falls back in silence: and tears involuntarily creep to stranger-eyes, as they look upon the little group about to leave the dearest of earthly treasures, and pursue their desolate journey, widowed and orphaned. Now, softly lift her to the bier, and give the heavy pall into gentle fingers! Let the sympathizing holders gather, in the coffin's track, and now—move on!

"She sleeps sweetly here on this rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth,
And far from the land where with heartfelt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

FLEMING ON PROPHECY.

[We give, according to promise, the passages from Fleming's "Rise and Fall of the Papacy," which have been so singularly verified. The book, it will remembered, was published in the year 1701.]

Now, my conjectures shall relate to two things, viz., to the remaining part of this vial (the fourth), and to the other vials that follow this.

And (1.) As to the remaining part of this vial, I do humbly suppose that it will come to its highest pitch about the year 1717, and that it will run out about the year 1794. . . . . I cannot but hope that some new mortification of the chief supporters of Antichrist will then happen; and *perhaps the French monarchy may begin to be considerably humbled about that time; that whereas the present French king takes the sun for his emblem, and this for his motto*, "Nec pluribus impar," *he may at length, or rather his successors, and the monarchy itself (at least before the year* 1794) *be forced to acknowledge that, in respect to neighbouring potentates, he is even* "Singulas impar." . . . .

And now, my friends, I may be well excused if I venture no farther in giving you any more conjectural thoughts upon this present period of time. But seeing I pretend to give my speculations of what is future no higher character than guesses, I shall still venture to add something to what I have already said. Therefore be pleased, *first*, to call to mind what I premised to the consideration of the seven vials, as the second preliminary, viz., that seeing the vials do (all of them) suppose a struggle or war between the Popish and Reformed parties, every vial is to be looked upon as the event and conclusion of some new periodical attack of that first party upon this other; the issue of which proves at length favourable to the latter against the former. For if this be duly considered, it will let us see that great declining of the Protestant interest for some time, and great and formidable advances and new degrees of increase in the Romish party, are very consistent with the state of both these opposite interests under the vials. For, as Rome Pagan was gradually ruined under the seals, under many of which it seemed to increase to outward observation, and to become more rampant than before, when yet it was indeed declining; so must we suppose it will be with Rome Papal. For monarchies, as they rise gradually and insensibly, so do they wear out likewise. And, therefore, *we must not entertain such chimerical notions of the fall of the Papacy, as if it were to be accomplished speedily or miraculously*, as many have done. For as it rose insensibly, and step by step, so it must fall in like manner. . . . So that *we must not wonder if for sixteen years, the house of Bourbon be raised up* to be a further terror and scourge to the world, and to Protestant nations

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particularly. And as a confirmation of this conjecture, let it be considered, in the *second* place, that it is something very extraordinary, and peculiar in some sense to this vial, that the sun, upon which it is poured out, should yet be made the executor of the judgment of it on others, at the same time that he is tormented with it himself. So that, whosoever is denoted by the sun here (as I suppose the house of Bourbon principally is) is made use of, as the devil is, both to torment others and to be tormented himself in so doing. And if the King of France, therefore, be denoted by this principally, I fear he is yet to be made use of in the hand of God, as Nebuchadnezzar was of old against the Jews, viz., as a further severe scourge to the Protestant Churches everywhere. And, besides this characteristical mark, which seems to forbode his further exaltation and our humiliation, there is yet a *third* thing that I cannot but think upon with dread and trembling of heart, viz., that it is further said, that while this sun of the Popish world is running his fatal and dreadful career, and scorching men with fire, they are so far from being bettered by these judgments, that they go on more and more to blaspheme the name of God, who has power over these plagues. And while this continues to be the state of the Protestant world, and while Atheism, Deism, Socinianism, irreligion, profaneness, scepticism, formality, hatred of godliness, and a bitter persecuting spirit, continue and increase among us, what can we expect but new and desolating judgments? for, while we continue to walk thus contrary to God, we cannot but expect that he should walk contrary to us also. It is in vain for us to boast of our privileges, or plead exemption from judgments on this account; for where there is no national reformation and repentance, national sins are like to pull down miseries upon us, so much the sooner and more certainly that we have been so singularly and peculiarly privileged. For we may in this case expect that God will say to us, as to the Israelites of old: "You have I specially known and chosen above all the families or nations of the earth, therefore will I punish you more certainly and more severely than any other kingdom or nation." (Amos iii. 2.) And therefore, if we go on in sin as we have hitherto done, let us take heed to ourselves lest vengeance be near. I pray God I may be mistaken in my fears; but I am afraid I have but too just reason to turn prophet here, by applying to ourselves what Peter said to those of his time: "The time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God" (1 Pet. iv. 17, &c.); —though I do also conclude with him, that if it begin at us, dreadful will be the end of our enemies at last; and if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly appear? Wherefore if we be called to suffer for our holy religion, let us do so according to the will of God, committing the keeping of our souls to him in well-doing, as to a faithful Creator. . . . .

But, (2.) To proceed with my other conjectures relating to the remaining vials, I do further suppose that

The *fifth* vial (Rev. xvi. 10, 11), which is to be poured out on the seat of the Beast, or the dominions that more immediately belong to, and depend upon, the Roman See; that, I say, this judgment will probably begin about the year 1794, and expire about the year 1848; so that the duration of it, upon this supposition, will be the space of fifty-four years; for I do suppose, that seeing the Pope received the title of Supreme Bishop no sooner than the year 606, he cannot be supposed to have any vial poured out upon his seat immediately (so as to ruin his authority so signally as this judgment must be supposed to do) until the year 1848, which is the date of the twelve hundred and sixty years in prophetical account, when they are reckoned from the year 606. But yet *we are not to imagine that this vial will totally destroy the Papacy (though it will exceedingly weaken it)*, for we find this still in being and alive, when the next vial is poured out.

His next calculation regards the sixth vial, and in his view it prefigures the destruction of the Turkish Empire. At present nothing is more probable than such an issue.

The *sixth* vial (Rev. xvi. 12, &c.) will be poured out upon the Mohammedan Antichrist, as the former was on the Papacy; and seeing the sixth trumpet brought the Turks from beyond Euphrates, from their crossing which river they date their rise, this sixth vial dries up their waves and exhausts their power, as the means and way to prepare and dispose the Eastern kings and kingdoms to renounce their Heathenish and Mohammedan errors, in order to their receiving and embracing Christianity.

GETHSEMANE, MOUNT OF OLIVES, AND BETHANY.

[We have in previous Numbers given several extracts from Dr Wilson's "Lands of the Bible." The following is from the same source. We may take the opportunity of strongly recommending the work itself to the attention of our readers. Its value as an authority on points of Scripture, geography, and topography, has already universally been acknowledged; and its copious, and often original, information as to the present state of the Holy Land, and the history and condition of the Eastern Churches, is full of interest and importance.]

Emerging from the city, by the gate of St Stephen, we go winding down a steep descent to the VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, or bed of the KIDRON, which we cross over a plain bridge. This brook was entirely dried up during our visit to Jerusalem. Unless after a very heavy fall of rain, water now is never found flowing in its channel. It is exactly in appearance what in India we call a dry *nalá*.

To the left of the bridge on its eastern side is the reputed "tomb of the Virgin Mary." It is merely a subterranean church and grotto, to which there is a descent by a long staircase. Within its precincts, Saints Joachim, Anna, and Joseph, are also said to be interred. The place for the burial of the Virgin is held by the traditionists to have been pointed out to the apostles by our Lord; and it is a spot which they highly venerate. It is first mentioned by Adamnanus, about the end of the seventh century. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no historical evidence which can lead us to believe that the Virgin was here interred. It is probable that she died about the year 63, in Western Asia, with the apostle John, to whose care she was intrusted.

A little to the right of the tomb, and a few yards in advance of it, is *El-Jermániyah*, or GETHSEMANE, a place the associations of which are of overwhelming interest and solemnity. Yet, when we first saw it, a band of "Christian" women were swinging upon the branches of its venerable olives! How different were their occupation and emotions there from those of the Saviour, when under the pressure of the load of the sins of his people, and in the view of his last sufferings on the cross, his "soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death;" when his cry was addressed to Him who sent him, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will but thine be done;" and when

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"his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." The more that we saw of the so-called Christian pilgrimage, as it is as present conducted by the multitude, the more had we occasion to lament over its stupifying and debasing effects. Levity and irreverence seemed its only fruits. It was difficult for us, with what was before us, to look to the hallowed garden without our own souls being agitated by feelings somewhat alien to those we sought to cherish. Nevertheless, we tried to commune with that Saviour who often resorted hither with his disciples, and whose soul here travailed in the greatness of its strength for our redemption. The wall by which the garden is surrounded is of dry stone, and irregular in its form. The olive trees are certainly very aged. They are surrounded by stones pretty much in the manner of the sacred trees of the Hindus. There are other olive trees in the adjoining plots of ground, also apparently very old. If the Gethsemane of the Bible be not here—and we can see no reason for disturbing the tradition respecting it—it cannot certainly be far distant, as must be apparent from the incidental notices of the evangelists.

There are four roads or paths which lead up the Mount of Olives from Gethsemane. Three of them go to Bethany. By the northern one, we proceeded to the summit of the Mount, passing to the right various *loco sancta* of the monks, which require no notice. We entered the CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, or rather mosque, crowning the hill. With its appendages, it is a very conspicuous object at a distance; but there is nothing whatever remarkable in its architecture. We paid each a few paistres to the Turks for our admission to the octagonal building in the interior, where we were shown a mark in the rock, said to be the last print of the foot of our Lord on his ascension to heaven. We declined to take impressions of it, though they are in request among the pilgrims. It is surrounded by various little altars or oratories, belonging to the different sects of Oriental Christians, who never imagine that tradition is sadly at fault in fixing on this locality as that from which our Lord ascended to heaven, even though it is expressly said by the evangelist that he led the disciples out "as far as to Bethany"—which is about as far distant from this church, in advance to the south-east, as the church is from Jerusalem—before he lifted up his hands and blessed them. We were somewhat amused, on becoming acquainted at the place, with a Tractarian apology for their error—"The disciples were led out as far as the *parish* of Bethany!" The Jews well knew how to express what is meant by the "coasts" of a district or town, when the proprieties of speech required them to use the term. How this spot should have become sacred in the eyes of the Mohammedans, I do not well see, as they hold that Jesus did not actually die, but ascended from heaven to the cross. The church was probably seized by them for purposes of extortion.

The Mount of Olives was found, by the measurements of Lieut. Symonds, of the Royal Engineers, to be 2397 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. We remained on the summits for a considerable time on the occasion of our different visits, greatly interested in the scene which there presented itself to our view. In the direction of the east we could distinctly observe, for many miles, the course of the valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab lying beyond. The general line of the river was clearly marked by the trees, and bushes, and reeds, growing on its borders, and the greater verdure of its immediate neighbourhood; most of the plain, from the neglect of irrigation by canals, being far more dry and barren in appearance than we had expected to find it. A heavy mist was rising from the Dead Sea, which seemed itself, as it has been happily characterized, not unlike melted lead at the bottom of a caldron. There was no *peculiar* peak of the hills of Moab on which we could fix, as the Pisgah from which the departing Moses surveyed the promised land, the brow of the range having very much an equal altitude; but we were not convinced that there may not be such a peak behind the brow, though not distinguishable on our horizon. There are elevations from which the country in all directions could be advantageously surveyed. Any part of the range, in fact, as it appears from the Mount of Olives, must present an extensive view. To the west we had the city of Jerusalem before us in all its amplitude; but it is seen to greater advantage from a lesser altitude on the hill. To the north-east by north, to the right of the hill Scopius, we have in sight the village of 'ANATAH, the Anathoth of Scripture, and to the north-west the Wali or tomb of Nabi Samwil, "the prophet Samuel," which has been identified as MIZPEH. The Mount of Offence, which is, in fact, an elevation, on a continuation of the Mount of Olives itself, blocks up the view towards the south.

On the summits of the Mount, where agricultural labours were proceeding—though the barley crop was considerably advanced even at the time of our first visit—we tried our hand for a few minutes at the plough. The Mohammedan whose politeness enabled us to make the experiment, declared that we made a furrow far to deep for the soil, though we appeared merely to be scratching its surface. The instrument in use, which was drawn by bullocks, was a very simple one, made wholly of wood, and having merely a single stilt. It is customary for the ploughman to carry this article on his shoulders to his home in the evening. In the present state of the country, it is more than questionable that he would know where to find it in the morning, were he to leave it in the fields for the night.

In descending to BETHANY—for it lies in a lower slope or basin of the hill extending to the east—we could not but remember that we were treading the same path which must have often been followed by our Saviour and his disciples. Bethany is now known by the name of El-'Azariyah, the town of Lazarus. It is at present a dirty Arab village of about thirty small hovels; but its situation is beautiful and peaceful. A considerable number of fruit-trees—olive, pomegranate, fig, and almond—adorn its neighbourhood. They occur principally in small patches or topes, and occupy the choicest parts of the hill, which were probably, in the days of old, highly cultivated gardens. An old conspicuous ruin in the village, which it is wonderful has not long ere now been washed away by the winter rains, is pointed out as the house of Mary and Martha. It is probably the remains of some of the ecclesiastical buildings which we learn were erected at the place when it became particularly distinguished in the Christian pilgrimage. Contiguous to it, according to the monks, is the abode of Simon the leper. The descent to the reputed tomb of Lazarus is by twenty-six steps. Some of the villagers are generally ready at its entrance, with their tapers, to conduct the stranger into its interior. When you emerge from it to revisit the light of day, the whole children of the place are inclined to raise the cry of *Hâji! bakshish*, "Pilgrim, a present!" If it be said, that there is no actual certainty that it is the spot in which the friend whom Jesus loved lay in the cold arms of death, before the potent mandate was given, "Lazarus, come forth," there is no particular reason, either in its situation or form, for discarding the traditions which associate it with the name which it now bears. Though it might be with-

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out the village originally, it would be very natural for the people to build their houses near it, when it was identified as the spot where one of the greatest of our Lord's miracles of mercy and of power was performed. It is likely that it was in a capacious excavated or vaulted tomb like this that Lazarus was deposited; for it is said not merely that he was raised from it, but "came forth bound hand and foot with grave clothes." I do not understand precisely what Dr Robinson means, when he says, that its "form is not that of the ancient sepulchres;" for whatever may be thought of its present entrance, it is in itself exactly such an excavation, or vault, as of old was wont to be used for the interment of the dead. The first particular mention which we have of a "tomb of Lazarus" at this place, as noticed by travellers, is in the Jerusalem Itinerary in 333. Eusebius and Jerome speak of it as distinguished by the erection of a church. It is probable that it was never afterwards overlooked.

"LIFE, LIFE, ONLY LIFE!"

THIS was the almost dying exclamation of the voluptuous novelist, Hoffman. Such was his love of life—of what he called "the sweet habitude of being." He died at Berlin by piecemeal, dictating his wild stories to the last. Strange stories they were, indeed, for a dying man to write. The closing scene was striking and instructive. His feet and hands, his legs and arms, had for months become perfectly paralyzed and motionless. At length he lost all sensation, though his fancy retained its creative power. Feeling no more pain, he said to his physician (thinking he was about to recover), "I feel no more pain—it will soon be over." "Yes," said the medical man, giving another and more impressively solemn meaning to his words, "*it will soon be over.*" When made fully aware that he was dying, he called his wife to his bed-side, and begging her to fold his motionless hands together, said, lifting his dying eyes to heaven, "*We must then think of God also!*" Shortly after, the expiring flame of life glared up again within him—and fancying he might still postpone intrusive thoughts of God and eternity, he said, "I shall be well enough in the evening to go on with the tale I have been inditing." He asked for the reading of the last sentence—and just as it was finished, expired. Thus passed to its solemn account a human soul, richly, gloriously gifted, but utterly faithless to the high trusts of the stewardship of genius. "It is worth a student's while," says a popular writer, "to observe how tobacco, wine, and midnight did their work upon the delicate frame of Hoffman." It is worth one's while, also, to observe how a profound indifference to the concerns of the soul is strengthened by habits of sinful indulgence, and the postponement of all serious thoughts of the claims of religion, till even the immediate prospect of death and the flashing fires of eternal retribution fail to awaken one anxious thought, or call forth one earnest prayer, or even to secure the mind's attention, for one brief moment, to things serious and eternal.

"*We must then think of God also.*"

Ah! we must, indeed. A man may live in ignorance of this solemn and momentous truth, but not so will he die. During all his life, not one hour or moment may be given to this first and chief of all concerns, but at last he will lift his dying eyes to heaven, and confess God and implore mercy. A great discovery did the dying novelist make, but it came too late to avail him aught. Now, when the voice of passion was hushed; when reason ascended her tribunal, and the creature and the world retired from his thoughts, he was constrained to think of GOD, the high and holy and mighty One whom he had utterly neglected. Oh, it was a sad place to find out for the first time, *that we must think of God also!*

And yet multitudes never find it out till they are stretched on a dying-bed. They never think, seriously and rationally, on the perfections and claims of God, on their lost estate and need of pardoning mercy, till the slighted and terrible One crowds himself upon their notice in the hour of their departure from this life—meets them, in frowns, as the God of retribution, as they cross the threshold of eternity. To think of God in such a moment, not as our father and friend and Saviour, but as an angry judge, an implacable enemy, an eternally forfeited good, must be a bitter and overwhelming experience.

Yes; every man must think of God, sooner or later. The sinner may crowd him out of his *life*, but God will make a place to himself in the scene of *death!* In that awful hour he will stand out before his mind in the light and impressiveness of a near and full revelation: he must see him in the reality and truthfulness of his being, and in all his dread attributes, and *think* of him as the once patient and long-suffering God, but henceforth the unpitying and almighty avenger of guilt; and he will think of him in *hell* for ever, and the thought will burn like fire in his soul, and be his everlasting shame and torment. —*N. Y. Evangelist.*

LEARNED MADNESS.

IT is very difficult for the human mind to steer a straight course under the weight of too much learning. Unless kept in trim by a proper ballast, it is apt to totter over. When grace sanctifies the learning, the human mind can never be overloaded by it; without grace, there is at least danger that it should run into a thousand vagaries. Genius is closely allied to madness; and many, who would wish to be considered geniuses, know no better way of asserting their claims than by betraying symptoms of hallucination. They cannot be contented with settled truths, because they are settled; they will not think as other men do, for fear of being comprehended with the vulgar herd. They aim at the novel; and the more extravagant their theories, the more manifest, of course, their intellectual superiority. They are great men in their own esteem, because they have shaken off all trammels, and think, and hatch opinions without rule, and beyond rule. Common sense laughs at them, and they in turn entertain a sovereign con-

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tempt for common sense. Thus they and the world differ. The German philosophers and divines are notable examples of this kind of madness. They are very learned; so, at least, it is affirmed, and so we presume they are, if close study, much reading, and abundant thinking constitute the material; yet how crazy have many of them become! How spiritual, or rather ideal their theories, how inexplicable and profoundly absurd! in many instances not intelligible to themselves, and how, then, to others! If only absurd, it would be less matter, but their philosophy is mischievous; as far as it accomplishes anything, it is only evil that it inflicts. We certainly do not mean to comprehend in this condemnation all German philosophers and divines. There are some that do honour to their nature, their country, and their learning; but there are others that will not walk on the ordinary level, nor express even common ideas in ordinary terms. They are theory-mongers; grasping at shadows, and stretching themselves beyond their altitude. It is wonderful that any will tax themselves to understand the vagaries of Kant and his followers, and the improvers of his philosophic system. Great and learned they may have been, but they had a silly way of showing it. Their philosophies, like the soap-bubbles of children, may have had the iridescence of genius, but they were still soap-bubbles expanded, attenuated, rising for a brief moment to burst, that their emptiness and nothingness might be detected. We tremble for the theology of our country, when we see the tendency to rely too much on German critics. It requires the wisdom from above to enable one to separate the chaff from the wheat, the much learning from the madness. Young students should handle them warily, and wise teachers should take heed how they place these sharp tools in inexperienced hands. Attracted by their polish, they may flourish them, not only to the incurable wounding of themselves, but of others.

FINDING FAULT WITH GOD.

"I CANNOT believe," says one, "in the inspiration of the Old Testament, which represents God as instigating the Israelites to exterminate the Canaanites. This is making God a very Moloch, delighting in human blood." "I cannot believe," says another, "that a benevolent God could give grace to some men to be saved, while he leaves others to their dreadful fate. It would be an inexpressible cruelty." "I cannot believe," says a third, "that God intends to damn any of his creatures for the sins to which their passions may impel them in this brief life." It is easy to perceive that the same spirit dictates these various objections. In each case there is a denial of the divine sovereignty. The human mind forms its conceptions of a God; and nothing can be right, nothing inspired, which does not tally with this standard. According to their notions of Deity, it would be wrong in God to subject his creatures to a violent death, however grievously they may have sinned; it would be cruel in him to save some, where he was under no obligation to save any; it would be still more cruel in him to condemn any. Now, the question is, not what we regard as consistent with the benevolence of God, but what he represents as consistent with his own benevolence. If the Scriptures are received as a divine revelation, then we submit to its explicit teachings. It does, in the plainest language, assert the very things which these objectors deny, and we must receive them with a full persuasion of their consistency with the divine goodness, however they may appear to contradict our imperfect notions of benevolence. If we are not prepared for this, we must give up the Bible, and try if the God of nature will better answer our preconceived opinions. Does nature reveal a God more benevolent than the Bible? Who causes the earthquake to engulf, in a moment, the inhabitants of a city, without distinction of sex or age? Who sends pestilence to sweep down its thousands? Who withholds the fruitful seasons, and causes ghastly famine to devour its victims? Who permits the messenger of death to interrupt our social happiness by removing the object of our affections? Nature is full of the evils for which the Bible alone assigns a reason. If nature reveals not a hell, neither does it reveal a heaven; and by its teachings we cannot certainly know that a single individual of the human family will or can be saved. If the objectors are not satisfied here, we can point them to but one resort, and it is the very one to which their cavils tend—it is to Atheism; an Atheism which denies the existence of a God altogether, and plunges itself into still more inextricable difficulties by ascribing all things to chance—that is, to nothing! Let us go back, then, to the more sure word of prophecy; let us behold God as he is—just as well as merciful; the sovereign disposer of all things, dispensing his mercies where he will, and the full punishment of sin where it is not his will to have mercy; and if we are humble, believing, distrustful of our own judgments, and obedient, we will find this revelation glorious and all satisfying, and rest assured that its difficulties will soon be explained to our satisfaction in another and brighter world.

"RELIGION MAKES MEN GLOOMY."

WHO told you so? "My own heart." Your own heart! But have you not read, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" And will you believe that heart? "My light-headed and trifling companions." Your companions! But what do they know about it? they never tasted any of its joys or sorrows, and are in utter ignorance of both. Would you ask a blind man his opinion of colours, or a deaf man his opinion of sounds, and form your judgment by their decision? Go you to other sources for information ere you pronounce religion gloomy. Go, ask those who have felt its power, who know all the joys of sin and many of the joys of religion, and ask them if such has been its influence. Go to Solomon, the wise king of

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Israel; ask him, "Does religion make men gloomy?" He had drunk of every cup of earthly joy that wealth or influence could command. "I gathered me," he says, "also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men. I was great; and whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from joy." (Eccles. ii. 8–10.) But was he happy in consequence? "Behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit." (Verse 11.) But when he turned to religion, and her sweet influence came upon his mind, he exclaimed, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." (Prov. iii. 17.)

Religion make men gloomy! Did it make Saul and Silas gloomy, as they sang praises in the dungeon? Did it make the first martyr, Stephen, gloomy, as he breathed out his soul in peace, and as they looked upon his countenance it seemed like the face of an angel?

But go higher for your answers. Let heaven and hell be appealed to. Which is the happiest place in the universe—is not heaven? Which is the most miserable place in the universe—is not hell? Which is the most religious? Heaven is the most religious; it is all religion there. Which is the most irreligious? Hell is the most irreligious; there is no religion there. Let the joys of heaven, and the agonies of hell, then, give the answer. No! religion never makes men gloomy; but, on the contrary, it has gilded the path of many a tried and afflicted soul through life, and proved the sweetest solace in the hour of death. And the more I feel its influence, and live beneath its power, the nearer I shall come to the joys of heaven, and the light and love and bliss that reign around God's throne.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

When John Quincy Adams was ambassador to the Netherlands, and comparatively a youth, he was invited to join the several ambassadors of different nations at that Court, in a gathering for social enjoyment, in which cheerful conversation, and gaming for amusement, we believe, bore a part. Once they adjourned to a Sabbath evening. The time came, and the ambassadors collected; but the American minister was missing. It occasioned inquiry and disappointment; but presuming some special or invincible obstacle prevented his attendance, they said little of the circumstance, and adjourned again to Sabbath evening. But the American ambassador did not attend. The next meeting was on a week-day evening, and the American was in his place. They were glad to see him, and signified their disappointment at his previous absences. Instead of making an apology, or assigning a fictitious reason, he frankly stated to them, that his principles would not allow him thus to employ any part of the Sabbath. He was born in a country settled by Puritans, of Puritan parents, who believed in the Bible, and regarded the Sabbath as a divine ordinance. He had witnessed the good influence of its religious observance in the greater intelligence, the pure morals, the energy, enterprise, and orderly habits of his countrymen. As a servant of God and a friend of his country, therefore, he could not pervert the day, or use it for other purposes than those to which he had been taught to devote it, and seen it devoted—in whatever part of the world he might be, or by whatever different customs surrounded! To those who know the "sneering" character of most Sabbath-breakers, and think of the age, high rank, and splendour of these men, in connection with the youth of Adams, it would be difficult to name an instance of moral courage superior to this. And it so completely overawed his distinguished companions, that by instant and general consent they met no more on Sabbath evenings.

"COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE."

Christ hath his people in his hand. They apprehend him, and are apprehended by him, that they may attain the same end of the race with him, the resurrection of the dead, namely, a state of perfection: "If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead, not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may lay hold of that for which" [for which end] "I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." (Phil. iii. 12.) Apprehended, or laid hold on by Christ, a metaphor from those that run a race, that take hold of another to draw him after to win a prize as well as themselves. Christ lays hold on believers, and they follow him. Will Christ be easily persuaded to let go the hold of his own right? will he throw them out of his hand? That would be changeableness, and unfaithfulness after his promise. Shall any pluck them out of his hand? That would be weakness. Faith cleaves to Christ, and Christ to faith. Faith hands Christ into the heart, and gives him possession; Christ takes the heart as his own property: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith" (Eph. iii. 17); and engageth himself by promise that both he and his Father shall abide there. (John xiv. 23.) Will any gracious heart cast Christ out of his lodging? He that knows the sweetness of their company, can never desire to have their room. Doth Christ dwell in the heart to let sin pull his house down about his ears? Will he suffer the devil to bring in hell-fire to burn up his dwelling? It is his own house, the church, and every member of it. (Heb. iii. 6.) Will he not hinder the decays of it, and repair the beams and walls? yea, the very tiles and pins? Shall he not brush down the cobwebs, and sweep out the dust? The heart is his field; will he not gather in his wheat, and burn up the tares at last?—*Charnock.*

PROMISSORY NOTES.

We will suppose that some opulent person makes the tour of Europe. If his money falls short, he comforts himself with reflecting that he has a sufficient stock in bank, which he can draw out at any time by writing to his cashiers. This is just the case, spiritually, with God's people. Their treasure is in heaven, and God himself is their banker. When their graces seem to be almost spent and exhausted, when the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil appear to be failing, they need but draw upon God by prayer and faith and humble waiting. The Holy Spirit will honour their bill at sight; and issue to them, from time to time, sufficient remittances to carry them to their journey's end.—*Toplady.*

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I MUST PRAY MORE.

I HABITUALLY feel this necessity; but the other day the conviction came to my mind with strange power, and I said with greater emphasis than ever, *I must pray more.* It struck me with indescribable wonder, that so little time should be employed, and so little energy expended in prayer, even by those who are prompt to acknowledge its dignity as a privilege, and its efficacy as a means of obtaining good. It is not now as it was in patriarchal times. We do not pray as Jacob did. He wrestled until the breaking of the day. Yes, his praying was *wrestling*, and it lasted all night. We put forth no such power in prayer, and we do not allow the repose of our nights to be interrupted by it. It is not because our wants are all supplied that we are so feeble and brief in prayer—nor is it that God's bounty is exhausted. We are as poor as creatures ever were, and He as rich and munificent as ever. His hand is not shortened, neither his ear heavy.

Only think how small a portion of each successive day is spent in prayer. I wonder if any Christian ever thought of it without being so dissatisfied as to resolve that he would spend more time in praying the next day. Just add together the minutes you daily occupy in supplication, and the kindred exercises of devotion, scriptural reading, and meditation, and see to what it will amount. Will the sum total be *one hour*? What! less than one hour a-day in devotion!—not one twenty-fourth part of time! And is this all which can be afforded? Let us see. How much time has *business*? Could not a little be saved from business for prayer? Do you not give an hour or two more to business every day than it absolutely requires? Then, how much time has *sleep* for the refreshment of the body? Might not some little time be redeemed from sleep, and spent in prayer, with more profit to the whole man, than if it were given to repose? Would not the soul thereby obtain a *rest*, which would most favourably re-act on the body? I do not believe that the Psalmist suffered anything in the day, for the hours of night he spent in communing on his bed with his own heart and with God. I do not believe that even "tired nature" had any reason to complain of that interruption of the repose due to her. I suspect he enjoyed as good health, and was as vigorous through the day as we, though he rose at midnight to give thanks unto God, and prevented the dawning of the morning with his prayer. Such interruptions of sleep are no loss even to the body. I am sure, and I think no one can doubt, that considerably more time might be afforded to prayer than is actually given to it. If we take none from business, and none from sleep, yet could not some be spared from the *table*, or *conversation*, which is not always the most profitable? Perhaps some of us spend more time in barely receiving the body's nourishment, than we do in the entire care of the soul! But not to dwell to tediousness on this topic: You have only to look back on a day, to perceive how much of it might have been spent in prayer and devotion, without interfering with anything which ought not to be interfered with.

Seeing, then, that we *can* pray more, that time can be afforded for it, I am amazed that we do not pray more. If prayer were nothing but a *duty*, we ought to pray more. We do not pray enough to discharge the mere obligation of prayer. We are *commanded* to pray more than we do—ay, to pray "without ceasing." But prayer, while it is a duty, is rather to be viewed by us in the light of a *privilege*. And oh, it is *such* a privilege! What a favour that we may petition God, and ask of him eternal life, with the confidence that we shall not ask in vain! How strange it is that we no more value and exercise this *privilege* of prayer! It is astonishing that the sense of want, or the desire of happiness, does not carry us oftener to the throne of grace, and that we should ever require to be incited to prayer by the stimulus of conscience. Oh! I wonder that we do not oftener go in unto the King, whose gracious sceptre is ever extended towards us—I wonder we have not more frequent and longer interviews with our heavenly Father. It is strange we do not pray more, when prayer is the *easiest* way of obtaining good. What is so easy as to *ask* for what we want? How could we receive blessings on cheaper terms? Surely it is easier than to labour, and less expensive than to buy. It may be hard to the spirit to ask of men; to beg of them you may be ashamed; but no such feeling should keep you aloof from God. He giveth and upbraideth not.

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But prayer is not merely the easiest way of obtaining good. It is the *only* way of obtaining the greatest of all good. The subordinate necessaries of life we get by labour or purchase; but the things we most need are given in answer to prayer. The one thing needful is a divine donation. We *ask*, and receive it. Now we labour much. Why do not we pray more? Do we seek a *profitable* employment? None is so profitable as prayer. No labour makes so large a return. If you have an unoccupied hour—and you have many, or might have, by redeeming time—you cannot employ it in any way that shall tell so favourably on your interests, as by filling it up with petitions to God. Yet, when we have such an hour, how apt we are to spend it in unprofitable intercourse with our fellows, rather than in communion with God. It is wonderful that we talk so much, when "the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury;" and pray so little, when "prayer brings a quick return of blessings in variety."

Is there anything attended by a purer *pleasure* than prayer? One who knew, said, "It is *good* for me to draw near to God:"—and again, "It is *good* to sing praises unto our God: for it is *pleasant*, and praise is comely." All the exercises of devotion are as full of pleasure as they are abundant in profit.

But prayer is not only a means of *getting* good. It is such a means of *doing* good, that I wonder our benevolence does not lead us to pray more. We are commanded, "as we have opportunity," to do good unto all men. Now, prayer affords us the opportunity of being *universal* benefactors. *Through God* we can reach all men. We can make ourselves felt by all the world, by moving the hand that moves it. In no other way can we reach all. Prayer makes us, in a sense, omnipresent and omnipotent. It prevails with Him who is both.

The *world* needs your intercessions. It lies in wickedness. *Zion* needs them. She languishes because few pray for her peace; few come to her solemn assemblies. Whose *family* needs not the prayers of its every member? Who has not kindred that are out of Christ? With such a call upon us for prayer, so urgent, and from so many quarters, I wonder we pray no more.

I must pray more, for then I shall *do* more—more for God, and more for myself; for I find that when I pray most, I accomplish more in the briefer intervals between my devotions, than when I give all my time to labour or study. I am convinced there is nothing lost by prayer. I am sure nothing helps a student like prayer. His most felicitous hours—his hours of most successful application to study—are those which immediately follow his seasons of most fervent devotion. And no wonder. Shall the collision of created minds with each other, produce in them a salutary excitement; and shall not the communion of those minds with the infinite Intelligence much more excite them, and make them capable of wider thought and loftier conceptions?

I must pray more, because other Christians, whose biography I have read, have prayed more than I do.

God is disposed to hear more prayers from me than I offer; and Jesus, the Mediator, stands ready to present more for me.

If I pray more, I shall sin less.

I *will* pray more. The Lord help me to fulfil this resolution.—*Nevins.*

THREE DEATH-BEDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON.*

I.—JOHN OWEN.

It was in some house in the little quiet village of Ealing that the great John Owen closed his earthly days. I have inquired if any traditions respecting the precise place remain, but can find none. He had some property there, and a house of his own; and in the peaceful seclusion of such a residence he wrote, not long before his death, his memorable work on "The Glory of Christ." It shows that his state of mind was of the most enviable description; that (to adopt an allusion to the writings of Bunyan, whom he highly revered, and for whose singular talents of usefulness this first Biblical critic of his age said he was ready to give all his learning) he had reached the land of Beulah, was reclining on the banks of the river of life, and could walk and talk with the shining ones. Grainger refers to this beautiful work by Owen, and says, "There are some very peculiar expressions in his writings. Solomon's Song could not furnish him with a sufficient number of phrases to express his love of Christ, but he must invent a jargon of his own." Poor Grainger! if he had ever read the work he criticised, his language showed how little he knew of that divine affection which throbbed in Owen's heart almost to bursting. No wonder that the rapturous expression of a great and sanctified soul, as it stands by the half-opened gate of immortality and looks upon the glory of Christ, appears "jargon" to the ears of many. But Owen "knew whom he had believed," and with faith as intelligent as it was fervent, rejoiced in the unseen object of his love. Transported by his divine theme, he spoke with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," spreading out his sublime reflections like "a sea of glass mingled with fire." The last utterances of his heart in friendship were in unison with the sentiments he expressed in his final work. "I am going," says he to his dear friend, Charles Fleetwood, "I am going to Him who my soul has loved, or rather, who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great Pilot is in it, the loss

* In "Spiritual Heroes; or, Sketches of the Puritans, their Character and Times."

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of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond: the promise stands invincible, that he will never leave us nor forsake us." The first sheet of his book had passed through the press under the superintendence of Mr Payne, an eminent Dissenting minister at Saffron Walden; and as that excellent person informed him of the circumstance, the dying saint exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it. But, oh! brother Payne, the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." Owen was a man of robust constitution, and fearful was the conflict between his complicated maladies and his remaining strength. It was a stern struggle, as it often is in such cases, ere "the keepers of the house bowed themselves;" and the attendants stood round the bed with mingled emotions, gazing on a spectacle of intense physical agony, combined with a state of mind "calm and unruffled as a summer sea when not a breath of wind blows o'er its surface." In silence, with uplifted eyes and hands, John Owen left the world. It was on Bartholomew's day, so memorable in Puritan history and in his own; and the imagination delights to follow him to regions of liberty and peace, where he joined many of that confessor band who had taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and had now found in heaven a better and more enduring substance. Eleven days afterwards, a long procession of carriages, to the number of sixty-seven, belonging to the rich and noble, together with mourning coaches and numbers of persons on horseback, moved slowly and silently along the streets of London, conveying the mortal remains of Owen to Bunhill-fields the Puritan *Necropolis*.

II.—RICHARD BAXTER.

Baxter survived Owen eight years. In a house near his friend Sylvester, in Charter House Square, he spent his last days; and there did this remarkable man, with regard to whom activity and existence were but convertible terms, labour to the end. When disabled from preaching in Sylvester's meeting-house, he preached in his own dwelling. He almost died in the pulpit the last time he occupied it. Such hazards were nought to him. "It would, doubtless," says his friend, "have been his joy to have been transfigured on the Mount." No wonder! because his unearthly soul was now full of heaven. "Drawing near to the city," if I may quote Bunyan again, "he had yet a more perfect view thereof." He talked in the pulpit, Calamy tells us, "with great freedom about another world, like one who had been there, and was come, as a sort of express, from thence to make report concerning it." His pen, too—that busy pen—was employed as long as he could hold it in writing for the cause dear to his heart; and among his last works was his "Dying Thoughts," worthy of being bound up with Owen's "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." But at last his growing infirmities took him from his favourite employments, confining him first to his chamber, and then to his bed. But when his lips could no longer speak in public, and the pen of the ready-writer had been for ever dropped, his vigorous mind "abode rational in faith and hope, arguing itself into, and preserving itself in patience and joy, through grace." Nor did he fail to converse with those who visited him on those subjects which through life had always had the first place in his thoughts. With unaffected humility, he spoke of himself as "the vilest dung-hill worm," as "a sinner worthy of being condemned for the best duty he ever did"—whose hopes were all from the free mercy of God in Christ. Reminded of the good which his works had produced, this indefatigable author replied, "I was but a pen in God's hands, and what praise is due to a pen?" His resigned submission to the will of God in his sharp sickness was eminent. When extremity of pain constrained him earnestly to pray to God for his release by death, he would check himself—"It is not fit for me to prescribe, *when thou wilt, what thou wilt, how thou wilt!*" Being in great anguish, he said, "Oh! how unsearchable are his ways, and his paths past finding out; the riches of his providence we cannot fathom. Do not think," he added to his friends, "the worse of religion for what you see me suffer." He had a well-grounded assurance of his eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within, only lamenting that he could not triumphantly express his feelings, owing to extreme pain. Still he spoke delightfully of heaven, and, quoting the apostle's description of the celestial assembly, remarked, that it deserved a thousand thousand thoughts. Words of wisdom and counsel were ever on his lips for those who visited him; and, with that large public-spiritedness which he displayed throughout his active life, he spent many of his last hours in praying for this miserable distracted world, and for the preservation of the Church in the midst of it. Pain was his constant companion, but with martyr-like firmness he endured all, exclaiming, "I have pain; there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace—I have peace." His life had been a continued state of physical torture. His manifold diseases and sufferings were enough to excite pity in the hearts of the most inhuman of his enemies. Our sensibilities are positively tortured by the reading of his pathetic descriptions of himself. Welcome, then, must have been the prospect of his entering a world of which it is said, "Neither shall there be any more pain;" and how beautiful was the oft-quoted answer which he gave to the question, "How he did?" "*Almost well. Better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be!*" Sickness to him was convalescence, and death was immortal and healthful life. The world had been to him an hospital, and his lot had been cast in the ward appropriated to extreme sufferers; but now his recovery was at hand, and he was bound for those salubrious regions where the air can never be tainted with disease, and the cry of pain is never heard. "On Monday," says his friend Sylvester, "about five in the evening, death sent his harbinger to summon him away. A great trembling and coldness extorted strong cries from him for pity and redress from Heaven, which cries and agonies continued for some time, till at length he ceased, and lay in patient expectation of his change." The storm was now over, and the tempest-tossed vessel was in still waters, waiting for admission to the harbour. The gentle cry in the ear of his housekeeper, "Death, death!" betokened the full consciousness of Baxter in his dying moments. But it was not in words to reveal the mysteries of that awful crisis. There is no syllable more common in human speech—there is nothing more utterly unknown, than DEATH! He turned to thank a friend for visiting his dying bed, and, looking on him with an eye of love, exclaimed, "The Lord teach you how to die!" Truly the Lord had taught him the lesson; and through the record of his last hours, which the hand of friendship has carefully preserved, may the Lord teach the same to every reader! About four o'clock on the morning of the 8th December 1691, Baxter had done for ever with the sorrows of this mortal state, and had entered on the saints' everlasting rest. His body sleeps in Christ Church, beside the ashes of his wife and mother. Many vied in doing honour to the man whose memory they reverenced; and Conformists as well as Nonconformists carried him to his grave, and made great lamentations over him. Dr Earl informed

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Mr Palmer that he was present at Baxter's funeral, and that the train of coaches reached from Merchant Tailors' Hall—from whence the corpse was carried—to the place of burial.

III.—JOHN HOWE.

John Howe was the last of this rare triumvirate, and was spared by Divine Providence to adorn the Church till the year 1705, when he shook off the sorrows of humanity for ever, and joined his elder brothers before the throne. In his latter days, he was eminently privileged with the joys of Christianity. His mind, singularly pure, elevated, and devout, even from his youth, seemed at this period to attain a more ethereal purity, to soar to a more sublime elevation, and to breathe a spirit of more seraphic devotion. It was the opinion of the ancients, the more divine become their souls, and the more piercing their insight into the mysteries of futurity. Howe, under the influence of a diviner enthusiasm than ever touched the spirit of the Grecian sage or poet, certainly appeared sometimes during the last year of his life, as if the veil of flesh had been already parted, and his free spirit had found a pathway which "the vulture's eye had never seen." It is related that on one occasion, at the Lord's table, his soul was suffused with such joy, that the communicants thought his physical strength would have sunk under the load of such preternatural emotions. Another instance of overpowering rapture about the same time is recorded by himself, in a Latin note found on the blank leaf of his study Bible. After the record of a peculiarly beautiful and refreshing dream, which he had some years before, he adds: "But what of the same kind I sensibly felt through the admirable bounty of my God, and the most pleasant comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, on October 22, 1704, far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I then experienced an inexpressibly pleasant melting of heart, tears gushing out of my eyes, for joy that God should shed abroad his love abundantly through the hearts of men, and that, for this very purpose, mine own should be so signally possessed of, and by his blessed Spirit." One trembles at criticising such a phenomenon in the life of such a man, and attempting to resolve it all into a mere delirium of excitement. I would ask with his biographer, "Who shall say with what special tokens of benignant regard the Supreme Being might think fit to refresh the spirit of his long-tried and faithful servant, on the eve of the last fearful conflict; or with what preljibations of heaven his gracious Master might condescend to honour his fidelity and obedience?"

Like his two great predecessors, Howe spent some of his closing days in the composition of a work, expressive of his own rich religious experience. "On Patience in Expectation of Future Blessedness," was its remarkable title; and it shows that so glorious were his thoughts of heaven, and so intense his desire to depart, that he had to practise an unwonted form of self-denial to remain willingly in a world, which, alas! so many of us are loth to leave.

During Howe's illness he received the visits of his friends, and was attended with delicate care and affection by his devoted wife. His wish expressed in a sermon, preached on the death of Mrs Esther Sampson, was fulfilled to the letter—"In short, it were desirable (if God see good) to die amidst the pleasant friends and relatives who were not ill-pleased that we lived; that living and dying breath might mingle, and ascend together in prayers and praises to the blessed Lord of heaven and earth—the God of ourselves; if then we could but part with consent, a rational and joyful consent. Otherwise, to die among fashionable bemoanings and lamentations, as if we despair of futurity, one would say (with humble submission to the divine pleasure), Lord, let me rather die alone—in perfect solitude—in some unfrequented wood, or on the top of some far remote mountain, where none might interrupt the solemn transactions between thy glorious blessed self, and my joyfully-departing, self-resigning soul. But in all this," he beautifully adds, "we must refer ourselves to God's holy pleasure, who will dispose of us, living and dying, in the best, the wisest, and the kindest way." Howe's friends communed with him to the last, aiding, rather than disturbing, his holy contemplations. One can see his majestic countenance, and his calm bright eye, as Death's finger touches him, lying upon his couch in that wainscoted apartment of the beginning of the last century. The door opens, and there comes one to visit him, whose history has been marked with strange events—the son of the only man who ever sat on England's throne without a crown—born when his father was a country gentleman, and brought up with no ambitious expectations; then raised to occupy for awhile his noble father's chair of state—and then led down unheeded into the paths of private life—'tis Richard Cromwell: Howe had been his chaplain, and they cherished for each other a mutual regard. The divine had seen him amidst the splendour of a court and the scenes of adversity, and had witnessed in both conditions the display of virtues which commanded his admiration. He spoke of him always in the highest terms. This interview between the ex-Protector and his late chaplain, is one of the many interviews which history tells us of—the minute details, the accurate report of which curiosity would fain recover from the shades of oblivion. But the words they uttered have for ever died away, save that an indistinct but sweet echo of them still lasts in a brief sentence of Dr Calamy's:—"There was a great deal of serious discourse between them; tears were freely shed on both sides, and the parting was very solemn, as I have been informed by one who was present on the occasion." One or two of the dying utterances of this great man are distinctly preserved, and are what we might expect from one so greatly good.

As a proof that he needed patience of the unusual kind he describes in his last book, he said once to his wife, "Though he thought he loved her as well as it was fit for one creature to love another, yet, if it were put to his choice whether to die that moment or to live that night, and the living that night would secure the continuance of his life for seven years to come, he would choose to die that moment." And in the same spirit, he remarked to an attendant one morning, after being relieved from the intense sufferings of the previous night, "He was *for feeling* that he was alive, though most willing to die, and lay the clog of mortality aside." When his son, a physician, was lancing his leg, to diminish his sufferings, Howe inquired what he was doing, and observed—"I am not afraid of dying, but I am afraid of pain." He had a peculiar sensitiveness with regard to physical pain, which seems to have been constitutional. But his pains soon afterwards terminated for ever; and on April 2d, 1705, his spirit entered those regions of ineffable repose and joy after which he had so long and fervently aspired.

Thus, one by one, did these three worthies cross the ever-flowing stream, to meet on those banks of unfading greenness which border it on the celestial side. United together in undying fellowship, all misunderstandings between Owen and Baxter have for ever ceased, while the spirit of Howe continues its loving intercourse with both. Freed from the infirmities of this mortal condition, their pure and noble natures have attained to the perfection alike of sanctity and friendship.

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"ARISE YE, AND DEPART; FOR THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY, BATH.

ONE of the old divines, in his pastoral admonitions to his people, exhorts them not to look for that in the Law, which can only be found in the Gospel—not to look for that in themselves, which is only to be found in Christ—not to look for that in the creature, which is only to be found in the Creator—and not to look for that on earth, which is only to be found in heaven.

The present is not our rest. It was not *designed* to be our rest. It is not *fit* to be our rest. And if we are Christians, we have *relinquished* it as our rest, and have chosen another.

Yet who does not need this exhortation? Our souls naturally cleave unto the dust. Many, like Reuben and Gad, prefer an inheritance on this side Jordan. And even the godly themselves, who have not their portion in this life; but have said, As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness; even these need to have their pure minds stirred up by way of remembrance. "My people," says God, "have forgotten their resting-place."

He, therefore, who takes pleasure in the prosperity of his servants sends them this message, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." And there are five messengers by which he sends it.

The first, is his Word. And we should read and hear it for this very purpose. It meets us in our complaint and inquiry, "Who will show us any good?" and says, "Acquaint now thyself with *Him*, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." It forbids us to lay up treasures on earth. It commands us to seek those things that are above. It denounces the curse and misery of making flesh our arm. It proclaims the grandeur of the soul; and sets before us what alone is worthy of its ardour. It leads us into all truth; and places us at the foot of the Cross, by which the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world.

The second, is affliction. God speaks by the rod, as well as by the word. While he chastens us with his hand, he teaches us out of his law. Has he not, by events, plainly addressed us, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye, and take your journey?" Has he not, by repeated frustrations of our hope, plainly said to us, "Let it suffice thee: speak no more to me of this matter?" Perhaps our purposes have been broken off, even the thoughts of our hearts. Perhaps we have been made to possess months of vanity by sickness. Perhaps by death, lover and friend have been removed far from us. And, amidst the wreck of every thing dear to us, a voice, though we knew not at first that it came from heaven, said, "What hast thou here? and what dost thou here?" And if we are so much attached to the world, with all our losses and distresses, what should we have been without them? If the pilgrim be ever seduced from his way, it is by flowers and prospects; if ever he sits down and sings himself asleep, it is in a pleasant scene, and in fine weather, not when the sky is dark and stormy, and the road is rough and miry; for then, by contrast, the thought of home becomes dearer; and he feels an incitement to quicken his pace.

The third, is worldly success. This, in some respects, may convince us more of the insufficiency and emptiness of every thing here, than even our deprivations. When a man is unable to attain his object, he may still imagine that there *is* happiness in what he misses; and that he is miserable because he misses it. But when he has gained the prize, he is convinced that the dissatisfaction he feels arises from the nature of the thing itself. We long for certain acquisitions, with all the fondness of hope; and feel no apprehension, unless on the side of failure. We cannot believe, from the acknowledgments of others, that these things will belie expectation, and still leave a void within; but only when we have made the trial ourselves—when we have formed the connexion, filled the office, gained the fortune, we desired—and, in the midst of our sufficiency, we are in straits; sigh over our indulgences themselves; and enjoyment, as well as affliction, cries, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The fourth, is the earnests and foretastes of a better world. And such Christians are favoured with in the comforts of the Holy Ghost; in accesses to the throne of grace; in the power and glory of God, which they see in the sanctuary; and in those sacred moments of divine communion, alone, when they can say,

> "While such a scene of sacred joys
> Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
> Here we could sit and gaze away
> A long and everlasting day."

And these not only call, but allure and win the heart away. When the clusters of grapes were brought to the Israel of God in the wilderness, they said, in very intelligible language, What does your present condition supply like this? See what grows in the land that is before you. Taste; and go up and possess it.

The last, is death. Every apprehension and approach of this cries, "It is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is your salvation nearer than when you believed." But this orders us to depart really, as well as morally. God sends, by it, not only *to* his people, but *for* them. And it seems surprising that they should ever be ready to turn away from the messenger. A child at school welcomes every messenger from home *to* him, but he desires most the messenger that comes *for* him. Joseph sends to Jacob, and for him, at once; and his father not only heard his words, but saw his waggons—"Oh! these are really to carry me to him—I shall soon see my son, and die in peace."

Such a messenger, Christian, is death to you. Come, says God; you have toiled long enough—You have feared long enough—You have groaned long enough—Your warfare is accomplished—Enter the rest which the Lord your God giveth you—Come, for all things are now ready.

Yes, you will soon hear the voice saying, O Israel! you must this day go over Jordan. And why

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should you be unwilling to exchange the desert for the land flowing with milk and honey? Is not this the purpose of your travels? the end of your desires? the completion of your hopes?

"But the swelling river rolls between." Fear not. The ark of the covenant will go before you, and divide the waves: and you shall pass over dry-shod. And then let the streams re-unite, and continue to flow on—you will not wish them to re-open for your return. What is misery to others, is joy to you—"I shall go the way whence I shall not return."

"POOR CREATURE! HE IS DEAD."

"Poor creature! he is dead"—
With sympathetic tone,
A friend, bystanding, said.
We stood where one,
From off a painful bed,
To heaven had gone.

Yes,—dead;—but wherefore poor?
Thou canst not *pity* him,
Whose eyes shall never more
With tears be dim;—
His toils and pains are o'er—
Why pity him?

I think, on stooping wings
The wayfarer to greet,
A choir of angels sings;—
His weary feet,
The period of their wanderings
Do now complete.

Pity the bond slave, when
His chains are cleft away;
Pity the sick man, when,
Some cheerful day,
With healthy beat, again
His pulses play.

Pity the exiled one,
Who yesterday came home;
Pity the royal son,
When, with acclaim,
The joyful thousands run,
And shout his name.

Pity the bridegroom, when
The lovely waits to greet,
In nuptial garments, bright,
His hasting feet—
And mourn the moment when
Their kisses meet.

Ah! pity them, indeed—
For they, who on the best
Of all earth's dainties feed,
Are not the happiest;—
The glories, at their acmè, fade
The swiftliest.

The man is poor indeed
To whom it is not given,—
If with soft gales he speed,
Or be by tempests driven,—
Alike to feel his need,
And look toward heaven.

Of what a little worth
The momentary pain!
The life-throe into birth,
And countless gain;—
Pleasures and pains of earth
Alike are vain.

Oh, that for us, might be
This gift—with sharpened sight,
Beyond the veil to see
Which hides the light;—
The morn shall dawn for me,
After the night!

LUELL.

MARY JAY: THE NERVOUS CHRISTIAN.

"There is a large class, who would confound nature and grace. These are chiefly women. They sit at home, nursing themselves over a fire, and then trace up the natural effects of solitude and want of air and exercise into spiritual desertion."—*Cecil.*

MANY envied my friend Mary Jay; she seemed to have everything which people generally regard as desirable—a pleasant parlour, adorned with rich carpets, easy chairs, beautiful pictures, interesting and instructive books. She had a cultivated mind, a refined heart, a well-filled purse, warm friends, and kind looks from all the world. More than all this, Mary Jay was a professing Christian, an attentive hearer and devout worshipper in the sanctuary, and a liberal contributor to all the instrumentalities which are set in motion for the redemption of the world. No one ever applied to Mary Jay for means to promote any good object, and was refused. She gave, and gave generously—almost without inquiry she gave; giving was a principle with her.

Many young people said, "Oh, if I were only Mary Jay!" "I would do this, and I could do that, if I were only in Mary Jay's place." And many more, I doubt not, who looked at her afar off, almost envied the easy and flattering position which she held in the Church and society, circled as she seemed to be by so many of the fascinations of wealth and education. But I knew, what many did not know, that Mary Jay was not happy; she was far from being happy—she was weak, nervous, and unhappy. Not that any serious disease was preying upon her constitution; she usually called herself pretty well, in spite of her pale and languid looks, but she was nervous. A great many women, alas! know how much and how really serious evils that word comprehends—evils, if not a disease, which essentially impair and vitiate the energies of hundreds and thousands in easy circumstances throughout our towns and cities; but the causes are different, and require different treatment. Mary was low-spirited—little things, insignificant in themselves, made her weep like a child—her sensibilities were all alive—she lay for hours on the

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sofa, oppressed with an indescribable melancholy—she arose and looked out upon the glad sunshine and was sad—accounts of suffering and want filled her with pain, and she longed for a "lodge in some vast wilderness"—she would have preferred those heavenly abodes where no sin or suffering can ever enter, but she scarcely dared hope for a place in those blessed mansions—her religious hopes were clouded—she was often in thick darkness—she had no clear views of her acceptance with Christ—she was timid, doubting, often despairing. The biography of good men chilled her—"O that my experience was theirs!" she sighed discouragingly. The little light that sometimes glimmered upon her soul in prayer, and through the Bible, was often dim, flickering, and uncertain. In the midst of all outward comforts, Mary's heart was too frequently comfortless—joyless. "There is a void here," she often used to say; "I want something to fill it." Poor Mary Jay! thus she languished on for months and years—a dark Christian, under an unfulfilled experience of what is promised by the gospel hopes and gospel glories.

I often sighed and sympathized with her; it was grateful to her affections, but I was sure it did her no good. Secret intimations that a more active religious life was what she needed often came over me, but how could I urge it upon one who gave so much and so freely to every good work; would it not seem like rebuking her? And Mary Jay was so good. When I ventured delicately to advise Mary on this point, as I sometimes did at last, she quickly waived it: "Oh no, dear; you know how I am constituted. I cannot do as others do, I am so weak: it is not in me, you know." How then could I urge it? Mary was so constituted.

By-and-by a mutual friend came back to town. He knew Mary intimately, and Mary both loved and respected him. I urged her to disclose her feelings and to seek his counsel. An opportunity soon came, and Mary did so freely and frankly.

"Mary Jay," said he, "you must go to work. A mere parlour Christian can never be a cheerful, vigorous, rejoicing Christian. Like your great Master, you must go out and labour for the good of others. He has given you time, talents, and opportunities to use yourself for him, and yet you are wasting yourself away doing nothing. Do you not hear him ask, 'Why stand ye here idle?' Have you sought out those poor immigrants in the street below you? To what poor woman have you carried —*carried yourself*—the bread of life, and persuaded her to eat of it? She needs persuasion, perhaps. What destitute children have you hunted up among the by-ways of the town? Give money, I know you do, Mary, nobly and generously; but you cannot do everything by *proxy*. No, you must literally go about doing good." Harsh language it must have seemed to poor Mary Jay, who never heard anything but the gentlest and most loving words; and harsh language it did seem to her.

She wept, and fancied her friend had become a cruel censor, an enemy. There was a calm austerity of manner about him when he deeply felt, which awed even those who knew him best. Mary was awed, frightened, wounded, but he went on probing to the very core the secret of all her wretchedness; then firmly and courageously pointed out the remedy, the only remedy for all the ills under which she laboured. R—— did it with the fidelity and manfulness of a true friend. He had long understood Mary's case, and had longed, yet shrank, from an opportunity of saying to her all that it was the duty of a friend to say: now that it came, he spoke with his characteristic firmness, withholding nothing, palliating nothing, but telling Mary what I suppose was the whole truth, and a painful and surprising one it was to her. "Pardon me, Mary, but at the risk of losing your friendship I must speak out. The Christian graces cannot grow in a sluggish, inactive life; you must get up, leave your parlour and yourself, and engage in active Christian duty; you must be doing something for the good of others—doing personally with your own presence, your own hands, your own speech." R—— knew not what effect it would have on Mary; he hoped and feared; he knew there were energies to be aroused which, if aroused, would make her eminently useful to the Church, brighten her Christian hopes, and make her a cheerful and rejoicing disciple of the Lord.

Had he wounded her? had he irritated her? had he discouraged her? had he lost her friendship for ever? His words sank deep into Mary Jay's heart: she tried to forget them, to banish them; she wept over them, she felt aggrieved, she declared herself misunderstood, unappreciated. Weep as she might, turn wheresoever she would, there were R——'s words, impressed indelibly upon her memory. She could not but remember them and reflect upon them; obey them she was sure she could not: "He had not understood her; he did not know her peculiarities."

How long the seed was vegetating we cannot tell, but one afternoon Mary Jay put on her shawl and bonnet, and bent her steps down a small back street towards some houses which had recently become occupied by foreign factory operatives. Some tracts and papers were in her hand. Two dirty children sat upon the steps of one of the houses. Mary spoke kindly to them, and asked for their mother: the little boys led her into the kitchen. There sat a sick mother with a sick baby in her arms. Mary thought she had never seen a home so cheerless and untidy: but the pale mother and her child, the sad mother and the sick little one touched Mary's sympathies; and she was surprised to find a new interest springing up in

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her heart; she had something to say, and she could say it.

"Ah, and I wanted to speak to some good Christian," said the poor woman, as they became more acquainted; "I am away from my folks; I've got no minister; I take no comfort in my mind now."

"What is the matter?" asked Mary.

"Ah, six months ago, when I came here, I had to work on Sabbath. I have had no comfort since. I don't pray now as I used to do: I am afraid to pray. Will the Lord forgive Sabbath work, do you think?" and tears ran down the woman's face

Here was work for Mary. How long she sat, or what she said, we cannot tell; but Mary dates from that afternoon new springs of interest, new principles of action, new duties, new hopes, new vigour—in a word, a new life in her soul.

Do you not see that here was something for a Christian to do? Not two stones' throw from Mary's own door, sat a sick, conscience-stricken woman, in a measure out of the means of grace and the comforts of religious intercourse, famishing for light, for instruction, for one word of true Christian counsel. Oh, there are a thousand such, of which the Church know nothing, all along the hedges and by-ways of life—sick, poor, afflicted, burdened by secret griefs, in a strange land, knowing not where to turn for that bread of life, that balm in Gilead, which alone can afford relief. These must be sought out, hunted up, visited with Christian consolation and advice. And this is the work for Christians to do, in imitation of and in obedience to their Divine Master. This is the *appropriate work* of Christian love. Many are found so labouring, but there are vast numbers who have not *begun* to apprehend it. There are many who hope they are children of God, and yet feel none of the light and warmth which seemed to fill the bosoms of the apostles; they long for it, they wonder why this dark cloud rests on their souls, they are restless and often wretched; is it not because they are *incomplete* Christians? Is it not because they have time and opportunities and energies that are wasting away in a *busy religious idleness*, or in entire inactivity? Ah! it may be so; and if it is so, you are sure to feel *leanness* of soul and darkness of mind. Like Mary Jay you must needs be nervous and unhappy; it is to be feared there are many such. Let me say to you, that there is nothing which will warm your piety, and give you a clear, rejoicing hope in Christ—nothing that will so unite you to Him, as giving some portion of your time every day and your personal agency to the good of others. You will be surprised to find how much there is to do, how large a field is left to the unseen efforts of the humble

hristian. All around your own homes, there are many who, but for you, without your personal efforts in their behalf, may lack all Christian sympathy, and may perish almost without knowing the gospel invitations, although they live in the very sight of the sky-pointing spire. Go and find them out—you will be gratefully welcomed. O there be mourning, and sorrow, and burdens, of which you now know nothing. There are stricken hearts which you can bless, and comfortless homes that you can gladden by your Christian sympathy, and in blessing are you doubly blessed. Then, alone, can you realize that divine truth: "Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is a truth dropped from heaven, and apprehended only by those who act upon heavenly principles. Do not narrow it down to the mere *giving of the purse*. O no! it means infinitely more—the giving up of your time, your talents, your energies, as you have opportunity, to the spiritual good of those around. Then shall you find comfort, peace, safety, joy, vigour, health.

Mary Jay found it so.—*New York Observer.*

FRAGMENTS ON POPERY.

I.—AURICULAR CONFESSION.

I HAVE been thinking with myself, where is the authority for this doctrine and practice of the Romanists—whence came the idea of confessing sin to a priest? Every one admits that sin ought to be confessed—but why to *a priest*? Common sense would seem to dictate that confession should be made immediately to the being offended; especially if he be easily accessible. If a child offends his father, does he confess the offence to some *third* person, when his father is near at hand too; and above all, does he select for that *third* person, an equally offending brother? Was ever such a thing heard of as this? Yet this is the Romish doctrine. It sends us to a brother as deep in the offence as we, to confess to him that we have sinned against our Father, when that Father is near by, and when, moreover, he says, "Come to me!" I think both the brothers, the penitent and the priest, had much better go directly to the Father. I find that this is what they used to do in old times. I have been looking into the Bible to discover how it was then, and I perceive that they all went to God to make their confessions. They did not stop at the priest. There was David, and Daniel, and Ezra, and Nehemiah, and I know not how many more They all went with their sin directly to God. Read that precious psalm, the 51st. There is David before God. He confesses to the one he had offended. "Against thee," he says. And may we not use that psalm? May we not go and say, "Against thee?" Must we turn aside to the priest? The *publican* did not. He went straight on to God. And the *prodigal* did not stop short of his father. Why should we? *Why should Romanists?*

I think the sinner should go on to God; and I do not like that Romish doctrine, because it stops him as he is going to God. The sinner is on his way to confess his sin to his Maker, and to implore of him pardoning mercy, and it says to him, "You need not go so far—the priest will hear you confess—he can forgive you." I like better the Protstant doctrine, which speeds and cheers the penitent on his way to God.

Nor can I see why we want more than one mediator between us and God. Why is not Christ enough?

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How admirably qualified he is for his work! With one nature that reaches up to God, and another that reaches down to man, how excellently fitted is he to mediate for us! Do we want another between us and Christ? Oh no. Let the priest not put himself in the way. Jesus says, "Come unto me;" we want no human priest between us and our "great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens for us."

I may be very dull, but really I cannot see for my part what is the use of the priest; for surely he cannot forgive a sinner, unless he repents; and if he does repent, God forgives him, and then who cares whether the priest forgives him or not? If confession to the priest is intended to supersede confession to God, it is certainly a great mischief. If not so intended, it is useless, for our being forgiven depends on the nature of our confession to God, as penitent or otherwise.

But they allege, in support of their doctrine, a verse of Scripture: "Confess your faults one to another." I suppose the reason they allege this is, that it is the best they can find for their purpose. They must be hard pushed for authority, when they resort to that passage, "Confess your faults *one to another*." This implies something *mutual*. If I confess to the priest, he must confess to me, for it says *one to another*. This puts priests and all on a level. There is nothing *auricular* in this. Certainly we ought to confess our faults one to another, and to "pray one for another," as the same apostle exhorts. But this is by no means the Romish doctrine of confession. That is quite a different thing.

On the whole, it is my opinion that the world can dispense with this doctrine, and with the practice founded on it, as well as with anything which it has in use.

II.—A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In an article entitled "Auricular Confession," the writer stated, that in looking into the Bible he discovered that all the penitents mentioned therein went directly to God to make their confessions of sin, and not to the priests; and he spoke of David, Daniel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, as examples in point. He finds, however, that he was mistaken in saying that they all confessed to God instead of to the priests. There is one exception, and he is willing that the Romanists should have the advantage of it. It is the case of *Judas Iscariot*, recorded in Matt. xxvii. 3, 4. He did *not* go to God with his confession. He went to the chief priests, and it was to them he said, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Here, we must confess, is an example of confession to a priest. But it is the *only* one, I believe, in the Bible. Judas also brought *money* (thirty pieces of silver) to the priests; so that the Romanists have authority (such as it is) for that part of their practice. I am determined I will do the Romanists justice. They shall have the advantage of every particle of Scripture which really makes in their favour. It is well known that they need it.

But, poor man! he got nothing by going to the priests. It was their cruel and contemptuous treatment of him, as much as anything else, that determined him to go and hang himself. How differently even Judas would have been treated, if he had gone with a broken heart to our great High Priest Jesus! Ah! it would have been better to go to him whom he betrayed, than to them to whom he betrayed him. I think I shall always go to him, notwithstanding the example of Judas.

A WORD IN SEASON.

In the Memoir of a man of God, the late Rev. Dr A. Proudfit, by Dr Forsyth, lately published, we find the following circumstances related by a son of the former:—

"He was once entering a nephew at Union College. It was at the time of commencement, and he was at the room of one of the graduates, making purchases of his furniture, or some arrangement of the kind, for his nephew. The young gentleman with whom he was making these arrangements was a fine scholar, and possessed high intellectual endowments, but was considered to be of sceptical sentiments. My father inquired if he had determined to what profession he should devote himself. 'I shall enter Judge W——'s office next week, sir,' was the prompt and *sharp* reply. My father, however, added a few counsels, suited to the critical moment when a youth is about to pass through the narrows, as it were, and enter on the great ocean of the world (a moment the responsibilities and eventful consequences of which he always felt most deeply), and, leaving the youth his best wishes, departed. A few weeks after, he received a letter from this young man, stating that those parting words, however slightingly received at the moment, had fixed themselves deeply in his heart; that they had awakened his conscience, and turned his thoughts to the long-neglected subject of religion; that, instead of 'entering Judge W——'s office,' he had gone to the retirement of his mother's house, in the country, to reflect on the past and the future; that he had sought God in the solitude of the forest; that He, who had been heretofore an 'unknown God' to him, had revealed himself to his soul amid his own works, and through the study of his Word and prayer; that every breeze seemed now to whisper to him his being and his presence, every flower to proclaim his power and love; that, in short, a wondrous and blessed change had come over his whole being, his views of nature, of God, and of himself—his plans for this life, and his expectations of another; that he had found pardon, peace, and joy in God, through Christ, and now desired to proclaim to his fellow-men the grace which had redeemed him. He added a request that he might be permitted to study for the ministry under my father's direction. The emotions which overwhelmed my father on reading this letter, can only be perfectly realized by those to whom God has given the unspeakable honour and happiness of 'turning a sinner unto righteousness.' He immediately wrote to the young man, inviting him to reside for a while in his family. He did so for a year, pursuing his theological studies under his direction, which he afterward completed (I believe) at one of the public seminaries. He is now a highly respected clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and occupied a professorship for many years."

"He observed, one day, a young man standing on the piazza of the hotel, whom he knew (though slightly acquainted with him) to be a pupil in the academy. He had his baggage at his side, as if prepared for a journey. My father asked him if he was going to leave the academy. He replied that he was; and, in answer to further kind inquiries, frankly stated that straitened circumstances had been the cause of this determination. This young man had a high standing as a scholar, but had made no secret of his infidelity. My father requested him to send back his baggage, and resume his studies, and trust in Providence. He did so, and did not trust in vain. This incident led to a more intimate acquaintance between him and my father. He became a frequent visiter at his house. It pleased God to open his soul to the light and power of the truth. My father baptized him. He pursued his studies throughout,

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more furiously Satan tempts, the more fervently the saint prays. The deer being shot with the dart, runs faster to the water. When Satan shoots his fiery darts at the soul, it then runs faster to the throne of grace. When Paul had the messenger of Satan to buffet him, he says, "For this I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me." (2 Cor. xii. 8.) Temptation is a medicine for security. That which makes us pray more, works for good.

2. Temptation to sin, is a means to keep from the perpetration of sin. The more a child of God is tempted, the more he fights against the temptation. The more Satan tempts to blasphemy, the more a saint trembles at such thoughts, and saith, Avaunt, Satan. That temptation which the devil uses as a spur to sin, God makes a bridle to keep back a Christian from it.

3. Temptation works for good, as it abates the swelling of pride. "Lest I should be exalted above measure, there was given me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me." (2 Cor. xii. 7.) The thorn in the flesh was to puncture the puffing up of pride. Better is that temptation which humbles me, than that duty which makes me proud. Rather than a Christian shall be haughty-minded, God will let him fall into the devil's hands a while, to be cured of his imposthume.

4. Temptation works for good, as it is a touchstone to try what is in the heart. The devil tempts, that he may deceive; but God suffers us to be tempted, to try us. Temptation is a trial of our sincerity; it argues that our heart is chaste, and loyal to Christ, when we can look a temptation in the face, and turn our back upon it. Also it is a trial of our courage. "Ephraim is a silly dove, without heart." (Hos. vii. 11.) So it may be said of many, they are without a heart—they have no heart to resist temptation; no sooner doth Satan come, but they yield—like a coward, who, as the thief approaches, gives him his purse. But he is the valorous Christian that brandishes the sword of the Spirit against Satan, and will rather die than yield. The courage of the Romans was never more seen, than when they were assaulted by the Carthaginians: the valour and might of a saint is never more seen than in a field-battle, when he is fighting the red dragon, and by the power of faith puts the devil to flight. That grace is tried gold, which can stand in the fiery trial, and withstand fiery darts.

5. Temptations work for good, as God makes those who are tempted fit to comfort others in the same distress. A Christian must himself be under the buffetings of Satan before he can speak a word in due season to him that is weary. St Paul was versed in temptations "We are not ignorant of his devices." (2 Cor. ii. 11.) Thus he was able to acquaint others with Satan's cursed wiles. (1 Cor. x. 13.) A man that has ridden over a place where there are bogs and quicksands, is the fittest to guide others through that dangerous way. He that has felt the claws of the roaring lion, and has lain bleeding under his wounds, is the fittest man to deal with one that is tempted. None can better discover Satan's sleights and policies than those who have been long in the fencing-school of temptation.

6. Temptations work for good, as they stir up paternal compassion in God to them who are tempted. The child who is sick and bruised is most looked after. When a saint lies under the bruising of temptations, Christ prays, and God the Father pities. When Satan puts the soul into a fever, God comes with a cordial; which made Luther say, that temptations are Christ's embraces, because he then most sweetly manifests himself to the soul.

7. Temptations work for good, as they make the saints long more for heaven; there they shall be out of gunshot: heaven is a place of rest—no bullets of temptation fly there. The eagle that soars aloft in the air, and sits upon high trees, is not troubled with the stinging of the serpent: so when believers are ascended to heaven, they shall not be molested with the old serpent. In this life, when one temptation is over, another comes; this is to make God's people wish for death to sound a retreat, and call them off the field where the bullets fly so quick, to receive a victorious crown, where, not the drum or cannon, but the harp and viol, shall be ever sounding.

8. Temptations work for good, as they engage the strength of Christ. Christ is our friend, and when we are tempted, he sets all his power on work for us. "For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." (Heb. ii. 18.) If a poor soul were to fight alone with the Goliath of hell, he would be sure to be vanquished; but Jesus Christ brings in his auxiliary forces—he gives fresh supplies of grace. "And in him we are more than conquerors." (Rom. viii. 37.) Thus the evil of temptation is over-ruled for good.

Question. But sometimes Satan foils a child of God; how does this work for good?

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Answer. I grant that, through the suspension of divine grace, and the fury of a temptation, a saint may be overcome; yet this foiling by a temptation shall be over-ruled for good. By this foil God makes way for the augmentation of grace. Peter was tempted to self-confidence, he presumed upon his own strength; and when he would needs stand alone, Christ let him fall; but this wrought for his good—it cost him many a tear. "He went out, and wept bitterly." (Matt. xxvi. 75.) And now he grows more modest—he durst not say he loved Christ more than the other apostles. "Lovest thou me more than these?" (John xxi. 15.) He durst not say so—his fall broke the neck of his pride. The foiling by a temptation causes more circumspection and watchfulness in a child of God. Though Satan did before decoy him into sin, yet for the future he will be the more cautious—he will have a care of coming within the lion's chain any more; he is more shy and fearful of the occasions of sin; he never goes abroad without his spiritual armour, and he girds on his armour by prayer; he knows he walks on slippery ground, therefore he looks wisely to his steps; he keeps close sentinel in his soul, and when he spies the devil coming, he stands to his arms, and displays the shield of faith. (Eph. vi. 16.) This is all the hurt the devil doeth; when he foils a saint by temptation, he cures him of his careless neglect, he makes him watch and pray more. When wild beasts get over the hedge, and hurt the corn, a man will make his fence the stronger: so, when the devil gets over the hedge by a temptation, a Christian will be sure to mend his fence; he will become more fearful of sin, and careful of duty. Thus the being worsted by temptation works for good.

Objection. But if being foiled works for good, this may make Christians careless whether they are overcome by temptations or no.

Answer. There is a great deal of difference between falling into a temptation, and running into a temptation; the falling into a temptation shall work for good, not the running into it. He that falls into a river, is capable of help and pity; but he that desperately turns into it, is guilty of his own death. It is madness, running into a lion's den. He that runs himself into a temptation, is like Saul, who fell upon his own sword.

From all that has been said, see how God disappoints the old serpent, making his temptations turn to the good of his people. Surely did the devil know how much benefit accrues to the saints by temptation, he would forbear to tempt. Luther once said, "There are three things make a Christian—prayer, meditation, and temptation." St Paul, in his voyage to Rome, met with a contrary wind. (Acts xxvii. 4.) So the wind of temptation is a contrary wind to that of the Spirit; but God makes use of this cross wind to blow the saints to heaven.

FRAGMENTS ON POPERY.

INFALLIBILITY.

EVERYBODY knows that the Church of Rome lays claim to infallibility. She contends that there is *no mistake* about her—that she *cannot* err. Now this very modest claim of our sister of Rome (for in the matter of Churches, I reject the relation of mother and daughter) I am constrained to question, and that for such reasons as the following:—

1. She cannot herself tell us where her infallibility is to be found. She is sure that she has it somewhere about her, but for the life of her she cannot tell where. Some of her writers say that it is with the pope. Others contend that it resides in a general council. And another opinion is, that both the pope and the council are necessary to it. Now I think they ought to settle it among themselves *who* is infallible, before they require us to believe that *any one* is. Let them *find* infallibility, and *fix* it. After that it will be time enough for us to admit its existence. But,

2. We will suppose that it is the pope who is infallible—each successive pope. Well, where did they get their infallibility? Why, it was transmitted from St Peter, to be sure. Christ gave it to him, and he handed it down. But was Peter infallible? There was a day when I suspect he did not think himself infallible—when, smitten to the heart by the reproving look of his Lord, he went out and wept bitterly. There is no doubt that he made a *mistake*, when he so confidently pronounced, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee;" and let it be remembered that this was after Christ had said, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock," &c.

If Peter was infallible, I wonder he did not at once settle the difficulty of which we have an account in Acts xv. Why was the matter suffered to be debated in the presence of his infallibility? It seems that Peter on that occasion claimed no pre-eminence. Nor was any particular deference paid to him by the council. He related his *experience*, precisely as did Paul and Barnabas. *James* seems to have been *in the chair* on that occasion. He speaks much more like an infallible person than any of the rest. He says, "Wherefore my sentence is," &c. What a pity it is for the Church of Rome that Peter had not said that instead of James. We should never have heard the last of it. But it was the Bishop of Jerusalem, and not the Bishop of Rome, who said it. It cannot be helped now. Will my Catholic brother take down his *Douay*, and read that chapter?

But again, if Peter was infallible, I am surprised that Paul "*withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed.*" (Gal. ii. 11.) That was not the way to treat a pope. But Paul had always something of the Protestant about him. And yet Peter did not resent Paul's treatment of him, for in his Second Epistle he speaks of him as "Our beloved brother Paul." I suppose that Peter himself did not know he was infallible. Men do not always know themselves.

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Once more, if the superiority among the disciples belonged to Peter, it has struck me as strange that, when a dispute arose among them who should be greatest, our Saviour did not take Peter, instead of a little child, "and set *him* in the midst of them," and remind the others that the *supremacy* had been given to him. I think the other apostles could not have understood Christ in that declaration, "Thou art Peter," &c., as the Church of Rome now understands him; otherwise the dispute about superiority could never have arisen.

Now, according to the Romish doctrine, Peter being infallible, each successive pope inherits his infallibility; and therefore, never a man of them could err in a matter of faith—nor even the *woman* Joan—(for in the long list of *papas*, there was by accident in the ninth century one *mama*, though this, I am aware, is denied by some)—even she retained none of the frailty of her sex.

It is well for the Church of Rome that she does not contend that her popes are infallible in *practice;* for if she did, she would find some difficulty in reconciling that doctrine with history. It is very true that one may err in *practice*, and not in *faith*. Nevertheless, when I see a man very *crooked* in practice, I cannot believe that he is always exactly *straight* in doctrine. I cannot believe that all I hear from him is good and true, when what I see in him is false and bad. Take, for example, such a one as Pope Alexander VI.; when he, the father of such a hopeful youth as *Cesar Borgia*, and the chief of ecclesiastics too, tells me, with a grave air and solemn tone, that it is a shocking wicked thing for an ecclesiastic to marry, I cannot help demurring somewhat to the statement of Cesar's father. But I must proceed with my reasons.

3. If a man says one thing one day, and the next day says another thing quite contrary to it, I am of opinion that he is one of the days in error. But what has this to do with the business in hand? Have not the popes always pronounced the same thing? Have *they* ever contradicted each other? Ask rather, whether the wind has always, ever since there was a wind, blown from the same quarter. Now here is a reason why I cannot allow infallibility to belong to either popes or *councils*.

4. I would ask, just for information, how it was when there were *three* contemporary popes, each claiming infallibility? Had they it between them? or which of them had it? What was the name of the one that there was *no mistake* about? How were the common people to ascertain the infallible one?—for you know their salvation depended on their being in communion with the true Bishop of Rome, the rightful successor of St Peter.

5. The more common opinion among the Romanists is, I believe, that the infallibility resides in a pope and general council together. Each is fallible by itself, but putting the two together, they are infallible! Now I admit that in some languages two negatives are equivalent to the affirmative; but I do not believe that two fallibles ever were, or will be equivalent to an infallible. It is like saying that *two wrongs make a right*.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

"Father—thy will, not mine, be done!"
So prayed on earth thy suffering Son,
So in his name I pray;
My spirit fails, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek—
O take thy cup away!

If such be not thy sovereign will,
The wiser purpose then fulfil;
My wishes I resign,
Into thine hands my soul commend,
On thee for life or death depend—
Thy will be done, not mine.

MONTGOMERY.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

BY THE REV. ANDREW BONAR, COLLACE.

(Concluded from page 166.*)*

In 1634 he attended the remarkable death-bed of Lord Kenmure, a narrative of which he published fifteen years after, in "The last heavenly Speeches and glorious Departure of John Viscount Kenmure." The inroads of Episcopacy were at this time threatening to disquiet Anwoth. His own domestic afflictions were still affecting him; for he writes that same year, in referring to his wife's death many years before, "Which wound is not yet fully healed and cured." About that time, too, there was a proposal, never carried into effect, to call him to Cramond, near Edinburgh.

Meanwhile he persevered in study as well as in labours, and with no common success. He had himself a metaphysical turn, as well as a great readiness in using the accumulated learning of other days. It might be instructive to inquire why it is that, wherever godliness is healthy and progressive, we almost invariably find learning in the Church of Christ attendant on it; while, on the other hand, an illiterate state is attended, sooner or later, by decay of vital godliness. Not that all are learned in such times; but there is always an *ingredient* of the kind among some of those whom the Lord is using. It may be that the energy of soul created by a revival leads on to the study of whatever is likely to be useful in the defence or propagation of the truth; whereas, when decay is progressing in a Church, sloth and ease prevail, and are causes why theological learning is thought too heavy to be plodded through. With Samuel Rutherford and his contemporaries we find learning side by side with vital and singularly deep godliness. Gillespie, Henderson, Blair, Dickson, and others, are well-known proofs. Circumstances led Rutherford in 1636 to publish his elaborate defences of grace against the Arminians, in Latin. Its title is "Exercitationes de Gratia." So highly was it esteemed at Amsterdam, where it was published, that a second edition was printed that very year; and invitations were addressed soon after to the author to come over and occupy the chair of Professor of Divinity in Utrecht. The University of Hardewyrk had already offered him both its chair of Divinity and Hebrew.

The contest for *Christ's kingly office* had become hot and keen. To Rutherford it appeared no small matter. "I could wish many pounds added to my cross, to know that by my suffering Christ was set forward in his *kingly office* in

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this land." July 27, 1636, was a day that put his principles to the test. He was called before the High Commission Court, because of nonconformity to the acts of Episcopacy, and because of his work against the Arminians. The issue was not doubtful, though Lord Lorn made every exertion in his behalf—they deprived him of his ministerial office, which he had exercised at Anwoth for a period of nine years, and banished him to Aberdeen. The next day, writing at evening on the subject, he tells of his sentence, and subjoins, "The honour that I have prayed for these sixteen years!" He made up his mind to leave Anwoth at once, observing, with a submissiveness which we cannot help wondering at in the author of "Lex Rex," "I purpose to obey the king, who has power over my body." His only regret was lest this separation from his flock was a chastisement on him from the Lord, "because I have not been so faithful in the end as I was in the two first years of my ministry, when sleep departed from mine eyes through care for Christ's lambs."

On leaving Anwoth he directed his steps by Irvine, spending a night there with his beloved friend David Dickson. What a night it would be! To hear these two in solemn converse! The one could not handle the harp so well as the other; for David Dickson could express his soul's weary longings and its consoling hopes in such strains as that which has made his name familiar in Scotland, "*O mother dear, Jerusalem*," &c. But Rutherford, nevertheless, had so much of poetry and sublime enthusiasm in his soul, that any poet could sympathize with him to the full. Many of his letters "from *Christ's palace* in Aberdeen" have strains of true poetry. What else is such an effusion as this, when, rising on eagles' wings, he exclaims, "A land that has more than four summers in the year! What a singing life is there! There is not a dumb bird in all that large field, but all sing and breathe out heaven, joy, glory, dominion, to the High Prince of that new found land. And verily the land is sweeter that He is the glory of that land." "O how sweet to be wholly Christ's, and wholly in Christ—to dwell in Immanuel's high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air, where no wind bloweth but the breathings of the Holy Ghost—no sea nor floods flow, but the pure water of life that floweth from under the throne and from the Lamb—no planting, but the tree of life that yieldeth twelve manner of fruits every month! What do we here but sin and suffer! O when shall the night be gone, the shadows flee away, and the morning of the long, long day, without cloud or night, dawn! The Spirit and the bride say, 'Come,' O when shall the Lamb's wife be ready, and the Bridegroom say, Come!" Whoever compares such breathings as these with David Dickson's hymn, will at once see how very congenial were their feelings and their hopes, and even their mode of expressing what they felt and hoped, though the one used prose and the other tried more memorable verse.

We follow Rutherford to Aberdeen, the capital of the North, whither he was accompanied by a deputation of his affectionate parishioners from Anwoth, in whose company he would forget the length and tediousness of the way. He arrived here in September 1636. This town was at this time the stronghold of Episcopacy and Arminianism, and in it the state of religion was very low. "It consisted of Papist's, and men of Gallio's naughty faith." The clergy and doctors took the opportunity of Rutherford's arrival, to commence a series of attacks on the doctrines he held. But in disputation he foiled them; and when many began to feel drawn to his earnest dealings or private exhortations, there was a proposal made to remove him from the town. "So cold," writes he, "is northern love! But," added he, "*Christ and I will bear it;*" deeply feeling his union to him who said to Saul, "Why persecutest thou *me*?" Often on the streets he was pointed out as "The *Banished Minister*," and hearing of this, he remarked, "I am not ashamed of my garland." He had visitors from Orkney, and from Caithness, to the great annoyance of his persecutors. Some blamed him for not being "*prudent enough*," as we have seen men ready to do in the case of Dr Kalley at Madeira in our day; but he replies, "*It is ordinary that that should be part of the cross of those who suffer for Him.*" Still he enjoyed, in his solitude, occasional intercourse with some of the godly ones, among whom were Lady Pitaligo, Lady Burnet of Largs, Andrew Cant, and James Martin. His deepest affliction was separation from his flock at Anwoth. Nothing can exceed his tender sorrow over this flock.

It was a saying of his own, "Gold may be gold, and bear the king's stamp upon it, when it is trampled upon by men." And this was true of himself. But he came out of his trial unhurt; or rather, as his many letters from Aberdeen show, greatly increased in every grace.

He was part of two years closely confined to that town; but in 1638 public events had taken another turn. The Lord had stirred up the spirit of the people of Scotland, and the Covenant was again triumphant in the land. *Rutherford hastened back to Anwoth.* During his absence, "for six quarters of a year," say his parishioners, "no sound of the word of God was heard in our kirk." The swallows had made their nests undisturbed for two summers.

His Letters do not refer to the proceedings of the Glasgow Assembly of 1638; still it is well known that he was no mere indifferent spectator to what then took place, but was member of several committees which at that time sat on the affairs of the Church; and Presbytery being fully restored by that As-

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sembly, it was thought right that one so gifted should now be brought forward to a more important sphere. He was sent by the Church to several districts to promote the cause of reformation and the covenant: and at length, in spite of his reluctance, arising chiefly from love to his flock—his rural flock at Anwoth—he was constrained, by the united opinion of his brethren, to remove to the Professor's Chair in St Andrews, in 1639. He bargained to be allowed to preach regularly every Sabbath in his new sphere; for he could not endure silence when he might speak a word for his Lord. He seems to have preached, as occasion offered, in the parishes around, especially at Scoonie, where the village of Leven stands. His hands were necessarily filled with work in his new sphere; yet still he relaxed nothing of his diligence in study. Nor did he lose anything of former blessing. It was here the English merchant heard him preach so affectingly on the loveliness of Christ; while such was his success as a professor, that "the university became a Lebanon out of which were taken cedars for building the house of God throughout the land."

In the year 1640, he married his second wife, "a woman," says one, "of such worth, that I never knew any among men exceed him, nor any among women exceed her. He who heard either of them pray or speak might have learnt to bemoan his own ignorance. O how many times I have been convinced, by observing them, of the evil of unseriousness unto God, and unsavouriness in discourse." They had seven children, but only one survived the father, a little daughter, Agnes, who does not seem to have been a comfort to her godly mother.

In July 1643, the Westminster Assembly sat; and to it he was sent up, as one of the commissioners from Scotland. There exists in MS., in the library of the Edinburgh University, a sketch of the Shorter Catechism, in Rutherford's hand-writing, very much resembling the Catechism as it now stands, as if he had had the principal hand in drawing it up for the Assembly. He continued four years attending the sittings of this famous synod, and was of much use in their deliberations. So prominent a part did he take, that the great Milton has singled him out for attack in his lines, "On the New Forcers of Conscience, under the Long Parliament." Milton knew him only as an opponent of his sectarian Independent principles, and so could scorn measures proposed by "Mere A. S. and Rutherford." But had he known the soul of the man, would not even Milton have found that there was a sublimity of thought and feeling in his adversary, that at times might approach his own lofty poesy! Yet how interesting, in any point of view, to find the devoted pastor of Anwoth, on the streets of London, crossing the path of the greatest poet of modern times!

During his residence in London, several of his family died; yet amid the trials and bustle of that time he wrote "The Due Right of Presbytery," "Lex Rex," and "Trial and Triumph of Faith."

Returning home to St Andrews, he resumed his labours both in the college and in the pulpit with all his former zeal. He joined the Protesters in determinedly opposing the proceedings of the Commission of Assembly, who had censured such as protested against the admission to power of persons in the class of Malignants. His friend David Dickson keenly opposed him, and Mr Blair also, though less violently. It was this controversy that made John Livingstone say, in a letter to Blair, "Your and Mr D. Dickson's accession to these resolutions, is the saddest thing I have seen in my time. My wife and I have had more bitterness in this respect, these several months, than ever we had since we knew what bitterness meant." Rutherford wrote too violently on this matter; for all parties were greatly excited. Still he did not lose his brotherly love, the same brotherly love that led him to embrace Archbishop Usher as a fellow-believer. We may get a lesson for our times from his remarks on occasion of these bitter controversies. It is in 1646 that he writes: "It is hard when saints rejoice in the sufferings of saints, and redeemed ones hurt, and go nigh to hate, redeemed ones. For contempt of the communion of saints, we have need of new-born crosses scarce ever heard of before. Our star-light hideth us from ourselves, and hideth us from one another, and Christ from us all." And then he subjoins, (and is he not borne out by the words of the Lord in John xvii. 22?) "A doubt it is if we shall have fully one heart, till we shall enjoy one heaven." The state of things lay heavy on his mind: "I am broken and wasted by the wrath that is upon this land."

Milton sings, "They also serve who only stand and wait;" and Rutherford was longing now for such service. He sometimes refers to this desire; he wishes for a quiet harbour in his latter days; only, adds he, "sailing in service"—and he did delight in serving his Lord.

In 1660, his published work, "Lex Rex," was taken notice of by the Government; for reasonable as it is in defence of the liberty of subjects, its spirit of freedom was intolerable to rulers who were gradually advancing to acts of cruelty and death. Indeed, it was so hateful to them, that they burnt it, first at Edinburgh by the hands of the hangman; and then some days after by the hands of the infamous Sharpe, under the windows of its author's college in St Andrews. He was next deposed from all his offices; and last of all summoned to answer at next Parliament on a charge of high treason. But the summons was too late. He was already on his death-bed; and on hearing of the summons, calmly remarked, that he had got another summons before a superior Judge and judica-

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tory, and sent the message, "I behove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come."

All that is told us of his death-bed is characteristic of the man. He said, when asked "What think ye now of Christ?"—"I shall live and adore him. Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land." The same afternoon he said, "I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake I shall be satisfied with his likeness." Once he cried aloud, "O for arms to embrace Him! O for a well-tuned harp!" This last expression he used more than once, as if already stretching out his hand to get his golden harp, and join the redeemed in their new song. He also said on another occasion, "I hear him saying to me, 'Come up hither.'" His little daughter, Agnes, only eleven years of age, stood by his bed-side; he looked on her, and said, "I have left her upon the Lord." Well might the man say so, who could so fully testify of his portion in the Lord as a goodly heritage. To four of his brethren who came to see him, he said, "My Lord and Master is chief of ten thousands of thousands. None is comparable to Him in heaven or in earth. Dear brethren, do all for *Him*. Pray *for Christ*. Preach *for Christ*." He seemed to know the hour of his departure, not perhaps so surely as Paul (2 Tim. iv. 6), or Peter (2 Pet. i. 14), yet still in a manner that seems to indicate that the Lord draws very near his servants in that hour, and gives glimpses of what he is doing. On the last day of his life, in the afternoon, he said, "This night will close the door, and fasten my anchor within the veil, and I shall go away in a sleep by five o'clock in the morning." And so it was. He entered Immanuel's land at that very hour, March 20, 1661, at his house in St Andrews, and is now (as himself would have said), "sleeping in the bosom of the Almighty," till the Lord come. One of his dying sayings was, "There is nothing now between me and the resurrection, but, 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'" And Livingstone records that his last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!"—as if he had caught a glimpse of its mountain tops.

Had he lived a few weeks, his might have been the cruel death endured by his friend James Guthrie, whom he had encouraged by his letters to stedfastness to the end. The vote which the Parliament passed when told that he was dying, did him no dishonour. When they had voted that he should not die in the college, Lord Burleigh rose and said, "Ye cannot vote him out of heaven."

If ever there was any portrait of him, it is not now known. We are most familiar with the likeness of his soul. There is one expressive line in the epitaph on his tombstone, in the churchyard of the Chapel of St Regulus:

> What tongue, what pen, or skill of men,
> Can famous Rutherford commend!
> His learning justly raised his fame,
> True greatness did adorn his name.
> He did converse with things above,
> *Acquainted with Immanuel's love.*

His memory was long cherished, and it is said that so great was the reverence which some of the godly had for this venerable man, that they requested to be buried near where his body was laid. It is also mentioned, that an old man in the parish of Crailing remembers the veneration entertained for him by the great-grandfather of the present Marquis of Lothian. The good Marquis used to lift his hat as he passed the spot where stood the cottage in which Samuel Rutherford was born.

PASSAGES FROM GURNALL.

PRESS FORWARD.

LABOUR to strengthen thy hope of salvation, or thou wilt show that thou little esteemest Christ and his salvation. As we prize any good, so we labour more or less to assure ourselves of it. If a prince should lose a pin from his sleeve, or a penny out of his purse, and one shall bring him news they are found, the things are so inconsiderable that he would not care whether it were true or not; but if his kingdom lay at stake in the field, and intelligence comes that his army hath got the day, and beaten the enemy, O how he would long to have his hope, that is now raised a little, confirmed more strongly by another post! Is heaven worth so little, that you can be satisfied with a few probabilities and uncertainties? Thou basely despisest that blessed place, if thou be no more solicitous to know the truth of thy title to it. When Micaiah seemed to give Ahab some hope of a victory, by bidding him go up and prosper, the thing being passionately desired by the king, he fears the worst, and therefore cannot rest till he knows more of this matter. "And the king said unto him, How often shall I adjure thee that thou tell me nothing but that which is true in the name of the Lord?" (1 Kings xxii. 16.) May be thou hast some loose, wavering hopes of heaven floating in thy soul; if now thou didst think thy eternal woe or weal lay in the truth or falsehood of that hope, certainly thou wouldst search thy heart by the word, and adjure thy conscience, after an impartial review, to tell the naked truth what thy state is, and whether thou mayst in God's name, and with the leave of his word, hope it shall be thy portion or not; and this thou wouldst do, not hypocritically, as that wretched king did (who adjured Micaiah to tell him the truth, and then would not believe him, though he did it faithfully), but with great plainness of heart, it being about a business of no less importance than what shall become of thee to eternity. Peter, when surprised with the tidings of Christ's resurrection, though the report did not find such credit with him as it might, yet, by his speedy running to, and looking into the sepulchre, he showed both how dearly he loved his Lord, as also how joyful a man he should be if the news were true that he was alive. Thus, Christian, though the promise of eternal life hath not hitherto produced such an assurance of hope that thou art the person that shall undoubtedly enjoy it, yet show what thoughts thou hast of that blissful state, by endeavouring to strengthen thy hope, and put thyself out of doubt thereof.

THE RICHES OF THE WORD.

It was the speech of a holy man, after God had made that sweet place (Matt. xi. 28), "Come unto

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me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden," &c., the messenger to open his dungeon of soul-trouble, and bring him into the light of inward joy, that he had better be without meat, drink, light, air, earth, life, and all, than without this one comfortable scripture. If one single promise, like an ear of corn rubbed in the hand of faith, and applied by the Spirit of Christ, can afford such a full, satisfying meal of joy to a hunger-bitten, pining soul, O what price can we set on the whole field of Scripture, which stands so thick with promises? Love is witty, and sets the head at work to devise names for the person we love dearly —such names as may at once express how highly we prize them, and also more endear them to us, by carrying on them the superscription of that sweetness which we conceive to be in them. Thus many holy persons have commended the promises to us with their appreciating names:—The saints' legacies; the saints' plank to swim upon to heaven. Indeed, we might rob the world of all her jewels, and justly hang them on the ear of the promise, and apply all the excellencies she boasts of unto the promises. There are more riches and treasure to be had in one promise than all the gold and silver of the Indies is worth—"Exceeding great and precious promises" (2 Pet. i. 4): by them a poor believer may lay claim to heaven and earth at once; for godliness hath the promise of this life and the other also. But that for which in this place I would commend their excellency is the admirable service they do, and the efficient succour they afford a poor soul in the day of his greatest distress. They are the granary of spiritual provision, whereby our Joseph, our Lord Jesus, nourisheth and preserveth alive his brethren in a time of famine. They are a hive of sweetness, where the believing soul in the winter of affliction (when nothing is to be gathered abroad from the creature) both lies warmly and lives plentifully on the stock of comfort there laid up. They are, in a word, the fair havens and safe roads into which the tempted soul puts his weather-beaten ship, where it lies secure till the heavens clear, and the storms are over, which the world, sin, and Satan raise upon him: yea, when death itself approaches, and the devil hath but one chance more for the game, one skirmish more to get or lose the victory for ever, then faith on the promise carries the Christian's soul out of the garrison of his body (where he hath endured so hard a siege) with colours flying, and joy triumphing to heaven, leaving only his flesh behind in the hands of death, and that with an assured hope of having it redeemed out of its power at the day of resurrection and restitution of all things.

THE BIBLE KEY.

Go to God by prayer for a key to unlock the mysteries of his Word. It is not the plodding, but the praying soul, that will get this treasure of Scripture knowledge. John got the sealed book opened by weeping. (Rev. v. 5.) God often brings a truth to the Christian's hand as a return of prayer, which he had long hunted for in vain with much labour and study: "There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets" (Dan. ii. 22); and where doth he reveal the secrets of his Word, but at the throne of grace? "From the first day," saith the angel, "that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words;" that is, for thy prayer. (Dan. x. 12.) And what was this heavenly messenger's errand to Daniel, but to open more fully the Scripture to him? as appears by verse 14 compared with verse 21. This holy man had got some knowledge by his study in the Word, and this sets him a praying, and prayer fetched an angel from heaven to give him more light. If ever we know the mind of God, we must be beholden to the Spirit of God for it: "When the Spirit of truth is come, he will lead you into all truth." (John xvi. 43.) And the Spirit is the fruit of Christ's intercession: "I will pray the Father, and he will send the Comforter," &c. Now there must be a concurrence of our prayer with his intercession. While our High Priest is offering incense within the veil, we are to be praying without for that for which he is interceding within.

THE CEMETERY AT MACAO.

A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.

One of the loveliest spots in which one's dust could quietly slumber out the ages before it shall again become alive and be glorified, is the cemetery of the East India Company, lying under the shadow of the north-east wall of the city of Macao. A retired corner of this is hallowed as the burial-place of a number of Protestant missionaries. Indeed, it was purchased on the occasion of the death of one of the number, Mrs Mary Morrison, wife of the Rev. Dr Morrison. Places of interment were obtained with great difficulty before this, and in exposed and scattered locations. Dr Morrison was forced to dig, with his own hands, the grave of his first and new-born infant son, on an uncultivated rocky hill, two miles north of the city. The Chinese, who have a repugnance to the corpse of a foreigner, which even their love of money can conquer in only a few individuals, at first prevented him by force, though they afterwards yielded him permission. Mrs Morrison departed this life on Sabbath, June 10, 1821. "On Monday," writes Dr Morrison to the father of his wife, "I wished to inter Mary out at the hills where James was buried, but the Chinese would not let me open even the same grave. I disliked burying under the town wall, but was obliged to resolve on doing so, as the Papists refuse their burying-ground to Protestants. The want of a Protestant burying-ground has long been felt in Macao, and the present case brought it strongly before the committee of the English Factory, who immediately resolved to vote a sum sufficient to purchase a piece of ground, worth between three and four thousand dollars, and personally exerted themselves to remove the legal impediments and local difficulties; in which they finally succeeded. This enabled me to lay the remains of my beloved wife in a place appropriated to the sepulture of Protestant Christians, denied a place of interment by the Romanists." This was a substantial proof of the esteem felt for Dr Morrison by the commercial community.

It is a singularly quiet and beautiful spot, filled with grass and shrubbery, through which peep out many monuments and stones, erected over the numerous remains with which the place has become crowded during the twenty-six years since its purchase. The names and characters of some interred here, a few of them of exalted rank, especially I may notice Lord

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Wm. John Napier, are worthy our notice. But my present object is to direct your attention to the little company who repose together in one of its corners. The high and mossy wall beside them is covered with festoons of cactus and various climbing plants; and a very large tree extends over them its friendly shade. There, on the one side of Mrs Morrison, has since been laid her husband; on the other, her son John Robert. Near the foot of their graves, lies the Rev. Samuel Dyer; and under the tree by their head, the remains of a much-loved female missionary, who had only recently quitted home under the care of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, and of her infant daughter; over both which the fresh earth has scarcely yet settled. My particular design in noticing this cemetery, is to present you with a brief account of the several labourers among the heathen first mentioned. I will finish this letter with some mention of her for whom its sod was first broken—the first female missionary to the Chinese.

Mrs Mary Morrison was the eldest daughter of John Morton, Esq., a surgeon in the employ of the East India Company, and attached to the Royal Irish Artillery. Her mother was a relative of Arthur Smyth, archbishop of Dublin. Their daughter Mary was born on October 24, 1791. Her father had stopped at Macao, for a short residence on his way home from service in India. Miss Morton was there converted to God, through the instructions of the young missionary. He found in her traits of character to make her a help-meet for the work God had committed to him. After an acquaintance of four or five months, they were united in marriage, on February 20, 1809. Her father's family soon afterwards set out for England, leaving with Mrs Morrison her young brother William, who had determined to study the Chinese language, and fit himself for future missionary labour; an object he soon abandoned from ill health, partly produced by excessive application. Mrs Morrison set herself at once with her brother to the study of the Chinese, to fit herself for her missionary duties; her husband being necessarily absent for about half the time in Canton, where females were not permitted to reside.

The study of this language was then far more difficult than now, when we have considerable helps derived from the subsequent labours and experience of missionaries. Her teacher often was not permitted to relax his instructions till a late hour in the evening. She was "very diligent," though harassed with peculiar difficulties, incident to a residence in China at that period. "We experience great difficulties from the Chinese officers of Government," writes Dr Morrison. "We have to learn in secret, and often have to hide our books, &c. My assistants have again and again run from me through fear. Lately for a few days we have had much difficulty to procure the necessaries of life. Our man was taken up when he went to market. Our Chinese woman-servant we were obliged to send away. It is the custom of this place, that the man who purchases your food take out a kind of license, and be answerable for all that is done in your house. Learning the language, the Chinese do not allow. Hence our difficulty." They were watched, too, by the Roman Catholics with the utmost jealousy, who forbade such Chinese as were under their control to assist the missionaries in acquiring the language. Mrs Morrison spoke Portuguese, but could have no intercourse with any except one family. The East India Company, as a body, were unfriendly to missionary labour. As individuals, the English residents were given to gaiety and amusement, despising association with the humble missionary, of whose talents and acquirements, however, they were glad to avail themselves. "We have a lonely, solitary house. My Mary longs much for Christian society and the ordinances of the Lord's house. We greatly desire to have a few from among the heathen to take part with us; and we hope, also, with our Father and his Son, Jesus Christ." The constitution of Mrs Morrison was naturally feeble. But few months had passed before it began to give sad evidence of being crushed under the pressure of confinement, toil, anxiety, and solitude. She was forced to abandon the study of Chinese; and for several years her life was one of continued suffering, and this "in one of the most distressing forms which human sufferings can assume." "A nervous disease strongly agitated both body and mind." Her affectionate husband writes to a friend of his affliction, in the person of his dear Mary; and adds, "Affliction in a foreign land lies doubly heavy—no kind relatives near to assist—no Christian friend to cheer. The mind in perfect peace will, I know, sustain any deprivation or mere bodily calamity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Yet he never murmurs nor complains against God. Though often himself suffering from excruciating headaches, and great bodily fatigue and anxiety, arising from his official duties, as well as from his domestic trials and cares, he always exhibits a confident and cheerful reliance on the Almighty.

The distressing circumstances attending the burial of Dr Morrison's first child, James, which did not live to behold one setting sun, have been noticed in the first part of this letter. His daughter Rebecca was born in 1812; his son John Robert in 1814.

In January 1814 Mrs Morrison embarked for England, with her two children, hoping to find in the sea voyage, change of air, and temporary visit at home, relief from her complaints. The importance and urgency of her husband's labours would not permit him to accompany her. During a protracted sojourn of six years

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among her friends her health gradually improved, and she was enabled to rejoin her husband in August 1820.

The joy of Mrs Morrison's return to her husband's arms was speedily, alas! cut short. She enjoyed good health for a few months. She was preparing for the near approach of an event which would add another link to the bond of conjugal affection, when she was seized with a sudden and violent "cholera morbus, which terminated her mortal existence in the course of fourteen hours." Her last hours, amidst the ravages and pangs of rapid disease, were yet marked with resignation. A touching letter from her truly bereaved husband to her parents, describing the end of their "darling Mary's short and afflicted life," is contained in his memoirs.

There is something very interesting and beautiful in the character of this female missionary, however small her labours. Her piety, her loftiness and purity of character, and the warmth of her affections, combined with an intelligent and cultivated mind, excite our admiration, while her sufferings affect our hearts. I cannot close this notice of her more appropriately than in the words of her friend and fellow-labourer, the excellent Dr Milne. "Mrs Morrison, notwithstanding a nervous constitution, which was frequently the subject of nervous affections, was a woman of superior understanding and metaphysical turn of thought. She possessed in a very high degree that open generosity of soul which endures not the sight of poverty or misery without some instant effort to remove it. The ardour of her piety seems to have greatly augmented during the last years of her life; and though the suddenness of her departure from time prevented her saying much on the subject of religion, yet her daily uniform piety and Christian conduct afford the surest evidence that her heart was now "right with God"—and that she is beyond the reach of affliction and sin."

In my next letter I will give you an account of Dr Morrison, who was long spared after the decease of his beloved wife to lay the foundations of Christian Missions in China; but who was the next of the group I have spoken of to be laid at her side in the Cemetery.

HOLY WATER AND PAGANISM.

THE following article, from Ewbank's Hydraulics, will show the origin of holy water, as used in the Roman Catholic churches:—

Most readers are aware, that *holy water* was derived from that of the heathen. When a worshipper was about to enter the temple, he sprinkled himself from a vase of it placed near the entrance. On some particular occasions, the people were sprinkled by priests. Those who celebrated the Eleusinian mysteries were particularly required to wash their hands in holy water. In the middle ages the liquid was a source of considerable profit to monks, and it was even a custom for clerks and scholars to hawk it for sale. From Heron's description, we learn that heathen priests also made it a source of revenue; the vessels containing lustral water not being always open for public use, free of charge, but closed, like a child's money-box, provided with a slit at the top, through which a certain sum was to be put before the donor could receive any of the purifying contents. *Five drachmæ*, or about seventy-five cents, were usually required, and from the construction of the apparatus no less sum could procure a drop, although as much more might be put in as the donor thought proper. The device is a very nice specimen of religious ingenuity, and the more so since it required no attending minister to keep it in play. We may judge of other apparatus belonging to the old temples by the talent displayed in this. Near one side was a cylindrical vessel. It was this only that contained water. A small tube attached to the bottom was continued through the side of the vase where the liquid was discharged. The inner orifice of the tube was formed into the seat of a valve, the plug of which was fixed on the lower end of the perpendicular rod, whose upper end was connected by a bolt to the horizontal lever or vibrating beam; one end of which was spread out into a flat dish, and so arranged as to receive on its surface every thing dropped through the slit. The lever turned on a pin or fulcrum, very much like a pump handle. The operation will now be understood. As the weight of the rod kept the valve closed while nothing rested upon the broad end of the lever, so no liquid could escape; but if a number of coins of sufficient weight were dropped through the slit upon the end of the lever, the valve would then be opened and a portion of liquid escape—the quantity flowing out would, however, be very small, not only from the contracted bore of the tube, but from the fact that the valve would be open only a moment; for as the lever became inclined from its horizontal position, the pieces of money would slide off into the mass accumulated below, and the efflux would as quickly be stopped: the apparatus would then be ready to supply the next customer on the same terms. This certainly was as simple and ingenious a mode of dealing out liquids as it was a profitable one, and after all, was not half so demoralizing as the retailing of ardent spirits in modern times.

THE MORNING DREAM.

A CHILD, whose name was Leopold, came down from his little chamber, one morning, weeping bitterly, so that the bright tears trickled over his cheeks. His father and his mother stepped anxiously towards him; for they feared some great misfortune had befallen the child, or that he was unwell and suffering from pain in his head or limbs. And they questioned the child, and said: "Dear child, what aileth thee? who hath done thee harm?"

Then the child opened his mouth and said: "Ah! I had, a little while ago, twelve beautiful white sheep; and they went about me here, and licked my hand, and I sat amongst them with a herdman's staff. But now they are all gone; and I know not where they are lost." And as he said this, he again began to weep bitterly.

Then the parents perceived the source of the child's distress, and that he had been dreaming; and they smiled to each other quietly.

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And the father said: "We may well smile, mother, for are not our sighs and sorrows often but the tears of children? And our wishes and longings—are they not much like Leopold's dream?

But Leopold was still in trouble about his twelve sheep. Then the parents consulted with each other as to what should be done, and the father arose and said: "Leopold, I will go and seek thy sheep." And he went and bought a lamb, and brought it and placed it where the child saw it. Then the child rejoiced greatly, and ran hither and thither about the lamb, and said: "Yes; that is it! that is it! just the one I saw!" And he was very glad; but of the other eleven lambs said he nothing, neither seemed he to miss them.

Then the father smiled once more, and said to the mother: "In dreams and tears there seems no great difference between grown-up folks and little Leopold: why should they not resemble each other also in contentedness and satisfaction with the least and most easily procured pleasures?"—*Krummacher.*

AN EXPOSTULATION.

It may not be altogether useless to tell you a circumstance which was not long ago told me by a person (whose name is well known in London, and I hope savoury in it yet—Doctor Thomas Goodwin), at such time as he was president of Magdalen College, in Oxford; there I had the circumstances from him. He told me that, being himself in the time of his youth, a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr Rogers of Dedham, in Essex, purposely he took a journey from Cambridge to Dedham to hear him preach on his lecture day—a lecture then so strangely thronged and frequented, that to those that came not very early, there was no possibility of getting room in that very spacious large church. Mr Rogers was (as he told me), at the time he heard him, on the subject of discourse which hath been for some time the subject of mine, the Scriptures. And in that sermon he falls into an expostulation with the people about the neglect of the Bible: he personates God to the people, telling them, "Well, I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have slighted it—it lies in such and such houses all covered with dust and cobwebs: you care not to look at it. Do you use my Bible so? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer." And he takes up the Bible from his cushion, and seems as if he were going away with it and carrying it from them: but immediately turns again and personates the people to God, falls down on his knees, cries and pleads most earnestly: "Lord, whatsoever thou doest to us, take not thy Bible from us: kill our children, burn our houses, destroy our goods; only spare us thy Bible—only take not away thy Bible." And then he personates God again to the people: "Say you so? well, I will try you a while longer, and here is my Bible for you; I will see how you will use it—whether you will love it more, whether you will value it more, whether you will practise it more, and live more according to it." But by these actions (as the Doctor told me) he put all the congregation into so strange a posture that he never saw any congregation in his life; the place was a mere Bochim, the people almost deluged with their own tears; and he told me, that he himself, when he got out and was to take horse again to be gone, he was fain to hang a quarter of an hour upon the neck of his horse weeping, before he had power to mount; so strange an impression was there upon him, and generally upon the people, upon having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of the Bible.—*John Howe.*

ONE TALENT.

It is a fault common to human nature, to overlook those unobtrusive modes of doing good which Providence affords to every one, while it is supposed that an opportunity to accomplish with a single stroke some stupendous work of beneficence would be cheerfully and vigorously embraced. We are apt to be too long-sighted in relation to the use of moral influence. In looking out afar for some magnificent work, for the performance of which we will greatly congratulate ourselves, while the world will wonder at our bravery, we fail to see a thousand opportunities of blessing others, because they are so near and so simple. We are at great pains to send a missionary to some destitute field of labour, while we fail to do in our own families that work which is identical with the details of the missionary's labour. We interest ourselves in the progress of a revival, while we neglect that personal activity and faithfulness to those around us upon which the revival depends. We are disposed to a wholesale method of doing good, to the exclusion of particular personal duties. Like legislators declaring war and granting appropriations, while they neither take the sword nor support the expense, we would generalize every system of benevolence so as to excuse ourselves from service. Yet this is a blinded benevolence, being neither reasonable nor religious. Every philanthropist, whose great achievements have been embalmed in the memories of the good, has won his laurels by the labour of his own hand; and that, too, in humble, simple, self-denying activity. There is no highway to distinguished usefulness. This is to be attained only by perseverance in the common path of laborious duty. Howard's memory is sacred and sublime. But the labours which procured his honour were humble and severe. He went into the prison-house, and associated with poverty and crime, that he might pour some joy into the desolate heart.

Had he aimed directly at doing some great thing, he might have failed entirely; but aiming to do good, either more or less, as he might be favoured in his labours, he accomplished an amount of good which made his name great in the estimate of posterity. So will we find it in the case of every truly great man; if we draw aside the veil which his renown has spread over his life, he will be seen hard at work in his study, or laboratory, or talking by the way-side with some humble person whom he would make the object of his benevolent activity.

THE INEVITABLE DOOM.

Human life is like a road which terminates in a frightful precipice: we are warned of it from the first step; but the law is gone forth—we must constantly advance. I would wish to retrace my steps; on, on, forward; we must unceasingly advance towards the precipice. A thousand vexations, a thousand troubles, fatigue and distress us on the road; but if I could only avoid that frightful precipice.

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No, no; we must advance, we must even run, such is the rapidity of years. We console ourselves, however, because from time to time we meet with objects which amuse us—running waters, passing flowers. We would wish to pause. On, on! And yet we see all that we have passed falling into ruins behind us—frightful crash, inevitable destruction! We console ourselves, because we have carried off some flowers gathered by the way-side, which fade in our hands ere the evening approaches; some fruits, which we lose in tasting; enchantment, illusion! Still hurried on, thou approachest the gulf: already everything begins to pass away; the gardens are less flowery, the flowers less brilliant, their colour less lively, the meadows less smiling, the streams less pure; all fade, all pass away. The shadow of death appears; we begin to feel the approach of the fatal gulf. But we must advance to the brink, another step. Already horror has seized upon the senses; the head grows dizzy, the eyes wander on, on. I would retrace my steps; impossible: all has fallen, all has vanished, all is lost.

I need not tell you that this road is Life; this gulf is Death.—*Bossuet.*

SABBATH VISITING.

The Sabbath is not a day for visiting.—Here the plea of necessity that is often urged is a palpable device of Satan, to blind and ruin souls. Try this practice, and try the plea by which you justify it, by God's holy Word, and you will find it rebukes them both. You *must* go. Then why not on the Saturday? or why not on the Monday? Did you ever, in right earnest, try to manage it on another day, looking this truth fully in the face, that it is God's day, and not yours, that you mean to take advantage of, for your own convenience, or to serve your own ends? Or you say, it is *pleasant* for you to go; but hath not the Lord said, "Not doing thine own ways, or finding thine own pleasure?" Many a believer has been sorely wounded, and brought upon himself long seasons of deadness, and darkness, because of Sabbaths thus spent. Often too—though it is little thought of—has he put the rod into God's hand, which has been laid on himself or family. "If his children (Christ's children) forsake my law, then will I visit their transgressions with the rod." And many an inquirer, who was beginning to set his face Zionward, yea, had well-nigh entered the kingdom, by such sinfully spent Sabbaths, has been driven back; and sunk down into a cold, careless, hardened professor.—*Tract on the Sabbath by the Rev. Thomas Waters of Lauder.*

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

It was a sound and savoury reply of an English captain, at the loss of Calais, when a proud Frenchman scornfully demanded, "When will you fetch Calais again?" replied, "When your sins shall weigh down ours." Ah, England! my constant prayer for thee is, that thou mayst not sin away thy mercies into their hands that cannot call mercy, mercy; and that would joy in nothing more than to see thy sorrow and misery, and to see that hand to make thee naked, that hath clothed thee with much mercy and glory.—*Brooks.*

LITTLE SINS.

'Tis sad to stand with God for a trifle: Dives would not give a crumb, therefore he should not receive a drop; 'tis the greatest folly in the world to adventure the going to hell for a small matter. "I tasted but a little honey," said Jonathan, "and I must die." It is a most unkind and unfaithful thing to break with God for a little; little sins carry with them but little temptations to sin, and then a man shows most viciousness, and unkindness, when he sins on a little temptation. 'Tis devilish to sin without a temptation, 'tis little less than devilish to sin on a little occasion; the less the temptation is to sin, the greater is that sin. Saul's sin in not staying for Samuel was not so much in the matter, but it was much in the malice of it; for though Samuel had not come at all, yet Saul should not have offered sacrifice; this cost him dear—his soul and kingdom.

'Tis the greatest unkindness that can be shown to a friend, to adventure the complaining, bleeding, and grieving of his soul upon a light and slight occasion; so 'tis the greatest unkindness that can be shown to God, Christ, and the Spirit, for a soul to put God upon complaining, Christ upon bleeding, and the Spirit upon grieving, by yielding to little sins; therefore, when Satan says, 'Tis but a little one, do thou answer, that oftentimes there is the greatest unkindness shown to God's glorious Majesty in the acting of the least folly, and, therefore, thou wilt not displease thy best and greatest friend, by yielding to his least enemy.—*Ibid.*

Fragments.

It is not every broken heart which constitutes the sacrifice of God. It depends on what has broken it—whether the experience of misfortune, or the sense of sin—the sorrow of the world, or the sorrow of God. Both break the heart, but it is a different fracture in the one case from what it is in the other. God values the latter; and hearts so broken, he mends and makes whole.

Some sinners repent with an *unbroken* heart. They are *sorry*, and yet go on, as did Pilate and Herod.

A sinner *must come to himself*, as did the prodigal, before ever he will come to Christ.

The consummation of madness is to do what, at the time of doing it, we intend to be afterwards sorry for; the deliberate and intentional making of work for repentance.

When a Christian backslides, it is as if the prodigal son had re-acted his folly, and left his father's house a second time.

There is a mighty difference betwixt feeling "I have done wrong," and feeling "I have sinned *against the Lord.*"

Some sinners lay down their burden elsewhere than at the feet of Jesus.

Surely the subject of religion must be the most important of all subjects, since it is presently to become, and ever after to continue to be, the only and all-absorbing subject.

Ministers should aim in preaching to *puncture* the heart, rather than *tickle* the ear.

Human friends can weep with us when we weep; but Jesus is a friend who, when he has wept with us, can wipe away all our tears. And when the vale of tears terminates in the valley of the shadow of death, and other friends are compelled to retire and leave us to go alone, Jesus is the friend who can, and will, enter and go all the way through with us.

It is better for us that Christ should be in heaven than on earth. We need him more there than here. We want an advocate *at court.*

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DEATH IN THE FAMILY.

BY LEONARD BACON, D.D.

The time would fail me, if I should attempt to illustrate in detail the moral uses of death as a part of the system of influences by which God is in this world recovering men from their apostasy, and by which, in the progress of slow ages, he is gathering to himself that peculiar people of his own whose names are written in heaven. But let me call the reader's attention more distinctly, for a few moments, to one part of the boundless field of thought which is thus opened before us. Think of death—the known and inflexible law by which all men die—the whole fact of death, as it has its place among the multiplied influences which co-operate, by God's appointment, in the training of a Christian household.

First, then, the parents of that household, from the day of their first affection for each other—the affection in which the family originates—are cognizant and mindful of the fact, that life is a vapour,

> "And life's affections transient fire,
> Whose sparks fly upward—and expire."

The vows which they make before God, the Judge of the living and the dead, bind them to each other, and hand in hand they pursue their way; but they know, the while, that their journey is to the grave. The light of a pure, deep, glad affection fills their dwelling; but their love for each other is the love of those who know that they must die. The knowledge that this is not their rest—that in a little while they must be parted—that one of them must lay the other in the grave—hangs over them like an invisible presence, and is continually teaching them to set their affection on things above, to lay up their treasure in heaven, to remember the infinite grandeur and the unchanging reality of things not seen. There is in their dwelling none the less of happiness for this; but, oh, how much the more of soberness and thoughtfulness! how much the more of the dignity of a spiritual and truly immortal affection! How much the more calmly do the pulses of affection and of enjoyment beat within them! How much the more kindly and forbearingly, how much the more tenderly and seriously, do they look upon each other, for remembering that sentence, "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return!" How much more ready are they to bear each other's burdens, to help each other's faith, to guard each other against every spiritual danger, as they remember the certainty that they must by-and-by be parted, and the uncertainty of the hour that is to part them!

But the children born in that house are born to die; and, from the hour of their birth, they are nurtured as with death looking in at the windows. They, indeed, in the unconscious joyousness of infancy, see not the stern presence; they hear not the still but powerful teaching that so illustrates the true philosophy of things; but the arms that encircle them, are of those who hear and know the lesson that is ever whispered around them; the voices that greet them tremble with an affection that is sublimed and purified by the wisdom which death teaches. All the arrangements and influences of the household in which these children are born and nurtured, are essentially affected by the recognition of the great law, that all who are born are born to die. This it is that hallows that home, and brings it into a felt relation to eternity, to God, to heaven. This it is that puts unutterable tenderness into the lesson when the child first bows at it mother's knee, learning to pray. The mother is to die; the child is to die; none can tell which of the two shall die first; and though the child knows nothing of this, the mother feels it, and the child sobs with an emotion caught by unconscious sympathy with the thoughts that fill the mother's bosom.

Think, again, of the effects upon that household, when death at last, in some appointed hour, breaks in upon the circle. One place at the table is vacant; one little chair has none to claim it; one little voice, that was like the song of birds, is silent; and, in the place of graves, there is a little mound to which the feet of mother, father, sister, brother, turn—how often! Think of the effects upon the survivors individually, and upon the family as a whole. The first thought of "the child's first grief," is, "Would I had loved him more." How much more tenderly and seriously do they all love each other for that bereavement! How much more familiar, and yet how much more serious does the thought of death become! Upon one and another of the survivors, in the

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tenderness of childhood, impressions are made by that bereavement which will last for ever—impressions which in their effect upon the character of the intelligent and spiritual being, are worth more than all the pain and all the sorrow. Long afterwards, the image of that little one, called up by some resistless association of thought, shall move the survivors, and touch their hearts with an affectionate tenderness, as if some whispering spirit bade them love each other more.

But death comes again with his awful lesson, God's stern but benignant angel. The hour has come for another and a more painful sundering of loving hearts. The hour that has been waited for so long with an unutterable dread, and which prayer, perhaps, in its sublime wrestlings with God, has once and again availed to postpone—the hour that was anticipated when that family first had a being, has arrived. The parent that was dearest, the mother at whose knee those children learned to pray, looks on those children now with eyes the light of which is soon to be extinguished, calls them to her bed-side, speaks to them one by one, gives them the last kiss of living affection, and resigns her breath to God. Is not this a portion of the divinely appointed nurture of that household? What remembrances of that hour follow those children evermore, inseparable from their existence! Death has invested all the remembered counsels of that parent with an ineffable sanctity. The words which she spoke to them so often and so anxiously, concerning duty and God, life, death, and eternity, can never be forgotten now. Their feet turn often to her grave, as if there were no other spot on earth so near to heaven; their eyes are never weary of reading the words there carved upon the stone; and, while the years of life pass over them, in joy and in sorrow, wherever they roam, their thoughts return with undying affection to the turf that covers her ashes.

Thus death goes on repeating his lessons. What a preacher is he in the family! for it is there that he preaches most impressively. He comes again into that household circle. Again he lifts the veil that parts eternity from time; and, lo! he stands in the midst of them with his inexorable message. Another has been summoned from the household. The youth who was just ready to enter, full of manly promise, on the active work of life—he who was his father's pride, and on whom a father's hand was beginning to lean unconsciously for support—he who was the joy and hope of all who called him brother—he who was his dead mother's noblest monument, is gone. But think of the impressions made on those who survive him there—impressions as to what life is, and what this world is—impressions as to the value of Christ's atonement for sin and the mercies of God's redeeming covenant. How deep are those impressions, how serious, how inseparable from the dear remembrance of him whom God hath taken! Him they cannot forget. Others may forget him. The playmates of his childhood, the associates of his youth, those who were nearest to him among his friends, may gradually cease to name him or to think of him, but they of the household will still remember him. When his image shall have faded from all other hearts, it will remain distinct and bright in theirs; the tones of his voice will never cease to linger in their memory; and whenever they think of him, a shadow, as from the grave, will seem to pass over all the glare of the world that is seen, and they will seem to hear the voices of eternity. How much is such a lesson worth! Who would be without that wisdom which comes only from such lessons!

But death has not yet finished his teachings in that family. Another, and another still, must die, that the survivors may learn immortal wisdom. And so God's moral and spiritual nurture of that family proceeds from year to year, and from one visitation of death to another, till the work is finished, and they have all gone to give their account of the results.

Thus God is training all our households. Blessed is that praying and believing household to which the mercies of God's covenant are sure. There, all the ministrations and teachings of the word of Christ, and all God's influences in nature and in providence, are working together for one end—the salvation of all that are in that household. To them it may be said, "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

SCRIPTURE INCIDENTS AND GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG READERS.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Concluded from page 163.

WHEN they began to indulge hope, they began also to watch and strive, when they had been a fortnight tossed about by the tempest, and were now in the Adriatic Sea.

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H.—The Adriatic Sea!—then had they not got very near to Italy without being aware of it? Here, it is marked on the map close to Italy.

U.—That which is now called the Adriatic Sea, or Gulf of Venice, extends no farther south than what is called the heel of Italy (from the resemblance of the shape of that country to a leg or boot); but the name anciently belonged to a great part of the Mediterranean, comprehending both the Sicilian and Ionian Seas, and extending to the shore of Africa. There was room enough for these poor mariners to be tossed up and down over a large space of ocean, without coming near land. It is most likely that, during some part of the time, they were not far from a most dangerous rock on one hand, and a whirlpool on the other—described by ancient poets, with many fabulous additions, under the names of Scylla and Charybdis. On the fourteenth night, about midnight, the shipmen thought they were approaching to some shore; and, to ascertain the fact, they sounded, or cast out a line with a weight at the end, to prove the depth of the water; a little while after they tried again, and found it much shallower, which is naturally the case near the shore. This made them very cautious. They were afraid to advance, lest they should be driven, in the dark, on the rocks or sands. To avoid this danger, anxious as they were to reach a place of shelter, they threw out four anchors, hoping to hold the ship where it was, and anxiously waited for the dawning of the day, that they might find out where they were, and what methods could be used for their preservation. This, you may be sure, was a trial of patience, and of faith too. It would be endured with calmness and composure just in proportion to the reliance placed on the assurance they had received, and their submission as to the mode of their promised deliverance. Those who humbly and firmly relied on the word of God, would be satisfied and quiet; those who doubted it, would be devising schemes of their own, and restless till they could carry them into execution. Accordingly, we find that some of the seamen were selfish and wicked enough to attempt their own escape by means of the boat, and desert the ship and their companions in distress. To cover their wicked purpose, they pretended that they would cast some anchors out of the fore-ship, and, in order to do so, that they wanted to let down the boat, which had been taken in during the violence of the tempest, but, in reality, intending, when once they were in the boat, to make straight for the shore. But Paul, perceiving their treacherous design, said to the centurion and the soldiers, that the sailors must remain in the ship and do their duty, in order to the preservation of the whole company; for though God had appointed and promised that they should be saved, he had appointed that they should be saved, not by miracle, but by means of the exertions of these sailors. It is tempting God, rather than trusting him, for people to say they rely on his promises and his providence, while they neglect their duty and the use of proper means. The centurion and soldiers readily fell in with Paul's suggestion; and, as the boat was let down before the sailors had time to get into it, they cut the ropes and let it go. Thus the services of the selfish sailors were secured; for, being obliged to stay in the ship, they would work for its safety, because, if the rest perished, they must perish with them. But how odious and despicable are all persons who act by no better motive than selfishness! and what a striking contrast do we see between the noble, generous Paul, who rejoiced in the assurance of his own preservation chiefly as it involved extensive good to others! To have the heart full of benevolence, is the true way to be both honourable and happy. The day was now advancing, and Paul again addressed a cheerful and encouraging word to his companions in tribulation, kindly inviting them all to partake of food, which they greatly needed—having now, first through alarm and confusion, and then through terror and despondency, for fourteen days neglected to take their regular meals, or even any sufficient sustenance, so that they were all greatly weakened by long abstinence, as well as by fatigue and terror. He repeated his certain confidence in their complete preservation—that not a hair should fall from the head of any of them; and then taking bread, he gave thanks to God, in presence of them all, both for the provision and the promise, and set his companions an example of what he recommended to them, by taking a regular and cheerful meal. This had a happy influence on them all. They ventured to believe the message on which the messenger himself so fully relied; their courage revived—they took sufficient food, and were strengthened. When all were satisfied with food, cheered by the full confidence that a short time would terminate their perils, they once more lightened the ship—casting away the wheat and the remainder of their provisions, the better to secure the lives of the numerous passengers—for it appears that the ship was overloaded, and thus the danger increased. It was now quite light. The land before them was easily discerned, but none knew what country it was to which they were approaching. Europe, Asia, and Africa, all had shores washed by the Adriatic Sea; but the tempest and darkness had completely baffled all calculation as to the course the vessel was pursuing. The coast was exceedingly rocky; but in one part the mariners observed a creek or arm of the sea, running up a little way within land, with a level shore. Into this they endeavoured to steer the vessel. It was at this juncture that the skilful assistance of the seamen was most essential; for without it, the ship, humanly speaking, must have been dashed to pieces by the rocks, and the lives of the passengers could not have been preserved without miraculous interposition, which was not the appointed means of deliverance. They now loosed the vessel, either taking up the anchors, or cutting the cables by which they were held. The rudders, which, during the storm, had been useless, and dangerous by their violent and uncontrolled motion, had been fastened down. These they now loosened, in the hope that they might be again useful in steering the ship; and the wind being now favourable, they hoisted the main-sail, and made directly for the shore. But there was a shelf or bed of sand projecting far into the channel, which had not been perceived. On the point of this the ship was forcibly driven and fixed. When thus run aground, the fore part of the ship was immovable; and, consequently, the hinder part was soon broken by the violence of the waves; and thus, with the shore in view, the vessel was wrecked, even in the harbour—thus defeating the hopes which some perhaps began to entertain, that the vessel, after all, might be saved, and making good the word which had been spoken by Paul, that it would certainly be lost. It remained, that the lives of the passengers should be rescued from destruction. This critical moment, when every man hung in doubt of his life, called forth from the soldiers a proposal as cruel and barbarous as the previous attempt of the sailors. The ship was going to pieces, and every one would be naturally and justly attempting to escape as he could. The Romans, though renowned as the only civilized people, were prodigal of human life; and it was a part of their barbarous policy to take the lives of soldiers from whom a prisoner had escaped, however unavoidably on their part. (Acts xii. 19.) The soldiers perceiving that, in the present

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emergency, all must shift for themselves, and afraid of the consequences to themselves if any of the prisoners should get first to shore and escape from their custody, proposed to prevent it, by putting them all to death—a sad proof that, unless the grace of God soften and change the hard and cruel heart of man, affections, mercies, and common sympathies, will all fail to do it. Even the centurion did not appear to be at all shocked at the injustice and inhumanity of the proposal; but, from his special regard for Paul, he over-ruled it, and ordered the soldiers, in the first place, as many of them as could swim, to get to land, and be ready to receive the prisoners—here again Paul proved a blessing to those connected with him; for his sake, all the prisoners were preserved from the bloody scheme of the soldiers, as well as all the crew preserved from drowning—"and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" (Ps. cvii. 27–31.) The land on which the apostle and his companions found themselves, after their wonderful escape, was the island of Melita. There it is—a small island to the south of Sicily, between that and Africa, but farthest from the continent of any island in the Mediterranean Sea. This island produces vast quantities of honey, from which it derived its ancient name, Melita. It has long been called Malta, and has become famous in history. When you come to read the history of the Crusaders, you will find frequent reference to "The Knights of Malta;" and in modern times—that is, quite within my memory, though before either of you was born—it was much talked of on account of a grand palace which the French began to build there for their emperor, Napoleon. It was never completed; for Napoleon was hurled from his proud eminence, and closed his days in obscurity on another island—that of St. Helena. Malta is now attached to Great Britain. The inhabitants of Melita were called "barbarians"—a name proudly given by the Greeks and Romans to all the rest of mankind. The conduct of these people, however, proved them much more truly civilized than the Roman soldiers, who would have killed the prisoners uncondemned; and much more so than many professing Christians who, living on the coast, make a practice of plundering distressed mariners, and even suffering them to perish, rather than assist them. The natives of Melita treated these poor shipwrecked people with the utmost humanity and kindness—considering, as we always ought to do, and act accordingly, that distress gives a claim to compassion and succour. Who is my neighbour? Every person to whom I have opportunity of shewing kindness. The poor voyagers escaped to shore weary, wet, and cold. Shelter and warmth were what they most immediately needed; and these were promptly supplied. A large fire was speedily kindled in some place capable of receiving them all. There they were sheltered from the weather, and hospitably refreshed; and, oh, what a comfort they must have felt it, to be once more on dry ground, free from the tossing of the waves, and the dread of being overwhelmed in the ocean! Those only who have been similarly exposed can form an adequate idea of their pleasurable feelings. Of some we knew, and of more we hope, that they had grateful feelings too. We can easily suppose that the conversation turned upon their marvellous escape, and its exact accordance with the previous intimations given by the angel, and communicated by Paul; and this, if their language were understood, would direct the attention of the natives to a man so signally distinguished from above. But, however this might be, an incident soon occurred which singled him out for their especial notice. Paul was a humble, industrious man; he knew how to accommodate himself to circumstances, and never thought it beneath him to employ himself in anything useful. He soon assisted in gathering up sticks, and laying them on the fire. As he did so, a viper, which lay dormant among the wood, being roused and irritated by the heat, flew out and fastened on his hand. The people, seeing this, concluded among themselves that he was a murderer, either fleeing from justice, or being conveyed as a prisoner, to receive the just reward of his deeds, and that, though he had escaped the violence of the seas, he was pursued by divine vengeance.

E.—Were they quite heathens? or did they know anything about God?

U.—They were not acquainted with divine revelation, and therefore their views were confused and mistaken; but they had some general notion of several important truths which may be discovered by the light of natural reason and conscience, and traces of which are found among the most barbarous nations. They knew that there is a God who governs the world, and that things do not happen by chance, but by his direction; they believed that he would deal with men according to their actions, and follow the wicked with vengeance; and they thought murder a very great crime, and one that would not long remain unpunished. But they thought that all wicked people are punished in this life, and that all who suffer great calamities are wicked people—both which are great mistakes, arising from their ignorance of a future state, and of a judgment to come, and of the dealings and designs of God, who often afflicts the best men in this life, for the exercise and improvement of their faith and patience. How thankful should we be for the Bible, which clearly teaches us these things, and also the way in which we may be saved from the anger of God, which our sins have deserved, and how we may be numbered among those to whom all things in the present life work together for good, and who shall be partakers of the glory that shall be hereafter revealed! (Rom. viii. 28, 18.) Paul did not appear to be at all terrified by the assault of the viper. He calmly shook it off into the fire. He had, in all dangers, great presence of mind and composure, resulting from the special aids of divine grace; and, in this particular instance, he knew that he was shielded from harm by the Saviour's promise of miraculous preservation, as "a sign which should follow" or attest the preaching in his name. "They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." (Mark xvi. 18.) The first sign was now manifested on Paul, as the last was soon afterwards. When Paul shook off the viper, the people kept looking at him, still expecting to see him swell, in consequence of the venomous bite, or fall down dead suddenly; but when they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their mind, and said that he was a god—so apt are ignorant people to run from one extreme to another. Paul, no doubt, corrected their mistake, as he had done on other occasions (Acts xvii. 18); and they afterwards learned that God was pleased thus to signalize a good man in their presence, in order to make way for the reception of the gospel among them. In everything connected with this most extraordinary voyage and escape, the hand of Providence was signally manifested. The ship was wrecked not only on a part of the island where people were at hand to afford assistance to the sufferers, but near the dwelling and estate of Publius, the chief man, most likely the governor, of the island—a man who had the ability as well as the disposition to

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afford them substantial succour. It was no trifle to afford shelter and sustenance to so large a company of destitute people; yet Publius courteously and hospitably entertained them three days, until they could be accommodated elsewhere. This was an act of generous humanity, and most likely rendered irrespective of the character of his guests, of which he was little aware. He received a prophet; and though at first it was not in the name and character of a prophet, yet he received a prophet's reward. He was not unmindful to entertain strangers, and he thereby entertained apostles unawares. (Matt. x. 41; Heb. xiii. 2.) By this means Paul became acquainted with the dangerous illness of the father of Publius. He went in to visit him, doubtless at his own proposal—for the afflicted family could little anticipate the result—and, having prayed, laid his hands on him, and miraculously healed him—a most acceptable return for the kindness of Publius, and one that would excite general attention to the apostle and his instructions. Many other persons in the island who had diseases came and were healed. The apostle and his companions remained in the island three months, and no doubt zealously improved the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded them of preaching to the people the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, apparently with great success, so that at length they were greatly honoured as highly favoured servants of the Lord, and as having highly requited the kindness shown them. It may be supposed, too, that the conduct and discourses of Paul and his companions, together with all the events of the shipwreck and deliverance, had made a deep impression on the minds of the sailors, soldiers, and passengers, and that all behaved themselves in such a way as to conciliate the esteem of the inhabitants, though the respect shown to the whole company was no doubt chiefly on Paul's account. All were treated kindly while they stayed, and on their departure were liberally supplied with all things needful for their future voyage; and no doubt the people of Malta cherished the remembrance of Paul's shipwreck as the most extraordinary in its circumstances and the most important in its results of any that had ever occurred on their shores. After three months' residence in the island—that is, during the winter season—they pursued their course towards Rome in a ship called the *Castor and Pollux*. These were the names of two of the fabled gods of the heathens, who were supposed to preside over storms, and to protect seamen. It was not a matter of choice with Paul, or he would not have preferred a ship foolishly marked with idolatry; but perhaps few ships were then to be met with entirely free from something of the kind. On their way they landed at Syracuse, the capital of Sicily, that large island a little to the north of Malta, and stayed there three days. They next touched at Rhegium, a city of Italy, now called Reggio. This is a very ancient place, and is supposed to have taken its name from the violent bursting of the coast—it being thought that Sicily was formerly conjoined to Italy. From thence they proceeded to Puteoli, a city of Italy, in Naples, pleasantly and advantageously situated for trade. Its name is derived either from its wells, having many hot and cold springs thereabouts, or from the sulphureous exhalations, which keep up an offensive smell. There are at Puteoli many relics of ancient grandeur—some perhaps as ancient as the date of Paul's visit; for at that period the Roman people were raising those magnificent works of art which, though now in ruins, are visited with enthusiastic admiration by persons from all parts of the civilized world. But Paul found at Puteoli an object of attraction far more interesting than fine sculpture, architecture, and paintings—he found Christian brethren, who joyfully welcomed him among them, and desired to stay with them a week—doubtless that they might enjoy his valuable labours when they should meet together on the Lord's-day. To this the centurion consented. His regard for Paul evidently increased during the whole of his intercourse with him; and we would fain hope that he became altogether a Christian; but of this we are not informed. From Puteoli Paul and his companions, under the conduct of the centurion, proceeded by land to Rome. The news of his approach having reached the capital, some of the Christians hastened to meet Paul—some at Appii Forum, about fifty miles south of Rome; and some at The Three Taverns, eighteen miles nearer the city. This gladdened and encouraged the heart of the holy man, and strengthened him to press on with cheerfulness and zeal. He thanked God and took courage, rejoicing in the affectionate sympathy of those who were his companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, and willing, at whatever sacrifice, to bear his testimony to Christ in Rome also. The last few particulars do not chiefly belong to the shipwreck; but I thought you would wish to accompany the hero of the narrative to his journey's end.

H.—O yes; and thank you for telling us about it.

U.—When you read over this most interesting narrative, let it remind you of God's universal providence. All creatures are under his control—all events at his disposal. It is impossible to be placed out of sight of his omniscience, or out of reach of his arm; and though he does not now send an angel to assure us of his attentions, he regards his people with as tender an interest as ever. Precious in his sight is their life, and precious is their death. Of all the honours about which worldly men are ambitious, there is not one to be compared with the honour of being a servant of God. Think what a great privilege it is to have a refuge in trouble—to have the heart stayed trusting in God. The poor heathens in Paul's company, might in vain call upon their gods for help—they cried to gods who could not save; but Paul found, and every Christian finds, that the name of the Lord is a strong tower—the righteous runneth into it, and is safe; and never forget that a good man is a great blessing in the world—many are blessed for his sake. The promise made to Abraham belongs to every believer in Christ: "I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing." Every good man is distinguished by privilege—every good man ought to be distinguished by holy conduct and earnest desire to do good; and every one who is so, will also be distinguished by usefulness—God will give him the desire of his heart. Let it be your prayer, my dear boys, that God may remember you with the favour he bears to his own people; and that in whatever sphere you move, all connected with you may have reason to bless God on your account; for "no man liveth to himself." The bad man lives to injure others; the good man lives to do them good. The righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise.

JANE DAVIS.

BY THE REV. ANDREW CRAWFORD, NEWTOWNBREDA.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
How sweet to look to Christ the Lord,
And long to flee away!

TOPLADY.

THE sweetest flowers are often found in the sequestered glen, or blooming in the deep dell,

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far removed from public view. The violet conceals itself in the bank, and breathes forth its fragrance from its deep retirement.

As in nature, so is it often found in grace. Some of Christ's most precious, devoted servants are "His hidden ones." Placed frequently in the humbler walks of life, they are alike "unknown to fortune and to fame." But the secret of the Lord is with them, and He shows them His covenant. They have joys with which a stranger cannot intermeddle—a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. They have felt the truth, though they may never have heard the words, of the poet's sentiment—

> "The calm retreat, the silent shade,
> With prayer and praise agree."

Whilst removed from the observation of the world, so are they also from its ensnaring temptations. Their life is hid with Christ in God, and when he who is their life shall appear, then shall they also appear with him in glory. Then, no longer hidden, "they shall shine forth as the brightness of the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

The subject of the following record was unknown beyond a very narrow circle, and even from most of them was her Christian experience concealed. Her modest and retiring disposition led her to hide it, till, on the bed of death, her closed lips were opened "to speak forth the praises of Him who had brought her out of darkness into his marvellous light." But though she did not previously speak of her feelings, her life, from early youth, had been such as becometh the gospel. Those who knew her most intimately, say that her sweetness of temper, and warmth of affection, endeared her to all her acquaintances. Though the work of divine grace proceeded silently in her soul, marvellous was its progress, as evinced in her death-bed scenes. It was like the grain of mustard seed. As God feeds the flowers with the gentle dew, so he fed her soul with the gentle dews of his grace, and "she grew as the lily." Many were the obstacles to growth in grace she had to encounter, and few were her spiritual privileges. "As the lily among thorns," so was she in an ungodly world, till her heavenly Father transplanted her to appear in unfading purity and beauty in the paradise above.

Perhaps it might seem more in accordance with her life, that the fragrance of her memory should rest with those who had then known her. But God desires that his works should be remembered, and we seek to record somewhat of the work of grace in her soul, to the praise of the glory of his grace who hath made her accepted in the Beloved.

Some years since, it was the privilege of the writer, in conjunction with several young friends, also in training for the Christian ministry, to assist in the formation and superintendence of a large number of Sabbath schools, in the populous district surrounding his native village. Our work so prospered, that we numbered our scholars by thousands. All of us, however, have been called away to other spheres of labour; yet often do I look back with fond recollection to those happy days. They are passed away, but their remembrance is sweet. Still it is my privilege to pay them frequent visits, and to preach to them an annual sermon.

As the spring of 1846 advanced, I was considering the duty of visiting them, when I met a Christian friend from the district. He informed me of the illness of JANE DAVIS, the subject of this record, formerly one of our Sabbath scholars. Since her death, he has, at my request, written the substance of the conversations he had with her on her death-bed. Thus I am enabled to detail them in his own words.

We had been conversing on the spiritual condition of the district, when he said—

"I have met, within these few days, with the most blessed death-bed scene it was ever my lot to witness. The subject of it is a young female, aged only eighteen years. She is in rapid consumption. She cannot survive many weeks; but she is ripe for glory. She sent for me, requesting that I would visit her. I had known little of her previously, therefore I was not prepared for such an evidence of strong faith and deep piety. When I had made a few inquiries regarding her health, I said to her, 'God is now pleased to afflict your body, Jane; but in what state is your mind?'

"She looked up, and said, 'O! sir, it is happy, happy; Jesus is precious to me! I know him as my Saviour. He is to my soul the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

> 'My heart and flesh doth faint and fail,
> But God doth fail me never;
> For of my heart he is the strength,
> And portion for ever.'

"She spoke in this strain for a considerable time, but many of her expressions I cannot now recall. Our conversation turned on the preciousness of the means of grace. 'This day week,' she said, 'will be our communion. I was very anxious to be there, but I fear I will not be able to go.'

"'Have you ever been at the Lord's table?' said I.

"'Yes, sir; I was at the last sacrament. It was my first time.'

"'What was your experience there?'

"'Oh! I had a blessed season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It was to my soul a feast of fat things, of wine upon the lees well refined. I felt as in a new world. I was greatly strengthened.'

"This is a mere fragment of our conversation," adds he, "as several hours rolled away before I could bring myself to leave her. To give a just idea of her observations, I would need to describe the look and tone that accompanied them—so joyful, so fervent. They have

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left an impression on my mind that will not be easily effaced.

"On my next call I asked her, 'How do you feel this evening, Jane?'

"'Still happy, sir,' she answered.

"'Is your soul's prospect as bright as when last I saw you?'

"'It is, sir. Sometimes a cloud comes over my mind, but it does not remain long. Can mine be the faith of assurance? Can any doubts arise to those who have it?'

"'Don't you feel,' said I, 'the willingness and the ability of the Lord Jesus to save you? and don't you feel enabled to rest on Him alone?'

"'I do, I do. He is all my salvation and all my desire.'"

Such is a portion of the detail he then gave me, and it confirmed my resolution to visit that district on the following week. I earnestly desired to see Jane, and to hear from her own lips "what the Lord had done for her soul."

Let me remind the reader, that the expressions of the faith and hope of this young Christian, as here recorded, were made at a time when there could be no desire for mere display. They were the true index of her feelings. The solemnities of the death-bed encompassed her. The awful realities of judgment and eternity were full in her view. No exaggeration of expression would then likely be displayed. Her bosom glowed with the ardour of her love to the Lord Jesus, and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke. She had little learning. The chief part of her education had been acquired at one of our Sabbath schools. But *there* had she obtained that knowledge which is infinitely more precious than all other acquirements. *There* had the Spirit of God opened her young heart to receive the truth in the love of it. Thus "from a child she had known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus." Behold in her one of the many proofs of the blessed effects of Sabbath-school instruction!

About ten days after I had received the intelligence of the illness of Jane Davis, I was privileged to visit her death-bed. During that period she had been sinking rapidly. A blood-vessel had burst, and her strength was thereby completely exhausted. I remembered her countenance, for her expressive features were not readily forgotten.

She was so weak, that, on my first visit, she was unable to enter into conversation, but she whispered, that she would be very glad if I would speak to her of "the exceeding great and precious promises" that God has given his people. I dwelt for some time on the consolations of the gospel to the afflicted, and then prayed. She pressed my hand as I retired, and entreated that I would soon return.

On my next visit, I found her in a state of great weakness; indeed, such was her exhaustion, that I feared she was dying. We opened the window of her apartment, and she revived, as she breathed the balmy air of spring. The day was mild and genial. Close by her window a robin was perched; and the little bird poured forth its plaintive notes, filling the room with melody. I observed Jane listening with evident delight.

"That is sweet, Jane," I said; "but there is something sweeter far to the believer—

> 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
> In a believer's ear!'

'His name is as ointment poured forth.' I trust His blessed name is now as music to your ear."

She raised herself up, as if to collect her strength; and, with a look and tone of deep emotion, replied—

"Sir, He is all my delight—He is the anchor of my soul, both sure and stedfast."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, for I fear your time will not be long on earth."

"Well, sir," said she, "the will of my heavenly Father be done. I shall be happy with my glorious Redeemer. Mine is a blessed—a glorious hope."

"Then the Lord Jesus must be very dear to your soul; for 'To them that believe He is precious.'"

'O yes!" she exclaimed, with an animation that surprised me, "I could not express to you how I love Him."

> 'For whom have I in heaven high,
> But thee, O Lord, alone?
> And on the earth, whom I desire
> Besides thee, there is none.'

What is there on earth that I should desire? it is all fast fading from my view. What could earth, and all on earth, now do for me? But my blessed Saviour has done all. He has finished the work."

She had exhausted her strength. A severe attack of her cough followed, and she lay for a considerable time gasping for breath. When she had recovered, I said, "I recognised your countenance last night, Jane. I have often seen it, but I cannot remember the place. Do you remember having seen me before?"

"Yes, sir, *often*," she replied.

"Where was it?"

"At Lisrodden Sabbath-school. Often have I listened to you there."

"Is it long since your mind was first impressed by religious subjects?"

"It is years ago, sir; when I was very young. It was first impressed at that Sabbath-school. It was the addresses and the prayers I then listened to, but especially the prayers, that first made me think about my soul. They often left such an impression on my mind, that I could scarcely think of anything else."

"Did you feel any very strong conviction of sin?"

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"I felt I was a lost sinner; but it was the love of the Lord Jesus in dying for my soul that dwelt most in my thoughts."

We talked on the subject of her conversion for some time. So far as I could learn from her observations, she had not had any very strong convictions. Her tender mind was gradually opened to the light and love of the truth. Her conversion resembled that of Lydia, as described by the apostle: "Whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things that were spoken by us." As He opens the leaves of the tender flower to receive the rays of the morning sun, so He opened her youthful heart to receive the quickening influences of the "Sun of Righteousness."

My heart was filled with joy and thanksgiving for the token God thus gave to my friends and myself that our labour had not been in vain in the Lord. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." Deep as was the interest I had previously felt in Jane, it was now much strengthened. During my brief sojourn there I visited her very frequently—sometimes twice a-day. I felt my own soul refreshed by every conversation I had with her; for never had I seen, in my experience of dying saints, so great faith, such ardent love, or such peace and joy in the prospect of dissolution.

When I called on the following morning, I found her still very weak. She had spent a restless night. Her appearance indicated that the destroyer was doing his work with great rapidity. Her dark eyes sparkled with brilliancy. Her countenance, now so delicate, was flushed with the lovely complexion so often seen in that flattering, deceitful disease. The rose and the lily were blended there, soon, alas! to fade away. I thought, as I looked at her, of these lines of Kirke White:—

"Say, what is beauty's bloom?
It flourishes and dies.
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how fair, how soft a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?"

One of her companions had brought her some spring flowers. They lay beside her on the pillow.

"What a striking emblem is this of our frail condition, Jane!" said I, taking up one of them. "Thus David describes it in the 103d Psalm: "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.'"

"I feel all that, sir," she replied; "I know that the place that now knows me will soon know me no more. I am fast fading away."

"Yet how blessed is the promise that follows, and I believe it is now yours—'But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear him!' Now, I do feel assured that you are a partaker of that everlasting mercy—of that unchangeable love."

"O, sweet Saviour!" she said; "'his mercy endureth for ever.' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that at the latter day he shall stand upon the earth; and though after my skin worms may destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.'"

"Then, Jane, you are happier, though lying there in pain, than are the daughters of pleasure rolling along in pomp and luxury; for you have 'Christ in you the hope of glory,' but God tells us, that 'she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.'"

"Sir, I have had a delight in studying the Bible that the world could not give me," said she.

"I hope you have read it through, regularly."

"Yes I have, several times." (She named the number, which I forget.) "I have read three chapters every day; for I once heard it remarked that by that means the whole Bible would be read in a year."

"I trust you never read it as a task," I added.

"No," said she, "'it was sweeter to my taste than honey or the honeycomb.' I have felt for years that I would not be long in this world. I have had two very remarkable dreams that made me think so."

"I think we should not usually place much reliance on dreams," said I. "The inspired writer says, that 'a dream cometh in the multitude of business.' That means, that the thoughts that fill our minds in our waking hours return often in our dreams. Yet we also read, that God has warned his servants by dreams; and it may be that he has sent you these to teach you watchfulness. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'"

"O! I feel it will be soon all over. Sometimes, sir, I am so much revived that I think I may recover, but then the weakness soon returns. 'Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.'"

"I trust, Jane, that death has no terrors for you!"

"None, sir, none. 'I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.' 'For me to live is Christ, and to die——'"

Her cough returned with renewed violence before she had finished her sentence. It was distressing to look at her sufferings. Her countenance was crimsoned. The large drops of perspiration rolled down. The blue veins in her temples were swollen. In the midst of her sufferings she breathed earnest ejaculations. "Lord, help; Lord, have mercy; Jesus, give me patience; Lord, take me to thyself."

I said, "'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear *him*.' He does not willingly afflict or grieve his children.

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'You have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of your infirmities.'

'In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;'

and, therefore,

'He sympathizes with your grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.'"

"Lord, give me patience," she said, "to bear all his blessed will. O! that I had breath, that I could tell you what love I feel to my Saviour through all my sufferings."

"You remember," said I, "what he said to the Israelites—'Thou shalt remember all the way that the Lord thy God led thee in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart, to do thee good at thy latter end.' And so, Jane, you shall remember all God's dealings with you in the wilderness, when you get to the heavenly Canaan; and then you shall know that he did not send you one pang needlessly. 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.' You will see that all his ways are mercy and truth to such as fear him. You will then say, in adoring praise, 'He hath done all things well.'"

"That is a blessed thought, sir. Lord, let patience have its perfect work."

"Yes, 'you have need of patience.' Christ is now purifying you in the furnace. You know each succeeding wave rolls the little boat nearer the shore; so every pang brings you nearer to glory. Hugh M'Kail, the covenanted martyr, said to his weeping friends, as he ascended the ladder to the scaffold where he was executed, that 'every step brought him a step nearer heaven.' So may you now say. That pang is gone," said I, as she breathed more freely; "but it has done its work—it has brought you a step nearer heaven."

She lay silent for some time; at length she said, "I often think now, sir, of what you said on the 4th verse of the 23d Psalm, when you explained it to us the first time you preached to the Sabbath-schools." On referring to my notes, I was surprised to find the fulness and accuracy with which she recapitulated them. She concluded thus: "I feel that I have that Friend with me in death, and I trust I can now say—

'Yea, though I pass through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.'"

I was often struck with the appropriateness of her quotations from Scripture, and the accuracy with which she repeated them. When quoting from the Psalms, she generally used the metrical version. She could not bear to hear the Scriptures quoted inaccurately. I remember on one occasion reminding her of the triumphant language of Paul, in the prospect of death. In quoting it, I omitted the second clause. She interrupted me by saying, "If you please, sir, remember it is—'I have fought a good fight; *I have finished my course;* I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but to all that love his appearing.'"

To be continued.

"I HAVE DONE GIVING."

A GENTLEMAN of high respectability, and a member of the Church, made this remark the other day, when informed that an application was about to be made to him in behalf of some charitable object. "I have done giving," said he. When I heard of his remark it awakened in my mind a train of reflection, which I have thought it might not be amiss to communicate.

"Done giving!" Why? has he given all? has he nothing left to give? Has this disciple done what his Master did? Was he rich, and has he become poor for the sake of others, that they, through his poverty, might be rich? Oh no! he is rich still. He has the greatest abundance—more than enough to support him in elegance, and to enable him to leave an ample inheritance to his children. What if he has given a great deal? he has not only not impoverished himself, but is probably richer now, through the favour of Providence, than he would have been had he never given any thing. Now if, by honouring the Lord with his substance, his barns, instead of being emptied, have been filled with plenty, he had better continue this mode of honouring him. He should rather increase, than arrest his liberality.

"Done giving!" Why? Is there no more need of giving? Is every want abundantly supplied? Is the whole population of our country furnished with the means of grace? Is the world evangelized? Have missionaries visited every shore? Is the Bible translated into every language and distributed in every land, a copy in every family, and every member of every family taught to read it? Are the accommodations for widows and orphans as ample as they should be? Is there a house of refuge for every class of the human family that needs one? Or have the poor ceased from the land? Oh no! There are no such good reasons as these for ceasing to give. Why then has he done giving? Is it because others do not give as they ought? But what is that to him? Will he make the practice of others his rule of conduct, rather than the precept of Jesus Christ? If others do not give, so much the more should he. Will he add another name to the list of niggards?

Does he feel worse for having given away so much? Has it made him unhappy? Is his experience different from that of the Lord Jesus, who said, "It is more *blessed* to give than to receive?

Has he, who thinks he will give no more, been led to that conclusion by having found that what has been given hitherto has done no good? And is it so, that no good has been done by all the Bibles published, and all the tracts distributed, and all the missionaries sent abroad into our own land, and into the world; and all the schools established, and all the children taught to read, and all the civilization introduced, and all the asylums opened, and all the poverty relieved? Has no good been done? Good, great good, has been done by what has been given; but still more will be done by what shall be given hereafter. Bibles can now be printed at a cheaper rate than heretofore, and the conductors of our charitable operations, have learned, by experience, that economy which can be learned in no other way.

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And yet at this time, when a crown goes so far in doing good, here is a man who says, "I have done giving!" If I had his ear for a moment, I would ask him if he has done *receiving*—if God has done giving to him. I would ask him, moreover, if he has done *spending*, or done *hoarding*, or done *wasting*. Now, if he has not, he surely should not stop giving. When he ceases to waste, to hoard, and to spend, except for the merest necessaries, then he may stop giving, but never till then.

"Done giving!" that is, done lending to the Lord! done sowing and watering! done offering the sacrifices with which God is well pleased! done making the widow's heart leap for joy, and bringing on himself the blessing of them that were ready to perish! Well, I am sorry—sorry for the sake of the poor, and the sick, and the orphan, and the ignorant, and the heathen. But no less sorry am I for the man's own sake. Poor man! poor with all his affluence, for there is really no one more poor than he who, with the ability to give, has not the inclination. He has it in his power to give, but not in his heart. He is encircled with abundance, but not with liberality.

"Done giving!" well then, if he will not *give* his money, he must *keep* it. And yet how short the time he can keep it! Had he not better freely give away some of it, than wait for it all to be torn from him?

The thought that he has *given*, will be at least as agreeable a meditation in his dying moments, as the reflection that he *spent*, or that he *laid up*.

I hope that gentleman who said, "I have done giving," will recall his resolution, and, taking revenge on himself for having made it, give more liberally than ever.—*Practical Thoughts.*

A KITCHEN LIBRARY.*

ONE mean of instruction with which domestic servants should be furnished by their employers, is a *kitchen library*. In consequence of the happy prevalence of Sunday-school and adult-school instruction, it is now a rare thing to meet with a servant unable to read; though it is probable that many readers of this book, as well as the writer, can recollect the time when it was a common question to put to a servant at the time of hiring, "Can you read?" and when, too, if the reply were in the affirmative, some masters and mistresses would rejoin, "Then you will not do for me." Yes; there were those who thought that ignorance was the mother of devotion, and the mother of industry and fidelity too. Such persons certainly establish their own claims of affinity to the mother; but a better acquaintance with the supposed daughters could not have failed to correct so gross a mistake as to their parentage. This race of objectors to the diffusion of knowledge is now nearly extinct.

But when the appetite is created, care is requisite both to supply it with food convenient, and to guard it against poison, or what would in any degree prove prejudicial. The caution required in the latter particular has been already hinted at, as one instance in which heads of families should guard their servants from temptation. The former suggests the desirableness of furnishing a suitable kitchen library; or, at least, of lending the servants such books as they will find intelligible, interesting, and suitable.

* From "Masters and Mistresses," published by the Religious Tract Society.

In such a selection, the Bible, of course, stands pre-eminent: if they do not possess one of their own, they should be stimulated to devote to so indispensable a purchase the earliest fruits of their industry and self-denial, or else it should be the very first gratuity of employers. Meanwhile, one should be furnished for their use, and they should be urged to a frequent perusal of it. As to other books, the selection will be regulated, partly by the extent of the resources to be employed, and partly by the degree of knowledge already possessed by the persons to be supplied. While some require the very rudiments of knowledge, and can but just master the little books given as rewards to the youngest of our Sunday-school children, others, who have enjoyed superior early advantages, will desire and take pleasure in books of a higher character—works designed to elucidate the Holy Scriptures, biography, sketches of character, narratives of missionary enterprise, the history of their own country, the arts of life, &c. Kind and judicious employers will endeavour to furnish supplies adapted to the humblest capabilities and acquirements; and they will also delight to encourage and assist the diligence of the more intelligent and advanced.

A kitchen library should be furnished with books of a lively, interesting, and attractive character. By this, it is not meant either that books on serious subjects should be excluded or sparingly introduced, or that books of a light and trifling character should be admitted at all; but that the style of the books chosen should be lively, sententious, and pithy—truth illustrated by example, sentiment embodied in character. Readers of the class contemplated are not likely to have had opportunities of acquiring a taste for abstruse reading; nor have they, in general, leisure to pursue a long course of close reasoning. They want something that strikes at once; something that comes home to the business and the bosom; something that, if a leisure *hour* be not at command, will furnish profitable employment for a leisure *minute*.

There have been instances in which truly excellent persons, forgetting that they were providing for others less thoughtful, decided, and devotional than themselves, have admitted into their kitchen library books only of a directly religious character, from which servants, to whom such subjects were altogether strange, and who could neither understand nor relish them, turned away with disgust, and secretly supplied themselves with books of a totally opposite character. On the other hand, there have been many instances in which persons unused to religious reading have been caught by an interesting narrative, to attend to those truths which they would have rejected in a didactic form; or have been struck by a pointed sentence, when they would not have had patience to pursue the reasoning of a page.

In many happy instances, the reader of "The Dairyman's Daughter" has become "The Anxious Inquirer after Salvation;" and one of the pithy sayings of Dod, Henry, or Mason, has proved the germ of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Thus have the learners been led on as they were able

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to bear it, until they could appreciate, and relish, and improve books that they would formerly have slighted or neglected.

The truly judicious selector of a kitchen library—as, indeed, of any library—will take care that it shall be supplied with books of instruction on the salvation of the soul, and the conduct of the life—books that tend to elevate and improve the mind by awakening and satisfying a desire after useful knowledge in general, and especially such as more immediately bears upon the character and circumstances of the contemplated reader.

It may be added, that, whether the plan be adopted of furnishing a book-shelf in the kitchen, to which the servants have constant access, or that of lending a suitable book from the family library, and, when requested, or at a stated time, to exchange it for another, it is desirable to ascertain whether or not the book has been read—what degree of interest it has excited, and what impression it has left on the mind of the reader—whether it has solved difficulties previously existing, or awakened new inquiries and a desire for further information; especially, whether it has been read with personal and practical application. Such inquiries will assist in judiciously directing the future course of reading, and in teaching—what really in some cases is necessary to be taught—that the use of learning to read is not merely that one may sit with a book in hand when there is nothing else particular to do, nor yet to have it to say that we have read this book or that; but that we may be continually adding to our stock of really valuable knowledge, that shall teach us how best to discharge our daily duties, and fulfil the great purposes of life, by promoting the welfare and happiness of men, the salvation of our own souls, and the glory of God.

FAMILY WORSHIP—AN ILLUSTRATION OF ITS POWER.

A PIOUS tradesman, conversing with a minister on family worship, related the following instructive circumstances respecting himself:—

When I first began business for myself, I was determined, through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered always to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years, the advantages of these engagements manifestly appeared; the blessings of the upper and nether springs followed me; while health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length such was the rapid increase of my trade, and the importance of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayers did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intention of relinquishing this part of my duty; but at length worldly interests prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices; and not long after, it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we rose in the morning, suffice for the day.

Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms: but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words: "Oh, my dear master, never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learned there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of 'Christ in me the hope of glory.' O sir, permit me to say, Never, never neglect those precious engagements: you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls!" I could read no farther; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered, I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul-murdering hands.

Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and—but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful; and am determined, through grace, that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion: better to lose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.

REFUSE ETERNAL LIFE!

WHAT! refuse eternal life!—reject a kingdom! and in their stead take death, and shame, and weeping as thy portion?—prefer an eternity of darkness to an eternity of light!—turn away from an open paradise, and choose the desolation of the everlasting wilderness! Does not all this seem incredible, impossible?

Meanwhile the day is wearing on. The shadows of the night that has no morn beyond it are falling down upon you. "There is sorrow on the sea, and it cannot be quiet." (Jer. xlix. 23.) The world is growing old; and the cry of its transgression is going up, like the cry of Abel's blood, demanding speedy vengeance. That cry must soon be heard; for the sole reason of delay is the long-suffering of God, "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. iii. 9.)

What, then, are you to do, who are still unsaved and unsheltered? Will pleasure be pleasure then; or will it not be gall and wormwood? Will the world's gay glitter continue then to bewilder you? Where will be the spell of its beauty, the music of its siren song? They "are not:" and "in one hour thou art made desolate." Its blossoms have gone up

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as dust; and its joys are forgotten dreams. The freshness of youth has faded; the ties of kindred are broken; the gladness of companionship is at an end; the greetings of neighbourhood have ceased; the voices of home are silent; and the old familiar melodies of earth have died away. All have been "covered with a cloud" in the day of the fierce anger of the Lord! And for thee, unsaved one, there remaineth nought but the everlasting darkness which no star shall gladden, and on which no hope shall arise. The judgment seemed long in coming; thou wert hoping that it would never arrive. But it has come at last. And its coming is the final quenching of all hope to thee!—*Story of Grace.*

THOSE IN AUTHORITY.

MAGISTRATES and officers of all sorts have many eyes upon them; more see them than they themselves see. There are upon them the eyes of good men and bad, of friends and foes, of subjects and strangers: and they have upon them one eye more than, as I fear, some of them think of so much as they should; and that is the eye of the great and most holy God. He sees what is done upon the throne, and at the council-board; what in the Parliament houses, and what in the courts of judicature; what bills are drawn, and what do obtain the royal assent; what laws are enacted, and how they are executed.—*Slater.*

THE BALL.

I WAS a spectator a short time since of a gay assembly at N——, some ranging themselves for the dance, others at the card-tables, and numbers attracting notice by their personal decorations. I looked on the motley throng with a tear of thankfulness that I knew something better. At times I felt such compassion for the poor deluded beings, that I was ready to cry aloud among them, "Seek what ye seek; but it is not where ye seek." For what were they all seeking?—Lasting enjoyment. What did they find?—Fleeting enjoyment with lasting pain. The dancing, especially, seemed to me a sad and affecting emblem of human life. I watched, in imagination, those engaged in it. They approach, divide, pass and repass each other, and, under the constant excitement of the music, prolong the diversion, overwhelmed with heat and dust, till it ends in complete exhaustion. And when, after all the coming and going, joining in the dance or resting, the day dawns, and the hall is gradually emptied of the jaded crowd, how forcibly are we reminded of the termination of a life squandered in vanity! The dim and sinking lights show here and there, through the dusty atmosphere, a torn riband, or the lost badge of an order, lying on the floor, the only traces of the recent occupants."—*Tholuck.*

PLAIN PREACHING.

BERNARD preaching one day very scholastically, the learned thanked him, but not the godly; but when, another day, he preached plainly, the good people came blessing God for him, and gave him many thanks; which some scholars wondering at, "Ah," said he, "yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day I preached Christ. It is not learning, but teaching, not the wisdom of words, but the evidence and demonstration of the Spirit, that is welcome to saints."

Laconics.

Holy things are too good, and sinful things are too bad, to be laughed at: for all that is holy requires reverence, and all sin (if it be our own) calls for our repentance; and if but other men's, it calls for our sorrow. (Ps. cxix. 136; Phil. iii. 18, 19.) So that we must not play with sacred, nor sport with sinful things. (Eph. v. 3, 4.)

It is a poor thing, and will afford but cold comfort, to have religion enough to save, and (it may be) to advance our credits; yet not enough to save our souls—to have a name to live, and yet be dead. (Rev. iii. 2.)

He that lets the sun go down upon his wrath, and goes angry to bed, is like to have the devil for his bed-fellow. (Eph. iv. 19, 20.)

Prosperity was one of the blessings of the Old Testament, and affliction is one of the blessings of the New. (Mark x. 30.)

As we should wish men, and exhort them to be more moral than they are, so we should wish that they were, and endeavour that they may be, more than moral: for though a moral man may seem too good to go to hell, yet if not godly (which is by being in Christ Jesus) he will not be found good enough to go to heaven. (Acts xxii. 28, 29; Mark x. 21, xii. 3, 4.)

A Christian should not be secure when he is safe, nor afraid when he is in danger; but distrust himself, and trust in God always. (Prov. iii. 5, 6.)

Though a man may be hated, wronged, plundered, and persecuted, yet he is never undone, if he be not damned. (Matt. x. 28.)

The hearts of men are so out of frame, that mending will not serve the turn; they must be made new, or they will never be good. (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.)

The sins of those who are ours, may quickly be our sins; for where the relation is nearer, the contagion is quicker, and the infection stronger. (Deut. xiii. 6; Exod. xxxiv. 15, 16.)

A man's happiness or misery is not so much from his condition as from his mind. Some men have a fortune sufficient to give content, but are not content with a sufficient fortune. (Job xx. 22; Eccles. v. 10.) And there are others, who though they have but little, yet want nothing, having learned in all estates to be content. (Luke xxii. 35; Phil. iv. 11.)

All is but lip-wisdom that wants experience, and it is but knowledge falsely so called. What is it to have religion in our books or heads, or tongues, if not in our hearts? it is nothing but a form of knowledge (Rom. ii. 20), which reacheth no farther than a form of godliness. The excellency of the knowledge of Christ, is to know him in union, communion, and conformity. (Phil. iii. 8–10.)

Those who prosper for a while without God's counsel and direction, they are but rods of his anger, and instruments of his indignation, and shall prosper no longer than they are in their executioner's office. (Isa. x. 12, 24, 25.) Yea, as prosperity is God's blessing on the good, it is his curse on the wicked. (Prov. i. 32, 33.)

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HOW TO DISPOSE OF CARE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM NEVINS, D.D.

THERE is such a thing as *care*. Who does not know it by experience? Who has not *felt* it at his heart? How heavily it presses there! and it *pierces* too. It is a *burden;* and it has also a *sting*. Nothing is more unfriendly to happiness than care. It is hard being happy with a load on the heart. The objects of care are almost innumerable. What shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed? are only a few of its anxious interrogations, and they are among the least important of them. These concern ourselves; but care often forgets self in its solicitude for others. Parents, and especially mothers, know what I mean by this. But I need not attempt to explain a word that expresses what we all feel.

There is care both for ourselves and others, which God himself has cast upon us; and of which it were sinful to attempt to make any other disposition than he has made of it. But over and above this, there is a large amount of solicitude and anxiety, which we lay upon ourselves, and which is unnecessary, useless, injurious. This is the care that is unfavourable to happiness. The other is friendly to it. It is very desirable to get rid of it, since it does us harm, and does no one good. Nothing is more hostile to the successful care of the soul than the pressure and poignancy of the care of which I speak. "Careful and troubled about many things," we intermit or entirely overlook the care of the "one thing needful." But what shall we do with it—how get rid of it, since to bear it is so painful to our feelings, and often so ruinous to our better interests? *Divide* it with others we may to some little extent. There is such a thing as sympathy. There is such an operation as *unburdening* the mind to a fellow-creature. And I will not deny that there is some relief in it. Yet the very etymology of the word *sympathy* evinces that it is no remedy. It is, after all, a *suffering together*. A great deal of what constitutes sympathy, is grief that we can but grieve—sorrow that we cannot succour. Mixing tears does indeed diminish their bitterness, but weeping with those that weep does not wipe away their tears. They weep on, and the only difference is, that we weep with them, and our tears may be said to dilute theirs.

There is a better way of disposing of care than to cast it on our fellow-creatures. Indeed, what fellow-creatures can we find who have not enough of their own to bear, without receiving an additional burden from us? What friend has not himself surplus care to dispose of?

There are some who cast off care without reference to what becomes of it. They sing, "Begone, dull care." These are the reckless. Care may go at their bidding, but the worst of it is, it is sure to return again, and it comes back a heavier burden—duller than ever. This is not the way to dispose of care. Yet there is a way whereby all excess of anxiety may be effectually removed, and the heart be left with all its tender affection, and yet with no more solicitude than such as the blessed in heaven might feel without diminution of happiness. *It is to cast care on God.* That is the true and only effectual way to dispose of care.

He *can* take the burden, however huge and heavy. You do not doubt that; but you ask, "*Will* he?—*may* I cast it on him? I, such a one as I, cast my cares, the whole multitude and burden of them, on such a being as God? I know the government of the mighty universe, and the providence which extends to the minute equally as to the magnificent—reaching low as to the fall of the sparrow, and the numbering of the hairs of the head, does not distract or burden him. I know he can take a larger charge and not feel it. But *will* he? *Will* such greatness stoop to such littleness?—such holiness come down to such vileness?" Yes, it will, for condescension is one characteristic of greatness; and "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." But why do I reason? Does not the Holy Ghost say, by David, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee?" and by Peter, "Casting all your care upon him?" and by Paul, "Be careful for nothing?" and does not Immanuel himself say, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" No longer ask if you may, but use your privilege. Here is your authority. The Lord says you may do it; nay more, commands you to do it. It is your duty, as well as your

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privilege. So far is it from being presumption to cast your care on God, it is a sin not to do it.

This is the way to dispose of care; and it is no matter how much there is of it. God will take it all. It is no burden to him. Many have made this disposition of their cares, and all testify how willingly he took and bore them; and if at times they took back the burden, yet willingly he received it again, when again it was cast upon him.

There is a reason given by Peter for casting care on God, that is inexpressibly touching. He says, "Casting all your care on him," and then follows no flourishing of rhetoric, no parade of reasons, but this—oh, how happily selected I would say, but that he wrote by inspiration, which does every thing felicitously—"*for he careth for you.*" Why should you care for yourself, since God cares for you? Ah, here is a topic not for the meditation of an hour merely, but of an eternity. *He* careth for *you*. Can it be? Oh why should he? What a thought to carry through this vale of tears, and to go down with into the deeper valley of death, that God cares for me! He concerns himself about me! Let the scholar look at the original. The English is good enough, but the Greek is still more interesting. God has me on his heart. Some poor saints think nobody cares for them. But God does. Is not that enough? He that regards the cry of the raven, and gives all the fowls of heaven their food, and decks the lilies of the field, doth *much more* care for you. He concerns himself for his *creatures*—will he not much more for his *children?* Are ye not of much more value, whom no less a price could redeem than the blood of his Son? Let this suffice for you.

I know not any thing that goes so soon and surely to my heart, as the sight of a poor sobbing or sorrowful-looking child, an orphan, or worse than parentless, whom no one seems to care for. But if I weep at such a sight, it dries up my tears to think that there is, after all, One who cares for the poor child—even He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Oh, come, let us cast our care on God! Let us go to Jesus for rest. In him we shall find sympathy such as man can feel, with support such as only God can afford. There we shall meet with such pity as at first weeps with the sufferer, and then wipes away his tears. Surely He who bore our *sins* will not refuse our *cares*. "Surely He *hath* borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.

BY THOMAS FULLER.—1660.

He endeavours to get the general love and goodwill of his parish. This he doth, not so much to make a benefit of them, as a benefit for them, that his ministry may be more effectual; otherwise, he may preach his own heart out, before he preach any thing into theirs. The good opinion of the physician is half a cure, and his practice will scarce be happy, where his person is hated. Yet he humours them not in his doctrine, to get their love; for such a spaniel is worse than a dumb dog. He shall sooner get their good will by walking uprightly, than by crouching and creeping. If pious living and painful labouring in his calling, will not win their affections, he counts it gain to lose them. As for those who causelessly hate him, he pities and prays for them: and such there will be. I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince.

He is strict in ordering his conversation. It was said of one who preached very well, and lived very ill, "That when he was out of the pulpit, it was pity he should ever go into it; and when he was in the pulpit, it was pity he should ever come out of it." But our minister lives sermons. And yet, I deny not but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, who open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office open heaven for others, and shut themselves out.

His behaviour towards his people is grave and courteous. Not too austere and retired; which is laid to the charge of good Mr Hooper the martyr, that his rigidness frighted people from consulting with him. "Let your light," saith Christ, "shine before men;" whereas over-reservedness makes the brightest virtue burn dim. Especially he detesteth affected gravity (which is rather *on* men, than *in* them), whereby some belie their register book, antedate their age, to seem far older than they are, and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness. Whereas St Anthony the monk might have been known among hundreds of his order by his cheerful face, he having ever (though a most mortified man) a merry countenance.

He carefully catechises his people in the elements of religion. Even Luther did not scorn to profess himself a scholar of the catechism. By this catechising the gospel first got ground of Popery; and let not our religion, now grown rich, be ashamed of that which first gave it credit and set it up, lest the Jesuits beat us at our own weapon. Through the want of this catechising, many who are well skilled in some dark out-corners of divinity, have lost themselves in the beaten road thereof.

He will not offer to God of that which costs him nothing, but takes pains beforehand for his sermons. Demosthenes never made any oration on the sudden; yea, being called upon he never rose up to speak, except he had well

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studied the matter; and he was wont to say, That he showed how he honoured and reverenced the people of Athens, because he was careful what he spake unto them. Indeed, if our minister be surprised with a sudden occasion, he counts himself rather to be excused than commended, if premeditating only the bones of his sermon, he clothe it with flesh extempore. As for those whose long custom hath made preaching their nature, that they can discourse sermons without study, he accounts their examples rather to be admired than imitated.

Having brought his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart, before he preaches it to his people. Surely, that preaching which comes from the soul, most works on the soul.

He chiefly reproves the reigning sins of the time and place he lives in. We may observe, that our Saviour never inveighed against idolatry, usury, Sabbath-breaking, amongst the Jews; not that these were not sins, but that they were not practised so much in that age, wherein wickedness was spun with a finer thread; and therefore Christ principally bent the drift of his preaching against spiritual pride, hypocrisy, and traditions, then predominant amongst the people. Also our minister confuteth no old heresies which time hath confuted; nor troubles his auditory with such strange hideous cases of conscience, that it is more hard to find the case than the resolution. In public reproving of sin, he ever whips the vice, but spares the person.

He doth not only move the bread of life, and toss it up and down in generalities, but also breaks it into particular directions, drawing it down to cases of conscience, that a man may be warranted in his particular actions, whether they be lawful or not. And he teacheth people their lawful liberty, as well as their restraints and prohibitions; for amongst men it is as ill-taken, to turn back favours as to disobey commands.

The places of Scripture he quotes are pregnant and pertinent. As for heaping up of many quotations, it smacks of a vain ostentation of memory. Besides, it is as impossible that the hearer should retain them all, as that the preacher hath seriously perused them all; yea, whilst the auditors stop their attention, and stoop down to gather an impertinent quotation, the sermon runs on, and they lose more substantial matter.

His similes and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible. Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. He avoids such stories, whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote.

He provideth not only wholesome, but plentiful food for his people. Almost incredible was the painfulness of Baronius, the compiler of the voluminous Annals of the Church, who, for thirty years together, preached three or four times a-week to the people. As for our minister, he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat, which was on the table before, than with that which is hot from the spit, raw, and half-roasted. Yet, in repetition of the same sermon, every edition hath a new addition, if not of new matter, of new affections. "Of whom," saith St Paul, "we have told you often, and now we tell you weeping."

He makes not that wearisome which should ever be welcome. Wherefore his sermons are of an ordinary length, except on extraordinary occasions. What a gift had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness! who, being to expound the prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not.

He counts the success of his ministry the greatest preferment. Yet herein God hath humbled many painful pastors, in making them to be clouds to rain, not over Arabia the Happy, but over the Stony or Desert: yet such pastors may comfort themselves, that great is their reward with God in heaven, who measures it not by their success, but endeavours. Besides, though they see not, their people may feel benefit by their ministry. Yea, the preaching of the Word in some places, is like the planting of woods, where though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterwards. And grant that God honours thee not to build his temple in thy parish, yet thou mayst with David provide metal and materials for Solomon thy successor, to build it with.

To sick folks he comes sometimes before he is sent for, as counting his vocation a sufficient calling. None of his flock shall want the extreme unction of prayer and counsel.

He is moderate in his tenets and opinions. Not that he gilds over lukewarmness in matters of moment with the title of discretion, but withal he is careful not to entitle violence in indifferent and inconcerning matters, to be zeal. Indeed, men of extraordinary tallness (though otherwise little deserving) are made porters to lords; and those of unusual littleness are made ladies' dwarfs, whilst men of moderate stature may want masters. Thus, many notorious for extremities, may find favourers to prefer them; whilst moderate men in the middle truth, may want any to advance them. But what saith the apostle? "If in this life only we had hope, we are of all men the most miserable."

He is sociable, and willing to do any courtesy for his neighbour ministers. He willingly communicates his knowledge unto them. Surely the gifts and graces of Christians lay in common, till base envy made the first enclosure. He neither slighteth his inferiors, nor repineth at those who in parts and credit are above him. He loveth the company of his neighbour

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ministers. Sure as ambergris is nothing so sweet in itself, as when it is compounded with other things; so both godly and learned men are gainers by communicating themselves to their neighbours.

He is careful in the discreet ordering of his own family. A good minister and a good father may well agree together. When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his study, with one hand dandling his child, and in the other holding a book and reading it. Our minister, also, is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by his cheerful giving it.

Lying on his death-bed, he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy; and they, in requital, erect every one a monument for him, in their hearts. He is so far from that base jealousy, that his memory should be outshined by a brighter successor, and from that wicked desire that his people may find his worth by the worthlessness of him that succeeds, that he doth heartily pray to God to provide them a better pastor after his decease. As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to die fat. It is well if he hath gathered any flesh, being more in blessing than in bulk.

THE PILGRIM.

(From the German of Schiller.)

WITH ADDITIONAL STANZAS BY THE TRANSLATOR.

YET in life's gay spring advancing,
I conceived the wish to roam,
And the young, with pleasure dancing,
Left I in my father's home.

I, my heritage forsaking,
Gaily trusting, all resigned;
And, the Pilgrim's light staff taking,
Forth I hied with child-like mind.

Apprehensions vague and latent—
Hopes resistless urge me on;
While they cry, The way is patent,
Travel towards the rising sun:

Till before a golden portal
You arrive, and enter there;
Then this earthly shall immortal
And ethereal rapture share.

Evening came, and comes the morning,
Never, never stand I still;
But, as all my efforts scorning,
Flies the object of my will.

In my way lie mountain ridges,
Floods arrest my eager feet;
Planks o'er gulfs I throw, and bridges
Where conflicting torrents meet.

Reaching now a river gliding
Towards the morn, that gems its crest,
Joyful, in its course confiding,
I commit me to its breast.

To a mighty sea it bore me,
Plaything of its rapid surge;
Vast the heaving waste before me,
Distant still its dusky verge.

Ah! no bridge will bear me thither;
Never will the lofty sky
And the earth unite together;
Ah! that *far* is never *nigh*.

[Radiant through the dark commotion,
Pilgrim, hail the Saviour's form;
He can pilot o'er this ocean—
Calm the mind, and lay the storm.

Hope will light the gloomy waters,
Love, her azure flag unfurl,
Till th' Almighty's sons and daughters
Enter through the gates of pearl.

Hark, the silver trumps are ringing
Jubilee with loud accord;
And the angel-harpers singing,
Welcome, blessed of the Lord!

See the blood-washed elders hail them,
Safe beyond the waves of strife;
And the faithful King of Salem
Crown them with eternal life!]

Aberdeen. J. L.

JANE DAVIS.

(Concluded from page 189.)

THE time soon came when I must pay my last visit to Jane. I felt assured that it was the last time I should see her in this life; and it was not without deep emotion I went to bid her farewell. I knew that she also felt much at the prospect of my departure. I found her sitting up; her mother sat behind her in the bed, and supported her with pillows. Her quick and high breathing, the fluttering pulse, the burning skin—all told plainly that the earthly house of her tabernacle was fast dissolving; but I felt assured she had "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I sat silent for some time, and she fixed her eyes on me with an earnest gaze, as if to say, "I shall see your face no more." I opened the Bible at the 14th chapter of the Gospel by John, and read—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me." "That," I added, "is the only true comfort in affliction; faith in Jesus is the balm for every wound." "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." (Verse 2.) She murmured—"Many mansions—many mansions; O the joys, the glories of heaven!"

I proceeded—"I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

"Mark, Jane," said I, "the unfathomable love of the Lord Jesus to his redeemed. He is himself gone to prepare the place for them; and

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he will come again and receive them to himself, that where he is there we may be also. In his presence is fulness of joy; at his right hand are pleasures for evermore. All the glories of heaven would not satisfy him, had he not his redeemed there. But not one of them shall be wanting. He can say, 'Of them that thou hast given me have I lost none. All that the Father hath given me *shall* come to me.' He shall see then 'the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.' Remember that wondrous prayer he uttered—'Father, *I will* that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.'"

"I often think of that verse, sir," said she, "and also of the following one—'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

After some time had passed in silence, I said, "I must now leave you, Jane, but remember you have One with you who has promised—'I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.' 'Who can separate you from the love of Christ?'—'neither life nor death.' If Satan should assail you with doubts and fears in the dark valley, look away to Jesus; don't look at yourself; there is no comfort but in Jesus. Keep the eye of faith fixed on him whose eye ever beams on you with unutterable love, whether in the sunshine or the shadow—whether in your hours of peace and joy, or on the bed of pain, or in the valley of the shadow of death."

"I will, by his grace, sir; but I am not afraid to die, for he has said—'When thou passest through the waters, I am with thee; and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee.' And you must go, sir? I am very, very sorry to part with you. God bless and reward you for all your kindness to me."

She grasped my hand, and held it for some time, and then said:—

"We will meet again. Oh! won't that be a joyful meeting? Before His face!"

Again she pressed my hand:—

"God Almighty bless you—God be with you, sir!"

About eight days after I had parted with Jane, I saw the friend who first told me of her illness, and who was also obliged to leave that place for a time. He said, "I visited Jane the Sabbath evening after you left us. She replied to my inquiry how she felt—'Not better, sir; but though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.' She was so weak that she had to be supported by her mother while she sat up. I told her some things I had heard that day in a sermon, that I thought would be suitable to her. The text was, 'He shall beautify the meek with salvation.' She listened with evident gratification, especially to that part of it that spoke of the beauty that our blessed Lord shall put on his people at the resurrection, when 'He shall change this vile body, and fashion it like to his own glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.' When I had finished she said, 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"She then requested me to read your letter to her. She had heard the greater part of it read before, but she wished to hear it again. I said I was going to write to you the next day, as you were desirous to hear how she was. I asked her was there anything she wished me to say to you.

"'Tell him my mind is at peace. I have no fear; my faith is strong—it is resting on the Rock of Ages. I know He will never leave me, never forsake me.'"

"'Yes,' I said, 'as your day is, so shall your strength be. He will perfect his strength in your weakness. He will be with you, and support you in the last hour.'

"She replied:—

"'Dear in God's sight is his saints' death:
Thy servant, Lord, am I.'"

"She requested me to read the 14th chapter of John, and to engage in prayer; after which I left her.

"I saw her several times that week, and her conversation was as edifying and delightful as heretofore; much of it I cannot now recall. As I had to leave early on Saturday morning, I called on Friday evening, to bid her a long farewell. She said she felt better. Her mother said, 'Jane, are you not saying that to please me? Mark her reply, 'I am better, mother dear; *did you ever know me to tell you a lie?*' 'No, my child,' replied her mother, '*I never did.*'

"I said that Mrs T——, in whose employment she was, had been expressing to me her deep sorrow at the prospect of losing her. She said that while Jane was with her, she could leave all her concerns without any anxiety; for she knew that all was as safe as if she were present. Is not this a very pleasing reflection to you now, Jane?"

"'Yes,' said she, lifting up her hands, 'I bless God that I can say I never took of her property even to the value of a stay-lace.'

"'Have you any desire to be restored to health?'

"'None, sir. I have no desire, except it be for the glory of God. I would rather depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.'

"I then told her I had come to bid her farewell; that it was not likely we should meet again on earth, but that I fervently trusted we would meet in the Jerusalem above.

"She was much affected. The tears rolled down as she replied, 'All my Christian friends

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are leaving me. Mr C—— is gone, and you are now going.'

"I reminded her of two pious friends that remained, and who would frequently visit her.

"'Yes,' she said, 'that is true, they are very kind. And, oh! I have one Friend far better than all earthly friends, my blessed Saviour—'the friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' He will never leave me, never forsake me.'"

"She asked me to read the 50th and 55th chapters of Isaiah, after which we engaged in prayer. When I had finished, she repeated the following verses in a feeble voice, as though they were the dying confession of her faith and hope:—

'The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust:
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.'

"I rose to depart. She took my hand, and fervently commended me to the care of our heavenly Father, and then bade me an affectionate farewell. The scene was so deeply affecting, that none present could refrain from tears."

A few days after he had left her, I received the following note from Jane's mother, which gives a brief account of the closing scene:—

"*Portglenone, May* 12, 1846.

"DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,—My darling child departed this life about ten o'clock this morning. O that you had seen her last moments, so, so happy! Her arms were open. She smiled and said—'I see my blessed Saviour. Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly, and take me to thyself.' She said, 'Dear mother, rejoice, for your Jane is blessed.' She blessed you, Mr C——, and Mr B——, in her last moments. I can say no more; but may God reward and bless you for all your kind attention to my dear girl.—I am yours, respectfully and gratefully,

"—— ——."

I visited that district soon afterwards, to preach to the Sabbath schools on the subject of Jane's death. I had then an opportunity of conversing with several of her friends who were present at her death. I judge it, therefore, right to combine, from their united testimony, a fuller account of a death so very joyful and triumphant.

On the Sabbath morning, about five o'clock, her mother awoke, hearing her repeat some sweet poetry. I had written a second letter to her, hoping that it would reach her for the Sabbath, as I said I expected it would be her last on earth. Her mother read it to her, and she spoke several times of the precious promises that were thus brought to her recollection. Two of her friends, who were thoughtless on religious subjects, called to see her, after public worship. She gave them a solemn charge to attend now to the things that concern their peace, and pointed out the awful guilt of abusing the ordinances of grace. When they were gone, she said—"Prepare, dear mother, to follow me. Seek the Lord Jesus. It is an awful thing to meet an angry God." This she repeated frequently.

On Monday, one of her friends said it was a pity she had not worn her new dress. "Oh, don't regret that," said she; "I will soon have a pure white robe, bright and glorious." On that evening one of her companions came to see her. "Sit down, Jane, beside me," she said, "till I talk to you. I am going to my blessed Saviour."

She passed a restless night. About five o'clock she asked, "What day is this, mother?"

"It is Tuesday," she answered.

"This is the day that, I think, the Lord will take me to himself."

"Oh, Jane dear," said her mother, "don't vex me by saying that."

"Mother," she said solemnly, "prepare to follow me."

About eight o'clock in the morning, the young friend who had called the previous night returned to see her. "Soon, soon, Jane, it will come now," she said to her; "I will be happy in the arms of my Saviour. Oh! prepare to follow. What is this world now to me?"

She lay quietly for about an hour, with her eyes closed; but that she did not sleep was evident, for frequently her lips moved, as in prayer.

The only word that could be distinguished was "Jesus." Once she was heard to say, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

Suddenly she turned herself and said, "Oh! what is this?" She clasped her hands, and again closed her eyes, and the murmuring of her voice in prayer could just be heard. Again she opened her eyes, and all present were surprised at the appearance of her countenance. She looked as well as in the days of health. Her complexion had returned, and her eyes sparkled with joy. She said, in a clear, distinct voice, "O, the joys of heaven! 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love Him;' but I now know them; I have tasted of them. Mother dear, sorrow not for your Jane, but rejoice, for she is blessed. O, mother! prepare to follow me." She then took a solemn and affectionate farewell of all present. She prayed for all her friends.

She lay quiet for a little. Her eyes were fixed, as if gazing at some object with great delight. At length she exclaimed, in a tone of perfect ecstasy, "O the joy! O the glory! O blessed, blessed Saviour! His everlasting arms are open to receive me." She raised herself up in the bed, and, stretching out her arms, she exclaimed, "Blessed Saviour, I am ready! Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!" She sank back, and, without pang or struggle, expired.

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"One gentle sigh her fetters broke:
They scarce could say, She's gone,
Before her ransom'd spirit took
Its place before the throne."

Her left arm fell by her side. Her right hand fell upon her breast. The sweet smile that played on her features remained long after they were sealed in death.

Do not all who read these pages fervently desire that such may be their closing scene? Who will not breathe the prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous!" "Mark the perfect, and behold the upright, for their end is peace."

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

About three weeks afterwards the subject of her death was improved, in a sermon preached to the Sabbath-schools of the district. We met in a field, near the place where Jane had passed her early days. It was a lovely afternoon in June. We had no covering but the blue canopy of heaven. The birds warbled around us as we raised the song of praise. The assemblage was very large, chiefly consisting of children and young persons. To many of them Jane was well known. The deep attention with which they listened throughout the service, and the fervour with which they raised their youthful voices in praise, made me indulge the fond hope that on that evening the good Shepherd was present gathering some of those little wandering lambs into his fold.

"The day shall declare it."

For their use, at the request of the teachers, have these pages been written. May the Lord bless them to His glory, and to their profit! May many of them be hereby induced to become followers of her who, through faith and patience, inherits the promises!

On my return, I passed the grave-yard where Jane was buried. I paused to look at her grave. It was easily distinguished from those around. It was unclothed with verdure, whilst on them the long grass was waving in the evening breeze. I had just witnessed a brilliant sunset. It reminded me of the lines of Dr Watts, which I felt I could most appropriately apply to her:—

"But when she came nearer to finish her race,
Like a fine setting sun, she looked richer in grace;
And gave a sure hope at the end of her days,
Of rising in brighter array."

In that lowly grave lies her mouldering dust, awaiting the summons of "the voice of the archangel" to judgment. Oh, what a blessed summons shall it be to it! What a glorious change shall then take place!—"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump (for the trumpet shall sound), and the dead shall be raised incorruptible! For this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory!"

The next day I went to visit the bereaved parent. She had Jane's Bible lying beside her. I opened it, and found abundant proof that she had searched the Scriptures. Almost every chapter had several verses neatly marked. I was told by Mr T—— that for some time after Jane came to reside at his house, he observed a gleam of light in his bed-room long after he had retired to rest. On seeking to ascertain the cause, he found it proceeded from Jane's apartment. He found her poring over her Bible. She might have said, in the language of David—"Mine eyes prevent the night watches, that I might hope in thy word."

On the fly-leaf at the beginning she had written—"O Lord, give me grace herein to look;" and on the last page the following text from the Book of Job, penned, probably, in some moment of heartfelt sorrow, when she was seeking comfort in the precious promises of the Scriptures—"My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep."

How strong the contrast between her condition *then* and *now*! *Then* she was a mourner; *now* she has obtained joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing have for ever fled away. "She shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on her, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed her, and lead her to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes." Happy spirit! "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord God shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning are ended."

ROMISH MIRACLES.

(From Kirwan's Second Series of Letters to Bishop Hughes.)

ANOTHER reason which prevents my return to the bosom of your Church, I draw from the *miraculous power* claimed by your saints and clergy. I have felt disposed to say nothing on this subject, because of the extravagance of the claim itself, and because of my reluctance to state the absurdities which crowd the legends of your saints, and which your Church has palmed, and yet palms, on the world as miracles. I feel afraid that some candid Papist will conclude that I have at last commenced drawing on my imagination, and that the influence of my former reasoning with him will be weakened by the utter, the intense absurdity of the miracles claimed by your saints, which I shall quote. But, pledging myself to fairness of statement, I will risk the consequences.

Milner, as you know, devotes his twenty-third letter to vindicate the possession of this power by your Church. He says, "The Catholic Church being always the beloved spouse of Christ, and continuing at all times to bring forth children of heroic sanctity,

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God fails not in this, any more than in past ages, to illustrate her and them by unquestionable miracles: accordingly, in those processes which are constantly going on at the apostolical see, for the canonization of new saints, fresh miracles of a recent date continue to be proved, with the highest degree of evidence, as I can testify, from having perused, on the spot, the official printed account of some of them." And miraculous power is claimed by all your writers, and is put forth as an evidence of yours being the true Church; and its absence from Protestant Churches is considered by you conclusive evidence against them.

Milner not only claims this power for your Church, but gives the following miracles that were performed, to his own certain knowledge and belief: Twenty years before it happened, a nun predicted the fate of the King and Queen of France (Louis XVI. and his consort), who were beheaded. In 1814, Joseph Lamb fell from a hay-rick, and injured his spine. At Garswood, in England, is preserved the hand of one Arrowsmith, a priest, who was put to death at Lancaster, in the reign of Charles I. Lamb was signed on the back by this hand, with the sign of the cross, and was instantly healed! In 1809, Mary Wood, in striving to open a window, greatly injured her arm, so as almost to lose the use of it. She employed physicians in vain. She finally had recourse to God, through St Winfred, by a *Novena*—that is, prayers offered for nine days. She put a piece of moss from the saint's well on her arm, and it was instantly restored! Miss Winifred White, for some time diseased with a curvature of the spine, was healed in an instant of time, by bathing in Holywell! Milner was not a witness of any of these miracles, but they were proved true to his satisfaction! Marvellous marvels!

Now, sir, permit me to add to these miracles a few others from the legends of the saints, and no doubt equally well attested as those adduced by the learned Milner. As I have but few of these legends before me, I will quote from a recent review of the "Lives of the English Saints," now in course of publication by those marvellous men, the Oxford divines, worthy of a place in the museum, as Protestant curiosities.

Somewhere near York, St Augustine restored a blind man to his sight. St Sulpicius, when a mere child, drove away, with the sign of the cross, two black demons who strove to scare him from his devotions. St Amatus miraculously stopped a lofty rock in the midst of its descent, with which a fiend sought to crush him in his cell. The father of St Furceus contracted a clandestine marriage with a king's daughter. When the king found that she was likely to be a mother, he ordered her to be burned. She shed such a flood of tears as to put out the fire. Finding he could not burn, he banished her, and Furceus was born in a foreign land. St Mochua had to call the stags from the forest to feed the multitude of his followers. He ordered their picked bones to be placed in their skins, and by an incantation over the skins and bones, the stags were brought to life, jumped up, and ran back to the woods. St Euchadius did the same with an old favourite crow, that he had to kill to provide meat for his guests. The piety of St Fechin was so fervent, that when he bathed himself in cold water, the water became almost boiling hot. When St Mochua wanted a fire in his cell, he called down fire from heaven to light it. St Goar of Treves, wanting a beam to hang up his cape, hung it on a sunbeam, where it remained until he took it down. St Columbanus miraculously kept the grubs from his cabbage. When St Mael was in want of fishes, he caught them on dry ground; and St Berach, when in want of fruit, made willows to bear apples. St Fechin, when hungry, turned acorns into pork. In travelling, he was stopped by a large tree which fell across his road: he commanded it to make way, and it instantly rose to its place. He built a mill on a hill top: being asked about the water, he went to a lake, a mile distant, into which he threw his stick; the stick followed him on his return, and the water after it, and the mill worked finely. Some thievish crows carried away some of the thatch of St Cuthbert's hut to build their nests: at his rebuke they not only made an apology, but they brought him a piece of hog's lard to make amends for the injury. To this miracle Bede testifies. A raven plucked out the eye of an ass of St James of Tarentaise: the saint made a hasty invocation, and the raven immediately returned and put the eye in its place without the least injury to the ass. St Augustine was treated with insults in a certain town in England—the fishmongers being especially active in the bad work, hanging the tails of fish upon his garments and those of his followers. For generations afterwards the children of that place were born with tails.

Your legends narrate miracles like those to any amount; and they are now reproduced from the French and English press, for the purpose of encouraging the faith of the pious. Wonderful as these are, they are by no means so wonderful as many others that the limits of a letter forbid me to quote.

And some of the saints wrought a profusion of miracles. St Fechin was a wonderful hand at them. St Francis far surpassed the Saviour himself. Christ was transfigured but once—St Francis more than twenty times. St Francis and his disciples restored more than a thousand blind to sight, and more than a thousand lame to the use of their limbs, and more than a thousand dead to life!

Now, sir, whilst these things are gravely narrated in your legends, and are read by your common people from your own books with the most pious belief in their truth, it is more than probable that this statement of them will be denounced as a bundle of Protestant lies! When a boy, I read a Life of St Francis Xavier, which narrated miracles wrought by him far surpassing any here cited.

But why go to the miracles of the legends? you are daily performing miracles which come up to any of them. Your daily changing of a wafer into the real body of Christ, and then eating him, beats anything St Fechin ever did. Your preparing an old sinner for heaven, by rubbing him with olive oil, and then opening its gates to him by the keys which are only in your possession, far surpasses St Fechin's turning acorns into pork. We believe the swine themselves are constantly doing this in our western woods. And in Ireland your priests are constantly performing miraculous cures on men and cattle. Even your common people there work miracles. When a thunder storm is raging, they kindle a fire, and heat the tongs red hot. This preserves their cattle from the lightning. If they are killed notwithstanding, it is in chastisement for some sins not confessed, or some penances not rightly performed. Perhaps, sir, it may astonish you, when I tell you that I myself, whilst yet in your faith, wrought two or three. Near my father's residence was a wood in which a man was once killed. His ghost was regularly seen after dark. I never passed through that wood without crossing myself and saying, Hail, Mary. And I assure you I never saw the ghost. After dusk, in the spring of the year, I was sent on an errand to a neighbour's house, which was separated from ours by two or three fields. As I ran along, I saw through the magnifying twilight what was obviously an evil spirit. I stopped suddenly, and the sweat commenced

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pouring. Naturally of a resolute spirit, I thus reasoned: If I run back, he can catch me; if I go forward, he can but catch me. So, after saying my Hail, Mary, and crossing myself, I went forward with a trembling step. As I advanced the horns of the fiend became perfectly obvious. Almost dead with fear, I rushed forward and caught hold of them. And marvellous to narrate, those fiendish horns were instantly turned into the handles of a plough! Now, I submit it to you, sir, whether these miracles, wrought by myself, are not as great as those wrought by St Mochua or St Columbanus. And yet I fear my chance of canonization is exceedingly small.

But considering the grave effects which have followed this claim of yours, it ought not, perhaps, to be treated lightly. And yet it is difficult to treat it otherwise.

Now, sir, will you say that the miracles adduced by Milner are worthy of a moment's consideration? Look at them again. A man hurt his back by falling from a hay-rick, and is cured by a dead man's hand! A girl, in opening a window, cut her arm, and felt difficulty in using it; she puts on a piece of moss, and her arm gets well! Another girl has a diseased spine; she gets cured by bathing in Holywell! Are these proofs to any mind that your Church possesses miraculous power? If these are not, can the miracles selected from the legends of the middle ages be?

Can you, for a moment, place any of your miracles on an equality with those wrought by the Saviour and his apostles? Milner does it, sad I am to say; but will you, John Hughes, do it, and in the city of New York? What! place these marvels of lying legends, the productions of infamous monks of the dark ages, who made saints of necromancers, and miracles of witch stories, on the same foundation as the miracles of Christ! Will you gravely tell us, that if we deny the one we must deny the other? If I deny that the fervour of the piety of St Fechin almost made the cold water to boil in which he bathed, must I also deny that Christ raised Lazarus from the grave? Will you, claiming to be a bishop in the Church of God, say that these miracles are sustained by evidence equally conclusive as those of the Scriptures? This I will only believe when you say so.

Compare the object of scriptural and Popish miracles. The one are divine attestations to the truth; the other, to yours being the true Church. How different these objects! And they are not more different than the miracles. And in point of force and evidence, Milner's miracles cannot be compared to those of Irving, or of our own Mormons.

If your Church possesses miraculous power, why so sparing of its use since the Reformation? If they are not all impostures, why so many in Ireland, whilst there are none in Scotland? why so many in France and Spain, and so few in New York? Come out in the open view of some intelligent Protestants, and cure a man that was born blind, or raise one from the grave that lay there until putrefaction commenced, and then we will ask you to excuse the utter scorn with which, until then, we must treat your impostures. My dear sir, the world will not forget the history of Hohenlohe, the modern St Fechin. He was forbidden to work his miracles save in the presence of some commissioners and physicians; he appealed to the pope. The holy father enjoined him to conform. From that hour his miracles have ceased.

"Ghosts prudently withdraw at peep of day."

Miracles were vouchsafed by God, divinely to attest the truth of the gospel. This power was vouchsafed to the apostles, and was continued in the Church until the truth of the gospel was established. Then it was withdrawn. Since the rise of Popery there has been no miracle wrought. The nearest approach to one, that I now remember, for fourteen hundred years, is the fact that your Church could gain such a general credence for her absurdities, and make men believe that she could work miracles.

MORE ABOUT LIBERALITY.

In my opinion, there is nothing which lays the Church more open to infidel attack and contempt, than its parsimony to the cause of Christ. Professors of religion, in general, give nothing in comparison to what they ought to give. Some *literally* give nothing, or somewhere in that immediate neighbourhood. I shall not inquire whether such persons are really Christian men. One might almost question whether they are *human*.

I have used the word *give;* I must correct my language. *Deliver up,* I ought to say, when speaking of Christians who have so often acknowledged themselves as not their own, but *themselves* and *theirs* to be the Lord's. Not a farthing, or not much more, will some of these deliver up, of all that their Lord has given them in trust. What stewards we Christians are! We act as if we were undisputed owners and sovereign proprietors of all; when we know, and if pressed, acknowledge it is no such thing. The infidels know that we profess to be but stewards, and in our devotional hours, we write on everything we have, "This is the Lord's;" and they naturally expect to see some correspondence between our profession and practice; and when they perceive that in this instance it is but bare profession, and that we do not mean anything by it, they are very apt to conclude that this is true of our religion generally. Moreover, these shrewd characters see common humanity constraining men of the world to greater liberality than the love of Christ constrains his reputed disciples to exercise; and that, though they hear Christians continually saying there is no principle which has such power to carry men out to deeds and sacrifices of benevolence as the love of Christ. What must they conclude from this? Either that there is no such principle, or that Christians do not feel the force of it.

Again: Infidels hear us speak of giving, as *lending* to the Lord. Now, they don't believe any such thing; but since we do, they are astonished that we do not lend more liberally to such a paymaster, and on such security. *They* are in the habit of lending liberally, and they wonder Christians do not. They hear us also repeating and admiring that sentiment, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Must they not think us insincere in our commendations of this sentiment, or else that we have very faint aspirations after the more blessed part, when they look on, and see with how much more complacency and good humour we receive a great deal, than give a little?

But about the parsimony of Christians—I do not hesitate to say, having well considered the import of my words, that men are not so *mean* (I must use the word) to any cause, as Christians, in general, are

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to Christ's cause. They give more sparingly to it than to any other.

Many persons never give until they have done every thing else; and when any pressure occurs, it is the first thing they stop doing. They go on spending, not only for necessaries and comforts, but even for luxuries, never minding the pressure. They only stop giving; commencing retrenchment with their donations, and generally ending it with them. They are liberal still for every thing but charity. You could never suppose, to look at their dress, equipage furniture, table, &c., that the times were any way hard. No, they forget that, till they are called on to give—then they feel the pressure of the times.

The manner in which some persons give is worthy of no very commendatory notice. They say, when applied to, "Well, I suppose I must give you something." Mark the word *must*, where *will* ought to be; and *give*, where *contribute*, or strictly speaking, *yield up*, should have been; and you—give *you*. It is no such a thing. The man is no beggar. He is not asking anything for himself. He has himself given to the same object; and more than money—his time and thought, his cares and efforts:—nay, perhaps has given his own person to the service which he asks others to aid by their pecuniary contributions. Christians, so called, talk of giving to support missionaries, as if they laid the missionaries under some obligation to them. Preposterous! How it sounds, to hear a British Christian indulge such a remark in reference to the richly gifted, and profoundly learned *Martyn*, who, when he might have shone at home, went into the sickly East, to hold up the light of life in those dark places! To call men who give themselves to the work of the Lord, and to labour and die for their fellow-men, the protégés, beneficiaries, and obligated dependants of us, who live and luxuriate at home, is really too bad; men who, when the alternative is to go or send, consent to the weightier branch of the alternative, and go—that they should be looked upon as inferior to us, who choose the lighter part of the alternative, and only send! I say it is too bad. "I must give you something!" Really!

I do not wonder, for my part, that God does not give "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven," to the present generation of saints. Their souls are not sufficiently expanded to receive it. It will require a race of Christians of *great hearts* to take possession of the world in the name of Jesus—Christians who shall be constrained by his love, and who shall feel the full force of the consideration presented in 2 Cor. viii. 9. Many Christians now think they feel it; but is it feeling the force of that consideration, for a man who has an income of some thousands a-year, to give a few surplus dollars annually to support missions, or to circulate the Bible? I do not say, that because Christ impoverished himself, therefore all his followers ought literally to do the same; but I say they ought to come nearer to it than they do. If, being rich, they should not become poor, as he did, yet surely they ought to be more free with their riches. If the Master gave his whole *principal*, certainly the disciples might give their *interest*. That would not be too closely imitating him. If he *emptied* himself, they at least might forego further accumulation. They need not become poor; but why should they be so solicitous to become rich? That is being as unlike the model as possible.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER! IS YOUR HEART IN YOUR WORK?

NEXT to the heartless minister, I would place the heartless Sabbath-school teacher. I never expect a man to do much good in any profession to which he is not ardently devoted. Let us have in this office men and women who have their hearts in their work, and we will not have to complain of teachers' seats being empty, or classes thin. They may be wearied on Saturday night, but they will rise early on Sabbath morning to get to the work they love. The day may be unfavourable, but they will not be absent from the school. They will forego many visits to the country which they would otherwise make. They will say to every temptation which would take them from the Sabbath school, "We are doing a great work, so that we cannot come down; why should the work cease whilst we leave it and come down to you?" They will find time to seek out the absent children, and visit the sick ones of their class. They will deny themselves what the world calls ease and pleasure, to enjoy the luxury of doing good; and sitting at the head of a class, or searching for a wanderer, or kneeling by the bed-side of a dying child, they will have happiness which the gay votaries of fashion might well envy—happiness kindred to that of angels, whose delight it is to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation—yea, happiness like that of Christ, who, in the conversion of the sinner, sees of "the travail of his soul and is satisfied," and who feeds his flock like a shepherd, and gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom. Beloved friends, who are engaged in this work, throw your whole heart into it. When you feel Sabbath-school teaching your delight, you may expect success in it.—*Anonymous.*

AGGRAVATIONS.

IT will much aggravate the condemnation of some, that they have been so careful of their bodies, and so careless of their souls; they are so taken up with the things of this world (which are but half goods, for they reach but half, and the worst half of man), that they rise early, and go to bed late, and eat the bread of carefulness, for their bodily accommodations, when their poor soul may sink or swim, that is left at six or seven. The soul is not in all their thoughts. One said, he had so much business to do, that he must trust God with his soul—he could not look after it. Most men are like the woman who, when her house was on fire, so minded the saving of her goods, that she forgot her child, and left it burning in the fire; at last, being minded of it, she cries out, "Oh, my child! oh, my child!" So men scramble here for a little pelf, and let their souls be consumed with the fiery heat of cares, and at death cry out, "Oh, my soul! oh, my soul!" How, ah, how mad are most, that, while they pamper their bodies, starve their souls; for so much eating and drinking takes away their tastes for spiritual things. What care and pains do men and women take to clothe and beautify the

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body, when the poor soul goeth naked and bare, and hath not one rag of righteousness to cover it. So curious and nice about their dressing, and keeping their houses, that there must not be one hair out of place, nor so much as a spot in a rubbed room; yet so negligent of their soul, that that goes in its night-clothes (undress) all the day long; that many times under a silken and satin suit, there is a very coarse soul; in a clean neat house, a sluttish soul; under a beautiful face, a deformed soul; under a fair outside, a foul inside—would thou that readest beest not guilty! Ah, dear hearts, if the body be more worth than raiment, surely the soul is more worth than the body. Oh, what a weight doth the Scripture lay upon this word—*soul!* It is the emphasis of the text where it is: "Hear, and your soul shall live."—"He that sinneth, wrongeth his own soul."—"Fear him that can kill the body, and throw the soul into hell."—"What will it profit a man to gain the world, and lose his soul?" Soul-mercy is the greatest mercy; soul-promises the most precious promises; soul-salvation the greatest salvation; and, therefore, to neglect the soul is the greatest neglect; and that men and women will know at that day when they shall cry out, "Woe unto us! we have rewarded evil to our own souls."—*Venning.*

THE FATHER'S LOVE AND THE BELIEVER'S COLDNESS.

WELL may God complain of thy cold prayers, whose heart is on a flame of love to thee. High and admirable are the expressions with which he sets forth his love to his people; whatever he doth for them is with zeal. In protecting of them, "As birds flying, so will the Lord defend Jerusalem;" that is, swiftly—as a bird flies to her nest, when she perceives her young in danger: in avenging them of their enemies, "The zeal of the Lord shall perform it:" in hearing their prayers, he doth it with delight: in forgiving their sins, he is ready to forgive, multiplies to pardon: when they ask one talent, he gives them two. Jacob desires a safe egress and ingress: God doth this, and more, for he brings him home with two bands. He gives not the least mercy, but he draws forth his soul and heart with it: even in his afflicting providences, where he seems to show least love, there his heart overflows with it: "What shall I do unto thee, O Ephraim? My bowels are turned within me." He is a good paymaster for his people's zeal: "He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. xi. 6.) Never did fervent prayer find cold welcome with him. Elijah's prayer fetched fire from heaven, because it carried fire to heaven. The tribe of Levi for their zeal were preferred to the priesthood. And why? Surely they who were so zealous in doing justice on their brethren, would be no less zealous in making atonement for them by their sacrifices. Most men lose the fervency and strength of their desires by misplacing them: they are zealous for such things as cannot, and persons that often will not, pay them for their pains. O how hot is the covetous man in his chase after the world's pelf! He pants after the dust of the earth, and that upon the heads of the poor; but what reward hath he for his labour? After all his getting, like the dogs in pursuit of the hare, he misseth his game, and at last goes poor and supperless to bed in his grave: he dies a fool. (Jer. xvii. 11.) How many court spaniels (that have fawned and flattered for some scraps of preferment) have at last been rewarded with the fatal stroke of the headsman, or a consumptive death in their prince's favour! which made that ambitious cardinal say too late, if he had been as observant of his heavenly Master as he had been of his earthly, he should not have been left so miserable at last. In a word, do we not see the superstitious person knocking his breast, and cutting his own flesh, out of a zeal to his wooden god, that hath neither ear to hear, nor hand to help him? Now, doth not the living God, thy loving Father, deserve thy zeal more than their dead and dumb idols do theirs? For shame, let us not be cold in his worship, when the idolater sweats before his god of wood; let not the worldling's zeal in pursuit of his earthly mammon leave thee behind in serving thy God.—*Gurnall.*

"A LITTLE WHILE, AND YE SHALL SEE ME."

Is the gospel a mystery? then, Christian, long for heaven; there, and only there, shall this mystery be fully known. The great things which were spoken concerning the gospel church, made many saints and prophets, before Christ's time, desire to see those happy times wherein such revelations should be made; how much more should we long for heaven, where this great mystery shall be fully opened, and every box of this cabinet unlocked, in which lie so many precious jewels to this day unseen by any saint on earth! Then it will be said, "The mystery of God is finished." (Rev. x. 7.) Here we learn our knowledge of it by little and little, like one that reads a book as it comes from the press, sheet by sheet; there we shall see it altogether. Here we get a little light from this sermon, a little more from the next, and thus our stock increases—some to-day, and more to-morrow; but there we shall have all at once. Here we learn with much pain and difficulty; there without travail and trouble. Glorified saints, though they cease not from work, yet rest from labour. Here passion blinds our minds, that we mistake error for truth, and truth for error; but there these clouds shall be scattered and gone. Here the weakness of natural parts keeps many in the dark, and renders them incapable of apprehending some truths which others are led into; but there the strong shall not prevent the weak—the scholar shall know as much as his master, the people as their minister. Here the contentions among the godly leave the weaker sort at great uncertainty what to think concerning many truths; but there they shall all agree, which comforted the holy man on his death-bed, that he was going thither, where Luther and Calvin were reconciled. Here we are disturbed in our inquiries after truth—one while the necessary occasions of this world divert us, another while the weakness and infirmities of our bodies hinder us; but in heaven our bodies will call for none of this tending—we shall need neither raiment for the back, nor food for the body. O happy death, that will ease us of all the aches of our bodies, and conflicts in our souls! Thou art the only physician to cure all the saints' distempers. When that blessed hour comes, then lift up your heads with joy, for it will lead you into that blissful place where you shall see Christ, not a great way off, not with the eye of faith, in the optic glass of an ordinance or promise, but with a glorified eye behold his very person, never more to lose the sight of him. Thou shalt not taste his love in a little morsel of sacramental bread and sip of wine, but lay thy mouth to the fountain, and from his bosom drink thy full draught. Thou shalt no more hear what a glorious place heaven is, as thou wert wont to have it set forth by the poor rhetoric of mortal man, preaching to thee of that with which

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himself was but little acquainted; but shalt walk thyself in the streets of that glorious city, and bless thyself, to think what poor, low thoughts thou and thy minister also had thereof, when on earth thou didst meditate, and he preached, on this subject. One moment's sight of that glory will inform thee more than all the books written of it were ever able to do. And dost thou not yet cry out, How long will it be, O Lord, most holy and true, before thou bringest me thither? Is not every hour a day, day a month, month a year, yea age, till that time comes? As Bernard, upon these words (John xvi. 16): "A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again, A little while, and ye shall see me"—passionately breaks forth: "Holy Lord, dost thou call that a little while in which I shall not see thee? O this little is a long little while!"—*Ibid.*

FOR THOSE WHO *INTEND* TO REPENT.

If you say you are *fully resolved* to repent of your sins when you come to die, and then ask pardon for them,

Do but seriously consider—

1. *The vanity and folly of such resolutions.*—What is more uncertain, more fickle, more variable, than man's mind? You resolve upon this to-day; and are you sure you shall not break that resolution to-morrow? Do you know what will be your mind two or three days hence? If not, how can you know twenty or thirty years beforehand? Are you sure you shall never meet with any accident, any temptation, that may change your mind? And if you do know your mind, what it will certainly be when you are dying, yet do you know what God's mind will be then, whether he will give you repentance when you set about it, and give you a pardon when you seek it? If you do know it, I pray how came you by that knowledge? When did God tell you so, and where? In what text of Scripture hath he revealed it? Where doth he promise you repentance and pardon at the last, when you had never seriously sought either all your days?

2. *The wickedness and profaneness of them.*—You resolve you will repent when you die, and that implies, you will not repent till then; that is, you do and resolve still to love sin as long as you live; but you intend to leave it when you can live no longer in it. You hate God now, and resolve to hate him till you die; and then you will begin to love him. You will make work for repentance now, and seek for repentance at last; offend God and provoke him, and make work for pardoning mercy all your days, and then sue to him for it. You will persevere to affront the grace of Christ, and throw his blood back into his face; and then expect to be washed in it from your sins, and saved by it, when you go out of the world.—*Veal.*

"BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH."

When about sixteen years old, I was brought to feel that I was lost in sin. At the West, in my mother's log cabin, one day, I saw on the table an old Welsh book, on opening which, I read the sentence—"O, sinner, thou hast no God; and what will become of thee?" The words deeply impressed my mind. I went out and engaged in chopping wood: but with every blow, the words echoed in my soul, compelling me to think of death and of eternity. I endeavoured to forget them, in vain. When I went into the house, my mother remarking my appearance, inquired if I was sick. How much I would have given to be able to tell her what my heart felt! But I was either too proud or too timid to confess it. I went to bed, but could not sleep: I felt that I had no God, that I was a sinner—that I was lost. I rose from my bed, went out into the woods, fell upon knees, and offered to God the first prayer I ever made, with all my heart. My mother had come out after me; and when I arose, she stood at my side weeping. I was led by the Holy Spirit to peace in believing; and that same Spirit is now my guide. Dear children, when you feel troubled about your sins, go tell your parents, or teachers, or pious friends. You tell them when the body is sick; tell them when the soul is sick. And *tell God in prayer.*—*Rev. Mr Chidlaw.*

SAVED BY A TRACT.

The Rev. Basil Wood, related in a sermon, that a person belonging to his congregation, who had for some time been confined by sickness, derived great benefit from reading a certain tract. While thus confined, he was visited by an acquaintance who appeared to be labouring under great depression of spirits. His sick friend, observing his dejected frame of mind, pointed to the tract lying on the table, and requested him to sit down and read it to him. He assented, and had not proceeded far in the task before his whole attention became absorbed in the contents of the tract. As he read on, his heart became more and more affected, till at length, being unable to control his feelings, he burst into tears, and pulling a weapon of destruction from his pocket, threw it on the floor, exclaiming, "There, with that weapon I was just going to take away my own life, but I thought that I would first look in to see you once more before I committed the horrid deed. What I have now been reading has saved me."

Fragments.

We are beholden to God, not only for supplying our wants, but for chastising our wantonness. His rod is the rod of the covenant, and his rebukes are from his love. It is in very faithfulness that he doth afflict us, and we may therefore take evil at his hand as well as good, and bless him for taking as well as giving, as Job; and say with David, It is good to be afflicted, for it comes from a good root—his love; and the fruit is good too, seeing it is for the taking away of sin, and to make us partakers of his holiness. So that, however severely God seem to deal with us, we have cause to thank him.

Woes make the shortest time seem long; and joys make the longest time seem short. O eternity, eternity is that which makes woes, woes, and joys, joys indeed! (Matt. xxv. 46.)

Before the coming of Christ, the Father trusted the Son that he would *make* satisfaction; and since the coming of Christ, he trusts the Father that he shall *have* satisfaction, in seeing the travail of his soul safely delivered. (Isa. liii. 11.)

A Christian should think he saves, yea, gains much by Christ, if he save his soul, whatever losses he suffer for Christ. (Heb. x. 34.)

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BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US.

BY GARDINER SPRING, D.D., NEW YORK.

Such is the importance of the Christian ministry, that we are constrained to solicit for it one particular favour. It is a request in which we feel a deep personal concern. Pray for us. "Pray for us," says Paul; pray for us is the hearty response from every Christian pulpit in the land, and in the wide world. If the prayers of good men were solicited by such a man as Paul; and if, with his giant intellect, his eminent spirituality, and his intimate communion with God and things unseen, this holy man needed this encouragement and impulse in his work; who will not say, "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified!"

It is a delightful thought to a young man entering upon the ministry of reconciliation, that, unworthy as he is, the prayers of thousands of God's people are continually going up, on his behalf, to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God. He seems to hear the Church of God saying to him, We cannot go to this sacred work; but we will follow you with our prayers! He seems to hear many a Christian parent say to him, We have no son to send to this hallowed vocation; but go you to it, and you shall not want an interest in our prayers! Not a few of the Churches of this land have enjoyed the high privilege of sending forth into the spiritual harvest no inconsiderable number of beloved youths from their own more immediate family. And it has been the usage of such Churches, to an extent that is gratefully remembered, to assemble for the more special service of commending their young brethren to the care and faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God. How fitting, in every way, is such a service! how full of encouragement to the heart that trembles under a view of the responsibilities of the sacred office! how delightful this spiritual impetus to a mind almost ready to sink under its own conscious infirmities! And how unspeakably precious the thought to all who labour in this great work, whether in youthful or riper years, that they are thus habitually remembered in the prayers of the Churches! Let the thought sink deep into the heart of every Church, that their minister will be very much such a minister as their prayers may make him. If nothing short of Omnipotent grace can make a Christian, nothing less than this can make a faithful and successful minister of the gospel.

We entreat the Churches to regard with a more deliberate and devout mind the great work itself to which their ministers are devoted. To explain the doctrines and enforce the duties of genuine Christianity; to defend the truth against all the subtlety and versatility of error; to sustain within their own minds that sense of God's presence, and of those moral sanctions which are revealed in his Word, and that deep and tender impression of the things that are unseen and eternal, that are necessary to give earnestness, and that consistent life and deportment that are necessary to give effect to their preaching;—to do this in a way that shall adapt itself to times, places, occasions, and characters, and without being disheartened by difficulties, appalled by enemies, and weary of the yoke which they have taken upon them, is no ordinary work. If a people are looking for rich discourses from their minister, their prayers must supply him with matter; if for faithful discourses, their prayers must urge him, by a full and uncompromising manifestation of the truth, to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; if for powerful and successful discourses, their prayers must make him a blessing to the souls of men. Would they have him come to them in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace, with a heaving bosom, a kindled eye, and a glowing tongue, and with discourses bathed in tears and elaborate with prayer? their prayers must urge him to pray, and their tears inspire his thrilling heart with the strong yearnings of Christian affection. It is in their own closets that the people of God most effectually charge upon the souls of their beloved ministers to take heed to the ministry they have received of the Lord Jesus.

And who and what are ministers themselves? Frail men, fallible, sinning men, exposed to every snare, to temptation in every form; and, from the very post of observation they occupy, the fairer mark for the fiery darts of the foe. They are no mean victims the great adversary

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is seeking, when he would wound and cripple Christ's ministers. One such victim is worth more to the kingdom of darkness than a score of common men; and on this very account their temptations are probably more subtle and severe, than those encountered by ordinary Christians. If this subtle deceiver fails to destroy them, he artfully aims at neutralising their influence by quenching the fervour of their piety, lulling them into negligence, and doing all in his power to render their work irksome. How perilous the condition of that minister, then, whose heart is not encouraged, whose hands are not strengthened, and who is not upheld by the prayers of his people! It is not in his own closet and on his own knees alone that he finds security and comfort, and ennobling, humbling, and purifying thoughts and joys; but it is when they also seek them in his behalf, that he becomes a better and happier man, and a more useful minister of the everlasting gospel.

Nothing gives a people so much interest in their minister, and interest of the best kind, as to pray for him. They love him more, they respect him more, they attend more cheerfully and profitably on his ministrations, the more they commend him to God in their prayers. They feel a deeper interest in his work the more they pray for him; and their children feel a deeper interest both in him and in his preaching, when they habitually listen to supplications that affectionately commend him to the throne of the heavenly grace.

The results of a preached gospel are associated with the most interesting realities in the universe; nay, they form no small part of these affecting realities themselves. There are no such bright and refulgent exhibitions of the ever-blessed and adorable Godhead, as are made where a preached gospel has free course and is glorified. That wondrous exhibition of the divine nature, that progressive development which is in itself so desirable, and in its consequences so endeared to every holy mind, never shines forth with such impressive distinctness and subduing lustre, as when the hearers of his truth and grace, proclaimed from lips of clay, indicate that appearing of his great glory. Had the people of God on the earth minds as pure as the seraph intellect around the throne, with what deep concern, solicitude, and prayer, would they watch the course and follow the labours of the humble and faithful ambassadors of the cross, as they proclaim this glorious gospel, and as the effects of their preaching discover new and perpetual exhibitions of the manifested Deity! The effects of their preaching upon the souls of men are nothing less than the savour of life unto life in them that are saved, and in them that perish of death unto death. The same light and motives that are the means of fitting some for heaven, abused and perverted, only fit others for hell. O it is at a fearful expense that ministers are ever allowed to enter the pulpit without being preceded, accompanied, and followed by the earnest prayers of the Churches. It is no marvel that the pulpit is so powerless, and ministers so often disheartened, when there are so few to hold up their hands. The consequence of neglecting this duty is seen and felt in the spiritual declension of the Churches, and it will be seen and felt in the everlasting perdition of men; while the consequence of regarding it would be the ingathering of multitudes into the kingdom of God, and new glories to the Lamb that was slain.

On his own behalf, therefore, and on the behalf of his beloved and respected brethren in the ministry, the writer would crave an interest in the prayers of all who love the Saviour, and the souls of men. We are the dispensers of God's truth, and at best fall far below our mighty theme. The duties of our calling return upon us with every returning week and day. They often come upon us with many and conflicting demands. They sometimes put all our thoughts in requisition, and at the very time when we have lost the power of thinking; and all the ardour and strength of our affections, when we are the least susceptible of them. There is associated with these demands that pressing solicitude, and corroding anxiety, which exhausts our vigour, prostrates our courage, and drinks up our spirits. And then there are so many disappointments in our work, that we need the sympathy of prayer. Our spirit is sometimes stirred within us, and we go forth to our people flushed with the hope of rescuing them from everlasting burnings; and in some hapless hour of self-sufficiency, we vainly imagine the work and triumph are our own. We are instant in season, and out of season; we make a business of preparing for the conflict—sometimes polishing our arrows, and sometimes leaving them rough and barbed. We put on our armour, and enter the field with the determination to lay out all our strength, and with the confident assurance that we must do execution. But what a lesson of self-abasement!—we cannot

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convert a single soul. "We have piped unto them, and they have not danced; we have mourned unto them, and they have not lamented." We urge the Divine commands, and they trample upon his authority; we urge his threatenings, and they despise his justice; we speak of his promises, they heed not his faithfulness; of his Son, and they tread him under their feet; of his patience and long-suffering, but their impenitence and obduracy are proof against them all. We reason and expostulate with them, until the obstacles to their conversion seem to us to rise the higher by every effort to surmount them; until we sink in despondency, and cry out, What mighty power can break these adamantine hearts? what omnipotent grasp can rescue these perishing men from everlasting burnings? O ye blood-bought Churches, your ministers need your prayers, for the exceeding greatness of that power which God wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead.

We have prayer-meetings for the heathen, prayer-meetings for Sabbath schools, and for the blessing of God upon the distribution of religious tracts. Why shall we overlook the great means of God's own appointment for the salvation of men? May there not be something in the form of a prayer-meeting for the ministers of the gospel? If nothing better can be suggested, why may there not be a general understanding among Christian men, and Christian families, to set apart the morning of every Lord's-day for this great and special object? This was the usage in the family of my venerable father, and it has long been my own. And it is a most precious privilege. The time is a fitting one; and such a service would not fail to exert a delightful influence on the privileges of the sanctuary. "Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Should God give to the Churches the spirit of prayer for their ministers, it would be with the purpose of answering it. "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." It is written, that "on every dwelling-place of Mount Zion he will create a fire and a smoke;" nor will the altar be profaned, nor the incense less fragrant, if those words of hope are more often upon the lips of those who offer it: "Clothe thy priests with salvation, that thy saints may shout with joyfulness!" Nor is this all. Let the ministers of the gospel have an *habitual* remembrance at the domestic altar. "It is no small thing," says a modern writer of our own city, "for any congregation to have daily cries for God's blessing ascending from a hundred firesides. What a spring of refreshment to a pastor! The family devotions of praying Kidderminster, no doubt, made Baxter a better minister, and a happier man; and it is possible we are reaping the fruits of them in his 'Saints' Rest,' and 'Dying Thoughts.'"

Ye, then, that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest. When the Churches cease to pray for ministers, ministers will no longer be a blessing to the Churches. Brethren, *pray for us*, that we may be kept from sin; that we may walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time; that our hearts may be more devoted to God, and our lives a more impressive exemplification of the gospel we preach; that we may be more completely girded for our work and our conflicts, and put on the whole armour of God; that we may be more faithful and more wise to win souls; and that we may keep under our body, and bring it into subjection, lest, after having preached to others, we ourselves be cast away. When we turn our thoughts toward barren ordinances, and a fruitless, ministry, our hearts sink within us, and we would fain throw ourselves at the feet of the Churches, and implore a remembrance in their prayers. If you ever enter into the "secret place" of the Most High, and get near the heart of Him your souls love, plead earnestly that His own power may attend the stated ministrations of his Gospel. If ever you lie on Jesus' bosom, remember *us*. Open your desires; tell your Immanuel of his costly sacrifice and wonderful love; tell him of his power and our weakness; speak to him of the unutterable glory and the interminable anguish beyond the grave; with tears of solicitude urge your suit, and tell him that he has committed the treasure to earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be all of God.

THE FRENCH MASON,

BEING THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.*

A TWO-FOLD character is stamped on all God's works. The material universe, for example, is at the same time *one and diverse:* it is one by the great and immovable laws to which matter is subjected; it is diverse by the infinite variety of beings of which it is composed, and by the changes which it undergoes in the course of

* From a Foreign paper.

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ages. It is the same with man. He is one, everywhere, always, in his essential traits; he presents, through all vicissitudes of time and place, the same physical, intellectual, and moral nature; but yet each individual differs from every other, so that it is impossible to find in all the world two human beings perfectly alike.

This two-fold character of the works of God is equally manifest in the spiritual and evangelical world, particularly in *Christian conversions*. In a certain sense, these conversions are alike. and from one we may judge of all: always the sinner discovers his hidden misery, he repents with more or less anguish; and at last, upon finding complete pardon in Christ crucified, he passes from grief to joy, from anxiety to peace, from darkness to light, from death to life. But in another respect, that is to say in what concerns the accompanying incidents, every conversion presents peculiar traits. The same Spirit acts in different ways, and it would be no exaggeration to maintain that, since the origin of Christianity, there have not been two men who have been led to the faith of the gospel absolutely in the same manner.

This inexhaustible variety of means gives interest to the accounts of conversions. Worldly men say, with disdain, "*It is always the same thing*," because they do not take the pains to consider the differences. But reflecting and pious minds love these narratives, because they see in them, as one of the Church fathers expresses it, an *ever old and ever new* exhibition of the grace of the Lord. The narrative we are about to give of the conversion of a humble Frenchman contains nothing remarkable or striking. It is the case of an humble labourer—a *mason*, living in a village in the north of France, a Roman Catholic by birth, who had received some instructions from his curate at the time of his first communion; but had lived without faith, without piety, and in utter neglect of the observance of his religion; he did not observe Fast-days nor Sabbaths: he ate meat in Lent, mocked at the priests—in a word, had nothing Christian but the name.

It is well to observe that this mason, such as we have described him, is a fair specimen of the religious character of the French people of the lower classes. They have no more of Romish devotion than the upper classes; perhaps they have less, because they have no *political* motive to respect religion. True, they continue from habit to practise certain forms of Popery; they bring their children to baptism, send them to catechetical instruction, ask the priest's blessing on their marriage, allow their wives to go statedly to confession, call a Popish priest to attend their funerals; but that is all, or nearly so. If the clergy exact more of them, they resist; and in their habitual conversations they do not scruple to turn into derision the doctrines and ceremonies of the Romish Church.

These people—even such as cannot read—have learned generally the wicked jests of Voltaire and other sceptical writers against Christianity. They have heard them repeated in markets, taverns—wherever the crowd gather. They are fond of avowing these impious opinions, because they fancy that they thus show a free and independent spirit. The soldiers, when they return home, after serving for seven or eight years in the army, help to propagate these infidel principles. The military life has taken from them their prejudices of childhood and education; they have been subjected to the influence of the times; and when they return to civil life, they are ordinarily decided enemies of the priests' yoke.

The Popish priests flatter themselves often on having effected a *great revival* in favour of their Church. They publish pompously in the Jesuit newspapers and from the house-tops the *wonderful, magnificent* triumphs which they have obtained. It is a mere pretence. We do not know if these priests are themselves deceived by their fancies; possibly ambition, vanity, avarice, may cause them to take shadows for substance; but we know well that their self-styled revival is a silly phantom. They have no more *true* converts than they had twenty years ago, especially among the common people; their traditions are as much decried as before, their rules as ill-observed, their persons and conduct as severely censured; and if a great political revolution should occur, we are sure that the priests' authority would not have the least weight in the balance of events.

To return to our mason. He lived then without faith, and without God in the world. He thought of nothing but his mechanical business, in which he had acquired some skill and obtained a fair reputation. He aimed to acquire the reputation of a *good workman*, and devoted himself steadily to his daily labour. Months, years rolled by in a uniform manner. Nothing indicated that a complete change was soon to be effected in his views and feelings. He had never put to himself the question, *What must I do to be saved?* Salvation, the last judgment, the life to come, were words not found in his vocabulary. His temporal affairs, the means of gaining money, his pleasures, absorbed him entirely. But he passed for a *very honest man*, and would have been very angry had he been told that the wrath of God remained on him. How, then, came the truth to penetrate his mind? No one, probably, could imagine in what way the Lord led him to the first thoughts of repentance and religion.

One day, this mason laboured alone, and with his trowel in his hand, was congratulating himself how well he succeeded in his work, when all at once a thought struck him. "To succeed in any profession," said he, "a person must study attentively the rules, and observe them carefully. To be a good mason, for example, I needed a long apprenticeship; I had to employ

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several years to learn the art of building: without this I should have been but a poor workman. But—but to be a *good Christian*," he suddenly thought, "must I not study, search out, and follow the rules of the Christian religion?"—"Certainly," his conscience replied, "and you have not done *this;* you have not studied the Christian religion; you have not practised it; you are not then a *good Christian*.

This sudden thought caused him trouble of mind. He opened his long shut eyes on the state in which he lived. The palpable contradiction between his conduct and his *Christian profession* produced such strong emotion, that he threw down his trowel and ran home to tell his wife the discovery which he had made, and ask her advice. His wife, though more attentive to her religious duties, was as ignorant as himself. She was glad to see him occupied with so important a subject, and tried to encourage him in his good resolutions. But she was unable to advise him well what to do. She merely said to him, "Go and consult the curate; he is an intelligent, zealous man; he loves the people of the parish, and he will be happy to give you all the directions suited to your case."

The mason went promptly to the priest, and told him all that he felt. The curate was rejoiced in his turn at what he heard; for he believed he had got a zealous convert, and he earnestly encouraged the mason to persevere in this course.

"But I ask you, Mr Curate, what I must do to be a good Christian?"

"My friend," replied the ecclesiastic, "you must observe faithfully the commandments of the Church."

"I understand; but what are these commandments?"

"How! do you not know them?"

"No, I assure you; I have lived till now without religion, and I greatly need to be instructed."

"Well, my friend, this is what you are to do: attend regularly at mass, vespers, and all the Church offices; commune devoutly at festivals; fast on Friday and Saturday every week; and as you have to make up for the past, you must repeat for some days a number of prayers."

"I thank you for your good advice, and shall not fail to comply with it; for I wish to be a *good Christian*."

Saying this, the mason went away, and, for several weeks, he observed most strictly all that the priest had ordered. Attendance at mass, long prayers, fastings, penances—nothing was omitted. But, to his great surprise, he perceived that his mind was no more enlightened, nor his conscience relieved. He continued to be in doubt and anxiety, and asked constantly if nothing more was to be done to become a good Christian.

So he went again to the curate, and complained to him of the poor results of his devotions. The priest was surprised at his urgency; he even showed displeasure at the poor mason, and questioned him sharply to know if he had committed any serious sin which troubled his mind. But the labourer had told him all. He had been an honest man, as others, and no crime weighed on his conscience. The priest then told him to repeat the commandments of the Church; adding, that he might rest easy if he faithfully performed these duties.

The mason made this new experiment with re-doubled ardour and courage, but with no better success. So far from it, his uneasiness, instead of being diminished, increased from day to day. The efforts which he made to find repose for his conscience only aggravated his anxiety. In vain he recited the prayers pointed out by the priest, and submitted himself to the most rigid penances; these were but useless palliatives, and his confidence in the priest's prescriptions began to be shaken.

He was constantly weighed down with a sense of his sins, and murmured against the insufficiency of the Popish ordinances. "Once," he said to himself, "when I did not concern myself with religion, I lived quiet. No fear, no painful thought troubled my mind; but now all is changed. The curate makes me fine promises, which are not realized. And how could they be? The more I reflect, the less I understand. I have not acquired, since I attended mass and other exercises of worship, any new light. If I should spend my whole life in these practices, I should know no more, and be no better. On the contrary, at every new act of devotion my sins appear to be greater, and what ought to console me serves but to increase my torment. What will become of me, if this state of things continue?"

Such were the thoughts and perplexities of the poor man. He had not had the Bible in his hands, and knew not a word of salvation by grace in Jesus Christ. He thought, therefore, that there was nothing better for him to do than multiply his visits to the curate, and to disclose to him unreservedly the secrets of his heart. He did so, and time went on without producing any satisfactory result. The curate did not know what advice to give to this penitent. He accused him of obstinacy, and blamed him for being melancholy. "What can I say to you?" he would sometimes ask. "Do not try to be wiser than the Church. I have told you sufficiently what is required of Christians; conform to this, and it is enough. If you go farther, it will be on your part pride and presumption, and you must bear the consequences."

Wearied with these empty visits, the curate turned from the mason to speak to his wife. "Your husband," he said to her one day, "takes religion too seriously. He troubles his mind unreasonably. He ought to keep quiet, and not constantly raise new difficulties. Your

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husband exceeds all my parishioners in devotion, and yet he is not satisfied! What should I do if the other members of my parish caused me half the embarrassment and anxiety which he gives me! I fear his health will suffer. You know how dangerous it is to dwell too long on one idea. Try to divert your husband's mind. Lead him on Sunday to the village festivals. He needs this more than he needs my ministry."

Some readers will be surprised, perhaps, at such language in the mouth of a priest. What! a man who calls himself a minister of Jesus Christ, a man who exercises the sacred office, recommend diversions to one of his flock—tell him to attend festivals, dances, and to stifle thus his conscience, instead of offering him the consolations of the gospel! Yes, nothing is more true, and there are thousands of priests in France who would do the same. These blind leaders of the blind are in profound spiritual ignorance; they have never learnt themselves what are the inexhaustible treasures of salvation, and how can they show others the way on which they themselves have not entered!

The wife of the mason gladly heard the curate's exhortations. She was tired herself of the *excessive devotion* of her husband. At first, she had been pleased to see him more inclined to practise his religion; but she thought with the priest, that *too much was too much*, and that after having been to mass, he might amuse himself. She hastened to impart to her husband her conversation with the curate. Conceive the effect of this communication upon an upright heart, upon a conscience earnestly seeking for salvation! Our mason was utterly disgusted. He felt that religion was nothing with the priests but a means of making dupes; that they did not themselves believe what they taught, that it was a mere trick to get money; and from this moment he broke off all intercourse with his curate.

In this dangerous crisis what became of the man! He was on the brink of ruin, and ran the risk of falling into infidelity. Having lost all confidence in his spiritual guide, he tried to turn off his attention from religious subjects. "Of what use is it," he said to himself, "that I should constantly revert to these things! There is no remedy. The priests know no more of them than I do. They laugh at the credulity of honest men. I might be tormented for ten years without knowing more than on the first day. It is best for me to return to my former indifference, and to attend to my worldly business, without troubling myself with my sins. I see now that it is impossible to be a *good Christian*, as I wish to be!" And after these bitter reflections, the unhappy man tried to extinguish the ray of divine light which had penetrated his soul.

Happily the Lord, in his infinite mercy, did not forget him, but showed him the way of deliverance by means which this man would never have suspected.

All at once it was rumoured that some strangers had come to a neighbouring town, and that they announced a *new religion*. It was said that they were *St Simonians*, who wished to snatch the people from their ignorance and to teach doctrines conformed to the wants of the times. The poor mason was curious to hear these new teachers. "Perhaps," he said, "these St Simonians will do for me more than the priest; and in any case I shall lose nothing by hearing them."

One day, then, after his work was done, he went to the door of the house where the new apostles held their meetings. He entered and seated himself among the large audience, and listened attentively to the discourse of the preacher, who occupied a pulpit at the bottom of the room. He was not a St Simonian, but an evangelical preacher. He read his text just as the mason entered. This text, which he heard now for the first time, was the 8th verse of the 5th chapter of Matthew: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The preacher tried to define this purity of heart, which is the essential accompaniment of salvation, and showed what are true marks of sanctification. He laid open the deep corruption of the human heart, adding that man is unable of himself to fulfil the Christian law in all its purity and extent. As the discourse proceeded, our mason was more interested. He recognised his own character, his own experiences, in the picture traced by the Christian orator. "It is I—it is myself," he thought, "whom this stranger represents in his discourse; but how has he known me! I have never seen him; and how has he been able to penetrate into the secrets of my soul!

This preaching produced in him indescribable feelings. He fell into deep dejection. The more he understood the requirements of Christian morality, the less he felt able to meet them. "This is the rule of my duty," he said to himself; how pure and holy! I have a thousand times violated this law; I feel it now, and what shall I do! What man can obey the whole will of God! Ah! I am too weak to bear so heavy a load; and the curate was right when he advised me to dismiss all these thoughts, and to return to the pleasures of the world."

Given up to these desponding thoughts, he returned home, resolved to resort to indifference and forgetfulness. But the work from on high was begun in him, and must be carried on. The mason was constantly a prey to the same anguish; he could not bear the sight of himself, the sight of his misery; a voice said he wanted *something*—something he did not know the name of, but which was absolutely necessary for him. The more stern the justice of God appeared to him, the more he hungered and thirsted for deliverance. It occurred to him to go again to

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one of these meetings, to see if he could not find the remedy, where the plague of his soul had been so well known. "Who knows?" he thought; "perhaps the men who show so well what is our duty, may teach us how we can do it, or at least, may point out some way for us to escape from our trouble.

He went; he entered a place of preaching, his heart full of emotion, his soul troubled. He listened. . . It was another preacher, who spoke on this text: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." (Matt. xi. 28, 29.)

As a mild rain penetrates gently, replenishes and refreshes the parched soil burnt by the heat of summer; so these divine words and the explanations with which they were accompanied, consoled and rejoiced the heart of the unhappy labourer. He was now at the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness—he was before the cross of Christ; he looked upon the sublime mystery of love, by which God has satisfied his justice while offering pardon to the sinner. What a moment for this man, who had truly felt his misery and looked into the abyss which his sins had digged under his feet!

We will not attempt to describe the various emotions of surprise, joy, gratitude, which agitated his mind. We confine ourselves to say, that he complied with the merciful call of the Lord, and that he returned to his house blessing the Saviour who had suffered for him. His wife, his neighbours, the curate, soon remarked the change, as complete as rapid, effected in the mason. He soon encountered many adversaries; he had to bear the cross of Christ; but he remained firm amidst insults, openly professed evangelical religion, and showed by his example the truth of the words: "He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.)

NEARER TO GOD.

BY SARAH ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

GIVE UP ALL FOR CHRIST.

WHEN our Saviour was on earth, he was accosted by a young man, who asked him, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He was young—he was amiable—he was a ruler of the people; but still his uneasy conscience told him that all was not well with him. Jesus turned to the amiable man, and said, "One thing thou lackest; sell all that thou hast, and come and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." The young man was not prepared for this. He wished to save his soul. But when he lifted up his eyes, and looked out upon the rich possession that lay stretched before him, and then thought of the unseen treasures of which he had only the promise, and which were to be reached through a life of trial and privation, he hesitated. "Do I love this Jesus or my possessions most?" we may imagine him to have reasoned with himself. "Can I give them all up for Christ?" He hesitated. The allurements of the world were too strong for him. He turned, and *went away sorrowful*. And when in the awful day of final retribution, the rejected Saviour shall spurn such as he was from his presence for ever, we fear that the young ruler will "go away *sorrowful*" once more.

In the town of S——, I knew a man many years ago, who was eminent for his financial abilities, but remarkable also for his greediness for gain. He was an usurer and a miser. He had amassed nearly all his immense fortune by taking advantage of the necessities of his neighbours. During the progress of a powerful revival in the town where he resided, Mr M—— was brought to concern and prayer. He even prayed before his family; and the whole town were amazed, when it ran from mouth to mouth that the aged usurer had been seen in an inquiry-meeting.

The pastor of the Church pointed out to him his besetting sin, and told him that unless he could give

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up the unjust and illegal practices of which he had been guilty, he would grieve away the Spirit, and destroy his soul.

Within a few days he was waited on by a neighbour, who urged him to engage in a pecuniary speculation, which would bring him in large but unlawful gains. His wife pled with him to refuse the temptation. He hesitated like the young ruler. But the allurement was too strong. The transaction was agreed to—and the Spirit of God immediately left him! That very night he refused to pray, and relapsed immediately into the most shocking profanity and contempt for holy things. The aged scoffer still lingers, ripening, we fear, for an awful perdition.

A lawyer in I——, was brought under deep conviction of sin. He was in great mental distress, and was urged to embrace the Saviour at once. An election was approaching, in which he was to be a prominent candidate. When his pious friends conversed with him, he answered, "I know that I have a more important election to secure than that for which I am a candidate here. When the political canvass is over, I will secure the salvation of my soul." He was warned that he was grieving the Holy Spirit, but he remained resolute. The canvass ended. He was defeated; and under the influence of shame and remorse, he plunged into intoxication, and became a wretched sot!

If these sad incidents should meet the eye of any inquirer who is hesitating between Christ and the world—between the Saviour of sinners and sensual pleasure, or avarice, or ambition—let me solemnly exhort them to hesitate no longer. *Give up all for Christ.* Cry unto God for strength to make thee surrender, and withstand the temptation, lest a fate as disastrous as those we have been reviewing be yours.—*Presbyterian Treasury.*

PASSAGES FROM REYNOLDS.

SIN AND JUDGMENT.

A WICKED man's sins will not follow him to hell to please him, but only the memory of them to be an everlasting scourge and flame upon his conscience. O, then, take heed of ripening sin by custom, by security, by insensibility, by impudence and stoutness of heart, by making it a mock, a matter of glory and of boasting, by stopping the ear against the voice of the charmer, and turning the back upon the invitations unto mercy, by resisting the evidence of the Spirit in the Word, and committing sin in the light of the sun. For as the heat of the sun doth wither the fruit which falls off, and ripen that which hangs on the tree, so the Word doth weaken those lusts which a man is desirous to shake off, and doth ripen those which the heart holds fast and will not part with. When was Israel overthrown, but when they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his word, and mis-used his prophets, and rejected the remedy of their sin? And when was Judah destroyed, but when they hardened themselves against the word, and would not take notice of the day of their peace? Alas! what haste do men make to promote their own damnation, and go quickly to hell, when they will break through the very law of God, and through all his holy ordinances, that they may come thither the sooner, as if the gate would be shut against them, or as if it were a place of some great preferment; as if they had to do with a blind God which could not see, or with an impotent God which could not avenge their impieties! Well, for all this the wise man's speech will prove true at the last: "Know that God will bring thee into judgment."

YOU ARE IN THE HANDS OF GOD.

If men would but consider how easily God can break down all their cobwebs, and sweep away their refuge of lies—how easily he can spoil them of all the provisions of their lusts, and leave them like a lamb in a large place; they would be more fearful of him, and less dote upon things which will not profit; they would take heed how they abuse their youth, strength, time, abilities, as if they had a spring of them all within themselves, and consider that their good is not in their own hand; that the scythe can get as well through the green grass as the dry stubble; that consuming fire can as well melt the hardest metal as the softest wax. What is the reason why men, in sore extremities, make strong resolutions, and vow much repentance and amendment of life, and yet, as soon as they are off from the rack, return again to their vomit, and wallow in their wonted lusts; but because their sense made them feel that then, which, if they had faith, they might still perceive, and so still continue in the same good resolutions, namely, that God's hand was near unto them? But what? "Is not God a God afar off, as well as near at hand?" Doth he not say of wicked men, that in "the fulness of their sufficiency they shall be in straits?" Cannot he blast the corn in the blade, in the harvest, in the barn, and in the very mouth of the wicked? Did he not cut off Belshazzar in his cups, and Herod in his robes, and Babylon and Tyrus in their pride, and Haman in his favour, and Jezebel in her paint? Have but faith enough to say, I am a man, and therefore no human events should be strange unto me; and even that one consideration may keep a man from outrage of sinning: It may be I have abundance of earthly things, yet am I still but a gilded potsherd; it may be I have excellent endowments, but I have them all in an earthen vessel. And shall the potsherd strive with the potter, and provoke him that made it? This would teach us to fear and tremble at God's power. Though we look upon death and judgment as afar off, yet God can make them near when he will; for he hath said, that the damnation of wicked men is swift, and that they are near unto cursing. His judgments are like lightning, and have wings suddenly to overtake a sinner. He requires but a month, nay, but a morning, nay, but a moment, to consume his enemies, and bring desolation upon those who said they should sit as a lady for ever, and did never remember the latter end. "Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged," namely, by the patience and permission of God, in whose hands his days are, "yet it shall go well at last only with those that fear God." The wicked are not able to prolong their own days.

THE WICKED PROSPEROUS.

Why should any man murmur at the prosperity of wicked men, or conceive of God's proceedings as if they were irregular and unequal? as if there were no profit for those who walk mournfully, but the proud and wicked workers were set up. This is to revile the workman while he is yet in the fitting of his work. The pieces are not yet put together in their proper joints; and, therefore, no marvel if the

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evenness and beauty of God's works be not so plainly discovered; for everything is "beautiful in its time." What though the corn in the field hang down the head, and the weeds seem to flourish and overtop it; stay but till the harvest, and it will then appear which was for the garner, and which for the fire. Go into the sanctuary of the Lord, and by faith look unto the day of the revelation of God's righteous judgments; and it will appear "that the ways of the Lord are right, though the transgressors stumble in them," or be offended at them.

JOY! JOY!

What man in a sad and disconsolate estate would not spread wide open his heart, and let out his spirits, to run upon the embraces of that man who was coming unto him with a message of more lovely and acceptable news than the very wishes of his heart could have framed to himself? When Joseph was sent for out of prison into Pharaoh's court, when Jacob saw the chariots which were brought to carry him unto Joseph his son, how were they revived and comforted after their distresses! When Caligula the emperor sent for Agrippa (the same which was afterwards smitten by the angel) whom Tiberius had bound in chains, and cast into prison, caused him to change his garments and cut his hair (it seems that long and ugly hair was then the fashion of discontented prisoners), and placed a diadem on his head, made him tetrarch of Iturea and Trachonitis, and governor of Judea, and for his chain of iron gave him another of gold of equal weight, as the historian relateth, he saith that men could not believe so wonderful a change; for things of extraordinary goodness are very difficultly believed. "When the Lord turned away the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream;" the thing was so incredibly suitable to their desires, that it seemed rather the imaginary wish of a dream than a deliverance really acted; as Peter, when he was delivered out of prison, thought he had seen a vision; Jacob could not at first believe the news of the life and honour of Joseph his son; and the disciples, for very joy, were not able to believe the resurrection of Christ. Now, what are all the good tidings to the gospel, which is a word of salvation, which opens prisons and lets out captives, which brings our King unto us, and makes us kings too, which gives us such a joy as the whole world cannot rob us of? "Your joy shall no man take from you." The joy which Caligula gave unto Agrippa, Claudius might have taken from him, as he did after from Agrippa, his son; and though he did not, yet we see the angel did. But the joy of the gospel is invariable. The angels themselves (to whom, one might think, the joys of men should seem but small) call it "a great joy." It is the "joy of a treasure, infinitely more worth than all which a man hath besides." "A joy of triumphal harvest," and of "victorious spoils," wherein there is not only an escape from dangerous hazard, but a large reward of peace and plenty. It is "a full joy;" there is no sorrow mingled with it; nay, it is "all joy," and therefore there is nothing but sorrow without it. All joy in itself, and all joy in the midst of opposition too. A joy in the heart like gold in the mine, which turneth every thing about it into joy. Divers temptations take not away one scruple of it, no more than fire doth of gold; it is all joy still. "My brethren," saith the apostle, "count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations." It turneth the reproaches of men into riches; nay, in the midst of all other tribulations, it is our peace and our glory.

UNBELIEF THE GREAT SIN.

In the contempt of the gospel there is more dishonour done unto every person of the blessed Trinity than can be by any other sin. An undervaluing of the Father's wisdom, that great mystery and counsel of redemption which was hidden from former ages; and what an indignity is it unto him, for a man to shut out the light of the sun, that so he may enjoy that pitiful benefit of darkness, to gaze upon the false glistering of rotten wood, or of earthly slime, the deceit whereof would be by the true light discovered! An undervaluing of his wonderful love, as if he had put himself unto a needless compassion, and might have kept it still in his own bosom. A scorn unto the Son of God, when we suffer him to stand at our doors, with his locks wet with the dew of heaven, to put his finger into the hole of the lock, as if he desired to steal an entrance upon the soul; to empty, to humble, to deny himself, to suffer the wrongs of men and the wrath of God; and after all this, to have that precious blood, which was squeezed out with such woful agonies, counted no other than the blood of a common malefactor; nor that sacred body, which was thus broken, discerned from the bodies of the thieves which were crucified with him. An indignity beyond all apprehension to the Spirit of grace, when we suffer him to wait daily at our Bethesda, our houses of mercy, and all in vain; to spend his sacred breath in the ministry of reconciliation, in doubling and redoubling his requests unto our souls, that we should be contented to be saved; and we shall harden our hearts, and stop our ears, and set up the pride and stoutness of our own reasonings, till we do even weary him, and chide him away from us. Now, this is a certain rule, God will not lose any honour by men's sins; if they refuse to give him the glory of his mercy, he will show the glory of his power and justice, in treading down the proud enemies of Christ under his feet. As they that honour him shall be honoured, so they who cast any disgrace upon his truth and covenant shall be sure to meet with shame and dishonour at the last.

WHAT AMUSEMENTS ARE SINFUL?

In deciding what amusements are lawful and what are sinful, we may apply a few general principles. Thus,—

First, Every amusement is sinful which tends to the injury of the health and the physical constitution. God requires that even the body should be presented a living sacrifice to his service; and when, for the sake of momentary enjoyment, the gratification of taste or appetite, the physical system is deranged or weakened, God is robbed of what is rightfully his. Men shudder at the thought of the untimely death of those who, in a moment of insanity, or impelled by the remorse of conscience, have put an end to their earthly existence; and unless there is satisfactory evidence that they were *insane*, we have reason to tremble in view of their sin. But why is it any more self-murder to apply the halter or the knife, and thus end one's days, than to do the same thing by a round of dissipation or amusement? But—

Secondly, Every amusement is sinful which tends to weaken or destroy the intellectual powers. Man is distinguished from the lower orders of created beings by the possession of the reasoning faculties. These are given to him for some good and noble purposes. If he pursues a course of conduct, or indulges in such amusements, as may disqualify him to exert these faculties for good, he sins against his own soul and against God. The youth who spends his time in

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storing his mind with vain and idle stories, or in reading novels and romances, is an instance in which this is effectually done.

Thirdly, Those amusements are sinful which have a tendency to dissipate from the mind sober, serious reflection. Man is living for eternity. It should be his great object to do that which will prepare him for that world to which he is hasting, and which will be pleasing to his heavenly Father and his Judge. As a creature of God, he is bound to do whatever he does to the glory of God. Can there be any question, then, whether those amusements are sinful which are inconsistent with religion, or which inevitably withdraw the mind from those things that concern the interest of the soul, and drive away the Spirit of God?

THE SORT OF PREACHING WANTED.

(FOR YOUNG MINISTERS.)

WE want preaching directed *to* something. There is a vast difference between preaching to a particular end, knowing the state of the people and preaching to it, and simply writing two sermons a-week on any subject that happens to come up.

How is this power gained? Not simply by theological study, or by hearing lectures. It is by *practice*. In Paul's good way we must be "all things to all men." The pastor must have his social life—what may be called his economical life; and those who do not have this, are crippled, embarrassed, so as sometimes to excite a pitying wonder. This will not be acquired in seminaries; it never can be. The seminaries do as well as they can; but they can't do this. They are good as far as they go. They teach metaphysics, hermeneutics, polemic theology, sacred rhetoric—but they do not "furnish unto *every* good work." Their graduate may be as "harmless as a dove," but he will not be as "wise as a serpent." His gun is all made, and loaded, and primed, and polished, and he fires, but he fires *too high*. He forgets the advice of John Wesley, "Fire low;" or it may be he aims at an old dismantled fort, away on one side, which the enemy deserted long ago—and how well he would have done, if the enemy had only been there! Oh how he would have annihilated the enemy, if there had only been an enemy to be annihilated! We don't want all great men—we don't want young men all trying to be great—above all, aping the defects and peculiarities of great men; an excrescence, scarcely noticeable on a great oak, is a monstrosity in a sapling. There is a tendency in young ministers to abstract study—to isolate themselves—and they get "literary tastes," but they don't get sympathy with the people. They preach some "splendid" sermons, and then they have got to keep up their reputation. Their constitutions are feeble, and tney begin to grow "Mondayish," and perhaps *Tuesdayish*, and their great efforts fall back on their own shoulders. They get to be nervous, and then they need the sympathy of the *kind ladies* of the congregation. This is an unfortunate state to be in—especially in these times. If ever there was a time when *men* were needed—yes, that's the word, *men*—able, strong, determined men, whole souled, sympathizing with God and man—with a beating, throbbing heart for agitated humanity, when social earthquakes are overthrowing thrones and convulsing nations—it is now. Yes, we must have *men* in such times as these. How are they to be trained? Not by study alone, not by action alone, but by both united. How can theological students do better than by spending three months of every year in Home Mission service? Let them start out on foot, take their bundle of books, go among the people, talk with them, be one of them. They will find what sorts of people there are. As a student in college, who had been teaching, said to me, "I never before had an idea that there were such people in the world." They will find out that there *are* such people in the world. This is just the experience wanted.—*Rev. Dr Hopkins, in an address at the annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society.*

"HE THAT HATH PITY ON THE POOR, LENDETH TO THE LORD."

(*From the Life of the Rev. T. Scott.*)

MY resources were aided just at this time, by a very unexpected legacy, the circumstances attending which may deserve to be explained.

Some years before, I had become acquainted, as a minister, with a female servant, of whose character I entertained a high opinion, and who was reduced by disease, justly deemed incurable, to the painful necessity of going into a London workhouse (where the society must be peculiarly distressing to pious persons), unless some charitable provision could, in another way, be made for her. As I was intrusted by affluent and liberal friends with money for such purposes, I proposed to support her for a time, till further medical means could be tried. Her case, however, was soon given up, as beyond the reach of medicine; and it was thought that she could not long survive. Her situation became known to some families in which she had lived; and, with the prospect of aid from them, I received her into my house, and undertook her support. From one family in particular, in which she was greatly respected, I received at least ten pounds a-year on her account. This, with some other helps, enabled me to maintain her, without any improper expense to myself. Thus things proceeded, till I was preparing to leave London, by building a house on my living; when one of the family just mentioned, to whom I was known chiefly by means of this poor woman, died, and left me a legacy of £200. I still received, for several years, the usual aid for her support, and, at the decease of another member of the family, a further sum of £40. Thus I have had the privilege, and at little charge, for at least seventeen or eighteen years, of preserving from very great distress a poor, suffering, diseased person, whom I doubt not the Saviour and Judge of the world will own at the great day of final retribution as intimately related to himself, and the heir of his kingdom. (Matt. xxv. 34–40; Mark iii. 34, 35.) I would further observe, that this is the person who was described in the "Christian Observer" for July 1803, page 416, as having expended all her savings, made in service, upon her aged and distressed parents, in the confidence that God would raise her up friends in case the time should come when she should not be able to maintain herself. Such instances of the faithfulness of God to those who trust his providence, while they obey his commands, seem peculiarly worthy to be had in remembrance.

At the time Mr Scott's Memoir was written, this person was still living, and under the care of the

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family. The biographer observes concerning her: "Such are her fervent and affectionate piety, her cheerfulness, and the consistency of her temper and conduct, and (we are sure) the earnestness of her prayers for all about her, that though she is unable to walk up and down stairs, or to get to church except by being carried, yet her presence is esteemed a privilege by servants, as well as by master and mistress, among those who have received her under their roof."

THREE GRADATIONS OF LOVE.

A CHRISTIAN, says Richard Baxter, doth love God in these three gradations: He loveth him much for his mercy to himself, and for that goodness which consisteth in benignity to himself; but he loveth him more for his mercy to the Church, and for that goodness which consisteth in his benignity to the Church. But he loveth him most of all for his infinite perfections and essential excellencies, his infinite power, and wisdom, and goodness, simply in himself considered. For he knoweth that love to himself obligeth him to returns of love; especially differencing, saving grace; and he knoweth that the souls of millions are worth more incomparably than his own, and that God may be much more honoured by them than by him alone, and therefore he knoweth that the mercy to many is greater mercy, and a greater demonstration of the goodness of God, and therefore doth render him more amiable to man. And yet he knoweth that essential perfection and goodness of God, as simply in himself and for himself, is much more amiable than his benignity to the creature.

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

IN the intervals of his suffering, he spoke incessantly of the goodness of God; and, forgetting himself in his anxiety for the Church, prayed: "Lord, though I am a miserable, wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others would wish and would be glad of my death. Lord, however thou dost dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments, to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be thy pleasure.—Amen." At length the last night came that was to usher in his *fortunate day*. The 3d of September, the anniversary of Dunbar, and of Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were everywhere beseeching Heaven to spare the Protector. But the King of kings had issued his decree; and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long was already gathering its pinions for eternity. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," broke thence from his pallid lips, and then he fell, in solemn faith in the covenant of grace. His breath came difficult and thick; but amid the pauses of the storm, he was heard murmuring, "Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not——." His tongue failed him; but, says an eye-witness (Underwood), I apprehend it was, "*He will not leave me.*" Again and again there escaped from the ever-moving lips the half-articulate words, "God is good—God is good." Once, with sudden energy, he exclaimed: "*I would be willing to live, to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.*" All night long, he murmured thus to himself of God, showing how perfect was his trust—how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered him, he said, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to God."

While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild and terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathize with the dying patriot and hero. The wind howled and roared around the palace; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown down; and trees, that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uptorn, and strewn over the earth. The sea, too, was vexed; the waves smote, in ungovernable fury, the shores of England; and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It was a night when there are,

> "As they say,
> Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
> And phosphorizing, with accents terrible
> Of dire commotion, and confused events
> Now hatched to the woful time. * *
> * * * Some say the cattle
> Were feverous, and did shake."

But all was calm and serene around the dying-bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white-winged dove, sat; and that voice which had turned the tide of so many battles, now murmured only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted, "*Tête d'armée,*" as his glaring eye fell once more on the heads of his mighty columns disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a nobler departure. The storm and uproar without brought no din of arms to his dying ear—not in the delirium of battle did his soul burst away; but, with his eye fixed stedfastly on the "eternal kingdom," and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the shore of time, and sank from sight for ever.

He died at three o'clock that day—on the very day which, eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar—the same which, seven years previous, heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester. But this was the last and most terrible battle of all; yet he came off victorious; and, triumphing over his last enemy, death, passed into that serene world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of men never disturb.

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JUDICIOUS REPROOF.

A VENERABLE elder of the Reformed Presbyterian Church was travelling one day in one of the Forth and Clyde Canal boats in company with a number of soldiers, who shocked him much by their profane swearing. Fearing that direct reproof would only lead to a repetition of the offence, he entered into conversation with them, and, embracing a suitable opportunity, asked if any of them could tell him what sin that was, by being guilty of which men exceeded devils in wickedness. The question immediately arrested their attention; but none of them could answer him; and, after waiting a little, he explained, that, in swearing and calling upon God to destroy them, men exceeded devils in wickedness; for devils had pleaded with our Saviour, in the days of his flesh, not to torment them before the time. Such was the effect produced by this mode of dealing, that not an oath was sworn during the rest of the passage; and, at parting, the sergeant in charge of the party shook hands and thanked him for his well-timed reproof.

SIN NEVER GROWS WEAK WITH AGE.

MEN are apt to persuade themselves, that it is an easy matter to grow virtuous as they grow old. But it is a way of arguing highly irrational and fallacious: for this is a maxim of eternal truth, "That nothing grows weak with age, but that which will at length die with age"—which sin never does. The longer a blot continues, the deeper it sinks. And it will be found a work of no small difficulty to dispossess and throw out a vice from the heart, where long possession begins to plead prescription. It is naturally impossible for an old man to grow young again; and it is *next* to impossible for a decrepid, aged sinner to become a new creature, and to be "born again."—*South.*

GOOD INCLINATIONS.

GOD never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is thereby made so much the more criminal and inexcusable. A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will; which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect, if ill disposed, will, by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it.

NERO.

NERO was one who united in himself the most different and unsociable qualities—namely, to be ridiculous and to be terrible; for what more ridiculous than a fiddling emperor, and more terrible than a bloody tyrant? He was, in short, the plague of the world, the stain of human nature, and the blush of majesty—one who seemed to be sent and prepared by Providence to give the world a proof that the greatest crimes might be united to the greatest dignity, and, by a new way of confirmation, to put his seal to the truth of Christianity, by his hatred of it.

EARTHLY COMFORTS.

IT is the nature of earthly comforts to afford more delight in their hopes than in their enjoyment. But it is much otherwise in heavenly things; which are of that solid and substantial perfection, as always to satisfy, yet never to satiate; and therefore the delight that springs from the fruition of those is still fresh and verdant; nay, we may add, that the very expectation of heavenly things, if rational and well-grounded, affords more comfort than the possession and enjoyment of the greatest earthly comforts whatsoever.

REPENTANCE.

WE may compare the soul to a linen cloth. It must be first washed, to take off its native hue and colour, and to make it white; and afterwards it must be ever and anon washed, to preserve and to keep it white. In like manner, the soul must first be cleansed from a state of sin, by a converting repentance, and so made pure; and afterwards by a daily repentance, it must be purged from those actual stains that it contracts, and so be kept pure. It is an enjoyment and privilege reserved for heaven, not to need repentance; and the reason of this is, because the cause of it will then be taken away. But here, this pitch of perfection is not to be hoped for. We cannot expect that God should totally wipe these tears from our eyes, till he has taken all sin out of our hearts. Till it be our power and privilege not to sin, it is still our duty to repent.—*South.*

UNCERTAINTY OF THE PRESENT.

THE sun shines in his full brightness but the very moment before he passes under a cloud: who knows what a day, what an hour, may bring forth? He who builds upon the present builds upon the narrow compass of a point, and where the foundation is so narrow, the superstructure cannot be high and strong too.

Fragments.

It is a common infirmity in most (and in some it may deserve a worse name), that they are more ashamed to repent than to offend. (Josh. vii. 19.)

It is greater honour for any to be God's servants, than it is that a great many, and many great men, are at their service. When David would have built the Temple, saith God to the prophet, "Go tell my servant David" (2 Sam. vii. 5); but when David had sinned in the matter of Uriah, it is only said, "The Lord sent Nathan unto David" (2 Sam. xii. 1), the title of honour, "my servant," is left out. Our honour dies when we live in and unto sin: God will not honour them with the name of his servants, who dishonour him by serving their own lusts. (Rom. vi. 16, 20.)

There is but one way to heaven (John xiv. 6; Acts vi. 12), but there are many ways to hell—as many as there are sins; and it is all one to the devil, so we go to hell, whether we go in the common road of profaneness, or in the (seemingly) pleasant walks of hypocrisy. (Matt. xxiv. 51; Luke xii. 46.)

One may wonder that so many reputed wise men (as Ahithophel, &c.) should play the fool so much as they do; but one cannot expect that wine should be drawn out of pots full of nothing but water, unless it be by miracle; no more may it be expected that men should act wisely till they fear God, for that is the beginning of wisdom, as the wisest of men tells us. (Prov. i. 7.)

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GOOD NEWS.

FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.

The revelation of Christ, and the grace of God through him, is beyond comparison the best news and most joyful tidings that poor sinners can hear. It is such a message that no good news can come before it, nor ill news follow it. No good news can come before it; no, not from God himself to the creature. He cannot issue out any blessing to poor sinners, till he hath shown mercy to their souls in Christ. "God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us." (Ps. lxvii. 1.)

First, God forgives, then he gives. Till he be merciful to pardon our sins through Christ, he cannot bless, or look kindly on us sinners. All our enjoyments are but blessings in bullion, till gospel grace, pardoning mercy, stamp and make them current. God cannot so much as bear any good will to us, till Christ makes peace for us—"on earth peace, good will to men." (Luke ii. 14.) And what joy can a sinner take, though it were to hear of a kingdom fallen to him, if he may not have it with God's good will?

Again, No ill news can come after the glad tidings of the gospel, where believingly embraced. God's mercy in Christ alters the very property of all evils to the believer. All plagues and judgments that can befall the creature in the world, when baptized in the stream of gospel grace, receive a new name, come on a new errand, and have a new taste on the believer's palate; as the same water, by running through some mine, gets a strong taste and a healing virtue, which before it had not. "The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be pardoned their iniquity." (Isa. xxxiii. 24.) Observe, he doth not say, "They shall not be sick;" gospel grace doth not exempt from afflictions; but, "They shall not say, I am sick." They shall be so ravished with the joy of God's pardoning mercy, that they shall not complain of being sick; this, or any other cross, is too thin a veil to darken the joy of the other good news. This is so joyful a message which the gospel brings, that God would not have Adam long without it, but opened a crevice to let some beams of this light, that is pleasant to behold, into his soul, amazed with the terror of God's presence; without which, as he was turned out of paradise, so had he been turned into hell immediately; for such the world would have been to his guilty conscience. This is the news God used to tell his people of on a design to comfort them and cheer them, when things went worse with them, and their affairs were at the lowest ebb. (Isa. vii. 14; Micah v. 5.) This is the great secret which God whispers by his Spirit in the ear of those whom he embraces with his special distinguishing love. (Luke x. 21; 1 Cor. ii. 12;) so that it is made the sad sign of a soul marked out for hell, to have the "gospel hid from it." (2 Cor. iv. 3.) To wind up this in a few words, there meet all the properties of a joyful message in the glad tidings of the gospel. Five ingredients are desirable in a message, yea, must all conspire to fill up the joyfulness thereof into a redundancy.

1. "It must be good." None rejoice to hear evil news. Joy is the dilatation of the heart, whereby it goes forth to meet and welcome in what it desires; and this must needs be some good. Ill news is sure to find the heart shut against it, and to come before it is welcome.

2. "It must be some great good," or else it affects little. Affections are moved according to the degrees of good or evil in the object presented. A thing we hear may be so inconsiderable, that it is no great matter how it goes; but if it be good, and great also, and of weighty importance, this causeth proportionable pleasure. The greater the bell, the more strength is required to raise it. It must be a great good that raiseth great joy.

3. "This great good must immediately concern them that hear it"—that is, they must have propriety in it; for though we can rejoice to hear of some great good befalling another, yet it affects most when it is emptied into our own bosom. A sick man doth not feel the joy of another's recovery with the same advantage as he would do his own.

4. It would much add to the joyfulness of the news, if this were "unheard of, unlooked for," if the tidings steal upon us by way of surprise. The farther our own ignorance or despair has set us from all thoughts of so great enjoyment, the more joy it brings with it, when we hear the news of it.

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The joy of a poor swineherd's son, who never dreamed of a crown, would be greater at the news of such a thing conferred on him, than he whose birth invited him to look for it, yea, promised to him as his inheritance; such a one's heart would stand but level to the place, and therefore could not be so ravished with it as another who lay so far below such a preferment.

5. To fill up the joy of all these, "it is most necessary that the news be true and certain," or else all the joy soon leaks out. What great joy would it afford to hear of a kingdom befallen to a man, and next day, or month, to hear all crossed again, and prove false! Now, in the glad tidings of the gospel, all these do most happily meet together, to wind up the joy of the believing soul to the highest pin that the strings of his affections can possibly bear.

1. The news which the gospel hath in its mouth to tell poor sinners is good. It speaks promises, and they are significations of some good intended by God for poor sinners. The law—that brings ill news to town, it can speak no other language to sinners, but denunciations of evil to come upon them; but the gospel smiles on poor sinners, and planes the wrinkles that sit on the law's brow, by proclaiming promises.

2. The news the gospel brings is as great as it is good. It was that the angel said, "I bring you tidings of great joy." (Luke ii. 10.) Great joy it must needs be, because it is all joy. The Lord Christ brings such news in his gospel, as that he hath left nothing for any after him to add to it. If there be any good wanting in the tidings of the gospel, we find it elsewhere than in God; for in the covenant of the gospel, he gives himself through Christ to the believing soul. Surely the apostle's argument will hold—"All things are yours; ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 22.) The gospel lays our ducts close to the fountain of goodness itself, and he surely must have all, that is united to him that hath, that *is*, all. Can any good news come to the glorified saints which heaven doth not afford them? In the gospel we have news of that glory. "Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." (2 Tim. i. 10.) The sun in the firmament discovers only the lower world. O! it hides heaven from us, while it shows the earth to us; but the gospel enlightens both at once. "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

3. The gospel doth not tell us news we are little concerned in; not what God has done for angels, but for us. "Unto *you*," saith the angel, "is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord." If love made angels rejoice in our happiness, surely the benefit which is paid into our nature by it gives a further pleasure to our joy at the hearing of it. It were strange that the messenger, who only brings the news of some great empire to be devolved on a person, should sing, and the prince to whom it falls should not be glad. And, as the gospel's glad tidings belong to man's nature, not to angels', so in particular to the poor soul, whoever thou art, that embraceth Christ in the arms of thy faith. A prince is a common good to all his kingdom; every subject, though ever so mean, hath a part in him—and so is Christ to all believers. The promises are so laid, that like a well-drawn picture, they look on all that look on them by an eye of faith. The gospel's joy is thy joy, that hast but faith to receive it.

4. The glad tidings of the gospel were unheard of, unlooked for, by the sons of men; such news it brings, as never could have entered into the heart of man to conceive, till God unlocked the cabinet of his own good pleasure and revealed the counsel of his will, wherein this mysterious piece of love to fallen man lay hid far enough from the prying eye of the most quick-sighted angel in heaven, much more from man himself, who could read in his own guilty conscience within, and spell from the covenant without, now broken by him, nothing but his certain doom and damnation. So that the first gospel sermon preached by God himself to Adam anticipated all thoughts of such a thing intended by him. O, who can conceive, but one that hath really felt the terrors of an approaching hell in his despairing soul, how joyous the tidings of gospel mercy are to a poor soul, dwelling amidst the black thoughts of despair, and bordering on the very marches of the region of utter darkness! History tells us of a nobleman of our nation, in King Henry the Eighth's reign, to whom a pardon was sent a few hours before he should have been beheaded, which being not at all expected by him, so transported him that he died for joy. And if the vessel of our nature be so weakly hooped, that the wine of such an inferior joy breaks it, how then could it possibly be able to bear the full joy of the gospel tidings, which doth as far exceed this as the mercy of God doth the mercy of mortal man, and as the deliverance from an eternal death in hell doth a deliverance from a temporary death, which is gone before the pain can well be felt!

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5. The glad tidings of the gospel are certainly true. It is no flying report, cried up to-day, and like to be crossed to-morrow; not news that is in every one's mouth, but none can tell whence it came, and who is the author of it; we have it from a good hand, God himself, "to whom it is impossible to lie." He from heaven voucheth it. "This is my beloved Son; hear him." (Luke ix.) What were all those miracles which Christ wrought, but ratifications of the truth of the gospel? Those wretches that denied the truth of Christ's doctrine were forced many times to acknowledge the divinity of his miracles; which is a pretty piece of nonsense, and declares the absurdity of their unbelief to all the world. The miracles were to the gospel as seals to a writing. They could not deny God to be in the miracles, and yet they could not see him in the doctrine; as if God would set his seal to an untruth. Here, Christians, is that which fills up the joy of this good news the gospel brings, that we may lay our lives upon the truth of it; it will never deceive any that lay the weight of their confidence on it. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.) This bridge which the gospel lays over the gulf of God's wrath, for poor sinners to pass from their sins into the favour of God here, and kingdom of God hereafter, is supported with no other arches than the wisdom, power, mercy, and faithfulness of God; so that the believing soul need not fear, till it sees these bow or break. It is called the "everlasting gospel." (Rev. xiv. 16.) When heaven and earth go to wreck, not the least iota or tittle of any promise of the gospel shall be buried in their ruins. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is the word which by the gospel is preached to you." (1 Pet. i. 25.)

THE DELIVERANCES OF THE WALDENSES.

These humble and faithful Christians have been at last fully emancipated, after long groaning under the most cruel oppression. Their sufferings have excited a deep sympathy throughout the whole world. How many times have we not read the mournful pages which relate the trials and punishments suffered by the Waldenses of Piedmont! They have seen, for more than six hundred years, all the powers of earth leagued against them. They have been anathematized by popes, and massacred by kings. All the varieties of martyrdom which an atrocious fanaticism could invent—imprisonment, banishment, invasion by armed force, murder of wives and children, the axe of the executioner, the torture and fires of the Inquisition,—all, all have been employed by intolerance for their utter extermination. And yet they have survived these bloody persecutions. There remain still in the valleys of the Alps more than twenty thousand Waldenses who profess the faith of their fathers. Glorious witnesses of the truth, they are connected by an uninterrupted historical chain to the primitive Church, and their presence shows that the light of the Church has never been wholly extinguished in Christendom.

Are they not a living proof of the impotence of fanaticism? Ah! if the rage of men could have destroyed the Waldenses to the last man, and have abolished their memory, it would have done it. But no: the sword of Popery and the sword of princes have not succeeded in their work of destruction. There is a God in heaven, who protects, who sustains right, justice, truth; and if, in his mysterious designs, he allows sometimes that iniquity and error obtain an apparent triumph, he imposes for them, as for the waves of the sea, bounds that they may not pass. Let us ever have, in the midst of the most violent tempests, a firm confidence in the decrees of the Lord, and our hope will not be deceived. The day of reparation will come: it must come, because justice and truth are eternal, like God.

The Waldenses of Piedmont are now free—as free as other citizens of that country; they enjoy the same rights; they can fill the same offices in the State; all the old acts of exclusion are rescinded, and the Piedmontese have been received at Turin with acclamations of joy. We will give at the close of this narrative, an account of the great national festival which was held on this occasion: but we must first show what has been the religious and civil condition of the Waldenses since the revolution of 1789. It will be then easier to understand their great joy and their deep gratitude to God for the complete emancipation they have obtained.

The principles of religious toleration, which were proclaimed in the eighteenth century, had not acquired much authority in Piedmont and Savoy. This country was governed by priests. The princes, instructed in the principles of ecclesiastical power, submitted themselves unreservedly to the dictation of Rome. The Waldenses were treated as an inferior caste, and as enemies. They had not been exposed, indeed, for sixty years, to be led to the scaffold: Europe would have shuddered with indignation and horror at such atrocities; but they were still subjected to the most oppressive tyranny. The law compelled them to be shut up in their valleys as in a prison; they were forbidden to occupy any civil office, or exercise any liberal profession; none of their communion could be

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notaries or physicians. Their children were often abducted by priests, and when they complained, they were answered with threats and insults. A shameful proselytism was carried on among them. The Popish clergy had opened by the side of their churches a so-called *house for catechumens*, where they fed and clothed those unhappy persons who consented to sell their consciences for money. Heavy taxes were laid on the Waldenses, and they could hardly, by their diligent labour, supply themselves with the means of subsistence.

When the great revolution of 1789 burst upon Europe, like a thunderbolt, the poor oppressed people of Piedmont hoped that their lot would be amended. But they were still deceived in their expectation for several years. Their sovereign called them to fight under his banner against France. The Waldenses did their duty bravely and faithfully; they shed their blood on the battle-field to defend a country which had not allowed them the rights of citizens. But with all their zeal they were basely calumniated. As they met with some reverses in their contests with the French troops, the Popish clergy accused them of *treason* and of being *accomplices with the enemy*. The Romish population of Piedmont were rendered fanatical by these slanders; and, horrible to relate! a plot was formed to execute another St Bartholomew against the Waldenses! The crime was to be perpetrated in the night of 14th to 15th May 1793. A band of assassins, to the number of 700, had sworn to attack the communes of *Saint John* and *La Tour*, and to put all to fire and sword. It was the easier for Papists to effect this massacre, as all the Waldenses, capable of bearing arms, were encamped then upon the summits of the mountains, to resist the invasion of the French. The conspirators would then have found all the women, children, old men, and they would have been able to butcher these without obstacle or resistance. Happily, this infernal plot was revealed opportunely by two Roman Catholics more humane than the rest. The Waldensian soldiers, being warned, returned in haste to their homes, and the conspirators dared not execute their design. The list of names of these wretches was produced in court at Turin, but the government did not institute a judicial prosecution: fearing, apparently, to involve many priests in this frightful conspiracy!

In 1797 the Waldenses obtained some *concessions*. But what were these? They were allowed to have physicians of their own religion. They were promised protection against the taking away of their children, and a diminution of part of the taxes with which they were loaded. They had leave, lastly, to repair their churches, and even to enlarge them, if this was judged absolutely necessary. This is all! No real liberty; no equality of rights between them and the Roman Catholics; all the prohibitions were continued, and yet the priests complained that the Waldenses had obtained *too much!* Detestable spirit of intolerance! it tramples under foot the first principles of justice! it calls evil good, good evil, and thinks it does God service when doing the work of Satan!

Two years after, in 1799, Piedmont passed under the French rule. Then, for the first time, since their origin, the Waldenses enjoyed real liberty of conscience and of worship. They became citizens like others, and could be appointed to all public offices. But, alas! this favour cost them dear. Their valleys, successively traversed by the French, Germans, Russians, &c., were completely devastated. The fields were uncultivated, the houses burnt, the churches destroyed. The most necessary articles of living were enormously dear. The rich could hardly subsist, and the poor died from want. The pastors especially found themselves in the most destitute condition. They no longer received pecuniary aid from England, Holland, and Prussia. War had interrupted all communications. How could ministers of the gospel supply their most pressing wants? The members of Consistory went from house to house, to solicit a morsel of bread for these spiritual guides, and the general poverty prevented often the satisfying of their wants. Some pastors then engaged in secular employments, in order to support their families; others tried to bear patiently these severe privations.

At last, the horizon became brighter. Napoleon visited Piedmont in 1805, and learning what was the condition of the pastors, he gave them a salary from the public treasury. The Waldenses were faithful to their new sovereign. They were doubly attached to him, by their oath and by gratitude. Some of them served with distinction in the French armies; they acquired high rank by their bravery, and showed that they were worthy of commanding others.

But the restoration of 1814 came. The king of Sardinia, *Victor-Emanuel*, recovered possession of Piedmont. The Waldenses hoped that they would be allowed the same rights as the Romanists. Vain hope! Victor-Emanuel returned with a numerous company of Jesuits and bishops; he had for his confessor a disciple of Loyola. These priests persuaded the prince that the laws of the French government were anti-catholic and wicked, that they ought to restore the old order of things, and that the Romish religion must alone prevail.

It is easy to imagine the surprise, the grief, the consternation of the Waldenses, when, by a royal edict, they were put back precisely in the state where they were fifteen years before. After having enjoyed liberty, they again became slaves! The iron yoke which had oppressed their fathers, weighed

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heavily on their necks! Shame to kings who allow themselves to be in bondage to Jesuitism!

What could the Waldenses do? They had no force to oppose their oppressors, and they yielded to despotism, lifting their hands to God, the protector of the feeble and the innocent. The clergy resorted to trick after trick. They would fain have compelled the restoration of the whole amount of taxes which had been levied on the property of the Romish Church, by the French government. If this demand had been enforced, the Waldensian pastors and their flocks would have been reduced to utter beggary. But the intendant of the province, more generous than the members of the clergy, prevented these extravagant claims from being allowed.

We will not recite all the exactions which have annoyed the Waldenses from 1815 to the present time. The bishops of *Pignerol* (the principal city of these valleys), undertook anew to *convert* the heretics in their manner. They published pastoral letters full of false arguments against Protestantism, and distributed them to every family. Observe, that the Waldensian pastors had no right to publish in their turn any reply; for the law restricting the press authorized the attacks, but forbade any defence. The Waldenses had not even leave to introduce Protestants books from foreign countries; and if they succeeded in procuring some, it was by means of the British and Prussian ministers. Romanists call loudly for the liberty of the press among nations where they are in the minority; but everywhere else, they refuse it as long as possible to their adversaries.

Another kind of tyranny which was renewed in the valleys, consisted in exercising a constant proselytism, without shame or restraint. A convent was rebuilt at the very centre of the Waldensian population, under the name of the *Priory of the Sacred Religion*. Eight monks were installed there, with the express design of labouring for the rooting out of heresy. The poor Waldensians knew by long experience how Popish monks effect *conversions*, and they were now satisfied that these violent and fraudulent methods had not been abandoned. The *converters* went from family to family, to intimidate some, to make fine promises to others, and they succeeded in seducing some ignorant or unprincipled persons. Thus, in a single year, in a time of famine, they added to the Romish Church about twenty individuals. Who are they? ignorant and worth less persons. But no matter: Popery looks less at quality than quantity. The Waldenses had not the right, on their part, to make proselytes. If they tried to lead a Roman Catholic to their communion, they were punished severely. Rome did in these valleys what the Czar Nicholas is reproached for doing in Russia against Papists: namely, she reserved to herself alone the privilege of religious proselytism.

The Waldenses were constrained to be soldiers; but they could not, whatever their personal merit, attain to the grade of officers. They were punished for the same things for which others were rewarded. They were forbidden to reside more than three days out of the territory, in any town whatever, of Piedmont, as if they had been infected with the plague! Orders were given to them, at different times, to sell the property which they had purchased under the French government, beyond their immediate homes. In a word, the three small valleys which they cultivated were transformed into a sort of dungeon. They must remain there shut up, like Jews in certain quarters of German cities; and as all the population could not find employment nor subsistence in so narrow a space, many of the Waldenses had no other resource but to quit for ever their native soil. They went away weeping, and sought among strangers the means of subsistence.

Such was their situation—not in the barbarous dark ages—not in a time of universal fanaticism—but only a few months ago. It would have been worse still, if they had not been protected at the court of Turin by the Protestant princes of Europe. Count de Walbourg, Prussian ambassador, had received from king Frederick-William special instructions concerning the Waldenses. He was their constant friend. He went to visit them, noted their wants, pled often their cause with the king of Sardinia, and collected subscriptions to found an hospital in the valleys. This establishment was indispensable; for if a sick Waldensian entered a Popish hospital, he was annoyed till his last breath by odious intrusions of priests.

England showed also to the Waldenses a kind sympathy. The British ambassador was, like the Prussian, their advocate at Turin. English Christians, touched by their pitiable lot, made large collections for them. We ought to mention, in particular, the honourable Colonel Beckwith, who, after nobly doing his duty in the British army, had taken up his residence among the Waldenses. An influential and generous man, he devoted a part of his fortune to diffuse instruction in these mountains which he adopted as his country. He contributed to found more than eighty schools; and his memory will be ever blessed among that people, to whom he has been a most devoted friend.

Still the Waldenses experienced no favourable change in their lot, when, all at once, the cry of *reformation* was sounded from one end of Italy to the other, and repeated by all classes of the people. "Reform of all old abuses and superannuated laws! Civil and political reform! Reform in the rights of princes and privileges

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of the clergy!" This was what was called for, with common consent, at Rome, Florence, Naples, Turin—by the whole Italian nation. Many honourable inhabitants of Piedmont, at the head of whom figured four Romish bishops, addressed a petition to the king, Charles Albert, to request the emancipation of the Jews. Surely the Waldenses could not be overlooked in this movement for general freedom. When the Jews could be admitted to the rights of citizenship, why should the disciples of Christ be held in a state of humiliating inferiority? It would have been the most shocking contradiction. So, the inhabitants of the Waldensian valleys were included in the act of *civil and political emancipation*, published the 25th February last in the official Gazette of Turin.

It would be impossible to depict the tears of joy which flowed from all eyes, when this glad news circulated, like lightning, among the Waldenses. What thanksgiving, what congratulations, what prayers! Six hundred years of pains and sufferings were at last repaired! At night, bonfires were kindled by the inhabitants on the summits of their mountains, and produced, by their reflection upon the snows of the Alps, a magnificent effect. The village of La Tour was illuminated, and the Roman Catholics themselves joined at Pignerol in these demonstrations of joy.

But this was only the beginning of the great festival. It was agreed that a national solemnity should be held at Turin, and that the delegates of all the communes of the kingdom should attend. The Waldenses were assigned a prominent place in the procession, marching under a distinct banner. Listen to the narrative of an eye-witness; we borrow the following account from a letter of a Waldensian, published in a Swiss journal:—

"... The committee appointed to conduct the festival, decided by acclamation that the Waldenses should be placed at the head of the corporations of the capital. '*They have long enough been the last*,' said they; '*let them for once, at least, be first!*' The banner under which we marched, wrought by our brethren of Turin, bore, on a blue velvet ground, this simple inscription in large silver letters: '*A Carlo-Alberto Vidaliesi riconoscenti*—The grateful Waldenses to Charles-Albert.'

"While we were on the parade ground a delegation from the city of Genoa offered us the warmest congratulations on our emancipation. From the moment when we began to march through the streets of Turin, for four hours the loud and constant cry was repeated: *Live our brethren the Waldenses! Let the Waldenses be emancipated!* This cry was uttered by the dense crowd through which the procession passed: it was echoed aloud from the windows, the balconies, the terraces, with marks of the liveliest sympathy. In the streets inhabited by the upper and more intelligent classes, the acclamations were redoubled, the demonstrations became more earnest. I saw priests, on our route, throw their hats in the air, and cry with all their might: *Live our brothers the Waldenses!* .....

"When the banners borne by the train defiled one before the other, the scene became still more touching. Imagine what we felt at the sight of these people, met together from the ends of the kingdom, and many of whom had never heard the Waldenses spoken of but as abominable heretics. Now they reached to us cordially the hand, called us their brothers, and rejoiced with us that the chains which had held us in oppression for so many ages were broken. How are the times changed! How many prejudices has this great act of justice overthrown in a moment!

"It was especially when, called in our turn to pay our respects to the king, we had to pass amidst the body of students and merchants, that the grasping of hands, mutual embracings, and shouts of congratulation, became truly ecstatic. To the cries, a thousand times repeated, of *Live our brothers the Waldenses!* was associated then the words (unheard of before in Turin) *Live liberty of worship! Live liberty of conscience!* and the like.

"At this moment we arrived on the Place du Chateau. This ground which, more than once, had been covered with innumerable crowds to witness the punishment of a Waldensian heretic committed to the flames, presented then a very different spectacle. The place was filled; the balconies, the windows, the turrets of the castle, showed dense rows of heads one above another. But from the bosom of this vast crowd was no longer heard the old cry: *Death to the heretic!* on the contrary, the cry which escaped from all mouths was the same we had heard already so many times: *Live our brothers the Waldenses!*

" . . . During the rest of our march, the scenes were repeated which I have already described. I will only say that, from this day forward, Piedmont is truly a country for us, and the Piedmontese are brethren. All our past pain is forgotten. Our people seem to breathe in another air. Fathers feel that a new prospect is opened to their children, and bright joy pervades all faces."

What can we add to this narrative? "The bush burned but was not consumed." Let us render glory to God who does such great things for his children. The Waldenses possess liberty of conscience, and it is to be hoped they will never lose it more. Popish intolerance is extinct for ever, and Popery itself is doomed to vanish soon before the holy and eternal religion of God the Saviour. "The rod of the wicked shall not always rest upon the lot of the righteous."

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THE PILGRIM.

Oh! there are pleasures in the world that mingle with the soul,
Joys that, through every swelling vein, in tides of rapture roll;
And there are realms of fancied bliss, that fadeless seem and free;
But what are all those fleeting joys, and all their charms to me?
With girded loins and sandal'd feet, my staff within my hand,
I am at best a pilgrim here, and seek a better land.

Oh! there are agonizing views of hell's destructive power,
And doleful, dark, malignant cares, that prison every hour;
And there are dread, foreboding thoughts of sorrows yet to be,
That cling around the sinking soul; but what are they to me?
With girded loins and sandal'd feet, my staff within my hand,
I am at best a pilgrim here, and seek a better land.

In all the pleasures and the pains that anxious mortals know,
I hear a voice that cries aloud—"Go forward, pilgrim, go;
Pass onward to that heavenly clime where sorrows rise no more;
Fulness of joy will there be found, and pleasures evermore.
With girded loins and sandal'd feet, thy staff within thy hand,
Go forward, pilgrim, on thy way, and find that heavenly land."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PENTATEUCH.

BY MRS POSTANS.

In the 12th chapter of the Book of Genesis, from the 4th to the 10th verses, we read of the journeying of the patriarch Abram from Chaldea to Canaan—"And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered." The people of the East ever thus travel, they and their families, with their substance. It has frequently occurred to me to see movements of a similar kind, sometimes the result of scarcity, when men have travelled from a province devastated by famine, to eat bread; sometimes the effect of political agitation, when the possessors of great flocks and herds among the pastoral tribes feared foray from their own military chiefs, or attack from bodies of horse sweeping down upon them from the enemy. This was particularly the case in Beloochistan, during the period of the late Cabul campaign, and the Kujjuck and other shepherd tribes of the hills brought their families down to the plains and villages of Cutchee for protection. While travelling, the head of the family commonly rode upon a camel, his sons and brethren, armed with sword and matchlock, following on foot and guarding the women, who were, with their servants and children, mounted on ponies; bullocks bringing up the rear with tents, water-vessels, grain-bags, and all "their substance." And we see that at Bethel Abram "pitched his tent." The tents in present general use in the East, by Mohammedans and European travellers, whether in Syria or India, are formed of canvass or coarse cloth, occasionally dyed green by the Moslems, and decorated with stars and crescents of crimson embroidery; but the pastoral tribes and mountaineers about the Afghan passes form their tents of goats'-hair spun by their women, the advantages of warmth and facility of transit being considerably greater than attaches to the tent of cotton cloth; and as this species of movable house is supported on bamboos to be found in every Eastern forest, and may be fastened either to the thorny shrubs of the desert or stones of the hill side, its advantages are undeniable; and considering the early period in which Abram journeyed from Haran, and his patriarchal character, it is probable that the tent he pitched at Bethel was of hair woven from the produce of his flocks, by Sarai and her maidens.

In the 13th chapter and the 2d verse, we are told that "Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." The whole history of the patriarch's domestic condition is precisely similar to that which might be given of an Afghan or Belooche pastoral chief of the present day. I remember an instance in Shēr Mohammed, who came to negotiate affairs in the province of Shikarpoor, and pitched his tent, with those of his wives and servants, on the desert. He was a fine-looking man, with a handsome beard descending to his girdle; a ponderous turban of white cotton encircled his head, and silver ornaments of rude but massive workmanship adorned his neck, arms, and hands—for he, like Abram, was "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." And he carried his wealth of metal on the person of himself, his wives, and his children, as the custom is with Orientals; and his flocks and herds travelled with him, with their herdsmen, and were confined in pens about the tents. Shēr Mohammed and his family subsisted on the milk and ghee they produced; and when I quitted the tent, the chief, with true Belooche hospitality, pressed on my acceptance a kid of the goats, with butter in a brazen vessel.

In the 16th chapter and 3d verse, we see that "Sarai, Abram's wife, took Hagar her maid, the Egyptian, after Abram had dwelt ten years in the land of Canaan, and gave her to her husband Abram to be his wife." .... I recollect a fact very similar to the giving of the Egyptian maiden to Abram, in the family of his highness the Nuwaub of Junaghār in Western India. The prince, according to the privilege of Moslems, having four wives, but being still unblessed with offspring, at length the chief wife gave her slave girl to the Nuwaub, and a son was born. This infant was introduced to me as the child of the Burrah Beebee, and was always treated and spoken of in the harem as such by the other wives. The mother, indeed, nursed the boy, but herself called it the son of her mistress, and it was only after inquiry that I discovered he was in fact the offspring of the Beebee's bondwoman. A similar circumstance occurred in the family of the Rao of Cutch; but when the prince married the daughter of a Rajpoot chieftain, who bore him a son, a little lad whom I saw, like the son of Jacob, clad in a "coat of many colours," the bondwoman and her son were cast out, or at least the son of the bondwoman was no longer considered as heir to the Musmud of Cutch, with the son of the free woman. . . . .

In the 12th chapter of Numbers and the 10th verse, we read, "And Aaron looked upon Miriam, and, behold, she was leprous." And again in the 14th verse, "Let her be shut out from the camp seven days." The plague of leprosy in India is lamentably

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common, and among the lower classes the "reddish spot" upon the dark skin, showing uncleanness, may be constantly observed. I recollect looking from my window at Anjar in Cutch, when the door of a hut opened, and a woman came forth, whiter than a European, to wash her cooking vessels. I imagined she might be a soldier's wife, perhaps deserted in this miserable village, and sent to inquire; but in answer found that she was a Hindu, who had thus become "leprous, white as snow." On the Guzerat peninsula of Western India, I visited the temple of the "Datar Chelah." This man had been a great priest, and enjoyed the reputation of a saint for his benevolence, which the word datar, or *giver*, conveys. The power of the saint is supposed to be peculiarly felt in this spot. To it those afflicted with leprosy resort, their clothes rent and their "head bare," to beseech healing from the saint. The temple is surrounded with a dense forest, and in these wild solitudes lepers from every part of India "dwell alone," until they are cleansed, or devoured by wild beasts, with which these jungles abound. I felt it to be a very touching sight; these unclad lepers, with their emaciated bodies and streaming hair, in earnest prayer, beseeching that "the merciful and good datar would restore them to their children, and to their beloved but far-distant homes." For thus, unless they would bring a curse on their descendants to the third and fourth generation, must these poor creatures, afflicted with the plague of leprosy, "dwell without the camp" until they are cleansed, or death relieves them from their misery. . . . .

In the 11th chapter of Deuteronomy, and at the 10th and 11th verses it is written, "For the land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs. But the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." The minute description of the method of irrigation, in a land depending for its supply of water either on springs or the inundations of a river, deserves attention. Neither in Egypt nor in Sindh, countries in the same latitude, can rain ever be expected to fall, and the crops of fine jowarree, to be found equally on the banks of the Nile and the Indus, depend on irrigation from the river. In both countries the cultivation forms but a belt on either side of the stream, and beyond it the eye falls on an arid waste; but in India and Arabia, which are lands of hills and valleys, that drink water of the rain of heaven, the traveller sees the whole face of the country studded with clumps of trees, plats of cultivation, fields of waving corn. After the inundations of the Nile and Indus, on the rich alluvial deposit, the farmers scatter their seed, and it is then watered with the foot "as a garden of herbs;" the method pursued for this mode of irrigation I have seen constantly practised in my own gardens in India. The ground sown with seed, or planted with young plants, is divided into square plots, and round each, as in England we might place a bordering of box or thrift, is raised a little division of earth. Similar embankments inclose a water-course leading from the well, which every garden possessed: at dawn, the Moat Wallah, as he is called, brings his bullocks, yokes them to the machinery, and then sitting easily on the ropes, urges and encourages by turns his well-trained beasts, as raising the full water-bags they quickly descend the inclined plain; and after a brief halt, the sparkling, gurgling, frothing water falls over into a trough, hollowed usually from the hewn stem of a palm-tree, and thence flows along the small channels I have described; but, as the rush of water would otherwise wash away and destroy the young seedlings and the tender herbs, the gardener watches its progress, and as it flows along he, *with his foot*, breaks away in rotation a morsel of the embankment of each plot, and thus suffers the water to flow gradually into it, and soak round the roots of the plants. As each bed receives sufficient moisture, he replaces with his foot the earth previously removed, and the little stream, turned back to its course, flows on to the next line of plots, which in similar manner the gardener waters with his foot, and "the garden of herbs" looks fresh and green under the burning sun, although the "rain of heaven" may not have fallen on it for a period of eight months.

In the 20th verse of the same chapter we read—"And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates." This command concerned the statutes or "words" given as commandments to the children of Israel, that they should have them always in remembrance, and by every possible means consider, speak of, and meditate on them, at all times and in all places, as we are told in the preceding verse. While residing in the family of Meer Jaffur Ali, a Mohammedan nobleman in Bombay, I was much struck by the manner in which the words of the Koran, with prayers and invocations to the Deity, were constantly used by the persons about me. On the books the Meer read was commonly inscribed, "In the name of God the most merciful." He entered his carriage with a prayer for safety, and descended from it uttering a thanksgiving. For several hours during the day, and at midnight, he read the Koran, and meditated thereon. A verse of the Koran was, in a beautifully written character, inclosed in a golden amulet, which the Meer wore on his arm: "Bind them for a sign upon your hand," was the order of the Jews; and though devoid of all other knowledge, a Moolah taught the Koran earnestly day by day to the Meer's little daughters, as we suppose a righteous Jew, by means of a rabbi, might have obeyed the injunction, "Ye shall teach them your children." On the sides of wells, over the doors of houses, on the gates and guard-rooms of Moslem cities, we see, looking like arabesque ornaments, verses of the Koran; the tent of his highness Meer Ali Moorad had a succession of such words wrought in seed pearl round the interior of a tent in which I saw that chief at Mobarickpoor in Upper Scinde. The large court-yard of the Jumma Musjid at Ahmedabad in Guzzerat is richly painted with such sentences; over the door of a house they are supposed to ward away the evil eye, and thus, instead of a "bell and a pomegranate," very common decorations in the rich wood-carvings of the old Hindu houses, we see in Mohammedan cities emblazoned verses of the Koran, in blue, and gold, and scarlet, as we suppose in the cities of Syria cunning painters may have written "on the door-posts" of the Jewish houses, and upon the "gates" the ordinances of the God of Jacob. . . . .

Among the curses for disobedience in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, we read, at the 40th verse—"Thou shalt have olive-trees throughout all thy coasts, but thou shalt not anoint thyself with the oil." The Hindus always anoint themselves with fresh oil; they believe it to protect the skin from the heat, and also to preserve it from the bites of insects and stings of mosquitoes. The vegetables and trees of India produce large quantities of berries and fruits yielding oil; and every village has its oil-mill, turned by a camel or a bullock. The oil of the castor-tree is much used, and mustard-oil in large quantities; these are perhaps most frequently employed by the natives for anointing their bodies, while the finer cocoa-nut oil they store for lights and cooking. Sandalwood oil is also used for anointing the person, by

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men of rank, ladies of the harem, and dancing-women; but the anointing of themselves with oil after ablution, by *all* ranks, seems so essential to ease, health, and comfort in the East, from the beggar to the prince, that no curse could perhaps more heavily afflict a native of India than depriving him of the means for doing this, as it doubtless did afflict the Israelites when they were told that their olive-trees should each "cast his fruit." And yet there came even a heavier curse upon them, as we read in the 42d verse—"All thy trees and fruit of thy land shall the locust consume." I have already alluded to my observation of the devastating effect of a locust band in Cutch, which came so thickly, that the servants in going out to the bazaar were constrained to roll their heads up in heavy cloths, and arm themselves with staves, to avoid being hurt and wounded by the flying of these insects against their faces. During the day, by means of tomtoms and shrill trumpets, the locusts were prevented from settling, but at night devoured every green thing in the fields of the poor cultivators, remaining as a curse on the land for three days and nights, while the want and misery that followed were indeed great, for those who had taken much jowarree seed into the field, gathered in but few ears at harvest, for the locust had consumed it in the blade.—*Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature.*

OF MINISTERS' MAINTENANCE.

BY THOMAS FULLER.—1660.

MAINTENANCE of ministers ought to be plentiful, certain, and in some sort proportionable to their deserts.

I. It should be plentiful—

1. Because their education was very chargeable to fit them for their profession, both at school and in the university: their books very dear; and those which they bought in folio shrink quickly into quartos, in respect of the price their executors can get for them. Say not that scholars draw needless expenses on themselves by their own lavishness, and that they should rather lead a fashion of thrift than one of riot; for let any equal man tax the bill of their necessary charges, and it amounts to a great sum, yea, though they be ever so good husbands. Besides, the prices of all commodities daily rise higher; all persons and professions are raised in their manner of living; scholars, therefore, even against their wills, must otherwhiles be involved in the general expensiveness of the times; it being impossible that one spoke should stand still when all the wheel turns about.

Objection.—But many needlessly charge themselves in living too long in the university—they are never a whit the wiser for it; whilst others, not staying there so long, nor going through the porch of human arts, but entering into divinity at the postern, have made good preachers, providing their people wholesome meat, though not so finely dressed.

Answer.—Much good may it do their very hearts that feed on it. But how necessary a competent knowledge of those sciences is for a perfect divine, is known to every wise man. Let not men's sufferings be counted their fault, nor those accuse-
whom no man hath hir-
the university sooner, if calle-
on tolerable conditions.

2. Because ministers are to subsist in a liberal, and comfortable way. Balaam, the false prophet, rode with his two men; God's Levite had one man. Oh, let not the ministers of the gospel be slaves to others, and servants to themselves! They are not to pry into gain through every small chink. It becomes them rather to be acquainted with the natures of things than with the prices, and to know them rather as they are in the world than in the market: otherwise, if his means be small, and living poor, necessity will bolt him out of his own study, and send him to the barn when he should be at his book, or make him study his receipt book more than all other writers. Hereupon, some wanting what they should have at home, have done what they should not abroad.

3. Because hospitality is expected at their hands. The poor come to their houses, as if they had interest in them, and the ministers can neither receive them nor refuse them. Not to relieve them were not Christianity, and to relieve them were worse than infidelity, because therein they wrong their providing for their own family. Thus sometimes are they forced to be Nabals against their will; yet it grieveth them to send away their people empty. But what shall they do, seeing they cannot multiply their loaves and their fishes! Besides, clergymen are deeply rated to all payments. Oh, that their profession were but as highly prized as their estate is valued!

4. Because they are to provide for their posterity, that, after the death of their parents, they may live, though not in a high, yet in an honest fashion, neither leaving them to the wide world nor to a narrow cottage.

5. Because the Levites in the Old Testament had plentiful provision. Oh, 'tis good to be God's pensioner, for he giveth large allowance. They had cities and suburbs (houses and glebe lands), tithes, free-will offerings, and their parts in first-fruits and sacrifices. Do the ministers of the gospel deserve worse wages for bringing better tidings!

6. Because the Papists in time of Popery gave their priests plentiful means—whose benefactors, so bountiful to them, may serve to condemn the covetousness of our age towards God's ministers, in such who have more knowledge, and should have more religion.

Objection.—But in the pure primitive times the means were least, and ministers the best: and now-a-days, does not wealth make them lazy, and poverty keep them painful? Like hawks, they fly best when sharp. The best way to keep the stream of the clergy sweet and clear, is to fence out the tide of wealth from coming unto them.

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Answer.—Is this our thankfulness to the God of heaven, for turning persecution into peace, in pinching his poor ministers? When the commonwealth now makes a feast, shall neither Zadok the priest, nor Nathan the prophet, be invited to it? that so the footsteps of primitive persecution may still remain in these peaceable times, amongst the Papists, in their needless burning of candles; and amongst the Protestants, in the poor means of their ministers. And what if some turn the spurs unto virtue into the stirrups of pride—grow idle and insolent? let them soundly suffer for it themselves, on God's blessing; but let not the bees be starved, that the drones may be punished.

II. Ministers' maintenance ought to be certain, lest some of them meet with Labans for their patrons and parishioners, changing their wages ten times; and at last, if the fear of God doth not fright them, sending them away empty.

III. It is unequal that there should be an equality betwixt all ministers' maintenance, except that first there were made an equality betwixt all their parts, pains, and piety. Parity in means will quickly bring a level and flat in learning; and few will strive to be such spiritual musicians, to whom David directeth many psalms, "To him that excelleth," but will even content themselves with a canonical sufficiency, and desiring no more than the law requires—more learning would be of more pains, and the same profit, seeing the meddling goeth abreast with the best.

Objection.—But ministers ought to serve God merely for love of himself; and pity but his eyes were out, that squints at his own ends in doing God's work.

Answer.—Then should God's best saints be blind; for Moses himself had "an eye to the recompense of reward." Yes; ministers may look not only on their eternal, but on their temporal reward, as motives to quicken their endeavours. And though it be true, that grave and pious men do study for learning's sake, and embrace holiness for itself, yet it is as true that youth (which is the season when learning is gotten) is not without ambition, and often will not take pains to excel in anything, when there is not some hope of excelling others in reward and dignity. And what reason is it, that, whilst Law and Physic bring great portions to such as marry them, Divinity, their eldest sister, should only be put off with her own beauty? In after ages men will rather bind their sons to one gainful than to seven liberal sciences; only the lowest of the people would be made ministers, who cannot otherwise subsist; and it will be bad, when God's Church is made a sanctuary only for men of desperate estates to take refuge in it.

However, let every minister take up the resolution, "To preach the word, to be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." If thou hast competent means, comfortably to subsist upon, be the more thankful to God the fountain, to man the channel, painstaking in thy place, pitiful to the poor, cheerful in spending some, careful in keeping the rest. If not, yet tire not for want of a spur; do something for love, and not all for money—for love of God, of goodness, of the godly, of a good conscience. Know, 'tis better to want means than to detain them; the one only suffers, the other deeply sins; and it is as dangerous a persecution to religion to draw the fuel from it as to cast water on it. Comfort thyself that another world will pay this world's debts, "and great is thy reward with God in heaven." A reward, in respect of his promise; a gift, in respect of thy worthlessness; and yet the less thou lookest at it, the surer thou shalt find it, if labouring with thyself to serve God for himself, in respect of whom even heaven itself is but a sinister end.

LIBERTY FOR THE BIBLE!

(From Speech by the Rev. Hugh Stowell at a Bible-Society meeting.)

BISHOP BEDELL narrates in one of his letters, that he once heard a monk preaching from the text, "What is truth?" After a good deal of elaborate discussion, darkening counsel by words without knowledge, he drew somewhat cautiously from his pocket a copy of the New Testament, and said, "This only shall I say: I have found truth at last within the leaves of this book; but," said he, replacing it coolly in his cassock pocket, "it is prohibited." Prohibited! Does the pope prohibit yon sun to light up the cottage casement any more than the glorious dome of St Peter's at Rome? Who dares prohibit God's lamp that he sends out to shine in the world? Ah, poor, weak man! poor, infatuated Church! That very prohibition will be your doom if you do not blot it out. I heard a noble lord near me say—and I was struck with the observation—that the Bible Society is the most revolutionary society in the world. And it is the most revolutionary society. But it is such a revolution that it seeks to work as the Spirit and the Word of God wrought on chaos at the beginning, when, moving upon the dark and the dead and the lifeless mass, it formed out of that mass the beautiful heavens and the earth, over which the morning stars sang and the sons of God shouted for joy. So still, where the Word and Spirit of God revolutionize this wretched chaotic world, it is only so to revolutionize, as out of chaos to bring order; out of darkness to bring light; out of death to bring life; out of defilement and shame, glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men. Such a revolution we cannot but pray for; and when we see empires overturning, thrones tottering, nations restless as the strong deep, we trust in God that these are but the preliminary harbingers of that new moral and social creation, the new heavens and the new earth, the restitution of

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all things, which prophets have foretold, saints have prayed for, confessors have gloried in, martyrs have died for, and the zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall fulfil in its time.

My Christian friends, there is one revolution that must be raised: there must be a cry for another kind of liberty. Set free the Bible! The cry has been raised—Liberty for the French! Liberty for the Poles! Liberty for the Neapolitans! Liberty for the Italians! But another cry must be raised. Slavery is abolished in France: we must abolish the slavery of the soul, set free the captive Bible. All the sovereigns in Europe should lift up the cry—Liberty for the Bible! Set the Bible free! Let the revolutionizer, and regenerator, and emancipator of the world be free as the air we breathe, or the sun that illuminates our dwellings! We read in the thrilling narrative of the expedition that went out to free from Algerian pirates the captives from many nations, who were held bound in the dark dungeons of Algiers, a flag of truce was sent to the commander. They asked what was wanted. His simple answer was—"Bring up the prisoners." They tried to evade the demand; but still the bold British sailor replied—"Give up the prisoners." At last the cannons opened their fire. Again they asked—"Will you be satisfied with such a ransom, or such terms?" "No," said the admiral; "give up the prisoners." And at last, in the extremity, the dark holds were thrown open to day-light; rusty chains in many instances were knocked off from the poor prisoners; the dark dungeon doors were thrown wide open; and there, in the face of our brave British deliverer, sprang up the Spaniard, the talkative Frenchman, and our own fair countryman, shedding tears, and some falling on their knees, and all crying out, "Liberty! liberty! we are free!" And so, my lord, we must say to the dark dungeon over which the despot of Rome presides, whatever terms he would make—"Give up the prisoner! give up the prisoner!" And if he would ask us to compromise the matter, and accept some political or other advantages, still I trust we shall answer—"Give up the prisoner! give up the prisoner!" And when that blessed prisoner is set free, we may imagine that all the sons of earth—at least all the hundreds of millions from which Popery at present keeps out the free use of the Bible—would leap and rejoice as the roe, because the grand emancipator of all was set free.

SINNER, BE ENTREATED.

It is thus that a writer of the olden time sets himself to plead with such as you:—Never did Jacob with such joy weep over the neck of his Joseph as thy heavenly Father would rejoice over thee upon thy coming in to him. Look over the story of the prodigal. Methinks I see how the aged father lays aside his state, and forgetteth his years. Behold, how he runneth! Oh, the haste that mercy makes! The sinner makes not half that speed. Methinks I see how his bowels turn, how his compassions yearn. How quick-sighted is love! Mercy spies him a great way off, forgets his riotous courses, unnatural rebellion, horrid unthankfulness (not a word of these), receives him with open arms, clasps his neck, forgets his rags, kisses his lips, calls for the fatted calf, the best robe, the ring, the shoes, the best cheer in heaven's store, the best attire in heaven's wardrobe. Yea, the joy cannot be held in one breast. Others must be called in to share. The friends must meet and make merry. Angels must wait, but the prodigal must sit at table, under his father's wing. He is the joy of the feast, the object of the father's delight. The friends sympathize; but none knows the felicity the father takes in his new-born son, whom he hath received from the dead. Methinks I hear the music and the dancing at a distance! Oh, the melody of the heavenly choristers! I cannot learn the song, but methinks I overhear the burden, at which all the harmonious choir, with one consent, strike sweetly in, for this goes round at heaven's table, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

It is no toilsome pilgrimage on which he asks you to set out, in order to reach his dwelling. He himself has come to you, nay, sits by your very side, as did Jesus by the side of the woman of Sychar. He does not bid you climb to heaven in order to find grace there. Neither does he tell you to go down into the deep in order to obtain it there. He has opened the fountain at your very side. He takes up the vessel and presses it to your lips. "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED."—(Rom. x. 8, 9.)

To thee, thou lover of pleasure, thou dreamer of earth's dreams, God is telling this day the story of his free love, that, receiving it, thou mayst not perish, but have everlasting life. That free love thus received into your heart in believing, would fill you with joy unspeakable. It would be like fragrance from the flowers of Eden, like sunshine from the very heaven of heavens. It would be better to you than pleasure, or gold, or lust; better than all the joys of earth poured into one jewelled cup. It would demand no price of you, neither would it call on you to wait till you had made yourself ready for receiving it. It would come into you at once, like sunlight into your lattice, without insisting that your chamber be adorned for its reception. It would cost you nothing but the giving up of that which is far better lost, and the gain of which would be a poor recompense for a ruined soul, and an eternity of hopeless sorrow.—*Story of Grace.*

A DEDICATION AND PRAYER.

LORD, I resign myself to thee. With the poor widow, I cast my two mites, my soul and body, into thy treasury. All my powers shall love and serve thee. All my members shall be instruments of righteousness for thee. Here is my good will. Behold, my sub-

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stance is thy stock, mine interest is for thy service. I lay all at thy feet: there thou hast them, they are thine. My children I enter as thy servants. My possessions I resign as thy right. I will call nothing mine but thee. All mine are thine. I can say, My Lord and my God, and that is enough; I thankfully quit my claim to all things else. I will say no more, My house is mine, or my estate mine; I myself am not mine own. Yet it is infinitely better for me to be thine, than if I were mine own. This is my happiness, that I can say, My own God, my own Father. And, oh, what a blessed exchange hast thou made with me! to give me thyself, who art an infinite sum, for myself, who am but an insignificant cipher.

And now, Lord, do thou accept and own my claim. I am not worthy of any thing of thine, much less of thee. But since I have a deed to show, I bring thy Word in my hand, and am bold to take possession. Dost thou not know this hand? wilt thou not own this name? wilt thou not confirm thine own grant? It were infidelity to doubt it. I will not disparage the faithfulness of my Lord, nor be afraid to aver, and stand to what he hath said and sworn. Hast thou said thou art my God, and shall I fear thou art my enemy? Hast thou told me thou art my Father, and shall I stand aloof, as if I were a stranger? I will believe. Lord, silence my fears; and as thou hast given me the claim and title of a child, so give me the confidence of a child. Let my heart be daily kept alive by thy promises, and with this staff let me pass over Jordan. May these be my undivided companions and comforters. When I go, let them lead me; when I sleep, let them keep me; when I awake, let them talk to me. And do thou keep these things for ever upon the imaginations of the thoughts of the hearts of thy people, and prepare their hearts unto thee. And let the heart of thy servant be the ark of thy testament, wherein the sacred records of what hath passed between thee and my soul may for ever be preserved.—*Alleine.*

SILVER SLIPPER PROFESSORS.

PROFESSORS of religion who are of the largest size, who are not so strict to their rule but they can dispense with duty, nor so forward in point of zeal and activity but they can remit and abate, as occasion serves, may escape this persecuting world the better; but he that will be faithful, whoever escape, is sure to be made a prey. This also must be well considered, I will follow Christ, but can I drink of the cup that he drank of? can I be baptized with the baptism, the baptism of blood, that he was baptized with?

There are persons who sometimes take up the profession of religion, and resolve all on a sudden they will follow Christ, not understanding what there is in it, or what Christianity may stand them in; who, by the time they have looked a little farther, and find it another manner of difficulty than at first they imagined; and withal, find the armies of the aliens to fall on, the dogs to tear, the wolves to worry, the eagles and the vultures, and all the birds of prey, to pitch upon them; and begin in earnest to feel the smart of religion, in those persecutions that are raised upon them for it, presently make their retreat, and go back; Where am I? What have I chosen? Is this to be a Christian? Doth Christ look for all this from his followers, and will he leave them to such violence and rapine, as the reward of their faithfulness to his name? I never thought it had been such hot service, and if I cannot be a saint at a cheaper rate than this, follow Christ who will for me; let those who have nothing to lose, or can bear so much labour, and pains, and violence, take it up, if they please: for my part, I must look to myself, I must not be undone.

"Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," said the scribe, Matt. viii. 9. Man, thou understandest not what thou sayest. Dost thou know whither I am going, where my dwelling, where my lodging is? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." And, behold! there is an end of the scribe's Christianity, we hear not one word more about it.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH BREAKING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SOME months ago, three young men in the vicinity of ——, went out sailing on the Sabbath. All of them were warned against it, and one of them had been repeatedly warned against similar conduct. This last replied, he would go if he went to the bottom of the river; and all went. By a sudden turn of wind the boat was upset, and all three found a watery grave!

On the last Sabbath of April last, accidents happened on *six* out of the *seven* railroads between Albany and Buffalo. On all property was destroyed and life endangered; and on one a fatal accident occurred, causing several deaths, in most distressing circumstances. Several persons were killed outright; one was crushed under a boiler, the friends of another were picking out his mangled limbs from the ruins of a shattered car, and three individuals nearly dead were carried to a neighbouring farm-house; and cars, baggage, mail bags, and locomotives, were mingled in the fearful wreck, while the smoke of the half-extinguished fires of the locomotives threw a dismal sadness over the scene.

Such events, if not *special*, certainly *are warning providences*, speaking in terror to the violators of God's holy day. When will men learn to feel that God is in earnest, when he commands all to "Remember the Sabbath-day?"—*American paper.*

UNHAPPY HAPPINESS.

SOME men are so unhappy in having happy wits, that they make their wit their happiness—jesting themselves out of all that is earnest, and like fools make sport of every thing, even sin itself. Alas! what pity it is that men so witty should have no more wit than to destroy themselves! A jesting lie, or a lie in jest, may make a man to lie in hell in earnest.—*Venning.*

Fragments.

The Christian's feeling himself weak, makes him strong.

Genuine benevolence is not stationary, but *peripatetic.* It *goeth* about doing good.

Some things, which could not otherwise be read in the book of nature, are legible enough in it when the lamp of revelation is held up to it.

It is easier to do a great deal of mischief than to accomplish a little good.

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THE INFLUENCE OF FAMILY WORSHIP ON VISITORS, GUESTS, AND NEIGHBOURS.

BY THE REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, NEW YORK.

As "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," it is right and seemly that this principle of devotion to the Lord should be impressed on the domestic organization. The Christian household is not for itself; by grace it may be as a city set on a hill. Family worship is a means of carrying out this influence.

Good and evil are constantly and rapidly propagated from house to house. What we denominate public opinion and public character, are very much dependent on this agency, which is not less certain than the silent but mighty transmission of the electric fluid in the material world. The dialect of towns and provinces is thus originated and fixed; modes of dress, and furniture, and living, are carried from circle to circle; extravagance and vice circulate by the same channels; as do likewise political opinions, and even religious sentiments. Such are the action and re-action between man and man, that we never go into a neighbour's house, or receive a neighbour into our own, without giving or receiving some imperceptible impression; and by the sum of these are our character and manners formed.

Families differ very widely in respect to their freedom of intercourse. While some are shut up within themselves, others keep open doors, and are frequented by numbers of visitors and guests. When the friend whom we cherish is under our roof, he should be made to discern the reigning principle of the place. In a dwelling where there is no worship he may be pardoned if he say, "Surely the fear of God is not in this place." But in a religious household, even the casual visitor must sometimes be made sensible that there is a perpetual reference to another world. Suppose him to be under the Christian roof at the appointed hour of prayer. It is well in every such case if the service is not omitted or postponed. He may be a stranger to such solemnities: he may be even careless or profane. Yet when he sees the whole family gathered, with stillness and decorum; when he hears the Word of God read, and joins in the psalm of praise, and kneels with the rest in an act of worship, it will not be marvellous if he be drawn to some new and serious reflection. The impression may be greater than we suppose, from the very influence of novelty. These acts of divine service will have a tendency to show him, that here, at least, is a circle in which God is continually recognised. If a householder himself, he will necessarily be led to contrast with this the condition of his own domestic affairs; and if he is a professing Christian, living in neglect of this duty, he will doubtless experience a pang of conscience. Example is powerful: he may see his way more clear, to make his own habitation a house of prayer.

"Some years ago," says Mr Hamilton of London, "an Irish wanderer, his wife, and his sister, asked a night's shelter in the cabin of a pious schoolmaster. With the characteristic hospitality of his nation, the schoolmaster made them welcome. It was the hour for evening worship, and when the strangers were seated, he began by reading slowly and solemnly the 2d chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young man sat astonished. The expressions, 'dead in trespasses and sin,' 'children of wrath,' 'walking after the course of this world,' were new to him. He sought an explanation. He was told that this is God's account of the state of man by nature. He felt that it was exactly his own state. 'In this way I have walked from my childhood. In the service of the god of this world we have come to your house.' He was on the way to a fair, where he intended to pass a quantity of counterfeit money. But God's Word had found him out. He produced his store of coin, and begged his host to cast it into the fire, and asked anxiously if he could not obtain the Word of God for himself. His request was complied with, and next morning, with the new treasure, the party, who had now no errand to the fair, returned to their own home. Perhaps by this time the pious schoolmaster has met his guest within the gates of the city, outside of which are thieves, and whatsoever maketh a lie. But I cannot enumerate all the conversions which have occurred at the Church in the house."

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"A few years ago," says the same writer, "an English gentleman visited America, and spent some days with a pious friend. He was a man of talent and accomplishments, but an infidel. Four years afterwards he returned to the same house, a Christian. They wondered at the change, but little suspected when and where it had originated. He told them that when he was present at their family worship, on the first evening of his former visit, and when after the chapter was read, they all knelt down to pray, the recollection of such scenes in his father's house, long years ago, rushed on his memory, so that he did not hear a single word. But the occurrence made him *think*, and his thoughtfulness ended in his leaving the howling wilderness of infidelity, and finding a quiet rest in the salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ."

By this pleasing incident we are led to observe, that the influence of family worship is peculiarly great upon guests who abide for some days or weeks in a Christian house, even if they have been brought up at home without such privileges. All that has just been pointed out here operates more freely and for a longer time. The beauty of holiness, and the pleasantness of the ways of God, are silently brought before their contemplations. We could name instances in which such a sojourn in a pious family has made deep impressions on worldly minds, in favour of evangelical religion. This ought surely to rest on the thoughts of Christian householders, in the way of duty. We are, perhaps, ready enough to make our guests welcome, to provide for their lodging and refreshment, to show them the wonders of our environs, and to invite friends for their entertainment; but besides this, we owe a duty to their souls. It ought not for a moment to be thought possible, that a dear friend or relative should stay weeks, or even days, in our house, without receiving some spiritual advantage. How often have the visits of careless young persons to godly families been made instrumental of their salvation! Among the means tending in this direction, we know none more fruitful than that which forms the subject of this paper.

But we must by no means narrow down the efficacy of daily worship to that which takes place within a particular house. The whole neighbourhood feels the influence. Let us not undervalue the power of Christianity. No single believer can abide long in a place without making it in some degree better; the true leaven will work—the true light will shine. Nor can any consistent, God-fearing household fail of diffusing a hallowed force, in every direction. Bad influences fly thus, why shall not good ones! It is true, from the depravity of our nature, men follow evil rather than good; but it is also true, blessed be God! that divine grace uses the very same channels of connexion for the conveyance of truth and holiness.

Suppose only a single pious family, observing the worship of God, without shame or concealment, in the midst of a wicked society. Their peculiar ways, and this service in particular, will attract notice and beget remark. The visitor, or the passer-by, will hear the voice of praise or prayer. The observation will be natural, That house is a house of prayer; God is honoured in that house. Neighbours will learn that here is a man who arranges all his business, and fixes all his hours, with reference to the daily household devotion, which nothing is allowed to interrupt. There are occasions in which this peculiarity of the dwelling is brought into full light. In cases of sudden illness, calamity, or soul-trouble, every one will know whither to go for a praying man, to kneel by the bed of death, or to speak peace to the troubled conscience. Where such households are multiplied in any town or neighbourhood, by means of counsel and example, there is a mighty increase given to the expansive Christian principle, such as often changes the whole face of society. How earnestly ought we to pray that this particular means of social and national improvement may receive an immediate extension throughout our beloved land; and that unfaithful professors, living in neglect of this plain duty, may awake to repentance and reformation! What a change might we expect soon to see in regions where now the feeble piety which exists is like a half-expiring taper, which scarcely reaches beyond its little home-circle!

We are under the humbling impression that this is one of the points in regard to which, with all our boast of superior privileges, we have not improved on the example of our pious forefathers. Among the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the English Nonconformists of the seventeenth century, there was probably a far smaller proportion of Christian professors living in prayerless houses than among ourselves. The performance of this duty was made matter of special investigation, by pastors and elders, and even by superior judicatories of the Church. And the effect was a diffusion of piety, more unobtrusive perhaps, but not less rapid, and

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certainly not less sound, than that which, in our day, we are fond of seeking by periodical excitements and doubtful measures. The sacred treasure of one house became the portion of many, and whole communities caught the fire which may have been enkindled in a corner. Such was the case in the town of Kidderminster, which was blessed with the labours of that eminent servant of God, Richard Baxter; and his testimony, however familiar, is too valuable to be omitted in this place.

"On the Lord's-day," says Mr Baxter, "there was no disorder to be seen in the streets; but you might hear a hundred families singing psalms, and repeating sermons, as you passed through the streets. When I came thither first, there was about one family in a street that worshipped God and called on his name; and when I came away, there were some streets where there was not above one family in the side of a street that did not so, and that did not, by professing serious godliness, give us some hopes of their sincerity; and those families which were the worst, being inns and alehouses, usually some persons in each did seem to be religious. Some of the poor men did competently understand the Body of Divinity, and were able to judge in difficult controversies. Some of them were so able in prayer, that very few ministers did match them in order and fulness and apt expressions, and holy oratory with fervency. Abundance of them were able to pray very laudably with their families, or with others. The temper of their minds, and the innocency of their lives, was much more laudable than their parts."

It may sometimes be the case, that a man of humble station, and defective culture of mind, may be called upon to perform this duty in the presence of guests, or strangers, whom he regards as much superior to himself, and this will doubtless be a trial to his faith. But let him not shrink from the service of God. In a majority of instances, those very persons will go away with a higher estimate of his character, for this very act of duty. Each of us should remember the words of David, when he said, "I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed." When George IV. was in Ireland, as we find related by the Rev. Dr Sprague, he told Lord Roden, that, on a particular morning, he would breakfast with him. He accordingly came, bringing with him two or three of the nobility, and happened to arrive just as his lordship and family were assembled for domestic worship. Lord Roden, being informed that his royal guest had arrived, went to the door, and with every token of respect, conducted him into the house. Then, turning to the king, he said, "Your majesty will not doubt that I feel highly honoured by this visit, but there is a duty which I have not yet discharged this morning, which I owe to the King of kings—that of performing domestic worship; and your majesty will be kind enough to excuse me while I retire with my household, and attend to it." "Certainly," replied the king, "but I am going with you;" and he immediately rose and followed him into the hall, where the family were assembled, and taking his seat in an old arm-chair, remained during the family devotion.

In reading accounts of the persecuted Nonconformists, it is remarkable how often we find that they were arrested by pursuivants and other officers, at the time of family worship: this was an hour when they were sure to be taken together. Besides, at a time when the public gifts of Christ's ministers were restrained by the act of uniformity, it was not unusual for neighbours to come in at the season of domestic prayer, and thus the household assembly would often become an unlawful conventicle. Even in our own day, ministers of the gospel, and other pious persons, have opened their doors to neighbours who thirsted for truth and devotion; and in this way the religion of the family may extend itself with blessings to the vicinity. The household prayer-meeting cannot have a more auspicious origin. O when shall we behold the day when every professing Christian in our Church shall be duly awake to the power of the instrumentality which is lodged in his hands!

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIANS.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.*

THE first Christian physician of whom we have any record is Luke. A man of faith and energy, he was the chosen companion of Paul in his missionary journeys, and had a large share in the introduction of the gospel to Europe. Luke, or Silas, as he is sometimes called, was one of those who first crossed over to Macedonia to "help" the heathen world, and on the memorable night of the Philippian earthquake he was Paul's fellow-prisoner. And no hardships cooled his zeal, no dangers quenched his courage; for, years after we find

* From the *English Presbyterian Messenger*. This Magazine, to which we have of late been considerably indebted, is a vigorous well-conducted monthly, which, although denominational, is yet most catholic in its spirit and contains much admirable matter of a practical kind.

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him still true to his friend and stedfast to his Saviour—the apostle's chief comfort at Rome. And as one of the first who preached the gospel on the classic shores of Greece and Italy was a member of the medical profession, so it was the accomplished pen of this beloved physician which Inspiration employed for preserving the early annals of the Christian faith, and writing one of the four narratives of the Saviour's earthly history.

Without reverting to the antiquities of the profession, I may just mention that the two most renowned names in the history of the English faculty are the names of Christian men—HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and SYDENHAM, the earliest precursor of the modern practice of physic. The one was a steady member of the Church of England, and the other a hearty Puritan; but, so far as we can judge from scanty records, they were both sound divines and sincere believers.

The name of which Holland is most proud, is that of HERMAN BOERHAAVE. As far as I understand it, his great glory was carrying out what our own Syndenham began. The English physician had sufficient sagacity to see that symptoms are nature's efforts to get rid of a mischief, and that the great function of physic is to help nature's process; and he had strength of mind to act on what he saw. He prescribed remedies so mild and natural that patients who liked an elaborate cure thought him a trifler; and the old school blackballed him as endangering the craft and divulging the mysteries. And Boerhaave systematized the shrewd hints of Syndenham. He took for his motto, "*Simplex sigillum veri*—Simplicity the test of truth;" and instead of shrouding his knowledge in an obscure terminology, or assailing disease by remedies as direful as itself, it was his great effort to make knowledge plain and practice easy. And bringing to his adopted science all the light which anatomy, chemistry, and botany supplied, as well as his vast acquirements in mathematical and mechanical philosophy, and expounding it with that classical distinctness and homely elegance which are natural to a mind master of its subject and eager to make converts of others, his lectures at Leyden infected with medical enthusiasm a multitude of ardent youth, and carried not a few captives from the other professions. But the great secret of the moral power of Boerhaave, and one chief source of his exuberant information, was his habitual piety. Being asked how he was able to acquire so much knowledge and overtake so much business, he answered, that it was his custom on rising to spend the first hour of the morning in reading the Bible and in meditation and prayer. This gave him spirit and vigour for the engagements of the day, and the consciousness that a reconciled God was present prepared him for all emergencies. And once, when a friend asked if he knew what it was to be angry? he answered, that he was naturally of quick resentment, but daily prayer and watchfulness had given him the victory over himself. You must have noticed that in most cases moral excellence is essential to intellectual ascendency. A teacher may be exact in his science, and clear in his expositions, but from his coldness or reserve, may demonstrate with little success; whilst another, perhaps his inferior in attainment, shall fire with his own ardour a whole class of devotees. And it was Boerhaave's infectiousness, no less than his matchless information, which made him the prince of instructors. Phlegmatic Dutchman, as he ought to have been, there was a warm transfusion in his teaching which opened the heart and won the ear; and abstruse or repelling subjects became attractive in his own benignant baptism. And so far as there was a moral charm about this great oracle of last century, he himself made no secret of its cause. Faith in the sayings, and an affectionate imitation of the blessed Saviour, he often avowed to be the good means for rendering life tranquil, and for imparting elevation and magnanimity to the individual character; and they were the faith and magnanimity of his character which gave a moral spell to Boerhaave.

I feel strongly tempted to notice two pupils of this illustrious man; one of them, Sir JOHN PRINGLE, among the first who purposely applied the resources of science to mitigate the horrors of war, and who filled the chair of the Royal Society, when every year was bringing up the great discoveries of Cook, and Hutton, and Priestley, and Maskelyne—but who added to all his honours a happiness to which his youth was a stranger, and who, from calm and earnest study, became, and in the most scoffing age and amidst philosophic sceptics, avowed himself, a believer in the Bible. The other, as much the glory of Switzerland as Boerhaave was the pride of Holland; one of the most eminent combinations of genius with industry, and taste with science, and piety with all which our species has ever yielded; an anatomist, whose researches in physiology and the structure of the human frame have never been superseded; a botanist, who produced the most complete and beautiful of native Floras; a scholar, who published a descriptive list of 18,000 books belonging to his own profession; a poet, who wrote the most popular works of all his living countrymen; a professor, for whose services the sovereigns of England, Russia, and Prussia, competed, and who received beneath his roof the visit of an emperor; but, above all, a Christian, whose "Letters on the Truth of Revelation" give the triumphant reason of the hope that was in him; and whose pure morals and gentle disposition, whose cheerful life and tranquil death, alongside of his neighbour at Coppet, looked as if providence designed a

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contrast between the wise man and the wit, the believer and the infidel—HALLER and Voltaire. But instead of dwelling on distant or foreign instances, I would hasten to the nearest and most recent parallels.

No doubt many here have read the last days of Dr THOMAS BATEMAN. His history is interesting as the transition from materialism to the faith of the gospel, and as the change from worldly morality and honourable conduct to that gospel's higher standard of holiness. It was a year before his death that, after some serious conversation, he one Sabbath allowed a friend to read to him Scott's "Essay on the Inspiration of Scripture." His clear and vigorous intellect accompanied every sentence with intensest earnestness, and, as powerful minds are apt, perhaps saw the argument more forcible than the judicious author puts it. When the essay was ended, he exclaimed, "This is demonstration! complete demonstration!" and begged his friend to read to him the account in the Gospel of Christ's resurrection. For some days his quickened mind was all avidity for Scripture, and, as he had nearly lost his sight, he constantly employed those around him in reading to him from the Bible; and, as one morning soon after he expressed it, "It is quite impossible to describe the change in my mind. I feel as if a new world were opened to me, and all the interests and pursuits of this have faded into nothing in comparison with it." And though he saw from the first the atonement's sufficiency, and had no distrust about his personal forgiveness, he could only speak with bitter tears of his former life of irreligion and rebellion against God. Led on step by step, he soon reached the peace unspeakable of a confirmed believer; and though he had often feasted on intellectual pleasures, and had quaffed with undisguised delight the cup of human praise and professional success, and had entered with exuberant zest into most worldly amusements, he now for the first time tasted true happiness. "The blessing of his conversion," he frequently declared, "was never out of his mind; it was a theme of perpetual thanksgiving; and he never awoke in the night without being overwhelmed with joy and gratitude in the recollection of it." And once, when a friend inquired if there were no interruption in his joyful emotions, he answered, "For some months past, never; and never the smallest rising of anything like impatience and complaint." There must surely be a glorious reality in that religion which made fame and fortune so suddenly look like dross in the eyes of a man lately burning with ambition; and there must be a divine attraction in that Saviour who drew away from gay society and a lifesome world this brilliant man in the vigour of his power, and made him exclaim, as he felt death's palsy creeping up his limbs, "Oh yes! I am GLAD to go!"

There are few members of another profession for whom I confess a more entire admiration than Dr MASON GOODE. Devoted to his calling, and distinguished by his abundant acquaintance with its numberless details—his publications proving him a master of its science, and withal most successful in its practice—he had all the enthusiasm for other branches of knowledge which the more expansive natures exhibit and whilst an adept in many, and striving to be simple and familiar in all, he was a sciolist or tyro in none. Those who have read his notes to Lucretius, and Job, must be impressed with the extent of his scholarship; and from these translations and his "Book of Nature" united, we have carried away a delightful idea of their author's picturesque eye and gorgeous fancy. We recognise the devout and scientific musings of a St Pierre dissolved in the sunny verse of Thomson. And when we are told that the popular lecturer, the bookish scholar, the extensive author, the fervent poet, and the busy practitioner, was no less the fond father and the cheerful but instructive companion, we confess that there are few from whom we would sooner take a lesson in the art of living. And though something must be ascribed to a constitutional activity, more may be traced to a scriptural and deepening piety. Even in the days when he frequented a Socinian chapel, the fear of God was before his eyes, and he wished to be more devout than his meagre creed permitted. But when he was graciously guided into the "truth supreme," when in "God manifest in the flesh" he found a resting-place for his spirit and a rapture to his inert convictions, there came a new comfort over his home; and in the personality and affectionateness of this better creed he found fresh beauty in every object, and a new incentive to every exercise. And though it is asking you to form an idea of one departed by showing a lock of hair, yet as a little sample of those pleasant thoughts which blossomed along our London streets as a busy but cheerful Christian trod them, I may read the following:—

"Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
Need we to prove a God is here;
The DAISY, fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

"For who but He that arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could form the daisy's purple bud?

"Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its crimson fringe so nicely spin;
And drench in dew the topaz gem
That, set in silver, gleams within?

"And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God?"

But, perhaps, the finest specimen of living Christianity lately recorded in the medical profession is the instance of Dr HOPE. My medical hearers are acquainted with those con-

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tributions he made to the literature of his science, and of which, of course, I only know by report. But there is something truly sublime, which any reader may appreciate, in that power of application and heroic self-command, to which, under God, he owed his rapid rise and enduring reputation. Averse to the profession, he forced himself to enter it, because it was his father's wish; and, naturally revolting from research into the structure of the corporeal frame, he compelled himself to be a skilful dissector, and became one of the most famous anatomical draughtsmen whom England has yielded. Nor have we a nobler specimen of devoted industry than in the self-denial with which he closed his eyes on magazines and newspapers and amusing literature till his great and laborious works were ended. And there is something spirit-stirring in the swift and steady rise to the high places of the faculty of the youth who came to London with only one private acquaintance there. But the grandest thing of all is to see how this vigorous mind was at once strengthened and softened by the grace of God. Whilst travelling in Italy he got acquainted with a pious English family, and impressed by the happy scene he witnessed there, he wrote to his brother, "Whatever the world may say, my dear George, it is a clear case to me that the saints have the laugh on their side. If wishing would add me to their number I would get enrolled to-morrow." And it was not long till he got "enrolled." Soon after his settlement in London he felt constrained to bestow all the energies of his calm and comprehensive intellect on the study of revealed religion; and under the teaching of God's Spirit he was soon guided into a conclusive belief of the great saving truth. To that Divine Redeemer whom he then discovered his soul clave with an affiance which the events of life never shook, and which death only made final; and with a singleness of aim betokening the child of God, he learned to look on every step in his professional rise as an additional advantage for promoting God's glory in the world. And there were three things in his eminently intelligent but no less practical piety which we think can never be too often repeated, nor too much sought after—his reverence for the Sabbath, his constant recourse to prayer, and the death by which he glorified God. On the Lord's-day he always attended public worship twice, and he usually contrived to secure several hours for the study of his only theological textbook, the Bible. And so much did he honour the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy," that twice over he cheerfully risked his appointment to an important office, rather than canvass, or do "any work" on that day. And rejoicing in God's special providence, believing that to omnipotence there is nothing arduous, and to omniscience nothing too minute, he was a man of prayer. "No work was commenced without asking for the Divine blessing; no important step taken without applying for the Divine guidance; when harassed by professional vexation, it was by prayer he regained his wonted serenity; and, when surrounded by difficulties and threatened by disappointment, in prayer he found a strength not his own, and submission to the will of God, whatever that might be." And just as his life was devoted to God, so the Lord wonderfully supported his servant when he came to die. In his fortieth year, stricken with a mortal malady, his clear foresight told the end and nearly fixed the date. But having already completed the grand preparation, his main anxiety was to fill up the nine months on which he counted with work that should serve his generation. He continued to practise as long as his strength permitted, and then stopped, only reserving time to complete two medical memoirs, and as he found that his handbreath would hardly suffice for this purpose, he tried to redeem the ebbing hours by discontinuing his daily exercise. Closing his town residence and bidding good-bye to his patients, he escaped to Hampstead; and though he knew that it was the house where in a few weeks he must take his last look of earth, he never gazed on spring with such youthful glee as the morning after arriving there. He was only once in his carriage after that. It was to visit Highgate Cemetery, and fix all about his funeral. And as, in his own view, the grave was all streaming with the light of immortality, he was anxious that others should see it as he saw it himself, and calling to him his only child, he would say, "You see, Theodore, what a lucky fellow I am. You have your fortune to make; but mine is ready made for me. I am going to my heavenly inheritance. You know how hard I used to work formerly to get fees for you and mama; but all that is over now—my toil is at an end." The radiance of the better country had so settled all around him that his dearest friends felt heaven open for him; and every indication of nearer departure sensibly cheered himself. His trust was all in Jesus. "I have often taken a practical chapter of the New Testament, such as the winding up of one of the Epistles, or the Sermon on the Mount. I have determined to act up to it during the day; but, alas! I often forgot it altogether, and when I did remember it, how miserably did I fall short of it! This, more than anything, showed me the original sin in my nature, and threw me on the promises of Christ. I found it was useless to rest too much on details; but I took fast hold upon the grand leading truth, that Christ is an all-sufficient satisfaction for sin." And at last one happy midnight, when he found himself dying, he called to his wife and said, "I will not make speeches; but I have two things to say." The first was an affectionate farewell to herself; and in uttering it

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he was seized with violent coughing. When that had abated, she reminded him that he had something else to say, and begged him to take the earliest opportunity. "The second is soon said. Christ is all in all to me. I have no hope except in Him. He is, indeed, all in all."

ARE YOU A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER?

If you are, you are engaged in a good work. Yes, it is good, both as acceptable to God, and as profitable to men. It is good in its direct operation, and good in its reflex action. It is not merely teaching the young idea how to shoot, but, what is still more important, it is teaching the young and tender affection what to fix upon, and where to entwine itself. Nothing hallows the Sabbath more than the benevolent employment of the Sabbath school teacher. It is more than lawful to do such good on the Sabbath-day. It has great reward. Continue to be a Sabbath school teacher. Be not weary in this well-doing. Do not think you have served long enough in the capacity of teacher, until you have served life out, or until there shall be no need of one saying to another, "Know the Lord." What if it be laborious? It is the labour of love, in the very fatigue of which the soul finds refreshment.

But perhaps you are not a Sabbath school teacher. "No, I am not," methinks I hear one say. "I am not a professor of religion. You cannot expect me to be a teacher." You ought to be both, and your not being the first is but a poor apology for declining to be the other. The neglect of one obligation is a poor excuse for the neglect of another. You seem to admit that if you professed religion, it would be your duty to teach in the Sabbath school. Now, whose fault is it that you do not profess religion?

But you are "not good enough," you say. Then you need so much the more the re-action of such an occupation to make you better. The way to *get* good is to do it. "But I am not a young person." And what if you are not? You need not be very young in order to be a useful Sabbath school teacher. We don't want mere *novices* in the Sabbath school. If you are not young, then you have so much more *experience* to assist you in the work. Do Sabbath school teachers become *superannuated* so much earlier in life than any other class of benefactors—so much sooner than ministers and parents? There is a prevailing mistake on this subject.

But you are married, you say. And what if you are? Because you have married a wife or husband, is that any reason why you should not come into the Sabbath school? Many people think that as soon as they are married, they are released from the obligation of assisting in the Sabbath school. But I do not understand this to be one of the immunities of matrimony. As well might they plead that in discharge of the obligation to every species of good-doing. Such might, at least, postpone this apology till the cares of a family have come upon them. And even then, I wonder how many hours of the Sabbath are devoted to the instruction of their children, by those parents who make the necessity of attending to the religious culture of their families, an apology for not entering the Sabbath school: and I wonder if their children could not be attended to in other hours than those usually occupied in Sabbath school instruction; and thus, while they are not neglected, other children, who have no parents that care for their souls, receive a portion of their attention. I think this not impossible.

But perhaps you say, "There are enough others to teach in the Sabbath school." There would not be enough—there would not be any, if all were like you. But it is a mistake; there are not enough others. You are wanted. Some five or six children, of whom Christ has said, "Suffer them to come to me," will grow up without either learning or religion, unless you become a teacher. Are all the children in the place where you live gathered into the Sabbath school? Are there none that still wander on the Lord's-day, illiterate and irreligious? Is there a competent number of teachers in the existing schools, so that more would rather be in the way than otherwise? I do not know how it is where you live, but where I live, there are boys and girls enough, ay, too many, who go to no Sabbath school. It is only for a teacher to go out on the Sabbath, and he readily collects a class of children willing to attend; and where I reside, there are not teachers enough for the scholars already collected. Some classes are without a teacher; and presently the children stay away, because, they say, they come to the school, and there is no one to attend to them. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," knows this; and he knows who of "his sacramental host" might take charge of these children, and do not. They say every communion season, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and the Lord replies, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And there the matter ends.

But I hear one say, "I *was* once a teacher." And do you not blush to own that you became weary in this species of well-doing? "But I think I taught long enough." How long did you teach? Till there were no more to learn? Till you could teach no longer? Are you dead? If not, you are resting from your labours rather prematurely. This excuse resembles one which I heard of, as from a lady of wealth, who, having for several years been a subscriber to the Bible Society, at length ordered her name to be struck off, alleging that she thought she had done her part towards disseminating the Bible! The world was not supplied: oh, no, not even the country; and her means were not exhausted. But she had done her part! Had she done *what she could?* The woman whom Jesus commended "*had* done what she could." But this is a digression.

But one says, "I want the Sabbath for myself—for rest and for improvement." And who does not? Are you busily employed all the week? So are some of our most faithful teachers. You ought to be "diligent in business" during the days of the week. "Six days shalt thou labour." "But is there any *rest* in Sabbath school teaching?" The soul finds some of its sweetest rest in the works of mercy, and often its richest improvement in the care to improve others.

But perhaps you say, though with some diffidence you express this objection, that you belong to a circle in society whose members are not accustomed to teach in the Sabbath school. Do you mean that you are *above* the business? You must be exceedingly *elevated* in life to be above the business of gratuitously communicating the knowledge of God to the young and ignorant. You must be exalted above the very throne of God itself, if you are above caring for poor children. "But I should have to mingle with those beneath me in rank." Ah, I supposed that Christianity had destroyed the distinction of rank; not indeed by depressing any, but by elevating all. Should Christians, all cleansed by the same blood and Spirit, treat other Christians as common?

"But I am not qualified to teach." If you are not

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…ertake teaching for the …st way to learn any thing, …y think yourself not quali… goes far towards qualifying …

…ious: there is so much self-… I hear a disciple of Christ and self-denial, when these are …litions of discipleship? Is the …aster? Can you follow Christ …re he went? And went he not Pleased he himself?

Ah, I know what is the reason of this deficiency of Sabbath school teachers, and I will speak it out. It is owing to a deplorable want of Christian benevolence in them who profess to be Christ's followers. They lack the love that is necessary to engage one in this labour of love. They have no *heart* for the work.—*Nevins.*

GOD WILL RIGHT HIMSELF.

Let us avoid sin, as much as we may. And, though we cannot stay ourselves from going in, let us stay ourselves from going on: lest our God complain against us. If we make him sorrowful for a time, he can make us sorrowful for ever. If we anger him, he can anger all the veins of our hearts. If, instead of serving God by our obedience, we make him serve with our sins, he will make us serve with his plagues; if we drive God to call a convocation of heaven, and earth—"Hear, O heaven! hearken, O earth; I have nourished children, and they have rebelled against me;" if he call on the mountains to hear his controversy, he will make us call on the mountains to help and hide our misery. "And they said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us," &c. If we put God to his querelam, controversy, and make him a plaintive, to enter his suit against us; he will put us to a complaint indeed. "Therefore shall the land mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish." He will force us to repent the time and deeds that ever made him to repent that he made us. He will strike us with such a blow, that there needeth no doubling of it. "He will make an utter end; destruction shall not rise up the second time." As Abishai would have stricken Saul, at once, "And I will not smite him the second time."

We cannot so wrong God, that he is deprived of power to right himself. His first complaint is (as I may say) in tears; his second in blood. I have read of Tamerlane, that the first day of his siege was honoured with his white colours, the second with fatal red, but the third with final black. God is not so quick and speedy in punishment; nor come his judgments with such precipitation. Nineveh after so many forties of years, shall have yet forty days. He that at last came, with his fan in his hand, and fanned but eight grains of good corn, out of a whole barn full of chaff, a whole world of people, gave them the space of one hundred and twenty years' repentance. If Jerusalem will not hear Christ's words, they shall feel his hands. They that are deaf to his voice, shall not be insensible to his blows. He that may not be heard, will be felt.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A SON.

NINE REASONS FOR RESIGNATION.

To Mistress Craig, upon the death of her hopeful son, who was drowned while bathing in a river in France.

You have so learned Christ as now in the furnace what dross, what shining of faith may appear, must come forth. I heard of the removal of your son, Mr Thomas. Though I be dull enough in discerning, yet I was witness to some spiritual savouriness of the new birth and hope of the resurrection, which I saw in the hopeful youth, when he was, as was feared, a-dying in this city. And, since it was written and advisedly appointed, in the spotless and holy decree of the Lord, where, and before what witnesses, and in what manner, whether by a fever, the mother being at the bed, or by some other way in a far country (dear patriarchs died in Egypt, precious to the Lord, have wanted burials), your safest way will be, to be silent, and command the heart to utter no repining and fretting thoughts of the holy dispensation of God.

1. The man is beyond the hazard of dispute; the precious youth is perfected and glorified.

2. Had the youth lain year and day pained beside a witnessing mother, it had been pain and grief lengthened out to you in many portions, and every parcel would have been a little death; now his holy Majesty hath, in one lump and mass, brought to your ears the news, and hath not divided the grief into many portions.

3. It was not yesterday's thought, nor the other year's statute; but a counsel of the Lord of old: and "who can teach the Almighty knowledge?"

4. There is no way of quieting the mind, and of silencing the heart of a mother, but godly submission. The readiest way for peace and consolation to clay vessels is, that it is a stroke of the Potter and Former of all things; and since the holy Lord hath loosed the gripe, when it was fastened sure on your part, I know that your light, and I hope that your heart also, will yield. It is not safe to be at pulling and drawing with the omnipotent Lord. Let the pull go with him, for he is strong; and say, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

5. His holy method and order are to be adored: sometimes the husband before the wife, and sometimes the son before the mother; so hath the only wise God ordered; and when he is sent before, and not lost, in all things give thanks.

6. Meditate not too much on the sad circumstances—the mother was not witness to the last sigh—possibly, cannot get leave to wind the son, nor to weep over his grave; and he was in a strange land. There is a like nearness to heaven out of all the countries of the earth.

7. This did not spring out of the dust. Feed and grow fat by this medicine and fare of the only wise Lord. It is the art and the skill of faith to read what the Lord writeth upon the cross, and to spell and

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construct right his sense; often we miscall words and sentences of the cross, and either put nonsense on his rods, or burden his Majesty with slanders and mistakes, when he mindeth for us thoughts of peace and love, even to do us good in the latter end.

8. It is but a private stroke on a family, and little to the public arrows shot against grieved Joseph, and the afflicted, but, ah! dead, senseless, and guilty people of God. This is the day of Jacob's trouble!

9. There is a bad way of wilful swallowing of a temptation, and not digesting it, or laying it out of memory without any victoriousness of faith. The Lord, who forbiddeth fainting, forbiddeth also despising. But it is easier to counsel than to suffer: the only wise Lord furnish patience. It were not amiss to call home the other youth.

I am not a little afflicted for my Lady Kenmure's condition. I desire you, when ye see her, to remember my humble respects to her. My wife heartily remembereth her to you; and is wounded much in mind with your present condition, and suffereth with you.

Grace be with you.—Yours in the Lord, &c.

S. RUTHERFORD.

St Andrews, Aug. 4, 1660.

EVERY-DAY WRETCHEDNESS.

Do we wonder at the wretchedness obtruding itself amidst the bustling magnificence of our great towns? A slight insight into the mental and moral destitution of the neglected classes would remove our surprise at their defects, and lead us to wonder rather that, with such associations, so much of a fine humanity yet remains amongst them.

I see now a squalid mother with four children by her side, whom she loves like a savage. She wears the rags of a widow's weeds; she lives by the compassion of passers-by, who fling her pence to avoid the pain of her presence; she cannot smile, and never had any reason to do so; her heart is strong in the feeling of fatality; she doubts not that her wretchedness is the inevitable appointment of a Power whose name she has never heard but in blasphemy, and with which the idea of love would be the most unlikely association. Her husband died in an hospital, where a medical student gave him a tract which he could not read, and whispered at last, in his dying ear, of Jesus and the resurrection; and in death the man wept and wondered that such words had never reached his ear before. His parents and his wife's parents were vagabonds and outcasts, and it was never known that any of their generation could read. The creed of the Egyptians under the Pharaohs was a creed of light, compared to the palpable darkness of their minds. That haggard widow can only be a whispering beggar in the metropolis of calculation and commerce. What wonder! Two little girls creep feebly by her side; their faces are livid, and withered, and sad; they will soon die. The baby on her bosom is also wasting away. But the diminutive boy, about nine years old, standing at the corner, begging of those speechless ladies with feathered bonnets, has some vigour in him; he was born when his mother's heart was warmer and his father was drudging on with some hope in his ignorance. That boy will, if left alone, probably be a thief, and come to the gallows, or be sent to Norfolk Island. He is shrewd, quick, sensitive, and already heroic in his efforts to cheat mankind, whom he supposes to be all against him. How shall that child be improved? He dwells in the midst of uncleanness and cruelty, catching the contagion of sin from the expression of almost every face, and he is in sympathy with polluted humanity in every form. How shall that susceptible young being be transformed in the spirit of his mind, so as to grow godlike, while all the influences about him tend to make and keep him hideous within? Educate—educate; stamp burning truth upon his soul; show him that you are in sympathy with heaven; impress the character of Jesus on his mind; let him feel the Saviour's love in yours; let him see how you adore actively, because the Maker of worlds, and of souls and of bodies, is pledged to redeem us from all evil. Teach him the Lord's Prayer; bid him look abroad upon the universe of light, and give him the key to its glories; give him knowledge, and you will then furnish him with motive for behaving as if he might hope to become an heir of God. That boy may be either a Barabbas or a Barnabas. Under the guardian influence of Christian associations, and the spirit that unites souls in the love of a glorified Master, who was once crucified for them, the incarnated inheritance of evil would be exchanged by that boy for a godly heritage; and, instead of growing up as an Arab amongst men, he would be able to smile like an angel, even if they should stone him, for he would still look into heaven and pray for them.—*Dr Moore.*

I AM WEARY.

WEARY of pursuing objects which I can never overtake. In childhood, I wearied myself in childish diversions and sports. I was soon wearied of one, and asked for another. I wanted something new. Every new amusement or toy was the best, but it soon became old, and ceased to satisfy. I wanted "something else." When grown to youth, I was scarcely less a child, and none the less wearied than formerly. I sought a new class of pleasures, and had an increase of dreamy plans for future life; but found myself no more satisfied with anything attained, and no less restless in the pursuit of something just before me, than when I was a little child. If I acquired one desired thing, I had scarcely begun to enjoy it before a new object glittered in the distance, and then I had no rest, but must straightway be off in hot pursuit, and not one in a thousand of the glowing things which dazzled my eyes ever came to my possession. So has it been, more or less, through my whole life. I have wearied myself in the pursuit of Will-with-the-wisps, or in hunting for air castles and fairy lands, far more than in prudent labour for substantial good. I have left valuable realities to chase after "airy nothings."

Weary of pursuing what is not worth the pains

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and labour. *Riches!* What of them? Whom can they make more comfortable than a moderate competence would have made them? Whom that is worthy of respect did they ever make more so? Who that was benevolent became more so by riches? Whom did they ever make more modest, humble, dignified, or more truly good than they were without them? To whom does the possession of wealth give true peace? rational happiness?

Fame and honours. A breath has made them, and a breath will blow them away. The creation of popular ferment, or of a brood of flatterers, many have staked character, and honesty, and life to gain them, and have paid the forfeiture. They who have attained them have found them baubles not worth wearing, or if they are weak enough to be pleased with them, are surely rather to be pitied than envied.

Weary of *worldly cares and anxieties.* The anxieties it is sinful to indulge. The cares I ought patiently and cheerfully to bear. They are needful. They are a part of the discipline which the soul needs to make it more meet for divine service. They are inseparable from the responsibilities and duties of life. They are designed to make us thoughtful of our dependence, and to suppress the levities and triflings to which we are predisposed. They contribute to excite desire for the release and the rest set before us. But, oh! they do weary and wear away the frail tabernacle.

Weary of *sin.* Far less so than I ought to be. Otherwise such a load of it would not still press upon me. Here is a great and palpable inconsistency. Weary of a burden, and yet so constantly adding to its weight. Ah, deceitful and sinful heart! how little thou knowest thyself. Weary of sinning, yet sinning daily and hourly. How shall we, who are dead to sin, live any longer therein? I trust I do not, as having delight in sin. I trust it is true that my soul loathes it; that I am *weary* of it. But it clings to me, if I do not hold fast to it. "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Almost weary of *waiting.* I know not that I ought to say this; for I fear I have very little of the waiting posture. My lamp burns dimly; I have little oil in my vessel; my loins are loosely girt, and I am very unfaithful in watching. I fear my waiting is mostly a selfish desire for rest. Yet, Lord, is there not in it some desire for thy rest? Do I not desire to be *near* thee, that I may be *like* thee? Have I not a desire for a place in those mansions, because thou art there? Is it not my desire to be with thee, that I may see thee as thou art?

PILGRIM.

SHAKING THRONES.

LIGHT thoughts are weighty follies now. Earth's thrones
Are shaking, and affrighted monarchs feel
Their ominous vibrations. What a peal
Was that I heard! Commingled shouts and groans
Proclaim one fallen: France no longer owns
Her Louis! Though but yesterday his heel
Seem'd firmly fix'd, and he defied the steel,
And reason-prompted purpose of her sons,
To-day we find him not: he's toppled down
Amongst—beneath them! Subjects rise and stand
Erect, who to his confiscated crown
Once knelt, and homage paid at his command.
Such are their sov'reigns when the nations frown;
And such the wrath of Heaven's avenging hand.

BEAUTY AND BLOOD.

IF we feel anything of true loveliness, we shall, above all things, promote love. But, alas! men dislike deformity, and hate evil in every one but themselves, because they find no mirror to reflect their own moral image, and will not look into the law of God. Hence they can worship exterior beauty while unconscious of intrinsic hideousness. So deeply deluding is our outward life, that unless we are honest at heart, the more that is said and thought of the moral and personal excellence of others, the more apt are we to question the motives that influence them. Those who are hateful are always ready to become calumnious, and those are already outrageous who seek for pictured and extraneous beauty, rather than to be beauteous in their souls. The most horrible deeds of darkness and cruelty have been perpetrated by the worshippers of a pictorial religion, and the fiercest defence of nominal public virtue has been the fruit of intensest private vice.

The worship of a beauty exalted and apart from any relation to a man's own soul, is consistent with a zeal that leads to massacre and murder. The fifty thousand victims of St Bartholomew were sacrificed to the power that presided over imposing forms in the name of God. The men who would have bowed to a picture of the Blessed Virgin, as divine, could stab a living mother with a babe upon her bosom. Because they had no beauty in their souls, they pierced again the heart of Jesus, while they seemed to kneel at his cross, and they thought to serve the Son of the Highest, by execrating those for whom he died. Light had lost its meaning to their eyes. As sight is a spiritual sense, and we do not behold the objects as material things, but only perceive the different degrees of antagonism between light and darkness, which we call colours, so these zealots of beauty made their own colours out of the darkness that was in them, when the true light shone upon it.

The love of beauty is one with the love of goodness, in a mind purified by holy truth. But a nice taste for the fine arts, as means of pleasure, may prevail in a breast without humanity. The mob of murderers, with guns and bayonets, in the French Revolution of 1792, pursued the fugitives from the Palace of the Tulleries into the gardens; but they refrained from firing on those who, in vain efforts to escape from their assassins, climbed up the marble monuments abounding there; and, lest the statues should be injured, they pricked down their victims, murdering them at their feet, with steel dripping with gore warm from the heart. Thus the divine beauty of a human form was mangled by lovers of beauty in stone. As usual, men, women, and children were butchered at the feet of idols; for devotion to Apollo and to Venus is but the madness of pride and lust. The true perception of beauty was of course impossible in such savages. Men cannot see beauty while they merely look at appearances, because the spiritual relation of things is not discerned by the bodily vision. It demands a spiritual eye-sight and apprehension. Beauty in the abstract is truth—the embodiment of moral law: it is an attribute of God. But in our relative view of the Divine love and power, as exhibited in the uses of created forms, beauty is, in fact, that order of things which tends to preserve the complacency of man; and, while pleasingly exciting his attention, encourages the social affections. It is, in short, the visible expression of God's purpose in nature, the end of which is to promote harmony between thought, feeling, and action.—*Dr Moore.*

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PUNCTUALITY.

It is said of Melancthon, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in idleness or suspense; and of Washington, that when his secretary being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he replied, "You must get another *watch*, or I another *secretary*."

I WILL TURN HEREAFTER.

1. *You will not turn now.*—That is, you will abide rebels to God, devils to yourselves, vassals to the devil, idolizers of this vain world, &c. This you will do, though you know it unjust, unsafe, unprofitable, ungrateful, and all that is worst; and though you would think it hard if God should hold you in such a state against your wills, or suffer Satan to keep you in it by force. This you will do, though you know that if God should now use you like yourselves (that is, like irreconcilable enemies, even against his very entreaties), you must be sent quick to hell;—though you know, too, that every sin you commit makes conversion harder, if ever it be made; and hell hotter for you, if it be not made; this you will do; of choice you will, and because you will; without any reasons that you dare to produce, or let mortal men hear you speak.

2. *You will turn hereafter.*—Thy power, foolish creature, thy power! where is thy power, thy will, or thy reason? Thy power, man! Canst thou live as long as thou wilt? Canst thou save thyself from distraction, delusions of Satan, &c.? Art thou able thyself to supply thyself with necessaries, natural and supernatural, now and hereafter? Well; if thou couldst, say plainly, What is thy will? It is a will not moved by God's threats or promises to fear or love him. If it were so, thou wouldst convert now. And if it be not so, what is thy purpose, for all thy fair promise? Dost thou intend hereafter to turn unto a God neither feared nor loved? Surely thou dost not. Thinkest thou that thou shalt hereafter fear and love him? I ask, What should make thee so think? He will for ever be the same God that now he is. Lay to thy heart what I tell thee:—If God be not just now worthy of fear and love, then he never was or will be so; for he changes not. In a word, what, if thou hadst both power to convert when thou wouldst, and hadst a real will to convert hereafter to God! where is the reason for staying without and against God all the while? Thou art servant, he is Lord; thou the child, he the Father. When servants run away, and will not return to their masters; and very children run away, and will not come back to their fathers; no, though the masters and fathers call and send and promise, and do not need them, while they all the while need their masters and fathers: all people conclude there is a cause of this, and a fault must lie somewhere in one of the parties. Either the father is unnatural, and the master cruel; or else the child is a viper, and the servant a monster. Speak, man, and say now where is the fault? what is the cause that thou canst not yet be prevailed with to return to thy Lord and Father? Thou must charge him or thyself with most black and bloody faults. If thou layest it on God, thou makest him worse than the devil, and proclaimest Satan the better master and father of the two. If thou takest the blame on thyself, I ask thee, how thou canst endure to see, hear, or think of thyself! a creature hating its God, that is all love, and all loveliness! No words, I think—no words of mine, I am sure—can express how blasphemous or how self-condemned they are, all that put off conversion to another time.

Alas! here is life and all in the case. Conversion is the life of thy soul, man: it is dying, till it convert; it is in hell, till thou convert. And is this a fit word?—"I will then convert hereafter." Thy darling child drops into the fire, and thou promisest to come and help it out to-morrow: a very kind creature thou wilt be thought, and as wise a one! Upon every account I may say of these promises of turning hereafter, as was said of Judas: "It had been better they had never been born." And they be Judases indeed; for, though they flatter and kiss, they betray and kill poor souls.—*Burgess.*

A HAPPY HOME.

A HAPPY home greatly depends on the recreations and amusements which are provided for young people. It is no small difficulty to give a useful direction to their play hours. Little more has been contemplated in the gambols of youth than the health and activity of their bodies, and the refreshment of their spirits. It is well when these objects can be attained without the indulgence of sinful tempers; but youthful sports have often proved the nursery of pride, ambition, and contention. In public schools these evils have been encouraged, or at least deemed unavoidable. The seed of revenge in manhood has been planted in boyish violence, and the unheeded acts of oppression by the elder boys towards their juniors have trained them to tyranny in riper years. Private education affords greater facilities for checking these evils, but the want of the stimulus supplied by numbers is apt to render the pastime uninteresting and home distasteful.

Legh Richmond was alive to these inconveniences, and endeavoured by succession and variety of recreations to employ the leisure hours to advantage. He had recourse to what was beautiful in nature, or ingenious in art or science; and when abroad he collected materials to gratify curiosity. He fitted up his museum and his library with specimens of mineralogy, instruments for experimental philosophy, and interesting curiosities from every part of the world; he had his magic lantern to exhibit phantasmagoria, and teach natural history, to display picturesque beauty, and scenes and objects far-famed in different countries; his various microscopes for examining the minutiæ of plants and animals; his telescope for tracing planetary revolutions and appearances; his air-pump and other machines for illustrating and explaining the principles of pneumatics and electricity; authors of every country who treated on the improvements connected with modern science; whatever, in short, could store the mind with ideas, or interest and improve the heart. When he travelled he kept up a correspondence with his family, and narrated to them the persons, places, and adventures of his progress. On his return he en-

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livened many a leisure hour by larger details of all that he had observed, to amuse and improve.—*Family Scrap-Book.*

"LOOK ON THE FIELDS."

JOHN iv. 35.

CHRISTIANS! the reapers of the earth
Are adding field to field;
And all around, their harvest mirth
Proclaims a bounteous yield.

With energy they cultivate
The long-neglected ground;
And patiently, with hope, they wait
'Till golden fruit is found.

The reaper, Death, is busy too;
His sickle swift he plies,
While gath'ring those who turn to you
With loud, despairing cries.

"Look on the thousand fields" that lie
In distant, heathen lands,
Unseeded and uncared-for—dry,
And sow with lib'ral hands.

The prophecy of old fulfil;
Scatter the gospel seed
O'er ev'ry valley, ev'ry hill—
Let nought the work impede.

Then deserts till'd shall all rejoice;
The fruitful time shall come;
And you, with grateful, cheerful voice,
Shall sing "*the harvest home.*"

DYING GLADLY.

BEHOLD here the secret of dying! "These all died in faith." Bad men die reluctantly: life is extorted from them as if by main force. The believer dies willingly; his will is sweetly submitted to his Father's will; he makes it a religious act to die. Just as Jesus himself commended his human soul to his Father, saying, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii. 46); so his believing disciple commends his soul to Jesus, and through him to the Father. Here, I repeat, is the secret how to die happily. To those who know not that secret, it is a fearful thing to die. It is a serious matter for any. But to the worldly-minded and ungodly, if not past feeling, to die, must be, as one of the heathen philosophers (Aristotle) confessed it, "of all formidable things the most formidable." Only mention a neighbour's death in a gay circle; lo, you have thrown a gloom over the whole assembly—all are evidently sorry that the topic was introduced. The ancient Romans would not mention death in plain words, if they could avoid it, but only by circumlocution and implication. The heathens, at this day, in like manner, "shun all conversation on death, as most repugnant to their feelings;" I quote the words of an eye-witness: "They account it the height of cruelty to speak of the probability of a sick friend's death, even to his relatives." Even serious Christians are often in bondage through fear of death. It is such a venture; a mistake may be so fatal: to go before God is so awful; judgment will bring to light such secrets; that many think, How can I die? Yet you all must. Be persuaded, give your soul to Jesus now; do it again from day to day; and then, when your dying day is come, again approach the Saviour, and say "Lord, I hear thee calling for my spirit; I see the waggons sent to fetch me home to thee; in the hand of death I recognise thy hand of love; thou askest for my soul; take it, for it is thine. Do with it what thou wilt, I have given it to thee to be washed in thy blood, and sanctified by thy Spirit; I am sure thou wilt do it no harm!"

Does a thought here arise, And what shall become of my poor body? Why, even if, like Stephen's, it were battered and bruised with stones murderously hurled, even though it were burning at a stake, or tortured on a rack, you need not mind; look but that the soul be safe; and then, whatever may become of the body, Jesus will take care of thy dust and ashes. The remains of his faithful servants are to him the most precious parts of this material earth. They form a pledge of his final coming. For if your souls are truly his, he will hereafter raise up your bodies glorious, incorruptible, immortal, like unto his own. (Phil. iii. 21.)—*Hambleton.*

Fragments.

Why was the Bread of Life hungry, but that he might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was Rest itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the Prince of peace in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of peace could bring the God of peace, and the peace of God, to poor sinners.—*Dyer.*

Some professors pass for very meek, good-natured people, until you displease them. They resemble a pool or pond which, while you let it alone, looks clear and limpid, but if you put in a stick and stir the bottom, the rising sediment soon discovers the impurity that lurks beneath.

God will confound the language of those sons of pride who cry up the powers of nature; as if man with the slime of his own free will, and the bricks of his own self-righteousness, were able to rear up a building whose top might reach to heaven itself.

The times are such that it is almost impossible for a man to go to heaven without getting a nickname by the way. But it is better to go to heaven with a nickname, than to go to hell without one.

Sin being the disease, and holiness the health of our souls, and the chastenings of God being the physic to effect this cure by, surely we had better take the remedy, though it make us sick, than keep our disease, which will make us die. (Heb. xii. 9.) The remedy is better than the disease, affliction better than sin. (Job xxxvi. 21.) It were an ill choice to choose sin rather than affliction.

To go out of God's way for life, is to go out of the way of life. (John v. 39, 40, vi. 68, xiv. 6; Acts iv. 12.) It is not only lost labour, but the way to death, to seek life out of or without Christ Jesus. (Rom. ix. 30, 33, x. 3, 4.)

I have heard of a lady who, hearing of the death of her two sons in one day (and that in such a way as would make the ears of him that should hear to tingle), uttered these words: "I see God will leave me nothing to love but himself." God takes that from our love which would take our love from him—God parts that and us which would part us and him. When God leaves us with a little to love, it is that our love may cleave much to him.

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THE GOOD NEWS.

Concluded from page 217.

Oh, you who have not yet closed with the terms of the gospel, be persuaded to receive the message of the gospel kindly, believingly, into your hearts; it is the best news you can send back to heaven, as a gratulatory return for the glad tidings that the gospel brings from thence. Thy embracing Christ preached to thee in the gospel, will be as welcome news to heaven, I can tell thee, as the tidings of Christ and salvation through him can be to thee. There is joy in heaven at the conversion of a sinner. Those angels which sang Christ into the world, will not want a song when he is received into thy heart, for he came into the world for this end. Christ descended when he came into the world, but now he ascends; that was an act of his humiliation, this of exaltation. The highest created throne that God can sit on is the soul of a believer; no wonder, then, that Christ calls all his friends to joy with him at a soul's return to him, and reception of him. (Luke xv. 6.) What joy is now in heaven upon this occasion we may collect from the joy it drew from Christ when on earth. It was some great good news that could wring a smile then from Christ, or tune his spirit into a joyful note, who was a man of sorrows, and indeed came into the world to be so; yet when his disciples, whom he had sent forth to preach the gospel, returned with news of some victorious success of their labours, "in that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father." (Luke x. 21.) Of all the hours of his life, that is the hour wherein Christ would express his joy; which, with the care of the Spirit to record this passage in the history of Christ's life, shows that Christ had an especial design in that expression of his joy at that time; and what could it be, but to let us know how much his heart was set upon the work of saving souls; and that when he should be gone to heaven, if we meant to send any joyful news to him thither, it should be of the prosperous and victorious success the gospel hath over our hearts. This, this which could make him rejoice in the midst of his sorrows here on earth, must be more joyous to him in heaven, now that he hath no bitterness from his own sufferings, which are all healed, past, and gone, to mingle with the joy of this news; and, if the kind reception of the gospel be such joyful news to him, you may easily conceive how distasteful the rejecting of it is to him. As he rejoiced in spirit to hear the gospel prevailed, so he cannot but be angry when it meets with a repulse from the unbelieving world. Luke xiv. 21, we find the master of the house—that is, Christ—angry when his servants, sent to invite his guests—that is, preach the gospel—return with a denial from those that were bidden, for so their mannerly excuses were interpreted by Christ; yea, so angry, that he claps a fearful doom upon them: "Not one of those invited shall taste of my supper." God can least bear any contempt cast upon his grace. The Jews, though they had many grievous calamities befell them for their idolatry, and other sins, yet never any like that which their rejecting Christ brought upon them; under those they relented, but under this they hardened. They would not come when the supper was on the table; and therefore the cloth was drawn, and they go supperless to bed, and die in their sins. While they shut the door of their hearts against Christ, this padlock, as I may call it, of judiciary impenitence is fastened to it. Christ needs take no other revenge on a soul for its refusing him, to make it miserable to the height, than to condemn such a one to have its own desire. Christ thou wilt not, Christ therefore thou shalt not, have. O unhappy soul! thou hast offers of Christ, but diest without Christ. Thou goest with thy full lading to damnation. None sink so deep in hell as those that fall into it with stumbling at Christ. That gospel which brings now good news, will, when thou shalt have a repetition sermon of it at the great day, bring the heaviest tidings with it that thy ears ever heard.

To you who have entertained the message of the gospel.—*First*, Rejoice at the news: glad tidings and sad hearts do not well together. When we see one heavy and sorrowful, we ask him what ill news he hath heard. Christian, what ill news hath Christ brought from heaven with him that makes thee walk with thy folded

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arms and pensive countenance? (Ps. cxxxii. 16.) To see a wicked man merry and jocund, or a Christian sad and dumpish, is alike uncomely. "A feast is made for laughter," saith Solomon. (Eccles. x. 19.) I am sure God intended his people's joy in the feast of the gospel: mourners were not to sit at God's table. (Deut. xxvi.) Truly the saints' heaviness reflects unkindly upon God himself: we do not commend his cheer if it doth not cheer us. What saith the world? The Christian's life is but a melancholy walk. Sure, thinks the carnal wretch, it is a dry feast they sit at, where so little wine of joy is drunk. And wilt thou confirm them in this their opinion, Christian? Shall they have thy example to produce against Christ and his Word, which promise peace and joy to all that will come to this feast? O, God forbid that thy conversation, wherein thou art to hold forth the word of life, to live in the eyes of the world, and which ought to be as a comment or gloss upon the Word, to clear up the truth and reality of it to others—that this should so disagree from the text as to make the gladsome tidings spoken of in it more disputed and questioned in the thoughts of the unbelieving world than before. It is an error, I confess, and that a gross one, which the Papists teach, that we cannot know the Scriptures to be the Word of God, but by the testimony of the Church; yet it is none to say, that a practical testimony from the saints' lives hath great authority over the consciences of men, to convince them of the truth of the gospel. Now they will believe it is good news indeed the gospel brings, when they can read it in your cheerful lives; but when they observe Christians sad with this cup of salvation in their hands, truly they suspect the wine in it is not so good as the preachers commend it to them for. Should men see all that trade to the Indies come home poorer than they went, it would be hard to persuade others to venture thither, for all the golden mountains said to be there. O Christians! let the world see you are not losers in your joy, since you have been acquainted with the gospel; give them not cause to think by your uncomfortable walking, that when they turn Christians, they must bid all joy farewell, and resolve to spend their days in a house of mourning. *Secondly*, Is the gospel a message of glad tidings? Do not, then, for shame, Christian, run on the world's score by taking up any of its carnal joy; thou needest not go out of God's house to be merry; here is joy enough in the glad tidings of the gospel—more than thou canst spend, though thou shouldst live at a higher rate than thou dost or canst here on earth. Abraham would not take so much as a thread or shoe-latchet from the king of Sodom, "lest he should say that he made Abraham rich." (Gen. xiv.) A Christian should deny himself to the world's joys and delights, lest they say, These Christians draw their joy out of our cistern. The channel is cut out of the Spirit of God, in which he would have his saints' joy run. "If any be merry, let him sing psalms." Let the subject of his mirth be spiritual; as on the other hand, "If he be sick, let him pray" (James iii. 13), a spiritual vent is given to both affections of sorrow and joy. A prince's recreation must not be like a ruffian's, nor a Christian's joy like the carnal man's. If ever there was need to call upon Christians to feed the lamp of their joy with spiritual fuel, holy oil, that drops from the gospel reservoir, now the time is, wherein professors do assimilate with the world in their outward bravery, junketings, fashions, pastimes, and are so kind to the flesh, in allowing of, yea, pleading so much for a carnal liberty in these things, that shows too plainly the spiritual joy to be drawn out of these wells of salvation does not satisfy them, or else they would not make up their draught from this dirty water, which was wont to be thirsted after only by those that had never drunk of Christ's cup. Oh, what is the reason that those who would pass for Christians forsake this pure wine of gospel joy, for the sophisticated stuff which the world presents in her golden cup to them? Is it because the gladsome message of the gospel is grown stale, and so its joy (which once sparkled in the preaching of it, as generous wine doth in the cup, and cheered the hearts of believers with strong consolations) hath now lost its spirit? Or can that pure stream of spiritual joy, which hath run so long through the hearts and lives of the saints in so many generations, without mingling with the brackish water of the world's sensual pleasures, at last fall in with them, and be content to lose its own divine nature and sweetness in such a sink? O no! the gospel is the same as it was; the joy it brings as sweet and brisk, as spiritual and pure, as ever it was, and will be as long as God and Christ continue to be the same, out of whose bosom of love it first flowed and is still fed: but the professors of this gospel now are not the same with those holy men and women of primitive times. The world grows old, and men's affections with it chill and cold; we have not our taste so lively, nor our spirits so chaste and pure, as to relish

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the heavenly viands dished forth in the gospel. The cheer is as good as ever, but the guests are worse; we are grown debauched in our judgments, and corrupt in our principles; no wonder, then, if carnal in our joys. Error takes away the heart from Christ and his spiritual joys. The head once distempered, soon affects the heart, and by dropping the malignity of its principles upon it, poisons it with carnal affections; and carnal affections cannot fare with any other than gross and carnal joys. Here, here is the root of the misery of our times. Hath not, think you, the devil played his game cunningly among us, who, by his instruments (transforming them into the likeness of angels of light), first, could raise so many credulous souls into a fond expectation of higher attainments in grace and comfort from their new pretended light than ever yet the saints were acquainted with, and at last to make fall so low, be so reasonable, or rather unreasonable, as to accept such sensual pleasures and joys as this world can afford, in full payment for all the glorious things he promised them? This I hope will make some love the gospel the more, and stick closer to it as long as they live. O Christians, bless God for the glad tidings of the gospel, and never lend an ear to him that would be telling you other news, except you mean to part with the truth to purchase a lie; yea, let it make you careful to draw all your comfort and joy from the gospel's breast. When a carnal heart would be merry, he doth not take the Bible down to read in it; he doth not go into the company of the promises, and walk in the meditation of them; it brings no joy to him to think of Christ or heaven: no, he takes down a play-book, it may be, seeks some jovial company, goes to the exchange or market, to hear what news he can meet with. Every one as his haunt lies; but still it is from the world he expects his joy. And now where lies thy road, Christian? Whither doth thy soul lead thee for thy joy? Dost not thou go to the Word, and read there what Christ has done for thee on earth, and is doing for thee in heaven? Is not the throne of grace the exchange to which thou resortest for good news from that far country, heaven, where all thy estate lies, and thy best friends live? Art thou not listening what promise he will speak peace from to thy soul? If so, thou hast not thy name for nought; thou art a Christian indeed. True students, that love their book indeed, when they have wearied their spirits with study, can recreate them again with study, by making a diversion from that which is severe and intricate to some more facile and pleasant subject. Thus the true Christian, when his spirits are worn and wasted in the severer exercises of Christianity, such as fasting and prayer, wherein he afflicts both body and soul for his sins, then he can recover them at the feast of God's love in Christ, where he sees his water turned into wine, and the tears that even now his sins covered his face withal, washed off by the blood of Christ; when his soul is struck into a fear and trembling with the consideration of the justice of God, and the terror of his threatenings and judgments for sin, then the meditation of the sweet promises of the gospel recreate and revive him; so that in the same word, where he meets with his wound, he finds his healing; where he hath his sorrow, there also he receives his joy.

HAS THE POWER OF WORKING MIRACLES CEASED?

BY THE REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.*

It would lead much too far from the subject in hand to enter into any detailed examination of the authority upon which the later, or, as they may be conveniently termed, the ecclesiastical miracles, come to us. Yet a few words must of necessity find place concerning the permanent miraculous gifts which have been claimed for the Church as her rightful heritage, equally by some who have gloried in their presumed presence, as by others who have lamented their absence—by those alike who have seen in the presence of such, evidences of her sanctity, or in their absence, of her degeneracy and fall. It is not my belief that she has this gift of working miracles, nor yet that she was intended to have, and only through her own unfaithfulness has lost, it; nor that her Lord has abridged her of aught that would have made her strong and glorious in not endowing her with powers such as these. With reasons enough for humbling herself, yet I do not believe that among those reasons is to be accounted her inability to perform these works that should transcend nature. So many in our own day have arrived at a directly opposite conclusion, that it will be needful shortly to justify the opinion here expressed.

And first, as a strong presumption against the intended continuance of these powers in the Church, may be taken the analogies derived from the earlier history of God's dealings with his people. We do not find the miracles sown broadcast over the whole Old Testament history, but they all cluster round a very few eminent persons, and have reference to certain great epochs and crises of the kingdom of God. Abraham, the father of the faithful—David, the great theocratic king—Daniel, the "man greatly beloved," are alike entirely without them; that is, they do no miracles; such may be accomplished in behalf of them, but they themselves accomplish none. In fact there are but two great outbursts of these; the first, at the establishing of the kingdom under Moses and Joshua, on which occasion it is at once evident that they could not have been wanting; the second in the time of Elijah and Elisha; and

* In his introductory dissertations to his admirable work on our Lord's miracles.

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then also there was utmost need, when it was a question whether the court religion which the apostate kings of Israel had set up should not quite overbear the true worship of Jehovah, when the Levitical priesthood was abolished, and the faithful were but a scattered few among the ten tribes. Then, in that decisive epoch of the kingdom's history, the two great prophets, they too, in a subordinate sense, the beginners of a new period, arose, equipped with powers which should witness that he whose servants they were was the God of Israel, however Israel might refuse to acknowledge him. There is here in all this an entire absence of prodigality in the use of miracles; they are ultimate resources, reserved for the great needs of God's kingdom, not its daily incidents; they are not cheap off-hand expedients, which may always be appealed to, but come only into play when nothing else would have supplied their room. How unlike this moderation to the wasteful expenditure of miracles in the Church history of the middle ages! There no perplexity can occur so trifling that a miracle will not be brought in to solve it; there is almost no saint, certainly no distinguished one, without his *nimbus* of miracles around his head; they are adorned with these in rivalry with one another, in rivalry with Christ himself; no acknowledgment like this: "John did no miracle" (John x. 41), in any of the records of their lives finding place.

We must add to this the declarations of Scripture, concerning the object of miracles—that they are for the confirming the word by signs following, for authenticating a message as being from heaven—that signs are for the unbelieving. (1 Cor. xiv. 22.) What do they, then, in Christendom? It may indeed be answered, that in it are unbelievers still; yet none in the sense in which St Paul uses the word, for he would designate not the positively unbelieving, not those that in heart and will are estranged from the truth, but the negatively, and that, because the truth has never yet sufficiently accredited itself to them. Signs are not for the positively unbelieving, since, as we have seen, they will exercise no power over those who harden themselves against the truth; such will resist them as surely as they will resist every other witness of God's presence in the world; but for the unbelieving who are such by no fault of their own—for them to whom the truth is now coming for the first time. And if not even for them now—as they exist, for instance, in a heathen land—we may sufficiently account for this by the fact, that the Church of Christ, with its immense and evident superiorities of all kinds over everything with which it is brought in contact, and some portions of which superiority every man must recognise, is itself now the great witness and proof of the truth which it delivers. That truth, therefore, has no longer need to vindicate itself by an appeal to something else; but the position which it has won in the very fore-front of the world is itself its vindication now—is sufficient to give it a first claim on every man's attention.

And then, further, all that we might ourselves beforehand presume from the analogy of external things leads us to the same conclusions. We find all *beginning* to be wonderful—to be under laws different from, and higher than, those which regulate ulterior progress. Thus the powers evermore at work for the upholding the natural world are manifestly insufficient for its first creation; there were other which must have presided at its birth, but which now, having done their work, have fallen back, and left it to its ordinary development. The multitudinous races of animals which people this world, and of plants which clothe it, needed infinitely more for their first production than suffices for their present upholding. It is only according to the analogies of that which thus everywhere surrounds us, to presume that it was even so with the beginnings of the spiritual creation—the Christian Church. It is unquestionably so in the beginning of that new creation in any single heart. Then, in the regeneration, the strongest tendencies of the old nature are overborne; the impossible has become possible, in some measure easy; by a mighty wonder-stroke of grace the polarity in the man is shifted; the flesh, that was the positive pole, has become the negative; and the spirit, which was before the negative, is henceforth the positive. Shall we count it strange, then, that the coming in of a new order, not into a single heart, but into the entire world—a new order bursting forcibly through the bonds and hindrances of the old, should have been wonderful? It had been inexplicable if it had been otherwise. The son of Joseph might have lived and died and done no miracles; but the Virgin-born, the Son of the Most High, himself the middle point of all wonder—for him to have done none, herein, indeed, had been the most marvellous thing of all.

But this new order, having not only declared but constituted itself, having asserted that it is not of any inevitable necessity bound by the heavy laws of the old, henceforth submits itself in outward things, and for the present time, to those laws. All its true glory, which is its inward glory, it retains; but these powers, which are not the gift—for Christ himself is the gift—but the signs of the gift, it foregoes. They were as the proclamation that the king was mounting his throne; yet the king is not proclaimed every day, but only at his accession; when he sits acknowledged on his throne, the proclamation ceases. They were as the bright clouds which gather round, and announce the sun at his first appearing; his mid-day splendour, though as full, and indeed fuller, of light and heat, knows not those bright heralds of his rising. That it *has had* these wonders—that its first birth was, like that of its wondrous Founder, wonderful—of this the Church preserves a record and attestation in its Scriptures of truth. The miracles recorded there live for the Church; they are as much present witnesses for Christ to us now as to them who actually saw them with their eyes. For they were done once that they might be believed always—that we, having in the Gospels the living representation of our Lord's life pourtrayed for us, might as surely believe that he was the ruler of nature, the healer of the body, the Lord of life and of death, as though we had actually ourselves seen him allay a storm, or heal a leper, or raise one dead.

Moreover, a very large proportion of the later miracles presented to our belief bear inward marks of spuriousness. The miracles of Scripture — and among these, not so much the miracles of the Old Covenant as the miracles of Christ and his apostles, being the miracles of that highest and latest dispensation under which we live, we have a right to consider as normal, in their chief features at least, for all future miracles, if such were to continue in the Church. The details, the local colouring, may be different, and there were no need to be perplexed at such a difference appearing; yet the later must not be, in their inner spirit, totally unlike the earlier, or they carry the sentence of condemnation on their front. They must not, for instance, lead us back under the bondage of the senses, while those other were ever framed to release from that bondage. They must not be aimless and objectless, fantastic freaks of power, while those had every one of them a meaning, and distinct ethical aim—were bridges by which Christ found access from men's bodies to their souls—manifestations of his glory, that men might be drawn to the glory itself. They must not be

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ludicrous and grotesque, saintly jests, while those were evermore reverend, and solemn, and awful. And lastly, they must not be seals and witnesses to aught which the conscience, enlightened by the Word and Spirit of God—whereunto is the ultimate appeal, and which stands above the miracle, and not beneath it—protests against as untrue (the innumerable Romish miracles which attest transubstantiation), or as error largely mingling with the truth (the miracles which go to uphold the whole Romish system), those other having set their seal only to the absolutely true. Miracles such as any of these, we are bound, by all which we hold most sacred, by all which the Word of God has taught us, to reject and to refuse. It is for the reader, tolerably acquainted with the Church history of the middle ages, to judge how many of its miracles will, if these tests be acknowledged and applied, at once fall away, and come no more even into consideration.*

Very interesting is it to observe how the men who in some sort fell in with the prevailing tendencies of their age, (for, indeed, who escapes them?) yet did ever, in their higher moods, with a truest Christian insight, witness against those very tendencies by which they, with the rest of their contemporaries, were more or less borne away. Thus was it with regard to the over-valuing of miracles—the counting them the only evidences of an exalted sanctity. Against this what a continual testimony in all ages of the Church was borne; not, indeed, sufficient to arrest the progress of an error into which the sense-bound generations of men only too naturally fall, yet showing that the Church herself was ever conscious that the holy life was in the sight of God of higher price than the wonderful works—that love is the greatest miracle of all—that to overcome the world, this is the greatest manifestation of the power of Christ in his servants.

One passage from Chrysostom, in place of the many that might be quoted, and even that greatly abridged, must suffice. He is rebuking the faithful, that now, when their numbers were so large, they did so little to leaven the world, and this, when the apostles, who were but twelve, effected so much; and he puts aside the excuse, "But they had miracles at command," not with the answer, "So have we;" but in this language: "How long shall we use their miracles as a pretext for our sloth? And what was it then, you say, which made the apostles so great? I answer, This, that they contemned money; that they trampled on vain-glory; that they renounced the world. If they had not done thus, but had been slaves of their passions, though they had raised a thousand dead, they would not merely have profited nothing, but would have been counted as impostors. What miracle did John, who reformed so many cities, of whom yet it is expressly said, that he did no sign? And thou, if thou hadst thy choice, to raise the dead in the name of Christ, or thyself to die for his name, which wouldst thou choose? Would it not be plainly the latter? And yet that were a *miracle*, and this is but a *work*. And if one gave thee the choice of turning all grass into gold, or being able to despise all gold as grass, wouldst thou not choose the last? And rightly; for by this last wouldst thou most effectually draw men to the truth. This is not my doctrine, but the blessed Paul's: for when he had said, "Covet earnestly the best gifts," and then added, "yet show I unto you a more excellent way;" he did not adduce miracles, but love, as the root of all good things."

Few points present greater difficulties than the attempt to fix accurately the moment when these miraculous powers departed from the Church, and it entered into its permanent state, with only its miracles of grace and the record of its miracles of power; instead of having actually going forward in the midst of it those miracles of power as well, with which it first asserted itself in the world. This is difficult, because it is difficult to say at what precise moment the Church was no longer in the act of *becoming*, but contemplated in the mind of God as now actually *being*; when to the wisdom of God it appeared that he had adequately confirmed the word with signs following, and that these props and strengthenings of the infant plant might safely be removed from the hardier tree.*

* The results are singularly curious which sometimes are come to through the following up to their first sources the biographies of eminent Romish saints. Tholuck has done so in regard of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier; and to him (*Verm. Schrift*, pp. 50-57) I am mainly indebted for the materials of the following note: There are few, perhaps, who have been surrounded with such an halo of wonders as the two great pillars of the order of the Jesuits, Loyola and Xavier. Upwards of two hundred miracles of Loyola were laid before the Pope, when his canonization was in question—miracles beside which those of our Lord shrink into insignificance. If Christ by his word and look rebuked and expelled demons, Ignatius did the same by a letter. If Christ walked once upon the sea, Ignatius many times in the air. If Christ, by his shining countenance and glistening garments, once amazed his disciples, Ignatius did it frequently; and, entering into dark chambers, could, by his presence, light them up as with candles. If the sacred history tells of *three* persons whom Christ raised from the dead, the number which Xavier raised exceeds all count. In like manner, the miracles of his great namesake of Assisi rivalled, when they did not leave behind, those of Christ.

But to return to Ignatius, and the historic evidence of *his* miracles. Ribadeneira, from early youth his scholar and companion, published, fifteen years after his death, that is in 1572, a life of his departed master and friend; which book appeared again in 1587, augmented with many additional circumstances communicated by persons who had lived in familiar intercourse with Ignatius while living, and who had most intimate opportunities of being acquainted with all the facts of his life. Now it is sufficiently remarkable that neither in the first, nor yet in the second so greatly enlarged and corrected edition, does the slightest trace of a miracle appear. Two years before the appearance of the second edition of this work, that is, in 1585, Maffei, styled the Jesuit Livy, published at Rome his work, *De Vita et Moribus S. Ignatii Loyolæ, Libri tres;* and neither in this is aught related of the great founder of the order, which deserves the name of a miracle, however there may be here some nearer approach to such than in the earlier biography—remarkable intimations, as of the death or recovery of friends, glimpses of their beatified state, ecstatic visions in which Christ appeared to him; and even of these, the list is introduced in a half apologetic tone, which shows that he has by no means thoroughly convinced himself of the historic accuracy of those things which he is about to relate.

But with miracles infinitely more astounding and more numerous the Romish Church has surrounded his great scholar, Francis Xavier. Miracles were as his daily food; to raise the dead was as common as to heal the sick. Even the very boys who served him as catechists received and exercised a similar power of working wonders. Now there are, I believe, no historic documents whatever, laying claim to an ordinary measure of credibility, which profess to vouch for these. And in addition to this, we have a series of letters written by this great apostle to the heathen, out of the midst of his work in the far East (*S. Francisci Xaverii Epistolarum, Libri tres.* Pragæ, 1750), and which are full of admirable hints for the missionary; but of miracles wrought by himself, of miracles which the missionary may expect in aid of his work, there occurs not a single word.

* This image is Chrysostom's, who draws it out at length (*Hom.* 42, *in Inscript. Act. Apostl.*: "As therefore an husbandman, having lately committed a young tree to the bosom of the earth, counts it worthy, being yet tender, of much attention, on every side fencing it round, protecting it with stones and thorns, so that neither it may be torn up by the winds, nor harmed by the cattle, nor injured by any other injury; but when he sees that it is fast rooted and has sprung up on high, he takes away the defences, since now the tree can defend itself from any such wrong; thus has it been in the matter of our faith. When it was newly planted, while it was yet tender, great attention was bestowed on it on every side. But after it was fixed and rooted and sprung up on high, after it had filled all the world, Christ both took away the defences, and for the time to

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That their retrocession was gradual, that this mighty tide of power should have ebbed only by degrees, this was what was to be looked for in that spiritual world which, like God's natural world, is free from all harsh and abrupt transitions, in which each line melts imperceptibly into the next. We can conceive the order of retrocession to have been in this way: that divine power which dwelt in all its fulness and intensity in Christ, was first divided among his apostles, who, therefore, individually brought forth fewer and smaller works than he. It was again from them further subdivided among the ever-multiplying numbers of the Church, who, consequently, possessed not these gifts in the same intensity and plenitude as did the twelve. Yet must it always be remembered that these receding gifts were ever helping to form that which should be their own substitute; that if they were waning, that which was to supply their room was ever waxing—that they only waned as that other waxed; the flower dropped off only as the fruit was being formed. If those wonders of a first creation have left us, yet this was not so, till they could bequeath in their stead the standing wonder of a Church, itself a wonder, and embracing manifold wonders in its bosom. For are not the laws of the spiritual world, as they are ever working in the midst of us, a continual wonder? What is the life of God in the soul, and a kingdom of heaven in the world, what are these but wonders?* wonders in this, like the wonders of ordinary nature, as distinguished from those which accompany a new in-coming of power, that they are under a law which we can anticipate; that they conform to an absolute order, the course of which we can understand; but not therefore the less divine.† How meanly do we esteem of a Church, of its marvellous gifts, of the powers of the coming world which are working within it, of its word, of its sacraments, when it seems to us a small thing that in it men are new-born, raised from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, the eyes of their understanding enlightened, and their ears opened, unless we can also tell of more visible and sensuous wonders. It is as though the heavens should not declare to us the glory of God, nor the firmament show us his handiwork, except at some single moment such as that when the sun was standing still upon Gibeon, and the moon in Ajalon.

While, then, it does not greatly concern us to know *when* this power was withdrawn, what does vitally concern us is, that we suffer not these carnal desires after miracles, as if they were necessarily saints who had them, and they but ordinary Christians who were without them, as though the Church were incomplete and spiritually impoverished which could not show them, to rise up in our hearts, as they are ever ready to rise up in the natural heart of man, to which power is so much dearer than holiness. There is no surer proof than the utterance of feelings such as these, that the true glory of the Church is hidden from our eyes—no sadder sign that some of its outward trappings and ornaments have caught our fancy, and not the fact that it is all glorious within, taken possession of our hearts and minds. It is indeed ill with us, for it argues little which we ourselves have known of the miracles of grace, when *they* seem to us poor and pale, and only the miracles of power have any attraction in our eyes.

come removed the other strengthenings. Wherefore at the beginning he gave gifts even to the unworthy, for the early time had need of these helps to faith. But now he gives them not even to the worthy, for the strength of faith no longer needs this assistance."

* The wonder of the existence and subsistence of a Church in the world is itself so great, that Augustine says strikingly and with deep truth, that to believe or not to believe the miracles is only choosing an alternative of wonders. If you do not believe the miracles, you must at least believe this miracle, that the world was converted without miracles.

† See, too, on these great wonders of the Church, Augustine, *Serm.* 88, c. 3; and Origen (*Com. Cels*, l. ii. c. 48) finds in them, in these wonders of grace which are ever going forward, the fulfilment of the promise that those who believed should do greater things than Christ himself. (John xiv. 12.) Cf. Bernard, *In Ascen. Dom., Serm.* 1.

THE LAST DAYS OF DAVID BRAINERD,

MISSIONARY TO THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

(From his Life by President Edwards.)

THOUGH he was constantly exceeding weak, yet there appeared in him a continual care well to improve time, and fill it up with something that might be profitable, and in some respect for the glory of God or the good of men; either profitable conversation, or writing letters to absent friends, or noting something in his Diary, or looking over his former writings, correcting them, and preparing them to be left in the hands of others at his death, or giving some directions concerning a future conducting and management of his people, or employment in secret devotions. He seemed never to be easy, however ill, if he was not doing something for God, or in his service.

After he came hither, he wrote a preface to a Diary of the famous Mr Shephard's, having been much urged to it by those gentlemen in Boston who had the care of the publication: which Diary, with his preface, has since been published.

In his Diary for Lord's day, August 9, 1747, he speaks of longing desires after death, through a sense of the excellency of a state of perfection.

In his Diary for Lord's day, August 16, he speaks of his having so much refreshment of soul in the house of God, that it seemed to refresh his body. And this is not only noted in his Diary, but was very observable to others; it was very apparent, not only that his mind was exhilarated with inward consolation, but also that his animal spirits and bodily strength seemed to be remarkably restored, as though he had forgot his illness. But this was the last time that ever he attended public worship on the Sabbath.

On Tuesday morning that week, I being absent on a journey, he prayed with my family; but not without much difficulty, for want of bodily strength: and this was the last family prayer that ever he made.

He had been wont, until now, frequently to ride out two or three miles, but this week, on Thursday, was the last time he ever did so.

"*Lord's day, August* 23.—This morning I was considerably refreshed with the thought, yea, the hope and expectation, of the enlargement of Christ's kingdom; and I could not but hope the time was at hand when Babylon the great would fall, and rise no more: this led me to some spiritual meditations, that were very refreshing to me. I was unable to attend public worship either part of the day; but God was pleased to afford me fixedness and satisfaction in divine thoughts. Nothing so refreshes my soul, as when I can go to God, yea, to God *my exceeding joy*. When he is so, sensibly, to my soul, O, how unspeakably delightful is this!

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"In the week past I had divers turns of inward refreshing; though my body was inexpressibly weak, followed continually with agues and fevers. Sometimes my soul centred in God, as my only portion; and I felt that I should be for ever unhappy, if he did not reign: I saw the sweetness and happiness of being his subject, at his disposal: this made all my difficulties quickly vanish.

"From this Lord's day, viz., August 23, I was troubled very much with vapory disorders, and could neither write nor read, and could scarcely live; although, through mercy, was not so much oppressed with heavy melancholy and gloominess as at many other times."

Until this week he had been wont to lodge in a room above stairs; but he now grew so weak, that he was no longer able to go up stairs and down; Friday, August 28, was the last time he ever went above stairs; henceforward he betook himself to a lower room.

On Wednesday, September 2, being the day of our public lecture, he seemed to be refreshed by seeing the neighbouring ministers that came hither to the lecture, and expressed a great desire once more to go to the house of God on that day: and accordingly rode to the meeting, and attended divine service while the Rev. Mr Woodbridge of Hatfield preached. He signified that he supposed it to be the last time that ever he should attend the public worship; as it proved. And indeed it was the last time that ever he went out at our gate alive.

On the Saturday evening next following, he was unexpectedly visited by his brother, Mr John Brainerd, who came to see him from New Jersey. He was much refreshed by this unexpected visit, this brother being peculiarly dear to him; and he seemed to rejoice in a devout and solemn manner, to see him, and to hear the comfortable tidings he brought concerning the state of his dear congregation of Christian Indians: and a circumstance of this visit, that he was exceeding glad of, was that his brother brought him some of his private writings from New Jersey, and particularly his Diary that he had kept for many years past.

"*Lord's day, September* 6.—I began to read some of my private writings, which my brother brought me, and was considerably refreshed by what I met with in them, and found they had the same effect on me as before: I could not but rejoice and bless God for what had passed long ago, which without writing had been entirely lost.

"This evening when I was in great distress of body, my soul longed that God should be glorified: I saw there was no heaven but this. I could not but speak to the by-standers then of the only happiness, viz., pleasing God. O that I could for ever live to God! The day, I trust, is at hand, the perfect day: O, the day of deliverance from all sin!

"*Monday, September* 7.—I proceeded farther in reading my private writings.

"*Lord's day, September* 13.—I was much refreshed and engaged in meditation and writing, and found a heart to act for God. My spirits were refreshed, and my soul delighted to do something for God."

On the evening following that Lord's day, his feet began to appear sensibly swelled; which thenceforward swelled more and more; a symptom of his dissolution coming on.

The next day, his brother John left him, being obliged to return to New Jersey on some business of great importance and necessity; intending to return again with all possible speed, hoping to see his brother yet once more in the land of the living.

On the Thursday of this week, September 17, was the last time that ever he went out of his lodging room. That day, he was again visited by his brother Israel, who continued with him thenceforward until his death. On that evening, he was again visited with symptoms of his approaching death; whereupon he expressed himself thus: "O, the glorious time is now coming! I have longed to serve God perfectly: now God will gratify those desires!" And from time to time, at the several steps and new symptoms of the sensible approach of his dissolution, he was so far from being sunk or damped, that he seemed to be animated, and made more cheerful; as being glad at the appearances of death's approach. He often used the epithet, glorious, when speaking of the day of his death, calling it "that glorious day." And as he saw his dissolution gradually approaching, he was much in talking about it, with perfect calmness speaking of a future state; and also settling all his affairs, very particularly and minutely, giving directions concerning what he would have done in one respect and another after he was dead. And the nearer death approached, the more desirous he seemed to be of it. He several times spake of the different kinds of willingness to die; and spoke of it as an ignoble, mean kind of willingness to die, to be willing to leave the body only to get rid of pain; or to go to heaven only to get honour and advancement there.

"*Saturday, September* 19.—Near night, while I attempted to walk a little, my thoughts turned thus: How infinitely sweet it is to love God and be all for him! Upon which it was suggested to me, You are not an angel, not lively and active. To which my whole soul immediately replied, I as sincerely desire to love and glorify God as any angel in heaven. Upon which it was suggested again, But you are filthy, not fit for heaven. Hereupon instantly appeared the blessed robes of Christ's righteousness, which I could not but exult and triumph in: and I viewed the infinite excellency of God, and my soul even broke with longings that God should be glorified. I thought of dignity in heaven; but instantly the thought returned, I do not go to heaven to get honour, but to give all possible glory and praise. O, how I longed that God should be glorified on earth also! O, I was made for eternity, if God might be glorified. Bodily pains I cared not for: though I was then in extremity, I never felt easier; I felt willing to glorify God in that state of bodily distress as long as he pleased I should continue in it. The grave appeared really sweet, and I longed to lodge my weary bones in it: but O that God might be glorified! This was the burden of all my cry. O, I knew I should be active as an angel, in heaven; and that I should be stripped of my filthy garments! so that there was no objection. But O, to love and

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praise God more, to please him for ever!—this my soul panted after, and even now pants for while I write. O that God might be glorified in the whole earth! Lord, let *thy kingdom come*. I longed for a spirit of preaching to descend and rest on ministers, that they might address the consciences of men with closeness and power. I saw God had the residue of the Spirit; and my soul longed it should be poured from on high. I could not but plead with God for my dear congregation, that he would preserve it and not suffer his great name to lose its glory in that work: my soul still longing that God might be glorified."

The extraordinary frame that he was in, that evening, could not be hid; *his mouth spake out of the abundance of his heart*, expressing in a very affecting manner much the same things as are written in his Diary: and among very many other extraordinary expressions which he then uttered, were such as these: "My heaven is to please God, and to glorify him, and give all to him, and to be wholly devoted to his glory; that is the heaven I long for; that is my religion, and that is my happiness; and always was, ever since I suppose I had any true religion; and all those that are of that religion, shall meet me in heaven. I do not go to heaven to be advanced, but to give honour to God. It is no matter where I shall be stationed in heaven, whether I have a high or a low seat there; but to love and please and glorify God is all: had I a thousand souls, if they were worth any thing, I would give them all to God; but I have nothing to give, when all is done. It is impossible for any rational creature to be happy without acting all for God: God himself could not make him happy any other way. I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God with the holy angels: all my desire is to glorify God. My heart goes out to the burying place; it seems to me a desirable place: but O! to glorify God; that is it; that is above all. It is a great comfort to me, to think that I have done a little for God in the world: O! it is but a very small matter; yet I have done a little; and I lament it, that I have not done more for him. There is nothing in the world worth living for, but doing good, and finishing God's work—doing the work that Christ did. I see nothing else in the world that can yield any satisfaction, besides living to God, pleasing him, and doing his whole will. My greatest joy and comfort has been, to do something for promoting the interest of religion, and the souls of particular persons: and now in my illness, while I am full of pain and distress from day to day, all the comfort I have is in being able to do some little char, or small piece of work for God, either by something that I say, or by writing, or some other way."

He intermingled with these and other like expressions many pathetical counsels to those that were about him; particularly to my children and servants. He applied himself to some of my younger children at this time; calling them to him, and speaking to them one by one; setting before them, in a very plain manner, the nature and essence of true piety, and its great importance and necessity; earnestly warning them not to rest in any thing short of that true and thorough change of heart, and a life devoted to God; counselling them not to be slack in the great business of religion, nor in the least to delay it; enforcing his counsels with this, that his words were the words of a dying man. Said he, "I shall die here, and here I shall be buried, and here you will see my grave, and do you remember what I have said to you. I am going into eternity: and it is sweet to me to think of eternity; the endlessness of it makes it sweet: but O, what shall I say to the eternity of the wicked! I cannot mention it, nor think of it: the thought is too dreadful. When you see my grave, then remember what I said to you while I was alive, then think with yourself, how that man that lies in that grave counselled and warned me to prepare for death."

His body seemed to be marvellously strengthened, through the inward vigour and refreshment of his mind; so that, although before he was so weak that he could hardly utter a sentence, yet now he continued his most affecting and profitable discourse to us for more than an hour, with scarce any intermission; and said of it, when he had done, it was the last sermon that ever he should preach.

This extraordinary frame of mind continued the next day; of which he says in his Diary as follows:—

"*Lord's day, September* 20.—Was still in a sweet and comfortable frame; and was again melted with desires that God might be glorified, and with longings to love and live to him. Longed for the influences of the Divine Spirit to descend on ministers, in a special manner. And O, I longed to be with God, to behold his glory, and to bow in his presence."

It appears by what is noted in his Diary, both of this day, and the evening preceding, that his mind at this time was much impressed with a sense of the importance of the work of the ministry, and the need of the grace of God, and his special spiritual assistance in this work: and it also appeared in what he expressed in conversation; particularly in his discourse to his brother Israel, who was then a member of Yale College at New Haven, and had been prosecuting his studies and academical exercises there, to that end, that he might be fitted for the work of the ministry, and was now with him. He now, and from time to time, in this his dying state, recommended to his brother a life of self-denial, of weanedness from the world, and devotedness to God, and an earnest endeavour to obtain much of the grace of God's Spirit, and God's gracious influences on his heart; representing the great need which ministers stand in of them, and the unspeakable benefit of them from his own experience. Among many other expressions, he said thus: "When ministers feel these special gracious influences on their hearts, it wonderfully assists them to come at the consciences of men, and as it were to handle them with hands; whereas, without them, whatever reason and oratory we make use of, we do but make use of stumps instead of hands."

"*Monday, September* 21.—I began to correct a little volume of my private writings: God, I believe, remarkably helped me in it; my strength was surprisingly lengthened out, and my thoughts quick and lively, and my soul refreshed, hoping it might be a

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work for God. O, how good, how sweet it is, to labour for God.

"*Tuesday, September* 22.—Was again employed in reading and correcting, and had the same success as the day before. I was exceeding weak; but it seemed to refresh my soul thus to spend time.

"*Wednesday, September* 23.—I finished my corrections of the little piece fore-mentioned, and felt uncommonly peaceful: it seemed as if I had now done all my work in this world, and stood ready for my call to a better. As long as I see any thing to be done for God, life is worth having: but O, how vain and unworthy it is to live for any lower end! This day I indited a letter, I think, of great importance, to the Rev. Mr Byram in New Jersey: O that God would bless and succeed that letter, which was written for the benefit of his church! O that God would *purify the sons of Levi*, that his glory may be advanced! This night, I endured a dreadful turn, wherein my life was expected scarce an hour or minute together. But, blessed be God, I have enjoyed considerable sweetness in divine things, this week, both by night and day.

To be concluded in our next.

A TRACT EFFORT.

We had a meeting last night in one of our churches, to raise the sum of two hundred pounds, in aid of the Tract Society's foreign operations. The notice was general in the churches; and to many individuals repeated in the shape of a printed request sent to them on the day of the meeting. The evening came, and it was one of the finest we ever have; not a cloud, and the moon shining forth in her fullest splendour—emulating, to her utmost, the light of the orb of day. We had not, however, a very large meeting.

Few, even of our church members, can be persuaded to adopt that sentiment of the Saviour, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Many are unable to conceal the sceptical smile, when it is gravely advanced and urged as an argument for liberality. More blessed to give! There is nothing in them that responds to that sentiment. Yet Jesus said it seriously. He meant what he said; and some of his dear followers know in their hearts that it is so. They experience the superior blessedness of giving. Far more delightful to them is the feeling when they communicate, than the feeling when they receive; and giving leaves an impression of pleasure on the soul which no other act does or can. To be capable of communicating! What a privilege! they exclaim. It is to be like God, who all things gives, but nought receives, save the gratitude and praise of his innumerable pensioners and dependants. These persons give now as they pray, almost forgetting it is a duty, so occupied are their souls with a feeling that it is a privilege.

But we met to promote a *foreign* object; and that made against us with some. The *distance* of the heathen from us was even pleaded by one as an argument against contributing! They are not so *far off*. So far off—my thoughts dwelt on these words, and I reflected thus: "They are not so far off from us as angels are from men; yet angels come over the distance to minister to men. No part of earth is so far from any other part, as earth from heaven; yet, did not the benevolence of the Son of God bring him across that long interval of space? How have we his spirit, if our benevolence cannot carry us the length and breadth of this little continuous earth? What if the object *be* foreign? Earth was more foreign to heaven. The man that argues against missions as foreign, is not aware, perhaps, that his argument assails the mission of the Son of God, and would prove the incarnation to have been an unwise measure. But it is foreign! What! one spot of earth foreign to another, and man an alien to man! Christianity teaches a different lesson—that earth is but one great habitation, and men but one extended brotherhood. Oh, shall we, who have been visited by a benefactor from the skies, think any part of earth too distant for our charity to explore? Jesus thought it not so, when he said, "Go ye into all the world." If the argument of distance had prevailed with others, we had never heard of Jesus. Was not Britain *far off*! Yet Christian missionaries visited it. I wonder that this circumstance should be forgotten. Was that a *Quixotic* enterprise which resulted in the conversion of our ancestors? If not, how is that Quixotic which undertakes the conversion of a nation now in heathenism? Too distant! There was something formidable in distance once. But what is distance now? With the star, and the compass, and the sail, and the steam, and man's skill to construct, and courage to dare, and fortitude to endure, what I ask, is distance? Diminished almost to being annihilated. Whither has not man gone for his own objects? Whither shall he not go for Christ's? Shall curiosity, the love of science, the passion for adventure, the lust of gain, carry men farther than the love of Christ shall constrain them to go? Oh, never. There is no force in the objection.

It was, notwithstanding all, a good meeting. Those who were present gave liberally, and with the help of the ladies, we shall more than make up the sum we proposed. I know some think these women ought not to labour with us in the gospel. But why not *these*, as well as "those women" which laboured with Paul in the gospel, of whom he makes such respectful mention, in his Epistle to the Philippians? Was it proper then to use their aid, and not now? May they not do what they can for Christ, as well as their sister whom Christ commended for having done what she could? Were they not women whom Christ sent on the first errand he wanted done, after his resurrection, "Go, tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there they shall see me?" May not such as went on that errand, go on that greater errand: "Go ye, and teach all nations?" May they not at least promote the going of others? What! are women the followers of Jesus Christ, and may they not, as their Master did, *go about* doing good?—*Nevins.*

PURGATORY.

The Pope hath a huge pond of purgatory, whereout whole millions drink, and are pleased. But as Darius pursued, drank puddle-water, and said it was the best drink that ever he tasted; so it is the menaced terror and the false alarms that the Jesuits ring in Ignorance's ear, that make men drink so greedily at the Pope's puddle-wharf. He is a great landlord of these stolen waters. He sits upon many waters. Some he steals from the Jews, some from the Turks, some from the Pagans, much from Idolatry—all from heresy. But now, his waters spread over the face of the earth, neither are they cheap, believe but a bird of their own cage:—

> Temples and priests are merchandized for pelf;
> Altars, prayers, crowns, nay, heaven and God himself.
> Rome's sea is sold, to quench the Pope's mad thirst;
> Well might he sell it, for he bought it first.

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But is the shop never opened, but to the mart of so good commodities? Yes, if their penance-parlour were opened, you might find a rate for stolen waters; pardon for offences committed; nay, indulgences for future sins, which, but for an impregnable toleration, might not be done. And let the traffickers speak from their own feeling, how cheap they are. They have a pecuniary patronage, and are warranted from the Pope's exchequer, rather than his chancery. Even that corrupt justice gives such sins no connivance, but when the dusts of bribery have shut his eyelids. It is their carefulness that such dispensations be not granted to the poor.

If this doctrine were true, it is time to raze Christ's speech out of the Scriptures, "It is hard for a rich man to enter into heaven." For it is easy for the rich, that can open the gate with a golden key, and the poor are only in danger of exclusion. And, that which would be most strange, hell should be peopled with none but beggars; not an usurer, not an epicure, not a cormorant, not a vicious potentate, should grace the court of Satan; for the Pope will, for money, seal them a passport for heaven. Nay, how doth this disgrace purgatory! when none but beggarly wretches shall be in danger of drowning in that whirlpool; whence all their friends (being equally poor) have not money enough for their redemption. These are the rotten posts whereon the fabric of Rome stands. Think not their stolen waters cheap; your purses must pay for them. Yet happy were you if no higher price were set on them. All is not discharged with your ready money; there is another reckoning—your souls must pay for them. —*Thos. Adams*, 1629.

NOTES FROM THOMAS FULLER.

A CONFESSION.

I CONFESS, this morning, I remembered my breakfast, but forgot my prayers. And, as I have returned no praise, so thou mightst justly have offered me no protection. Yet thou hast carefully kept me to the middle of this day—intrusted me with a new debt, before I have paid the old score. It is now noon—too late for a morning, too soon for an evening sacrifice. My corrupt heart prompts me to put off my prayers till night. But I know it too well, or rather too ill to trust it. I fear, if till night I defer them, at night I shall forget them. Be pleased, therefore, now to accept them. Lord, let not a few hours the later make a breach; especially, seeing (being spoken not to excuse my negligence, but to implore thy pardon) a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday. I promise, hereafter, by thy assistance, to bring forth fruit in due season. See how I am ashamed the sun should shine on me, who have now newly started in the race of my devotions, when he, like a giant, hath run more than half his course in the heavens.

THE MORTALITY TABLE.

In the most healthful times, two hundred and upwards was the constant weekly tribute paid to Mortality in London. A large bill, but it must be discharged. Can one city spend according to this weekly rate, and not be bankrupt of people? at least, must not my shot be called for, to make up the reckoning?

When only seven young men, and those chosen by lot, were but yearly taken out of Athens, to be devoured by the monster Minotaur, the whole city was in a constant fright—children for themselves, and parents for their children. Yea, their escaping of the first, was but an introduction to the next year's lottery.

Were the dwellers and lodgers in London weekly to cast lots who should make up this two hundred, how would every one be affrightened? Now none regard it. My security concludes the aforesaid number will amount of infants and old folk. Few men of middle age, and amongst them surely not myself. But, oh! is not this putting the evil day far from me, the ready way to bring it the nearest to me? The lot is weekly drawn (though not by me) for me; I am therefore concerned seriously to provide, lest that Death's prize prove my blank.

STEPS TO WICKEDNESS.

See by what stairs wicked Ahaz did climb up to the height of profaneness.

1. He saw an idolatrous altar at Damascus. Our eyes, when gazing on sinful objects, are out of their calling and God's keeping.

2. He liked it. There is a great fascination in superstition, and our souls are soon bewitched, with the gaudiness of false service, from the simplicity of God's worship.

3. He made the like to it.

4. He sacrificed on it. What else could be expected, but that when he had tuned the new instrument of idolatry, he would play upon it?

5. He commanded the people to do the like—not content to confine it to his personal impiety.

Lastly, He removed God's altar away. That venerable altar, by Divine appointment peaceably possessed of the place for two hundred years and upwards, must now be violently ejected by an usurping upstart.

No man can be stark naught at once. Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage; for the farther it goes, the faster it will increase.

AN EVIL RHETORIC.

I saw an indenture too fairly engrossed; for the writer (better scrivener than clerk) had so filled it with flourishes, that it hindered my reading thereof; the wantonness of his pen made a new alphabet, and I was subject to mistake his dashes for real letters.

What damage hath unwary rhetoric done to religion? Many an innocent reader hath taken Damascene and Theophylact at their word; counting their eloquent hyperboles of Christ's presence in the sacrament the exact standard of their judgment, whence after ages brought in transubstantiation. Yea, from the fathers' elegant apostrophes to the dead (lively pictures, by hasty eyes, may be taken for living persons), prayers to saints took their original; I see that truth's secretary must use a set hand, in writing important points of divinity. Ill dancing for nimble wits, on the precipices of dangerous doctrine; for though they escape by their agility, others (encouraged by their examples), may be brought to destruction.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

IT is a subject of regret, of almost universal prevalence in our churches, that young men are so unwilling to become Sabbath school teachers. Young women—to their honour be it spoken—are much more ready and willing

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to engage in the work; but boys need instruction as well as girls, and should be taught by their own sex. The same pleas and excuses which are offered for the neglect of this duty, would serve for the omission of almost any other. Want of time, need of rest, distrust of capacity, are the usual reasons offered why young men do not engage in the work of Sabbath school teaching. Let us look a little at each of these.

If want of time be the reason offered, it must be intended to refer to the time necessary to make preparation for each lesson; since the hour occupied in teaching is not a consumption of time which can be pleaded as any excuse for neglecting the duty. But if this be the cause, it is the very reason why they *should* engage in the work, instead of a reason against it. If preparation is *necessary* to be able to teach children the simple truths of the Gospel, or to explain to them passages in the Bible, it is no less necessary for the edification of the teacher, and the building up of his own faith. Time thus *lost* is time *saved*—it is a "redeeming of the time" in these evil days, which is incumbent upon every Christian; and the sooner he sets about it, the better for his own soul, though he neglect some secular pursuit so to do. We are commanded to be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in us; and if we cannot do that to a little child, the Sabbath school will prove a most excellent means, under God, of furnishing us with the Christian armour.

Need of rest is another of the common excuses. What *is* rest? Sloth is not. To rust is not to rest. To let the mind sleep, is not to refresh it. The rest of the Christian Sabbath is a turning of our thoughts from the themes of this world to the consideration of the next; to lose time in eternity, and sense in the Spirit. When Jesus promises rest to the soul, he does not offer it in slumber; but he leads us by the still waters, where we may grow in grace, and flourish in the truth, as trees by the river side. Such is his rest, and such he vouchsafes to those who act in the pursuance of his commandments—"Suffer little children to come unto me;" and, "Feed my lambs." A day of idleness is not a day of repose. Even in purely secular pursuits and speculations, students will bear witness to the refreshment of change in the themes of thought. How much greater is the rest when we change the tinsel of this world for the glory of God—its strifes and contentions for the things that make for peace!—*Anon.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

If you would train a child aright, imitate heaven. Above all things, make him believe you, because he has reason to love you. Let him feel and fear your authority, because you obey, and are bound to obey, God. Let him know who holds the absolute right to rule without being doubted; and that as Christ has commanded you to train the child for him, you do so because the source of power is the source of good. A child needs not much reasoning; he is convinced intuitively. Let him feel that you *have* right, by feeling that you *are* right. But when that child begins to say, "Why?" know that fallen reason is urging it to further exercise of faith and love; therefore, answer it in the language given you by God: for if that child's soul be not thus met with admonition, godly nurture, and instruction, it will speedily obtain delusive answers for itself in false desire and fearful credency. Good education is the training of the mind to good feeling—the communication of intelligence in love and faithfulness—in short, religion: but bad education is whatever induces a mind to distrust others rather than itself, and sets it selfishly at work to find satisfaction in knowledge without love, in facts without faith, in dependence on the senses for sufficiency, rather than on God.

Love, itself, may abuse power. Howard was, as a philanthropist, a blessing to the world; but as a father, however affectionate, he seems to have been unwise; a mistaken sense of duty caused him to pierce his own heart. He thought it his duty to insist on obedience merely to the authority of parental power, instead of enforcing it by the attractiveness of fatherly feeling and consistency. Natural faith and affection are not blind, but well able to distinguish their proper objects. He taught his child, while still an infant, not to cry, and never in all its childhood permitted it to have what it demanded with tears! God forbid that our Father in heaven should thus treat us! He expects us to be in earnest. But, said Howard, the government of a being that cannot reason about the fitness of things should be only coercive and in fear. He overlooked the discernment that is keener than reason; he forgot that the heart has to be educated as well as the head; and that it is ruled aright only as long as love is visible in power. A child that must always govern its feelings, from fear of others, will soon be a hypocrite and a tyrant. When the fetters upon it are removed, the soul will rush into selfish extravagance, and, perhaps, perish; like a bird from a cage, unfit to use its wings, and aiming only at pleasure, while incapable of providing for its own wants. Thus Howard's son was in infancy coerced, without fondness; in youth, *commanded* to be moral; in manhood, became debauched, and then mad.

If a man's heart be governed by love for God, he may trust to its naturalness for the proper expression of that love in all his relationships. It is, however, very easy to say that we love God, and yet deceive ourselves. We cannot love him without loving holiness, and hating evil. But we know neither what is evil nor what is holy, until taught of God to estimate the loveliness of his own character. We must see the beauty of holiness, before we can desire to be holy; and this we learn from the fact, that every doctrine that is divine begins and ends in love. If God were not Love, how should we have thought that was his name? An evil spirit never suggested that word. God must have revealed himself ere we could have believed it. There is no Almighty Love amongst the worshippers of evil spirits—they tremble in their idolatries, and know nothing of a power to cast out fear. Nor should we have found a way out of torment, had not God himself come to dwell in humanity amongst us. To know the true God and eternal life, is to know Him whom God has sent. If, then, we would govern rightly, either the passions of others or our own, we must evince the divine life as a power utterly opposed to all evil, and bound to resist it even unto death, and make ourselves a sacrifice rather than resign that which alone is really life.—*Moore.*

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THE LOVE OF VANITY.

'Tis sad to think how many thousands there be that can say with the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;" nay, swear it, and yet follow after these things, as if there were no other glory, nor felicity, but what is to be found in these things they call vanity. Such men will sell Christ, heaven, and their souls for a trifle, that call these things vanity, but do not cordially believe them to be vanity, but set their hearts upon them, as if they were their crown—the top of all their royalty and glory. Oh! let your souls dwell upon the vanity of all things here below, till your hearts be so thoroughly convinced and persuaded of the vanity of them, as to trample upon them, and make them a footstool for Christ to get up, and ride in a holy triumph in your hearts.

Chrysostom said once, That if he were the fittest in the world to preach a sermon to the whole world, gathered together in one congregation, and had some high mountain for his pulpit, from whence he might have a prospect of all the world in his view, and were furnished with a voice of brass, a voice as loud as the trumpet of the archangel, that all the world might hear him, he would choose to preach upon no other text than that in the Psalms, "O mortal men, how long will ye love vanity, and follow after leasing?"

Tell me, you that say all things under the sun are vanity, if you do really believe what you say; why do you spend more thoughts and time on the world, than you do on Christ, heaven, and your immortal souls? Why do you, then, neglect your duty towards God, to get the world? Why do you, then, so eagerly pursue after the world, and are so cold in your pursuing after God, Christ, and holiness? Why, then, are your hearts so exceedingly raised, when the world comes in, and smiles upon you; and so much dejected, and cast down, when the world frowns upon you, and, with Jonah's gourd, withers before you?—*Brooks.*

FOLLOW CHRIST THROUGH TRIALS.

Ah! what a sea of blood, a sea of wrath, of sin, of sorrow, and misery, did the Lord Jesus wade through, for your internal and eternal good! Christ did not plead, This cross is too heavy for me to bear, this wrath is too great for me to lie under, this cup (which hath in it all the ingredients of divine displeasure) is too bitter for me to taste—how much more to drink the very dregs of it! No, Christ stands not upon this; he pleads not the difficulty of the service, but resolutely and bravely wades through all, as the prophet Isaiah shows: "The Lord God hath opened my ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away my back: I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting." Christ makes nothing of his Father's wrath, the burden of your sins, the malice of Satan, and the rage of the world; but sweetly and triumphantly passes through all. Ah, souls! if this consideration will not raise up your spirits above all the discouragements that you meet with, to own Christ and his service, and to stick and cleave to Christ and his service, I am afraid nothing will. A soul not stirred by this, not raised and lifted up by this, to be resolute and brave in the service of God, notwithstanding all dangers and difficulties, is a soul left of God to much blindness and hardness.—*Ibid.*

THE CURE OF VAIN THOUGHTS.

What is the reason that the angels in heaven have not so much as an idle thought? It is because they are filled with the fulness of God. Take it for an experienced truth, the more the soul is filled with the fulness of God, and enriched with spiritual and heavenly things, the less room there is in that soul for vain thoughts. The fuller the vessel is of wine, the less room there is for water. Oh! then, lay up much of God, of Christ, of precious promises, and choice experiences in your hearts, and then you will be less troubled with vain thoughts. "A good man out of the treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things."—*Ibid.*

Fragments.

He that hath Jesus Christ for his daily bread may, without sin, fare deliciously every day.

God saith to us, as a king said to a nobleman, who desired to leave the court, that he might provide for some that relied upon him: "Do my work," said the king, "and I will do thine." Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Judas sold his salvation very cheap—for thirty pieces of silver; and yet, they that paid the money paid very dear; for they bought their own damnation.

A saint dares not say he is not afraid of sin, because little; and yet dares say he fears not sin though it be great.

How many have many times been in duty like water over the fire, who, as soon as duty is over, have been like water taken off the fire—colder than before!

The strength by which Jacob prevailed was not the strength of Jacob who wrestled with God, but the strength of God with whom Jacob wrestled.

One saith of an apostate, that he is the devil's prisoner broke loose and caught again.

When news came to Anaxagoras of the death of his son, at which they thought he would have been much troubled, he said, "I begat him mortal." Should not Christians much more quiet themselves at the loss of children, which, though they beget mortal, yet not without hope of immortality?

The obstacle in the way of the sinner's conversion possesses all the *force and invincibleness* of an *inability*, with all the *freeness and criminality* of an indisposition.

In vain shall sinners call upon the rocks and mountains to hide them. Nature will not interpose to screen the enemies of her God.

What strange *servants* some Christians are!—always at work for themselves, and never doing any thing for Him whom they call their Master! And what *subjects!*—ever desiring to take the reins of government into their own hands!

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NOTES ON THE FIRST SEVEN CHAPTERS OF THE BOOK OF REVELATION.*

FROM SABBATH READINGS, BY DR CHALMERS.

CHAPTER I.—This is a glorious chapter, and one that I have ever valued for the strength and clearness of its attestations to the Divinity of Christ. But let me first remark on the decisive announcement here given to the authorship of this prophecy, and also to the vast and urgent importance of the prophecy itself. Let me read it, O God, and O do Thou enable me to apply it aright, and this under the solemn impression that the time is at hand. Give me, give me, O Lord, to keep and well to observe, both discerningly and earnestly, the things which are written therein.

And now let me here note the concatenation of evidence which there is for the Godhead of our Saviour. One who is distinct from Jesus Christ, even God the Father, is spoken of as He which is, and which was, and which is to come. Again, One, in verse 8, even the Lord, announces Himself as one which is, and which was, and which is to come—thus identifying Himself, in the attribute of eternity at least, with Him who is read of in the 4th verse. Again, in verse 11, One announces Himself by a voice which is heard behind him as Alpha and Omega, one of the clauses of description given of Him who puts forth the utterance of verse 8. And to do away the last and the least remainders of uncertainty, we have both the sight and hearing of the apostle, fixing it down that Jesus Christ is indeed the personage of verses 8, 11, and 18; for He says of Himself what is said of Him in verse 11, that He is the first and the last; and further says, "I am He that liveth, and was dead"—thus completing the proof that Jesus is indeed the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending—the Almighty (verse 8); and so the mighty God (Isa. ix. 6), as well as one in eternity with the everlasting Father. O may He who is the Prince of the kings of the earth be also unto me the Prince of Peace. Give me to take part in the song of eternity—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His blood." O may I be made a king and a priest of His. May I never forget, but ever feel, that my sins pierced this blessed Saviour, that He was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities, that the chastisement of my peace was upon Him, and that with His stripes I am healed. As He suffered for me, O may I not be unwilling to suffer for Him—nor count it strange that I meet with tribulation, even as John did, and this at a very advanced age. Let me acquit myself rightly, under all the visitations of God. Let me live under the control of Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire—the eyes of a Discerner and Judge, and whose eyelids do try the children of men. But yet He saith to every true disciple—Fear not, He liveth, and we shall be saved by His life; saved from that hell and that second death of which He has the keys, and to which He will consign all the adversaries, and all the neglecters of His great salvation. And I pray not for myself alone, but for the Church whereof I am a member. May our candlestick never be removed out of its place; and may the candles therein burn purely and brightly, both for the enlightenment of our people, and for sustaining the ardour of their zeal in the cause of truth and righteousness.

CHAPTER II.—This is a searching chapter; and these addresses of our Saviour should not only put every Church, but every individual upon his trial. He who knoweth what is in man tells the angel of Ephesus what He knows both of good and evil in His Church. I have worked and laboured somewhat, and feel strong indignancy at what I hold to be evil, and have persevered under many discouragements in my attempts to settle a gospel ministry among the poor, and all this under a deep sense of the power of Christianity when brought to bear on the popular mind—and it may be for the sake of Christ's name. But has it been for the sake of Christ Himself, or the love I bear to Him, not as the bearer of a certain name, but as a real and living personage? I am quite sensible of my constitutional activity, of my keen and sensitive recoil from what is morally wrong in public men, of my philosophic tendencies to carry out the likeliest experiments for the good of society; but might not all this be apart from affection for the Saviour, or even affection for

* In order to be able to appreciate and profit by these reflections, the chapters themselves should be read in their order

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the souls which He died to save!—My God, search me, try me, begin again with me the work of a real and radically sound repentance; and give me brighter evidences of my state, than even that wherewith Thou hast concluded in favour of the Ephesians, and from which I derive to myself some degree of comfort—even that I hate many of the things which Thou hatest. I am still in the midst of the battle; give me, O Lord, the conquest and the victory, that I may eat of the tree of life, and be translated into the paradise of God. My God, I know not what trials are in reserve, either for my Church or myself individually. Certain it is I have not suffered unto blood as did the primitive Christians, nor even materially the loss of wealth, as these Smyrnites had, yet who though poor were rich. But prepare me for the worst: only enable me to hold fast by the faith and name of Jesus, that I may inherit life and not be hurt of the second death. My God, who piercest asunder even to the thoughts and intents of my heart, Thou great Discerner of men—save me from the Antinomianism that would turn the grace of God into lasciviousness; make me earnest for all sound and vital doctrine—hating its opposite; and thus may I know what it is to have, even now, that secret of the Lord which is the foretaste of those yet unknown treasures in heaven, the very conception of which is unknown to all who are untaught by the Spirit of God. And O grant, Almighty Father, that I may grow in grace, and that mine may be a progressive Christianity. But even though it should, let me not be satisfied with my own solitary state—let me beware of tolerating corruption in others, and more especially that corruption which recommends and so spreads itself to the destruction of many souls. Let me feel the control of Thine omniscience, in that Thou searchest the reins and the heart, and canst penetrate into the inmost thoughts and affections of every one. May I hold fast and persevere unto the end. May I be in Thy hands an instrument for bringing the gospel of Thy Son to many, and at length be rewarded by an ascendency over men's spirits for their good; and be admitted to shine in the firmament of Thy glory for ever. Let these things heard by the ear sink deep into the heart.

CHAPTER III.—My God, how descriptive this, regarding the Church of Sardis, is of myself—a name to live, while I am well-nigh if not altogether dead. O, my God, strengthen for me, or rather strengthen by me, the things which remain—give me to be more watchful than hitherto. My works are not perfect, and to instance but in one thing, has patience had its perfect work in me? I would renew, O God, my repentance before Thee; and at the same time hold fast my faith, or the rejoicing and confidence of my hope, lest sudden destruction come upon me. Give me to confess Christ before men, that He may confess me before the Father and his angels. Give me, O Lord, of the blessings and the promises which Thou here holdest forth to the Church of Philadelphia. Mine is indeed but a little strength, if any at all. I have adversaries, and I pray for charity towards them. In as far as I am right and they are wrong, give them to see and, if Thou thinkest meet, to acknowledge their error. I will not pray for their humiliation, but for their amendment. Bring forth my judgment unto light, and my righteousness as the noonday. Save me from the trials that are too heavy for me, and give me to overcome. Prepare me for the land of blessedness and everlasting peace—where enemies cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. And my closing prayer from these verses, my prayer to Him who is unchangeable and true—to Him who is not the beginning but the Beginner, not the first created but the Creator, not the first originated but the Originator—for though to Him is ascribed a Sonship, His is an eternal Sonship, and without Him was not anything made that was made—my prayer to this high and holy One is that He would save me, both from the character which is here denounced, and the curses which, if not reformed, will most assuredly be fulfilled upon it. Save me, save, O God, from the lukewarmness of the Church of Laodicea. I have a zeal about things pertaining to God, but where is my zeal for God Himself? I may be a zealous assertor of the doctrine that has come out of His mouth; but where is my zeal for God as a being—for the living God? And I am actuated by the strong conviction that nothing will make society right but a diffused Christianity—yet where, alas! is my warm and zealous affection for human souls, or for Christ, the real personal Christ, who is the alone Saviour? It may be that I am not cold; but assuredly I am not hot. My only comfort is that I do not say of myself, and most assuredly do not feel of myself, that I am rich and have need of nothing. I would cry unto Jesus. May the chastenings that are now upon me yield this peaceable fruit, ever taking unto Him both as the Lord my righteousness and the Lord my strength—my righteousness

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wherewith to be clothed, my wisdom also by which I might see. O the blessed universality of the saying—If *any* man open! Lord, I would open my heart, and welcome with outstretched arm Thine admittance there. Enter into convivial friendship with me, O Christ. Give me to overcome as Thou hast overcome. And let all these warnings be not only heard by the ear, but sink deep into the heart. Amen.

CHAPTER IV.—We now come to the outset of what we properly understand by prophecy, or rather the preparation for it, in the gorgeous representations of this chapter. What the inspired man saw he saw in the Spirit—the throne and Him who sitteth on the throne, and the celestial dignitaries around it, with the insignia of grandeur—for crowns of gold were on their heads. There is a mystery which might be variously and plausibly explained—but still a mystery to me, in the seven Spirits of God. But let me be satisfied that it should abide so—for what is man, to intrude into or pronounce upon the things not seen by him? We understand not the apparatus of this glorious vision, nor can we tell whether the four living creatures are symbolical or real; but we understand, and should be solemnized by the articulate utterance that is here ascribed to them, the invocation which they ever and anon lifted, and which in one brief but comprehensive sentence sets forth the holiness, and the sovereignty, and the omnipotence, and the eternity of God. Glory, honour, and thanks were rendered unto Him; and let us, even in this land of darkness afar off, join in the solemn celebration. Give me, O God, a constant and profoundly admiring sense of Thyself. Let us keep by Him day and night, and may I know what it is to maintain the habitual frame and feeling of godliness. Let there be a deep infusion of gratitude in all my sentiments and all my services of the Deity; but for this faith—and faith too in the gospel of His grace—is indispensable. Train me, O God, by the services on earth, to a communion with the saints in heaven. Be more to me than a name, or an abstraction, or a doctrine. May I bear a practical regard to Thee as to a God who liveth—as to the living God. And as the elders cast their crowns before Thee, O may I seek not mine own glory, but render all unto Thee, and seek Thy glory alone. Give me to feel that nothing is mine, but that all is Thine; and if I have received all, wherefore should I glory as if I had not received it? Thou art worthy, O God. Clothe me with humility. Give me henceforth to demean myself in all meekness and lowliness among my fellows, and to feel thoroughly and at all times that I am but a derived and dependent creature. O that I felt the intimacy of my relationship to God as altogether the product, and at the entire disposal of His hand. Let it be remarked that He who sitteth on the Throne is represented in this chapter as God the Creator, and that no reference is made in it to the Lamb of God.

CHAPTER V.—This is a truly noble and instructive chapter, and views of deepest interest present themselves on the comparison of it with the preceding. The book containing the prophecy could be opened and read by none but the Son of God, who was also the Son of man, here called the Lion of the tribe of Judah and Root of David. O blessed Jesus! in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, the whole Bible is to me a sealed book; but do Thou unseal it to the eye of my mind, and open mine eyes to behold the wondrous things which are contained in it. But what to me is of chiefest concern in this passage is, that here the Lamb of God—not spoken of before—is represented as placed in the very same situation and surrounded by the very same objects with the Lord God Almighty in the preceding chapter—even He who created all things, and for whose pleasure they are and they were created. This Lamb that had been slain had seven horns and seven eyes; and these are said to be the seven Spirits of God, which, in the former description (chapter iv. 5), were the seven lamps of fire burning before the throne. What a mysterious union and incorporation and identity is here! There God is on the throne, and sat; here Christ is in the midst of the throne, and stood: there the seven Spirits of God are lamps of fire burning before the throne; here they are the seven eyes of the Lamb. Let us view with holy and humble reverence this triune representation of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and still more, to compensate for the sublime obscurity of such a contemplation, let us rejoice in the unequivocal testimonies here given to the Godhead of the Saviour. Let us specially note the identity of those ascriptions given to the Lamb that was slain, and to Him by whom all things were created: "Worthy is the Lord God Almighty (chapter iv. 8)—to receive glory, and honour, and power" (chapter iv. 11); and "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive *power*, and wisdom, and strength, and *honour*, and *glory*, and blessing." (Verse 12.) And as if to identify or conjoin the Father with the Son, it is again said, in verse 13—"Blessing,

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honour, glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever." I would cherish the thought of Christ's divinity: I would mix the consideration of His person with His work—that I may behold in the Deity of Christ the completeness of that redemption, the efficacy of that atonement, the regenerative power of that grace by which the restoration of the human family is carried into effect. And there are other precious things in the Scripture now before us!—What a song is that which was raised by the four-and-twenty elders, or rather by the redeemed saints or spirits of the just made perfect!—May it be the song of my eternity; may I close now with the Redeemer; and, appropriating His propitiation, be able to say that He has redeemed me to God by His blood; and thus may I begin the song on earth, to be perpetuated above and through all eternity. The odours here spoken of are said to be the prayers of saints, perfumed by the incense of a Saviour's merits. (See chapter viii. 3, 4.) Let it further be observed, that all angels, and every creature in heaven or on earth, or under the earth, is represented as celebrating the great event of our redemption by their homage to the Lamb that was slain. He who liveth for ever and ever is alike the all-powerful God in chapter iv 9, and the Lamb that was slain in verses 13 and 14 of the present chapter. Christ was God manifest in the flesh.

CHAPTER VI.—I cannot enter here on the interpretations of this prophecy, which, however uncertain or controverted they might be, affect not the importance or the preciousness for edification of many sentiments and passages in the Apocalypse of John. It is to these that we must confine ourselves; and therefore, without touching on the national movements which are predicted under the four first seals, let us remark how the history of the world is made subservient to the history of the Church—so that at length the vindication and reward of God's own people are sure to come round after, it may be, many vicissitudes and many trials. God will ever avenge His elect at last; and even those of them who have suffered wrongfully, though they may not have resisted unto blood, will have ample redress and reparation awarded to them. Let us meanwhile wait patiently for God's day of reckoning. Even the worst afflictions, being for a moment, are but light when compared with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Let us, therefore, be prepared to do all and to suffer all that God might permit to be laid upon us; if it be for the name of Christ and the Word of God, then happy are we. He is a holy and a true God who judges the earth; but are we ready for this solemn account? My God, confer upon me that, in the conscious possession of which I might look on with boldness to the day of judgment. (1 John iv. 17.) Shed abroad in my heart the love of Thyself by the Holy Ghost, and having the love of Thee I shall have the love of my neighbour also; or, in other words, shall be conscious that as God is so am I in this world, for God is love. But O, on the other hand, what an awful expression—"The wrath of the Lamb!" and how manifold are the transgressions by which I have most rightfully incurred it. Enable me, enable me, O God, to take hold of Thy covenant; let me not count the blood of that covenant an unholy thing. Save me from the catastrophe of fleeing from the face of Him who sitteth on the throne, and calling on the rocks and mountains to hide me from the fury that shall be rained down on them who obey not the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let me flee now unto Him as my refuge. Instead of then fleeing to be hid from Him, let Himself now be my hiding-place from the storm. Let me flee from the coming wrath, and for refuge, to the hope set before me in the gospel; but where, alas! is the purifying influence of that hope? Thou knowest, O God, what a weak—nay, what a wicked—nay, what a detestable creature I am. I call out—"Unclean, unclean." Heal my backslidings; deliver me from the power of my inborn and yet obstinate corruptions; let me be temperate in all things; let not sin have the dominion over me. I pray to be rescued both from present disgrace and from future damnation; for I am exceeding vile, O God, and cry for Thy mercy on me, a miserable offender.

CHAPTER VII.—With what facility could God let loose upon us those mighty elements which He alone can restrain! It is of His mercies that we are not destroyed. Now is the season of His forbearance, yet I doubt not that a fierce and awful tempest is awaiting us. But He knoweth His own; and the events both of nature and history are made subservient to their advancement and final blessedness. Seal me, O God, unto the day of redemption; and, meanwhile, deliver me from the machinations of him who is termed the prince of the power of the air, and the god of this world. Give me, O Lord, to join at length that mighty throng of the exalted in heaven, and to share with them in the invocations of a common worship to God

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and to the Lamb; and let my fellowship now be with the Father and with the Son, and let me do homage to the Son in all my approaches to the Father. O grant that I may join in the beatific song of eternity. Enable me, O God, to lay hold of everlasting life; and elevate me to the prospects and the preparations of a high calling. But where is my meetness? how shall I attain to the heavenly state then, if now I am not heavenly-minded? No doubt I have had my tribulations, but have they had any other effect than to work in me that sorrow of this world which worketh death? Where has been my patience—even that patience which worketh experience, and is the precursor of hope? Where has been the sanctified use of my afflictions; and have not I, after the repeated chastenings of a wise and salutary discipline, lapsed into sin again—nay, into the very sins and abominations for which I had been so grievously punished both in my conscience and my fears? All this I confess, O God, and would wash it all out in the blood of the Lamb; and having thus made my robes white, prepare me, O God, for the whole of Thy will, whether it be to do or to suffer for Christ's sake; and sustain me in the midst of all my light afflictions and annoyances, by the prospect of an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory. What blessedness in heaven! O may I serve Thee here, that day and night I may serve Thee there in the temple of Thine own immediate residence. May I dwell everlastingly with God, by whom every desire of my mind, then righteous and pure, shall be satisfied, and every painful visitation shall be warded off from my person. Give me to drink, there, of the elixir of immortality from the living fountains to which my Saviour shall conduct me, and to eat of the leaves of those trees which shall be for the healing of the nations. There, and in the midst of Thine unsuffering kingdom, no grief shall be experienced, but all sorrow and sighing shall flee away. O may my heart now be there, and my conversation there!

THE LAST DAYS OF DAVID BRAINERD.

(*Concluded from page* 249.)

"*Thursday, September* 24.—My strength began to fail exceedingly; which looked further as if I had done all my work: however, I had strength to fold and superscribe my letter. About two I went to bed, being weak and much disordered, and lay in a burning fever until night, without any proper rest. In the evening I got up, having lain down in some of my clothes; but it was in the greatest distress that ever I endured, having an uncommon kind of hiccough; which either strangled me, or threw me into a straining; and at the same time was distressed with pains. O, the distress of this evening! I had little expectation of my living the night through, nor indeed had any about me: and I longed for the finishing moment! I was obliged to repair to bed by six o'clock, and through mercy enjoyed some rest; but was grievously distressed at turns with the hiccough. My soul breathed after God, while the watcher was with me: When shall I come to God, even to God, my exceeding joy? O for this blessed likeness!

"*Friday, September* 25.—This day I was unspeakably weak, and little better than speechless all the day: however, I was able to write a little, and felt comfortably in some part of the day. O, it refreshed my soul, to think of former things—of desires to glorify God, of the pleasures of living to him! O, my dear God, I am speedily coming to thee, I hope! Hasten the day, O Lord, if it be thy blessed will: '*O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*' Amen.*

"*Saturday, September* 26.—I felt the sweetness of divine things, this forenoon; and had the consolation of a consciousness that I was doing something for God.

"*Lord's day, September* 27.—This was a very comfortable day to my soul; I think I awoke with God. I was enabled to lift up my soul to God, early this morning; and while I had little bodily strength, I found freedom to lift up my heart to God for myself and others. Afterwards, was pleased with the thoughts of speedily entering into the unseen world."

Early this morning, as one of the family came into the room, he expressed himself thus: "I have had more pleasure this morning, than all the drunkards in the world enjoy, if it were all extracted!" So much did he esteem the joy of faith above the pleasures of sin.

He felt that morning an unusual appetite for food, with which his mind seemed to be exhilarated, as looking on it as a sign of the very near approach of death; and said upon it, "I was born on a Sabbath-day; and I have reason to think I was new-born on a Sabbath-day; and I hope I shall die on this Sabbath-day: I should look upon it as a favour, if it may be the will of God that it should be so: I long for the time. '*O, why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?*' I am willing to part with all: I am willing to part with my dear brother John, and never to see him again, to go to be for ever with the Lord. O, when I go there, how will God's dear Church on earth be upon my mind!"

Afterwards, the same morning, being asked how he did, he answered, "I am almost in eternity; I long to be there. My work is done; I have done with all my friends; all the world is nothing to me; I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God with the holy angels: all my desire is to glorify God."

During the whole of these two last weeks of his life he seemed to continue in this frame of heart,

* This was the last that ever he wrote with his own hand: though it is continued a little farther, in a broken manner, written by his brother Israel, but indited by his mouth in this weak and dying state.

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loose from all the world, as having done his work, and done with all things here below, having nothing to do but to die, and abiding in an earnest desire and expectation of the happy moment when his soul should take its flight, and go to a state of perfection of holiness and perfect glorifying and enjoying God, manifested in a variety of expressions. He said, that the consideration of the day of death, and the day of judgment, had a long time been peculiarly sweet to him. He from time to time spake of his being willing to leave the body and the world immediately, that day, that night, and that moment, if it was the will of God. He also was much in expressing his longings that the Church of Christ on earth might flourish, and Christ's kingdom here might be advanced, notwithstanding he was about to leave the earth, and should not with his eyes behold the desirable event, nor be instrumental in promoting it. He said to me, one morning as I came into the room, "My thoughts have been employed on the old dear theme, the prosperity of God's Church on earth. As I waked out of sleep, I was led to cry for the pouring out of God's Spirit, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom, which the dear Redeemer did and suffered so much for. It is this that especially makes me long for it. He expressed much hope that a glorious advancement of Christ's kingdom was near at hand."

He once told me, that he had formerly longed for the outpouring of the Spirit of God, and the glorious times of the Church, and hoped they were coming; and should have been willing to have lived to promote religion at that time, if that had been the will of God; but, says he, "I am willing it should be as it is; I would not have the choice to make for myself for ten thousand worlds." He expressed, on his death-bed, a full persuasion that he should in heaven see the prosperity of the Church on earth, and should rejoice with Christ therein; and the consideration of it seemed to be highly pleasing and satisfying to his mind.

He also still dwelt much on the great importance of the work of ministers of the gospel; and expressed his longings that they might be filled with the Spirit of God; and manifested much desire to see some of the neighbouring ministers, whom he had some acquaintance with, and whose sincere friendship he was confident of, that he might converse freely with them, on that subject, before he died. And it so happened that he had an opportunity with some of them, according to his desire.

Another thing that lay much on his heart, and that he spake of from time to time, in these near approaches of death, was the spiritual prosperity of his own congregation of Christian Indians in New Jersey: and when he spake of them it was with peculiar tenderness; so that his speech would be presently interrupted and drowned with tears.

He also expressed much satisfaction in the disposals of Providence, with regard to the circumstances of his death; particularly that God had before his death given him the opportunity he had had in Boston, with so many considerable persons, ministers and others, to give in his testimony for God, and against false religion, and many mistakes that lead to it and promote it; and there to lay before pious and charitable gentlemen the state of the Indians and their necessities, to so good effect; and that God had since given him opportunity to write to them further concerning these affairs; and to write other letters of importance, that he hoped might be of good influence with regard to the state of religion among the Indians, and elsewhere, after his death. He expressed great thankfulness to God for his mercy in these things. He also mentioned it as what he accounted a merciful circumstance of his death, that he should die here.* And speaking of these things, he said, God had granted him all his desire; and signified that now he could with the greater alacrity leave the world.

"*Monday, September* 28.—I was able to read, and make some few corrections in my private writings; but found I could not write as I had done; I found myself sensibly declined in all respects. It has been only from a little while before noon until about one or two o'clock that I have been able to do any thing for some time past: yet this refreshed my heart, that I could do any thing, either public or private, that I hoped was for God."

This evening he was supposed to be dying: he thought so himself, and was thought so by those who were about him. He seemed glad at the appearance of the near approach of death. He was almost speechless, but his lips appeared to move; and one that sat very near him, heard him utter such expressions as these, "*Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. O, why is his chariot so long in coming!*" After he revived, he blamed himself for having been too eager to be gone. And in expressing what he found in the frame of his mind at that time, he said he then found an inexpressibly sweet love to those that he looked upon as belonging to Christ, beyond almost all that ever he felt before; so that it seemed, to use his own words, *like a little piece of heaven to have one of them near him.* And being asked whether he heard the prayer that was, at his desire, made with him; he said, "yes, he heard every word, and had an uncommon sense of the things that were uttered in that prayer, and that every word reached his heart."

On the evening of the next day, viz., Tuesday, September 29, as he lay in his bed, he seemed to be in an extraordinary frame; his mind greatly engaged in sweet meditations concerning the prosperity of Zion: there being present here at that time two young gentlemen of his acquaintance, that were candidates for the ministry, he desired us all to unite in singing a psalm on that subject, even Zion's prosperity.—And on his desire we sung a part of the 102d Psalm. This seemed much to refresh and revive him, and gave him new strength; so that, though before he could scarcely speak at all, now he proceeded, with some freedom of speech, to give his dying counsels to those two young gentlemen before mentioned, relating to their preparation for, and prosecution of, that great work of the ministry they were designed for; and in particular, earnestly recommending to them frequent secret fasting and prayer: and en-

* He died in the house of President Edwards.

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forced his counsel with regard to this from his own experience of the great comfort and benefit of it; which, said he, "I should not mention, were it not that I am a dying person." And after he had finished his counsel, he made a prayer, in the audience of us all; wherein, besides praying for this family, for his brethren, and those candidates for the ministry, and for his own congregation, he earnestly prayed for the reviving and flourishing of religion in the world.

Until now he had every day sat up part of the day; but after this he never rose from his bed.

"*Wednesday, September* 30.—I was obliged to keep my bed the whole day, through weakness. However redeemed a little time, and with the help of my brother, read and corrected about a dozen pages in my MS., giving an account of my conversion.

"*Thursday, October* 1.—I endeavoured again to do something by way of writing, but soon found my powers of body and mind utterly fail. Felt not so sweetly as when I was able to do something that I hoped would do some good. In the evening, was discomposed and wholly delirious; but it was not long before God was pleased to give me some sleep, and fully composed my mind. O, blessed be God for his great goodness to me, since I was so low at Mr Broomfield's, on Thursday, June 18, last past. He has, except those few minutes, given me the clear exercise of my reason, and enabled me to labour much for him, in things both of a public and private nature; and, perhaps, to do more good than I should have done if I had been well; besides the comfortable influences of his blessed Spirit, with which he has been pleased to refresh my soul. May his name have all the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

"*Friday, October* 2.—My soul was this day, at turns, sweetly set on God: I longed to be with him, that I might behold his glory. I felt sweetly disposed to commit all to him, even my dearest friends, my dearest flock, and my absent brother, and all my concerns for time and eternity. O that his kingdom might come in the world; that they might all love and glorify him, for what he is in himself; and that the blessed Redeemer might *see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.* Amen."

The next evening, we very much expected his brother John from New Jersey; it being about a week after the time that he proposed for his return when he went away. And though our expectations were still disappointed, yet Mr Brainerd seemed to continue unmoved, in the same calm and peaceful frame that he had before manifested; as having resigned all to God, and having done with his friends, and with all things below.

On the morning of the next day, being Lord's day, October 4, as my daughter Jerusha, who chiefly tended him, came into the room, he looked on her very pleasantly, and said, "Dear Jerusha, are you willing to part with me?" "I am quite willing to part with you: I am willing to part with all my friends; I am willing to part with my dear brother John, although I love him the best of any creature living: I have committed him and all my friends to God, and can leave them with God. Though if I thought I should not see you, and be happy with you in another world, I could not bear to part with you. But we shall spend a happy eternity together!"

In the evening, as one came into the room with a Bible in her hand, he expressed himself thus: "O, that dear book! that lovely book! I shall soon see it opened! The mysteries that are in it, and the mysteries of God's providence, will be all unfolded!"

On Tuesday, October 6, he lay for a considerable time, as if he were dying. At which time he was heard to utter, in broken whispers, such expressions as these: "He will come, he will not tarry. I shall soon be in glory. I shall soon glorify God with the angels." But after some time he revived.

The next day, viz., Wednesday, October 7, his brother John arrived, being returned from New Jersey; where he had been detained much longer than he intended, by a mortal sickness prevailing among the Christian Indians, and by some other things in their circumstances that made his stay with them necessary. Mr Brainerd was affected and refreshed with seeing him, and appeared fully satisfied with the reasons of his delay, seeing the interest of religion and of the souls of his people required it.

The next day, Thursday, October 8, he was in great distress and agonies of body; and for the bigger part of the day, was much disordered as to the exercise of his reason. In the evening he was more composed, and had the use of his reason well; but the pain of his body continued and increased. He told me it was impossible for any to conceive of the distress he felt in his breast. He manifested much concern lest he should dishonour God by impatience under his extreme agony; which was such, that he said the thought of enduring it one minute longer was almost insupportable. He desired that others would be much in lifting up their hearts continually to God for him, that God would support him, and give him patience. He signified that he expected to die that night; but seemed to fear a longer delay: and the disposition of his mind with regard to death appeared still the same that it had been all along. And notwithstanding his bodily agonies, yet the interest of Zion lay still with great weight on his mind; as appeared by some considerable discourse he had that evening with the Rev. Mr Billing, one of the neighbouring ministers, who was then present, concerning the great importance of the work of the ministry. And afterwards, when it was very late in the night, he had much very proper and profitable discourse with his brother John, concerning his congregation in New Jersey, and the interest of religion among the Indians. In the latter part of the night, his bodily distress seemed to rise to a greater height than ever; and he said to those then about him, that it was another thing to die than people imagined; explaining himself to mean that they were not aware what bodily pain and anguish is undergone before death. Towards day, his eyes fixed: and he continued lying immovable, until about six o'clock in the morning, and then expired, on Friday, October 9, 1747, when his soul, as we may well conclude, was received by his dear Lord and Master, as an eminently faithful servant, into that state of perfection of

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holiness, and fruition of God, which he had so often and so ardently longed for; and was welcomed by the glorious assembly of the upper world, as one peculiarly fitted to join them in their blessed employments and enjoyments.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

I.—EPHESUS.

The ancient writers, in speaking of Ephesus, were prodigal in epithets describing its glory and excellence. It is mentioned by Strabo as one of the best and most glorious of cities, the great emporium of Asia Proper; while others distinguish it as one of the "eyes" of Asia, Smyrna being the other. But the candlestick of Ephesus has long been removed out of its place, and as long this renowned city has been venerable only for its ruins. "A few unintelligible heaps of stones," says Arundell, "with some mud cottages untenanted, are all the remains of the great city of the Ephesians. . . . Even the sea has retired from the scene of desolation, and a pestilential morass, covered with mud and rushes, has succeeded to the waters which brought up the ships laden with merchandise from every country." The travellers of the last century found some few Greek peasants harbouring among the substructions of the once glorious edifices which their renowned forefathers raised. But even these, the miserable representatives of the ancient Ephesians, have now disappeared; and the malaria has increased to such a degree, that the ruins of this great city can hardly be approached with safety during six months of the year. Part of the plain of Ephesus is, however, under cultivation, including the very site of the city. Hartley says, "The plough has passed over the site of the city; and we saw the green corn growing in all directions among the forsaken ruins." Fisk, who entered into conversation with the Greek peasants, men and women, whom he found pulling up the tares and weeds from the corn, ascertained that *they all belonged to distant villages*, and came there to labour. For an account of the ruins we must refer to the large descriptions of various travellers. The most interesting to the Christian is perhaps the theatre, memorable for the tumult recorded in Acts xix. Like other ancient structures of the same nature, it is seated on a steep declivity; the seats having been formed in successive tiers on the slope of the lofty hill, and the whole building being open to the sky. It is of vast extent; and Hartley has no doubt that 30,000 persons could conveniently have seated themselves in the theatre of Ephesus.

II.—SMYRNA.

This, the other "eye of Asia," is still a flourishing commercial city, one of the very first in the present Turkish empire for wealth and population. The latter has been variously estimated at from 75,000 to 150,000 persons. Mr Arundell thinks that 130,000 may be tolerably correct. The continued importance of Smyrna, and the extent of its commercial transactions, may be estimated from the circumstance that it is the seat of a consul from every nation in Europe. The highly advantageous situation of the place, in one of the finest bays in the world, must be regarded the proximate cause of its exemption from the ruin which has befallen so many other renowned cities of Asia Minor, including most of those which the apostle was commissioned to address. Those who think the condition of the cities, as such, necessarily involved in that of the Christian communities which they contained when the apostle wrote—a point on which we confess that we have considerable doubts — will very properly connect the continued prosperity of Smyrna with the absence of any other words than those of commendation and encouragement in the message which St John was instructed to send to the Church of Smyrna.

The present Smyrna does not occupy the site of the ancient city. The latter was seated on the hills to the south of the present town; but the earthquakes to which it was subject, and by which it was more than once nearly destroyed, together with the greater convenience of trade, occasioned its removal to the lower declivities of the mountain, and to the plain below. "Few of the Ionian cities," says Mr Arundell, "have furnished more relics of antiquity, or of greater merit, than Smyrna; but the convenience of transporting them, with the number of investigators, have exhausted the mine; it is therefore not at all wonderful that, of the stoas and temples, the very ruins have vanished, and it is now extremely difficult to determine the sites of any of the ancient buildings, with the exception of the stadium, the theatre, and the temple of Jupiter Acræus, which was within the Acropolis. (*Discoveries*, vol. ii., p. 407.) Of the stadium here mentioned, the ground-plot only remains, it being stripped of its marble seats and decorations. It is supposed to be the place where Polycarp, the disciple of St John, and concluded to be "the angel of the Church of Smyrna," to whom he here writes, was exposed to wild beasts; after which, on the refusal of the asiarch Philip to let forth any more beasts against him, on the plea that the exhibitions of the amphitheatre were at an end, he was committed to the flames, and finally run through with a sword. The Christians of Smyrna reverence his memory, and make an annual procession to his tomb, the supposed site of which is a short distance from the place of his martyrdom.

The prosperity of Smyrna is now rather on the increase than the decline; and the houses of painted wood, which were most unworthy of its ancient fame and present importance, are rapidly giving way to palaces of stone rising in all directions; and probably, ere many years have passed, the modern town may not unworthily represent the ancient city, which the ancients delighted to call "the lovely — The crown of Ionia—the ornament of Asia."

III.—PERGAMOS.

This city, the capital of Hellespontic Mysia, was situated on the right bank of the river Caicus, nearly sixty-four miles to the north of Smyrna. Its ancient consideration may be inferred from its possessing a library of 200,000 volumes, which Antony and Cleopatra transferred to Alexandria. It is also noted as the birth-place of the physician Galen. It still, in its decline, retains some of its ancient importance; and, under the name of Bergamo, contains a population which Mr Macfarlane estimates at 14,000, of which there are about 3,000 Greeks, 300 Armenians, and not quite 300 Jews; the rest are Turks. The same traveller says, "The approach to this ancient and decayed city was as impressive as well might be. After crossing the Caicus, I saw, looking over three vast tumuli or sepulchral barrows, similar to those of the plains of Troy, the Turkish city of Pergamus, with its tall minarets and taller cypresses, situated on the lower acclivities and at the foot of the Acropolis, whose bold grey brow was crowned by the rugged walls of a barbarous castle, the usurper of the site of a magnificent Greek temple." The town consists of small and mean wooden houses, among which appear the

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remains of early Christian churches, showing "like vast fortresses amidst barracks of wood." Here, as elsewhere, we do not pursue any particular investigations concerning such churches, feeling perfectly assured, with Mr Macfarlane, that "they arose several centuries after the immediate ministry of the apostles, and when Christianity was not an humble and oppressed creed, but the adopted religion of a vast empire." The pagan temples have fared far worse than the old Christian churches. "The fanes of Jupiter and Diana, of Æsculapius and Venus, were prostrate in the dust; and where they had not been carried away by the Turks, to cut up into tombstones or to pound into mortar, the Corinthian columns and the Ionic, the splendid capitals, the cornices and pediments, 'all in the highest ornament,' were thrown in unsightly heaps." (Macfarlane's *Seven Apocalyptic Churches*, 1832.)

IV.—THYATIRA.

This ancient city still survives as an inhabited site, under the Turkish name of Ak-hissar, or the "white castle." It cannot, however, compare with the two other inhabited sites, being greatly inferior to Pergamos, and immeasurably so to Smyrna. In ancient remains it is poorer than any of the seven. It is situated about twenty-seven miles to the north of Sardis, and is thus noticed by Pliny Fisk, the American missionary: "Thyatira is situated near a small river, a branch of the Caicus, in the centre of an extensive plain. At the distance of three or four miles it is almost completely surrounded by mountains. The houses are low; many of them of mud or earth. Excepting the motsellim's palace, there is scarcely a decent house in the place. The streets are narrow and dirty, and everything indicates poverty and degradation. We had a letter of introduction to Economo, the bishop's procurator, and a principal man among the Greeks of this town. . . . He says the Turks have destroyed all remnants of the ancient church, and even the place where it stood is now unknown. At present there are in the town 1000 houses for which taxes are paid to the government." (*Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Fisk*, Boston, Mass., 1828.) It appears from Hartley that the Greeks occupy 300 houses, and the Armenians 30. Each of them has a church. The town is embosomed in poplars and cypresses. The traveller last named observes, "The sacred writer of the Acts of the Apostles informs us that Lydia was a seller of purple in the city of Thyatira; and the discovery of an inscription here, which makes mention of 'the dyers,' has been considered important in connexion with this passage. I know not if other travellers have remarked that, even at the present time, Thyatira is famous for dyeing. In answer to inquiries on the subject, I was informed that the cloths which are dyed scarlet here are considered superior to any others furnished by Asia Minor, and that large quantities are sent weekly to Smyrna for the purposes of commerce."

V.—SARDIS.

This great and ancient city was the capital of the kingdom of Lydia, whose monarch, Crœsus, when defeated in the plain before this city by Cyrus, was master of all the nations within the River Halys. This dominion then passed to the Persians, and Sardis became the residence of the satrap to whom the government was committed; and, being at this time one of the most splendid and opulent cities of the East, was the chosen resort of the Persian kings when in this part of their empire. It surrendered quietly to Alexander after he had defeated the Persians in the battle of the Granicus. Sardis continued a great city under the Romans, until the terrible earthquake which happened in the time of Tiberius. It was, however, rebuilt by order of that emperor; but subsequent calamities of the same description, with the ravages and spoliations of the Goths, Saracens, and Turks, have made it an utter desolation, reducing it to little better than a heap of ruins, in which, nevertheless, some remains of its ancient splendour may be detected.

Sardis, whose ruins now bear the modified name of *Sart*, is situated about sixty miles north-north-west from Ephesus, at the foot of Mount Tmolus, and on the River Pactolus, so renowned for its fabled golden sands. For a particular account of the ruins as they appear, we may refer to Arundell's *Visit to the Seven Churches*, and his *Discoveries in Asia Minor;* and to Macfarlane's *Constantinople in* 1828. The Rev. J. Hartley says: "The ruins are, with one exception, more entirely gone to decay than those of most of the ancient cities which we have visited. No Christians reside on the spot; two Greeks only work in a mill here, and a few wretched Turkish huts are scattered among the ruins. We saw the churches of St John and the Virgin, the theatre, and the building styled the palace of Crœsus; but the most striking object at Sardis is the temple of Cybele. I was filled with wonder and awe at beholding the two stupendous columns of this edifice which are still remaining; they are silent but impressive witnesses of the power and splendour of antiquity." This remain is indeed of peculiar interest, from the celebrity and high antiquity of the temple, which appears to have been built while Solomon's temple was still standing. Of the only two pillars that lately remained standing, we understand, from private information, that one has lately been overthrown by the Turks, to be burned for lime.

"*If, therefore, thou shalt not watch*," &c. — The minuteness with which the catastrophe of Sardis corresponds with the intimation here conveyed is very remarkable. A lengthened accusation of formality in doctrine, and the outward show of religion without its fervour, leads to the announcement, "I will come on thee as a thief in the night; thou shalt not know at what hour I will come upon thee;" but "thou hast a few names even in Sardis who have not defiled their garments, and *they* shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

"It is needless to trace," says Emerson, "the gradual decay of Sardis. Once the capital, not only of Lydia, but of Asia Minor, its boasted pre-eminence, intellectually and politically, gave the first impulse to its decline. I am not sufficiently versed in theological lore to trace the gradations of its fall; but its overthrow came, 'like a thief in the night,' during that *earthquake* which, in the reign of Tiberius, levelled its proudest compeers with the dust. It did certainly undergo a temporary and sickly recovery; but it was only to relapse into a more slow but equally fatal debasement; and the modern Sart scarcely merits to be called the *dust* of Sardis. So far for the first clause of the prophecy; and the second is not less striking, if we may consider the little church of Partar Keny as that remnant 'who should walk in white.' Such literal instances are seldom to be paralled."

To this striking passage we may add the equally striking testimony of Arundell: "If I should be asked what impresses the mind most strongly on beholding Sardis, I should say its indescribable *solitude*, like the darkness in Egypt, darkness that could be *felt*. So the deep *solitude* of the spot, once the "*lady of kingdoms*," produces a corresponding feeling of *desolate abandonment* in the mind, which can

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never be forgotten. Connect this feeling with the message of the Apocalypse to the Church of Sardis, 'Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art *dead;* I will come on thee as a thief; and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee;' and then look round and ask, Where are the churches? where are the Christians of Sardis? The tumuli beyond the Hermus reply, '*All dead!*'—suffering the infliction of the threatened judgment of God for the abuse of their privileges. Let the unbeliever then be asked, Is there no truth in prophecy? no reality in religion?" (Arundell's *Discoveries in Asia Minor*, vol. i., p. 28.)

VI.—PHILADELPHIA.

This town is about twenty-five miles east by south from Sardis, and stands in the plain of Hermus, about midway between the river of that name and the termination of Mount Tmolus. It derived its name from its founder, Attalus Philadelphus, brother of Eumenes; and it still exists as a town under the Turkish name of Allah Sehr, or City of God. This is remarkable, when we consider that it suffered as much, or more, from the great earthquake in the reign of Tiberius, as well as from other earthquakes, as did other cities of this region which have long lain in desolation. The American missionaries, Fisk and Parsons, when they visited the place in 1820, were informed by the Greek archbishop Gabriel, that there were five churches in the town, besides twenty which were either old or small, and not then in use. He estimated the whole number of houses at 3000, of which 250 were inhabited by Greeks, the rest by Turks. They counted six minarets; and one of the present mosques was pointed out to them as the church in which assembled the primitive Christians of Philadelphia to whom St John wrote! The city covers a considerable extent of ground, running up the slope of three or four hills. Mr Arundell concurs with other travellers in describing the streets as filthy, and the houses remarkably mean. But he was greatly impressed by the beauty of the country as seen from the hills, observing that "the view from these elevated situations is magnificent in the extreme; gardens and vineyards lie at the back and sides of the town; and before it is one of the most extensive and richest plains in Asia." There are no considerable ruins. One of the most remarkable is a single column of great antiquity, and which had evidently appertained to another structure than the present church; which, taken with the present name of the town, forcibly brings to mind that part of the message to the Church of Philadelphia which we find in the 12th verse.

VII.—LAODICEA.

There were four cities of the name of Laodicea—two in Asia Minor, and the other two in Syria. The present is one of the former, and is situated on the confines of Lydia and Phrygia, about forty miles east from Ephesus. It took its name from the wife of its founder, Antiochus, the son of Stratonice. It was a long time before it became a place of any note; but it gradually rose to importance towards the commencement of the Christian era, till it became the principal town of Phrygia, and even vied in wealth and power with the great maritime cities. In the end, it partook largely in the common calamities of the country; and it suffered more than any other place from the earthquakes by which the cities of this region were so repeatedly desolated. There is, in fact, not one of the seven Churches, the overthrow of which has been so severe, and the desolation of which so entire, as that of Laodicea. It is, indeed, little other than a heap of ruins; from which, however, ample evidence may be collected of the magnificence for which it was anciently celebrated. These ruins cover three or four small hills, and are of very great extent. The principal are those of the aqueduct, an amphitheatre, theatre, and other public buildings; besides which, the whole surface within the line of the city wall is strewn with fragments and pedestals. In the amphitheatre an inscription has been found, and, by comparing the date it gives, we find that it must have been in course of erection when the present message was sent to the Church of Laodicea, and that it was not long after finished.

GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

Is there any good reason why the thousands of Christians and serious persons whose circumstances and tastes lead them to spend a portion of their summer in the country, or in travelling with a view to health or pleasure, should not combine with that purpose the pursuit of religious improvement and increased usefulness? Indeed, as the state of our health often depends in an important degree upon the state of our minds, would not excursions for health oftener be successful, if accompanied with the cheerful and joyous emotions which religion inspires? If the mind, instead of dwelling on the business we have left behind us, were occupied with plans of usefulness to those with whom we are brought into acquaintance, or if, instead of the gloomy company of our own cares and anxieties, we should improve the opportunity in conversing with pious and intelligent men, or in reading enlightened and elevating authors, our minds would glow with new life, and communicate their own freshness to our languid and weary frames.

When we consider the wide prevalence of the custom of citizens relaxing from business and seeking to recruit exhausted strength and health, and when we think how many thousands of our city population are in motion through the summer months, visiting the watering places, bathing resorts, rural retreats, &c., it would seem, if Christians would but take with them the spirit of the gospel, as if their influence during these months might be very greatly useful. How many good books might be put in circulation; how many Sabbath-schools formed; how many visits of benevolence made to the sick, the poor, the miserable; how much precious seed might be scattered along the way; how many conversations held, by which the weak would be strengthened, the doubting convinced, the sad-hearted made joyful, the prodigal reclaimed! In how many neighbourhoods might the foundations of a church be laid—in how many families the domestic altar established! And wherever the steps of health-seeking Christians might be directed, while breathing the fresh and fragrant air, or beholding the beauties of nature, or exchanging the courtesies of social intercourse, there also might they leave their testimony in honour of the gospel, and on some heart engrave the memorial that a child of God had been there.

In this way, why may not hundreds or thousands of years of missionary labour in the country be per-

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formed by those of our city Christians who will be scattered abroad by the heats of the present summer? And why should not their labour be as effective as that of the servants of our Home Missions? The effect of such labour would not only be seen in all parts of the country where it was bestowed, but there would be a great and happy reflex influence upon the hearts of the labourers, and upon the city churches to which they belong. Returning from their few days or weeks of voluntary labour to the bosom of their own churches, they would breathe a spirit of warmer love and devotion, and be prepared for new labours and new sacrifices. They might tell of new experiences of the Lord's goodness, or of new encouragements to zeal and fidelity; and communicating their own freshened feelings to their brethren, the fruits of their summer recreation might be an autumn and winter revival of religion in the churches of the city. We beg our Christian brethren who contemplate a season of recreation from home, whether for a longer or shorter time, to think of these things, and lay their plans for the accomplishment of some substantial good. Select the place to be visited with reference to this end. Select your company with this view. Be careful to take the right kind of books and tracts, and be sure to take enough. Above all, take Christ with you. Consider yourself, for the time, as a missionary—as a representative of the city churches—as a messenger of life or death, and watch daily and hourly over yourself, lest at any time you should forget your character and mission.

NOT DONE WITH IT.

"ARE you done with that paper, my dear?" said a mother to her daughter, a few evenings since, in a parlour where I sat with an old friend. "Yes, mama," replied the daughter, handing it to her mother; "I was only reading the notice of poor Julia J——'s death. She was in the Sabbath school of the —— church at the same time I was;" and the young lady took up her work-basket, and was soon occupied with her needle.

There are times and moods of the mind when the most trite and oft-repeated household phrase lingers on the ear, and acquires freshness and interest, and seems pregnant with meaning; wherefore we pause not to inquire, but so it happens, as we say. And so it happened now. That question, "Are you done with that paper?" struck my ear with the force of a new thought, and carried a meaning deeper than either of the parties seemed to apprehend it was capable of conveying. "Done with that paper?" No, indeed, thought I; she is not done with it, and never can be done with it, in this life or the life to come. That paper has placed a record of death before her eyes, and whispered a thought to her soul, and how can she ever be done with it? Perhaps to-night, when she has lain down to sleep, that paragraph about Julia J—— will loom up amid the thousand dim, vague images that flit before the mind when the body is courting sleep, and all its syllables and letters will grow distinct in the darkness, and will be read again, and perhaps again, till slumber cloud it, and form its letters into the fantastic shapes that shall mingle with her dreams. That thought, "She was in the Sabbath school with me," will come and go again, each time bringing some associate or kindred thought, as thus: "She was in the Sabbath school with me, and now is in her grave without me; or, Formerly she was my companion in school, and soon I shall be her companion in eternity." Done with the paper? No. Done with Julia's obituary? O no; not yet, if ever. Its message, conveying information of the young friend's death to this surviving reader, has made that paper a witness at the judgment. This message was one of the calls of mercy to her, concerning the effect of which that day will inquire.

Similar thoughts I have had in hearing persons speak in this wise: "Well, I am glad that tedious service is over, and that we are done with hearing that tiresome preaching." How strange that people will talk so! Instead of being done with the service and the sermon, they have just begun to have to do with them. The object of Providence in bringing them to that service, was to produce by that means an impression for life—for eternity; and everywhere along the path of future existence he will inquire after the result. That service was meant to be a means of improvement through the whole course of the hearer's being; and through that whole course he is answerable for it—for its effect. Done with that sermon? No, thoughtless hearer, never can that be. The fact that in that sermon you were addressed in the name and behalf of God, is "a fixed fact," and you will be responsible for ever. From the moment you heard it, your measure of obligation was augmented for time and eternity. Your debt of obligation and of gratitude was increased, or, if you please, a new and distinct debt was contracted, and you are not, therefore, done with it.

It is easy to see from these practical illustrations, that many persons are living under the influence of a mischievous delusion in regard to their relation to past providences and privileges. Thousands are in the habit of expressing themselves and thinking just as the parties above-named did. They flatter themselves they have done with past occurrences, and are silently and insensibly piling up obligation upon obligation, debt upon debt, that will presently crush them. How terrible will be their surprise when they awake to the reality that they are not done with a single religious paragraph or periodical they ever read; that a complete file of the religious journal that visited them with its weekly instructions, has been kept in heaven, and a perfect record of all the sermons, tiresome or otherwise, which they ever heard! —*Evangelist.*

THE AGED PROCRASTINATOR.

IN January, 1825, Mr H——, of S——, New York (says a clergyman), called upon me, and taking me by the hand, said, "Sir, do you think there is any mercy in heaven for a man who has sinned more than eighty years?"

"There is mercy," I replied, "for all who repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Still pressing my hand, while tears were flowing over his wrinkled cheeks, and his frame trembling, he more earnestly renewed his inquiry, "My dear Sir, do you believe that God will forgive a man who has rebelled against him eighty-one years in this world?" Before a word was uttered in reply, he cried out in agony, "I know I shall not be forgiven: I shall die in my sins!"

This caused me to ask how he knew, or what induced him to believe that God would never have mercy on him?

He replied, "I will tell you, and disclose what I never uttered to any human being:—When I was

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twenty-one I was awakened to feel that I was a sinner. I was then intimate with a number of young men, and was ashamed to have them know that I was anxious for my soul. For five or six weeks I read my Bible, and prayed every day in secret. Then I said in my heart one day: I will put this subject off until I am married and settled in life, and then I will attend to my soul's salvation. But I knew that I was doing wrong.

"After I was settled in the world, I thought of the resolution I had made, and of my solemn promise to God then to make my peace with him. But as I had no disposition to do so, I again said in my heart, 'I will put off this subject ten years, and then prepare to die.'

"The time came, and I remembered my promise; but I had no special anxiety about my salvation. Then did I again postpone, and resolve that if God would spare me through another term of years, I would certainly attend to the concerns of my soul. God spared me; but I lived on in my sins; and now I see my awful situation. I am lost. Now I believe that I sinned against the Holy Ghost when I was twenty-one, and that I have lived sixty years since my day of grace was past. I know that I shall not be forgiven."

When asked if we should pray with him, he replied "Yes, but it will do no good." So fearfully certain was he of destruction. He continued in this state for weeks and months. All attempts to urge him to accept of salvation were in vain; this blighting sentiment was ever first in his thought—"It will do no good." His feelings were not contrition or repentance for sin; but the anticipation of wrath to come. And in this state he died.

SCATTER THE SEED.

If we look at the nature of the truth, we shall find a new reason for sowing in hope, and sending it to distant countries. It is the "word of life" which we "hold forth." It reveals Him who is "the life." That which every true missionary communicates—is Christ. And when Christ is received, by faith, of God's elect, the series does not stop. Flame is not more communicative. It is "a torch of fire in a sheaf." Thus we are reminded of the game of Grecian boys, to which Plato alludes, in which, during a race, one would carry a lighted torch, which, when his strength was exhausted, would be caught up by another and another. By just such means it has come to us. A few years ago, on the platform of a religious society in America, addresses were made by a grandson of John Brown of Haddington and a grandson of Isabella Graham. A pious spectator sent up a donation, with these words on a slip of paper, "As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord for henceforth and for ever." Who was the first missionary to the glens of the Vaudois? We know not; but we know what seed he carried, for it is there still. Shall any man dare to predict, that the same effects shall not follow the same causes in Burmah or in Hawaii? The first seed sown, outside of Eden, by Adam and Eve, may have seemed hopelessly buried; but they were reassured by subsequent harvests; and we are eating the fruit of their labours. Every evangelical mission does the like. We should not hesitate to sow the very smallest portions. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." Our work is ministerial; the increase is of sovereign grace. Not every grain of wheat comes to the ear. Not every tract converts a soul. Yet, in the great account, the truth does its work, and sometimes mightily. The analogy of natural things is the same. Who questions the deadly efficacy of fire-arms in modern warfare? Yet it is calculated that, on the field of battle, not more than one ball in twelve thousand proves mortal, or strikes a human being. If the Church were only putting forth a concentaneous effort, and causing the seed to fly over all nations, it is reasonable to believe that she would soon behold singular and unexampled successes, from direct and copious visitations of spiritual power.—*J. W. Alexander.*

WELCOME NOW.

How often is this the stumbling point with many whom God is visiting with conviction! They have plunged deep into sin; they have lived as strangers to God, perhaps blasphemers of his name; their life has been one eager chase of pleasure, and when conscience summons them to return from these paths, then they sit down desponding. Their whole course of sin rises up between them and God. They think that the retracing of their steps will be a long, weary process; they do not see it possible that they can deal with God about forgiveness, just as they are and just where they stand; they think that they must set about undoing as much as they can of the evil of their former ways, before they can transact with God; and hence they too often return in sullen desperation to their former ways.

But is it so, half-persuaded one, that God will not deal with thee as thou art? Did he not deal with Adam in the very place of guilt? And is not grace the same? And is not the God of grace the same? You may shrink from his eye; you may say, "I dare not look upon God, as I stand here in the midst of my sins; I must seek another less polluted spot where I may meet with him." But God does not think as you do; he is willing to meet you at this moment, just where you are. And if he is willing, why should you refuse? If he shrink not from you, why should you shrink from him? It is your turning away from him, in whose favour is life, that has imbittered your days. And will you not now take his offered hand of welcome, and end all your sorrow in the joy of his endless love?

Fragments.

We cannot be said to glorify God, though we do the things that glorify him, unless we do the things to glorify him.

Some are professors of profaneness, others are profane professors.

'Tis not the profession, but the possession of Christ, which is our hope of glory (Col. i. 27)—"Christ *in* you." 'Tis one thing to know Christ by a relation made of him *unto* us, another thing to know Christ by a revelation made of him *within* us. (Gal. i. 15, 16.)

Though it grieve a poor soul that Christ was pierced *by* him, yet it relieves a poor soul that Christ was pierced *for* him.

Though it be a Christian's sorrow that he hath sin to bewail; yet 'tis his joy that he hath an heart to bewail his sin.

A saint will part with any thing, yea, with all things for Christ; but will not part with Christ for any thing, no, not for all things.

'Tis great mercy to be one of Christ's, though but one of his little ones.

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THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. D. E. FORD, OF MANCHESTER,

AUTHOR OF "DECAPOLIS," &c., &c.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."—1 JOHN iii. 2.

On few subjects, perhaps on none, has revelation thrown all the light of which it is capable. Important and blessed, however, are its disclosures; and they may suffice for all the purposes for which they were intended, till the day dawn, and the shadows flee away. And if, amidst the discoveries with which we are thus indulged, there is much remaining obscurity, it is wisely and mercifully there. The design of God is rather to prepare us for the future, than to explain it. Let us but be meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and the possession of that inheritance will, in due time, afford us abundant information as to its nature and resources.

We notice, in these words,

I. THAT WHICH IS POSITIVELY KNOWN: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

This is something beyond a trembling hope; it is "full assurance"—"joy and peace in believing." And how is this attained? It rests on certain data.

A man may know himself a Christian, as he knows himself a living soul—*by personal consciousness*. The fact of his conversion is the starting-point in his religious history; and the incidents of Christian experience are the indications of his progress in the divine life. Peradventure he knows the means by which he was led to the cross—the text, the sermon, the book, or the providence, which first awakened in his soul the inquiry, What must I do to be saved? Or if, as to these particulars, he has not all the information which is desirable, he may, nevertheless, know that the answer to that question is with him no matter of uncertainty, for he believes, and is saved. It may be interesting to ourselves to know the time and the place of our birth, but defective information as to these points would not necessarily lead us to question the fact of our existence.

And, beyond the personal evidence arising from the exercise of faith in the soul, there is *the witness of the Spirit in our hearts;*—the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba! Father! and by whom we are sealed unto the day of redemption.

II. THAT WHICH IS IMPERFECTLY UNDERSTOOD: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

One thing, however, is quite sure. *We shall not remain as we are.* The very process of animal life is fraught with decay. Independently of the deaths oft, to which we are constantly exposed, the tendency of our bodily constitution is of the earth, earthy. As years advance, the very processes which sustained vitality hasten its extinction. The power of reproduction which repaired our wasted strength and healed our broken bones, at length hardens the arteries, till they become inflexible, and refuse to do their office; and the consequence is death. And then, the vital air, the loss of which, from the moment of our birth, we never could sustain for many seconds at a time, becomes, in the course of the next few hours, an instrument of destruction; first reducing the body to a mass of putrefaction, and then to a handful of dust.

But another thing is equally certain; and that is, that *we shall still exist.* When God created man, he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. He was thus endowed with immortality. That he who gave this immortality could take it away, none can deny; but that he has ever done so, or that he ever will, he has nowhere told us. It is appointed unto men once to die; but death is not the cessation of being, for after death comes the judgment.

Immortality, to the Christian, is an immortality of blessedness; and the Scripture doctrine concerning it is briefly and beautifully expressed—"Absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

But, amidst all the information which God has given us on that subject, we know not the *mode* of our future existence, nor even its *locality.* "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." How we shall see without these eyes, hear without these ears, and converse without these organs of speech, we cannot tell. Probably we shall be all intelligence, and find,

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to our surprise, that the senses on which we laid so great a stress, and considered so essential to our intellectual being, were but so many loop-holes in our prison-house of clay, through which we could sometimes catch a glimpse of surrounding objects, but by means of which we could distinguish nothing perfectly. But this is one of the things which must be left till the day shall declare them. So is the locality of separate spirits. Heaven is not merely a state, but a place. Wherever it may be, there is the glorified body of Enoch, of Elijah, and of Christ; and there is paradise. Among the worlds which surround us, there are many which would suffice for the residence of all the faithful who have ever been, or shall ever be. It would be refreshing if we could identify the planet or the star where dwell the souls of the righteous. We might gaze upon it with rapture, as it walked in its brightness; and the weary pilgrim, regarding it as the haven of his hope, might often say, in the words of the Psalmist. "Oh, that I had wings, like a dove! then would I fly away, and be at rest." But though such information might be refreshing, who would say that it might not be seductive? Hence, probably, our ignorance. The unknown grave of Moses precluded the possibility of worshipping his relics. And the unknown heaven of the faithful may be regarded as an equal manifestation of wisdom and mercy.

III. THAT WHICH IS CONFIDENTLY ANTICIPATED: "But we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

The *appearance* is two-fold; and so is the *likeness*. The appearance is his; the resemblance ours.

"When he shall appear."

1. When we put off this tabernacle. Stephen saw him in that very act; and it is not for us to affirm that eminent Christians have not sometimes been similarly favoured. But, if not in dying, yet in death, such honour have all the saints.

2. When he shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him. Then every eye shall see him; and those who are alive and remain shall not prevent (go before) them that are asleep. Illustrious triumph this, over a world where he wept, and was crucified!

"We shall be like him."

1. In spiritual condition, for "we shall see him as he is;" and without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Holiness will then be complete. The infirmities of the flesh shall no longer impair the energies of the Spirit. So shall we ever be with the Lord.

2. In bodily constitution, "For he shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." And if any ask, How can these things be? the reply is at hand —"According to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

JAMES MURRAY,

OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT, U.S. INFANTRY.

JAMES MURRAY was a native of Ireland. His parents resided a few miles from Belfast, and were in very respectable circumstances in life. There he received the rudiments of a good education, as it was the wish of his parents to establish him in some mercantile employment.

In religious belief they were followers of the Romish Church, and they trained their children in the same faith. From the school, where he had acquired some knowledge of the Latin and Greek, he was sent at an early age to Belfast, where his brothers were then engaged in profitable business. There he was apprenticed to an apothecary, with whom he remained three years. From that station he was sent to the Glasgow College; but he remained there only a short period, when, without the knowledge of his parents, he shipped for America. The reasons which induced him to take this rash step are not known with certainty. It is probable that among them were a roving spirit and the flattering hope of accumulating wealth. In this last he was disappointed; but his failure may have been the means of securing to him an eternal treasure.

In company with another, soon after reaching Canada, he opened in Quebec a store of drugs and medicines, of which he had considerable knowledge.

Not succeeding in this business, discouraged and heart-broken, he wandered from place to place, a stranger in a land of strangers; and at length, wishing to forget his folly, his parents, and his native country, he enlisted as a soldier in the United States army at Boston, in the year 1830.

Removed to the wild frontier, a thousand miles west from the place of his enlistment, exposed to temptations in every form, and wishing to cast oblivion over his past life, he often indulged in the most brutal intoxication. Frequent exposure and hardships, brought upon himself by that course of utter folly, soon undermined his strong constitution, and planted the seeds of disease which has so early terminated his life. Yet the intelligence and skill of Murray soon drew the attention of his officers, and he was promoted to the rank of corporal.

It was in the autumn of 1832 that my personal acquaintance with Corporal Murray commenced. Company "A" arrived at Fort Brady in October of that year. They had heard of the blessed outpouring of the Spirit of God which we had enjoyed the winter and spring previous; that most of the officers of that post, and many of the enlisted men, had been converted, and had publicly professed their faith in Christ; and that ardent spirits had been entirely excluded from the fort.

Their curiosity was of course excited about these "strange things." For a time they watched cautiously the influence of the prayer-meetings upon the character of soldiers; but soon some of them were led to wish they could share the happiness they saw their companions in arms enjoying. They were convinced that there is a joy in the duties of piety

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which they had never experienced, and that the religion of Christ is fitted to bless men in every condition in life; that it can give comfort in the barracks as well as in the quiet dwelling; in the camp as well as in the cottage; on the wild frontier as well as in the peaceful village.

In that distant out-post, near where the magnificent Lake Superior empties its crystal waters through the broad, translucent river St Mary, withdrawn from the more busy scenes of public life, and removed from many of the temptations to drunkenness with which they had long been surrounded, they found it comparatively easy to take the pledge of total abstinence, and to keep it. Corporal Murray was among the first in company "A" that joined the Temperance Society.

Being a Roman Catholic, he at first ridiculed the religious meetings; and instead of attending them, used to go to the quarters of an Irish family next door, and pass the time which we devoted to the worship of God, in card-playing. While we begged the Lord to forgive them, we could hear their fearful oaths and senseless laughter. In profaneness, I am told, he had then hardly his equal in the camp. One night he was determined to break up our praying by his oaths and noise. In this he did not succeed. Afterwards, when he looked back on that scene with shame and grief, he said, "I did not know what I was doing."

I was first led to inquire the name of this man, by seeing his manly form and generous features regularly at church on the Sabbath. And with great pleasure I learned that he had so far cast off the trammels of his Romish education, as to listen with a degree of interest to the Word of God.

Besides attending the public worship on Sabbath, he was at length brought into the Bible class. The pleasing, solemn scenes of that post school-house, where we studied together "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," many will never forget. The truths there heard, I doubt not, will prove to many a "savour of life unto life;" and thus be remembered to eternity.

It was there the Lord convinced Murray of sin, and showed him that all the ceremonies of the Romish Church were in vain to his salvation. For a time he thought if he became moral, broke off drinking, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking, and did what the world regards as honourable, he should secure heaven; but then he had not seen the depravity of his heart, his entire natural pollution, and the necessity of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. He long concealed his feelings, too proud to acknowledge that he was seeking peace from religion. Then he was loud in arguments, and full of cavilling against the truth. But conscience would not sleep. It was as a fire shut up in his bones. He saw the operation of the Spirit on the minds of others. Some of his companions were rejoicing in the hope that God had forgiven their sins, and others were asking what they should do to be saved.

In the spring of 1833, his feelings were such that he could conceal them no longer. He had been so opposed to religion, that his associates could hardly believe him sincere when he told them he was resolved to seek the Lord. Yet his deep solemnity and perseverance soon convinced them that he was not trying to deceive.

With great emotion I learned that he wished to be instructed in the way of life. With deep feeling he told me how conscious he was of his lost condition, and begged to know if there was mercy for such a sinner. He thought, he said, that he was willing to submit to God, but that God would not receive him. But the true reason why he was not accepted is contained in these words of Christ, "Ye will not come to me that ye may have life."

I knelt and prayed with him, begging the Lord to break the chains of sin, and deliver him from that device of Satan which has destroyed so many souls; but he arose, with others in the same state of mind, yet unsubdued. For days they remained in this darkness, inclined to cast the blame of their impenitence on God. The difficulty was, that they yet depended on themselves, and feared to trust their all to Christ. They would not, like the sinking Peter, feel that there was no hope except in the power and mercy of the Saviour, and cry confidently, "Lord, save; I perish!" They feared to trust their souls to Jesus.

But, thanks to our almighty Saviour, they at length saw their error; and some found peace and joy in believing. In one of our delightful Bible-class meetings, Murray attained to the hope that his sins were forgiven; and that, unworthy as he was, he had been accepted for Christ's sake. As he told me of his hope, my soul, that had travailed for him, rejoiced exceedingly, and I could have fallen on his neck to kiss him, when I looked upon him as created anew in Christ Jesus. In a brief time he was again surrounded with clouds and fears, until, while reclining one night on his bunk in the guard-room, and offering ceaseless prayer to be enlightened from above, he hoped he was truly renewed by the Holy Ghost.

When I next met him, he said, "I think I have good news for you;" and joy beamed in his countenance as he spoke. In describing that scene, he said, "The feelings of my heart remind me of that part of our Saviour's instructions to Nicodemus: 'Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'" I could not but rejoice in the hope that he had been thus born.

The last Sabbath of April following, he publicly professed his faith in Christ with several of his companions, and sat down at the table of the Lord with the little band of believers which had been gathered at this distant point, and which, eight days after, was scattered over this frontier, never again to meet as a Church, till all who then partook worthily, shall meet in heaven, to feast at the great supper of the Lamb.

Sixteen months have now passed since that solemn, pleasing day. With excited hopes, and many fears for the lambs of the scattered flock, who were thrown into scenes of trial, in a few days from that event we landed at Chicago and entered the Fort. None entered it with a more healthful countenance or a firmer step than Corporal Murray; but he is the first of that band of professed soldiers of the cross whose death we have been called to mourn.

Though, after his arrival here, temptation came in new and ever-varying forms, and on that account tenfold more dangerous, yet, by the grace of God, he was able to resist and come off more than conqueror.

Though, before conversion, he was notoriously and awfully profane, since then not an oath has been heard from his lips. Though before often intoxicated, and at times apparently past hope, he has since entirely abstained, not only from ardent spirits, but from wine, and all inebriating drinks. He saw that these enemies had cast down many wounded; that, with those who had been addicted to intemperance, the first drink generally broke the charm, and was followed by inevitable ruin; and his resolution never to touch or taste remained unshaken to the hour of death.

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Although, previous to his conviction of sin, a strong supporter of the Romish Church, he has since looked upon it as the deceiver of the nations; as "that Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." He deplored the influence of this faith over his native country, and feared that his parents were still enslaved in its iron fetters.

Even the enemies of the faith in which he died are constrained to confess, that, from the time of his making a religious profession, he maintained an untarnished name. Sweet is the memory of the just.

As a Christian, he was meek and retiring, yet firm and unwavering. Where others fell, to the fearful wounding of the cause of the Lord, he, sustained by grace, stood unshaken. Let who else would be absent from church, his place was regularly filled, when not detained by duty or sickness. Rarely was he absent from our evening prayer-meeting. And never was a word of accusation brought against Corporal Murray by brother or enemy. Yet he had sad occasion to weep over the backsliding of many around. When speaking of the inactivity and remissness of some professed Christians, I once said to him, "Do these things make you doubt the truth of religion?" He replied with a pleasing firmness, "O no, sir, no; I have that within me that will not let me doubt."

As a soldier, he was a pattern of faithfulness and punctuality. Pleased to obey every command of his superiors, he was strict in requiring obedience from those whom it was his duty to command. Though educated for a very different station in life from that which he at last filled, in this he was contented and happy, after he had learned, from experience, the true source of peace of mind, in the service of the Lord. And in this he intended to remain till he had kept his oath to serve his country five years faithfully. Those years were fast passing away, and he was beginning to anticipate pleasure in civil life, as a teacher or farmer, when he was unexpectedly discharged from his warfare by death. From the army on earth he has been transferred to the hosts of heaven; from the ranks of enlisted men, to the privileges of God's elected sons.

On Thursday, September 11, Major W—— came to inform me of his illness. "Murray," said he, "and another man are very sick, and the physicians pronounce their disease cholera."

I hastened to the hospital, and found the men in extreme pain. The features of Murray were ghastly; his flesh seemed to have vanished; the pain of his cramped limbs was severe, and a constant hiccough indicated a fearful stage of disease.

His first remark, as I took his cold, clammy hand, was—"I believe I am about to leave you, Mr ——."

"It may be so; but I hope the Lord will please to spare you. How do you feel in this near prospect of death?"

"It does not look fearful," he replied; "I am not afraid to die."

"Your confidence at this hour is in Christ, I trust."

"In Christ only—only through his merits do I hope for acceptance."

His incessant hiccoughing made it impossible for him to say much. After praying with him, asking only that the will of the Lord might be done, I turned to mark his feelings. His hands were still clasped and raised in the attitude of prayer, and his eyes fixed as if beholding glory, invisible to those around him.

His actions and his words exhibited a cheerful resignation to the will of God. When allowed to quench his burning thirst with a spoonful of barley-water or a few drops of ether, he said to me, "This is a small allowance; my heart is burning in me."

"Yes," said I; "but how enviable is your condition, compared with theirs who, in the lake of fire, call in vain for a drop of water to cool their burning tongues!"

"Yes, yes," he replied; "I hope that may never be my case."

Sabbath noon, one week from the day we had been present together at the commemoration of the Saviour's death, I conversed with him for the last time. Still his confidence was in Christ Jesus, with whom he hoped to reign for ever and ever. In referring then to that last opportunity of communing with the people of God, and contemplating the prospect of soon meeting his ascended Lord at his table in heaven, he had strong consolation. Death was making rapid progress; and the friend whose spiritual life I had watched with so much interest from the hour of his new birth, could hardly be aroused from the fearful sleep that was stealing upon him. At times he was in a measure delirious. After this interview he had no rational conversation with any one. In moments of mental wandering, however, he spoke of deliverance from sin; and once, with great firmness and confidence, exclaimed, as though conscious of present pain, and sure of speedy relief—"There's rest hereafter; I'll go bail for it."

When I called on Monday morning, September 15, 1834, he had just ceased to breathe—he had "fallen asleep."

> "His languishing head was at rest—
> Its thinking and aching were o'er."

It was pleasant to think, as I looked upon his noble features, silent in death, that his soul was now enjoying the society of the redeemed in heaven.

"Many die as sudden, few as safe." Reader! would you meet death in peace? would you shout victory as you enter the deep waters? would you triumph over death, the last enemy of the redeemed? Seek now to make the Saviour your friend. Be faithful and honest with yourself and your God. Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.

MINOR SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

GAIUS.

ALTHOUGH we know Gaius only as the person addressed in the Third Epistle of John, and the whole of that epistle is contained in a dozen sentences, yet where is there more complete testimony to the piety of any saint? Gaius "walked in the truth." He not only knew, or admired, or contended for the truth, the gospel truth, but he lived according to it. His daily life showed that he had received Christianity, not for the sake of its novelty, or out of reverence to the venerable apostle, but because he believed it to be true; and having received it, he *lived it*. "The truth that is in thee," again says the elder:—*in* him; not a mere speculation, but in his heart, and manifested as the heart manifests all its contents, in the living.

One mode of showing that the truth was in him, and that he walked in it, was his hospitality to the poor Christians, whether fleeing from persecution, or going forth to carry the gospel. He brought such "forward on their journey after a godly sort," literally "worthily of God" (and the Divine name

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ought to have been retained in our version, because in the next verse, as it now stands, "his name's sake" has no antecedent.) And the apostle testifies that what Gaius had done in this way, to the brethren and to strangers, he had done "faithfully," in a manner worthy of the Christian faith, or consistent with it. It was a point of Christian principle with him to do whatever he could for propagating the truth; and if it were only by helping the labourers or the witnesses on their evangelical errands, it was acknowledged as a faithful work. The apostle adds to the lesson of his example, the declaration that we *ought* to perform such services, "that we might be fellow-helpers to the truth." Let all Christians think of this; those that have property, or the means of hospitality, or the opportunity of obtaining help from others for the promotion of Christ's religion. Whatever the contribution be, however humble, if it be doing what we can, we share the honour and the blessing of the cause we help. We are "fellow-helpers" of the ministry, at home or abroad, of the Bible, of every means of spreading the truth, and thus "workers together" even with the Son and the Father, in and for the truth.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable thing in this mention of Gaius, is the manner in which the Elder salutes him. Most saints, if they have but health enough to be attending to their worldly concerns, would be willing to say, "O, that my soul were no more sick and infirm than my body!" But John says to Gaius, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, *even as thy soul prospereth.*" What a saint was this! Who can venture to make his spiritual prosperity the standard and measure of his prayers and desires for his temporal prosperity? What a rebuke it should be to us, in view of the riches of God's grace, and the promises of his liberality, if we are forced to reverse the terms, and say, We shall be satisfied if our souls are as well off as our bodies!

DIOTREPHES.

The apostle John gives a few lines to this man in his letter to Gaius. What a contrast! It seems that he was in the Church, but instead of being, like Gaius, a "fellow-helper to the truth," and rejoicing to be a coadjutor of the last surviving apostle of the Lord Jesus, he aspired to a higher estimation and authority than the beloved disciple himself possessed. "He loveth to have the pre-eminence," and so he would not so much as receive the apostle; and perhaps it was his hindering the reading or consideration of what John had written that he refers to, when he says, "I wrote unto the Church; but Diotrephes," &c. Nor did he stop here; but he "prated with malicious words" against the lovely old man, and would cast out of the Church such as would not conspire against him.

Well! John himself had been once rebuked for this spirit, and he may have had, on that account, the greater forbearance towards this ambitious and injurious person. When, in the days of their ignorance, the twelve had disputed among themselves which should be the greatest, their Lord at once corrected their worldly thoughts, and assured them that he who aspired, from such motives as they evinced, to be first of all, should be at length degraded to be last of all; and it was then that he set the little child in the midst of them as the emblem of believers. Certainly, however, John felt no disposition to retaliate on Diotrephes, for after this brief allusion to his case, he turns to Gaius with the paternal admonition, "Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good: he that doeth good is of God; but he that doeth evil hath not seen God." Blessed counsel! may all who receive it study their Christian character by this plain criterion! Are we following the good? Are we doing good—both as to godly obedience and godly benevolence?

THE ELECT LADY.

Happy woman! happy family! She and her children were found by the aged apostle "walking in truth." She was beloved "for the truth's sake," by the disciple whom Jesus loved, and by "all them that have known the truth." She did not walk alone in the faith of the gospel, mourning to see her children going after the world, or rejecting with bigotry and contempt the religion which John taught, as he heard it from Him whom he had seen seal his testimony on the cross. Christianity had not, in this family, "set the daughter at variance against her mother," or divided it, so as to make her foes of her own household. How must the pious matron's heart have overflowed with grateful joy, as she read the Elder's letter, expressing his great rejoicing that he could testify, from his own acquaintance—"I found of thy children walking in truth, as we have received a commandment from the Father." How truly welcome to her were the prayer and benediction which accompanied this congratulation of the veteran disciple—"Grace be with you, mercy and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love!"

It would seem, also, that the Divine grace had extended to other connexions of this favoured family. "The children of thy elect sister greet thee." The sister was elect, and the children would scarcely have sent this greeting through the apostle, if they had not been partakers of their mother's and their aunt's faith.

Let these cases be considered in our Christian families, where it is so often the case that five in one house are divided, three against two, and two against three, and sometimes all against one. Baptism now, as circumcision formerly, should be the bond of families in one Lord, one faith. Would it not be generally so, if the believing parents were consistent in duty and example?

ORNAN.

"I give it all." Hear the offer of the Jebusite farmer. The king of Israel finds him, with his four sons, at work on his threshing-floor. A yoke of oxen are dragging the heavy wooden rollers over the stalks of grain. A heap of the winnowed wheat—and it is not likely that after at least a half day's work of five men, it was a small one—stands near. David informs Ornan that he wishes to buy that very spot, that he may build an altar to the Lord, and at once promises him "a full price." What an opportunity to the farmer to make a good bargain for himself! True, Ornan was an Israelite as well as David, and the property was wanted for a religious purpose—but might he not take advantage of the chance of making a little money out of his religion and his rich king?

The farmer thought not so. Nor did he satisfy his conscience by abating somewhat of the full price in consideration of the convenience of the altar to his dwelling, or for the privilege of worshipping at it. In short, he made an immediate unconditional donation of the site for the sacred purpose for which it was wanted.

But this was not the half of the liberality of the gift. Casting his eyes over the field, with its pile of grain ready for the garner, and the heaps of sheaves waiting for a clear floor, and the strong cattle

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harnessed to the threshing cart, Ornan's pious mind quickly caught the conception that there was collected before him not only the altar, but the burnt sacrifice, the meat offering, and the fuel. The good Jebusite did not chill the liberal impulse of the moment by admitting worldly calculations of the folly of giving more than he had been asked for, but let out his full-hearted generosity in replying to the king—"Take the floor to thee: lo! I give thee the oxen also for burnt-offerings, and the threshing instruments for wood, and the wheat for the meat offering; *I give it all.*" And the last touch of disinterestedness in the picture is, that Ornan, so far from calculating on any honour for himself from the deed, assigns it entirely to David, saying to the king, in reference to the proposed altar and its sacrifices and offerings, "The Lord thy God accept THEE!"

The generosity of this offer is not in the least diminished by the fact that it was refused. It was in the man's heart and intention to do all that he proposed, and he doubtless would have been as prompt and happy in executing, as he was in making the offer.

"All these things," says the sacred history, "did Araunah" (so the Ornan of 1st Chronicles is called in 2d Samuel), "as a king, give unto the king." Our translators seem to be correct in supplying the *as*, to denote that though the liberal Jebusite was not a king, he acted royally, and like one who had regard to the exalted character of David, as the head of God's people. It was the king of Israel who wanted the place—he wanted it for the Lord of hosts;—it is no time or subject (thought Ornan) for bargains or stipulations; it is for the Lord: "I give it all."

David acted on the same principle in refusing to accept the property as a gift. He intended it for his own offering, and he would not allow another to pay for it: "Nay, but I will verily buy it for the full price: for I will not take that which is thine for the Lord, nor offer burnt-offerings without cost." The altar was built; the sacrifice was accepted, and perhaps Ornan had the happiness of knowing, before he died, that his old threshing place was the destined site of the magnificent temple which the son of David should rear.

Let Christians reflect on this specimen of liberality. How seldom does a rich man allow himself the privilege of doing "all" in a good design, even though fully within his means! We give on condition—in part—by instalments, and on credit. For one man to build a church, or a school, or to send forth a missionary, as an offering to the Lord, is a thing scarcely heard of; though many could do it. Even when a number of men unite for such an object, though it be literally "an altar unto the Lord"—a place for his worship—it is rare to find the combined number willing to give it as an immediate offering. A society, worth in the aggregate many tens of thousands, will suffer what they have professed to dedicate to God, to be mortgaged generation after generation, for a few tens of hundreds! Ye Christian farmers! who scarcely give a bushel of wheat at once to the Lord's cause, though earnestly solicited, what say you to the comparison in which your course stands with the Jebusite, who, when offered a full price for his threshing hill, was anxious to give not only the ground, but his oxen, his implements, and his grain?

If Ornan felt that when he was dealing with a king, and for sacred purposes, it was no time to chaffer or to calculate, how well does it become us to remember, that when the Lord asks us for any gift by which we can honour him, and do good to our fellow-creatures, we should not act grudgingly, nor meanly; and that though we may not be able, of ourselves, literally to "give all," we should be ready to give as much as we can!

EPAPHRAS.

When we hear of gospel "labourers," or of a Christian "always labouring fervently," we are apt to conceive of men toiling hard in preaching, or doing such work as that of colporteurs, or pedestrian missionaries, from house to house. Epaphras was indeed "a faithful minister of Christ" to the brethren at Colosse, and so, doubtless, performed all the active duties which pressed upon ministers in the apostles' days; but he is separately spoken of as "a servant of Christ, always labouring fervently for" the brethren "in prayers." It is obvious that his prayers were considered part of his labours for the people whom he served; and that he felt it necessary to be indefatigable in them, as well as in the other. Indeed, the one required and produced the other. If he was diligent in using the means of instructing and converting souls, it must have led him, as a Paul-taught minister, to make his prayers keep pace with his work; and as the one abounded, the other must.

To labour in prayer suggests the idea of earnest, persevering supplication. Epaphras could not have been satisfied with a formal, set utterance of general petitions, appended to his preaching and conversation, as a part of the routine of preparation or performance. It is Paul who gives Epaphras his character, and Paul had other ideas of a minister's prayers for his people. For he could say to one Church and another, "Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers."—"I thank my God on every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine, for you all, making request," &c.—"Labouring fervently for you in prayers."

But what was the great subject of the petitions of Epaphras? Was it the conversion of the impenitent inhabitants of Colosse, Laodicea, or Hierapolis?—the recovery of some great apostates?—the deliverance of believers from some dreadful persecution or other calamity? What was the crisis that drove him with such earnestness to the throne of grace? "*That ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.*"

It seems, then, that ministers in that primitive age, considered the spiritual progress of those who already believed and were in the Church, to be a subject calling for, and deserving of, their most laborious prayers. This was part of the servant of Christ's "great zeal" for the brethren to which his apostolic fellow-worker bare record: and, indeed, in this, as in other respects, Epaphras followed Paul. For constantly in his epistles, he not only exhorts, and entreats, as evidence of his anxiety for the holiness and grace of believers, but tells of his *prayers* that they might have "spiritual gifts," that they might be "filled with all joy and peace in believing, and abound in hope," and have "the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ, and know "the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints;" and that their "love might abound more and more, and be sincere and without offence until the day of Christ," and that their hearts might be "established unblamable in holiness."

O! for more such labourers! and for more such labouring for the Church!

CREATION GROANETH.

"THE whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Set and shrined (as it were)

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in an epistle the most replete with the very strictest peculiarities of the theological creed, do we find this striking image; the creation in a state of big and general distress, giving token of some pregnant but yet undisclosed mystery wherewith it is charged, and heaving throughout all its borders with the pains and the portents of its coming regeneration. This was the aspect which our present system of things bore to the eye of the apostle; and it is its aspect still. The world is not at ease. The element in which it floats is far from being of a tranquil or a rejoicing character. It has somehow gone out of adjustment, and is evidently off the poise or the balance of those equable movements in which we should desire that it persisted for ever. Like the stray member of a serene and blissful family, it has turned into a wayward, comfortless, ill-conditioned thing, that still teems, however, with the recollection of its high original, and wildly gleams and gladdens in the hope of its future restoration. It hath all the character, now, of being in a transition-state; and with all those symptoms of restlessness about it which the brooding insect undergoes ere it pass into the death-like chrysalis, and come forth again in some gay and beauteous expansion, in the fields of our illumined atmosphere. Meanwhile, it is in sore labour; and the tempest's sigh and the meteor's flash, and not more the elemental war than the conflict and the agony that are upon all spirits; the vexing care, and the heated enterprise, and the fierce emulation, and the battle-cry, both that rings from the inferior tribes through the amplitude of unpeopled nature, and that breaks as loudly upon the ear from the shock of civilized men; above everything, the death, the sweeping, irresistible death, which makes such havoc among all the ranks of animated nature, and carries off, as with a flood, its successive generations; these are the now overhanging evils of a world that has departed from its God!—*Dr Chalmers on the Romans.*

HINTS TO THE YOUNG.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND THE BIBLE.*

1. REMEMBER that every word has a meaning. The meaning of a clause would be altered were any word omitted. The sense of a verb is only the signification of all the words contained in it. Never, then, pass lightly or lazily over any word which you may not at the moment comprehend—strive by your dictionary, by appeal to your parents or teachers, to come to the knowledge of it. You will find this a good habit to cultivate, for the "words of the Lord are tried words," and therefore no word has been written in vain. It stands for some idea. Human authors do not employ words without purpose—and the Spirit of God, in giving you the Bible, has written no useless vocable. The smallest words or particles have each its own signification. You read, for example, in Heb. ii. 14, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same." Now the small words "also" and "likewise" both occur in the last clause, and we are apt to regard them as having no difference of meaning; yet they are quite distinct. "Also" signifies as well as—Christ partook of flesh and blood, "also," or, as well as the children. "Likewise" means—in the same way; he partook of flesh and blood, "likewise," or, in the same way, as the children do—born and nursed as an infant, and passing through youth into manhood. Let every word thus engage your attention, let not the smallest be beneath your regard. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." This saying is true of the interpretation of Scripture.

But, my young friends, there is one circumstance which may create some difficulty in your way of fully understanding the Bible, which I shall very shortly state and illustrate. It is, that our present translation is now two hundred years old, and some words used in the Bible by our translators, have, in the course of two centuries, changed their meaning. They are, therefore, to be understood not in their present, but in their old sense. Thus, the word *let*, now means only to permit, but long ago it also denoted to hinder, and is so to be understood in Isaiah xliii. 13, where God says, "I will work, and who shall let it?" that is, prevent it. So in 2 Thess. ii. 7, "He who letteth will let;" that is, he who restraineth, will restrain.

So with the word *charity*. In its old English sense it signified love, and is to be so understood in the Bible. Some have forgotten this, and when they read in 2 Pet. iv. 8, "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins," they suppose that on account of his generosity or giving of alms, a man's sins shall be pardoned; whereas the real meaning is, love shall conceal many faults, and therefore promote unity and peace. The term *conversation*, which occurs so frequently in Scripture, is also used in its old sense as denoting the whole course of life, and not, as in modern times, merely an interchange of words. The word "*carriage*" or "*carriages*," signifies not wheeled vehicles, but baggage. (1 Sam. xvii. 22; Isa. x. 23; Acts xxi. 15.) The word "*passion*," found in Acts i. 3, in the clause, "To whom he showed himself after his passion,"—signifies, as in old English, suffering, and does not at all refer to temper or undue mental excitement. The word "*rooms*," in the declaration, Matt. xxiii. 6, "And love the uppermost rooms at feasts," does not mean chambers, but only places or seats. The words "*the atonement*," (Rom. v. 11), denote the reconciliation. The term is here used in its literal sense, for it is originally at-one-ment, or agreement—the bringing of two foes to be at one. Thus Shakspere says:—

"He who seeks to make atonement (peace, or agreement),
Between the Duke of Glo'ster and your brothers."

The word "*saring*" in such phrases as these, "Earing nor harvest" (Gen. xlv. 6; Exod. xxxiv. 21), does not refer to ears of grain, and, therefore, does not signify autumn. It refers to spring, and to the ploughing of the soil, and is used in its original sense, for it comes from the Anglo-Saxon verb, *erian*, to plough, and is a sister term with the word "harrow." These instances may suffice for a specimen.

2. Familiarize your minds with the nature and use of figurative language. You all use it, in almost every sentence you utter. When you say of a bold man—He is a lion; or of a raging man—He is a tiger; you use the two words, lion and tiger, in a figurative sense. There is no mystery about figurative language. Many ideas can be expressed in no other way. Operations of the mind, spiritual objects, abstracted notions, can only thus be described. So God says, "I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets." While, therefore, a word may have a variety of significations, it can only have one in the place where it occurs. The English word letters, has at least three

* "Lectures on the Bible to the Young," By John Kadie, LL D., Glasgow.

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meanings. I may say—The child learns its letters—The man of business writes letters—Goldsmith was a man of letters. The term has these different senses, yet no one could mistake its real meaning in any such phrases. Lead has weight—The opinion of Matthew Henry has weight. In the first clause, the word "weight" is literal, in the second, it is figurative; but who does not at once perceive the meaning of the figure? Were, then, ordinary intelligence brought to the figures in the Bible, unless in some peculiar cases, the proper meaning might be easily apprehended. The Bible says, God is a "sun," a "shield," a "rock." Every one feels at once the power and beauty of such modes of speech. Christ says, "This is my body, broken for you." Papists take this in a literal sense, and fall into the grossest of all blunders—alike opposed to the senses, to reason, and to Scripture. Their doctrine, that a priest's prayer changes a wafer into a god, to be swallowed by his worshipper, comes from "a strong delusion that they should believe a lie." Volumes have been written to show their error. It is altogether wrong to allege, as is sometimes done by Protestants, that Christ could not say, This is like, or this represents my body, because the language he spoke in had no verbs of this meaning. It must be a language of great scantiness and poverty indeed, that has no verbs denoting similitude or representation. Christ's mother-tongue had abundance of them, if he had chosen to use them. But the best process of refutation is easy and simple. Christ says, "I am the vine," "I am the door." Jacob says of two of his sons, "Judah is a lion's whelp," "Benjamin is a ravening wolf." Nobody mistakes the meaning of those figures of speech, and the words of the Redeemer are precisely similar in kind. Who would ever dream that Jacob meant to affirm that two of his sons had been changed into quadrupeds? and yet he uses language as strong and peculiar as did the Redeemer. The people of the East delight in such striking metaphors. Instead of saying, The name of the Lord resembles a strong tower—they simply say, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower." Their warm minds neglect the word denoting similitude. Likeness is to them sameness. Endeavour, then, to know the meaning of the words which the Holy Spirit has employed—"The wise shall understand." "Every sentence of the Bible," Bishop Horsley observes, "is from God, and every man is interested in the meaning of it."

In intimate connexion with figurative language, may be mentioned those peculiar persons, events, and things, which are usually termed types. But what is a type? It is not merely a symbol of some future person or event—it is also a prediction—it is a prophetic symbol. The sacrifices under the law were types—they were both symbols or likenesses, and they were prophecies. They were symbols or representations, for they showed how by the blood of an innocent creature slain in his room, a sinner was forgiven—and they were prophecies, for they at the same time foretold the certainty of that oblation, whose blood "cleanseth from all sin." Every sacrifice showed how atonement was made, and assured the worshipper that it would be made. It was both a symbol and a prophecy—in other words, a type. Now, who can ordain such types? Only God, who alone has this prerogative. And how shall we know that types have been ordained? Only when he tells us. There are, therefore, no types, save those that Scripture recognises. We dare not make types, or create them to ourselves by any fanciful ingenuity. If you keep those truths in view, then, in this province of investigation, in "His light shall you see light."

Again, it is difficult to understand many portions of prophecy; its style and allusions are sometimes obscure; yet, what concerns our duty and our safety is clearly revealed. The parables of Christ, which are a kind of allegory, or story constructed to convey important truth, usually explain themselves either in the preface or conclusion; or the design of them may be gathered from the circumstances in which they were delivered. And they generally contain ONE PRIMARY TRUTH; every minute circumstance is not to be spiritualized. We are not to put upon any portion of the Bible a sense which it was not designed to bear. To add to, is just as bad as to take from, the meaning of Scripture. The following example may suffice for an illustration of my meaning. In the Gospel of Luke, a lawyer to whom our Lord had expounded the law of universal love, and had exhorted to love his neighbour as himself, put the question to the Saviour, "And who is my neighbour?" The Saviour answered him by reciting a parable, which described a man whom robbers had plundered and almost slain, whose miserable condition excited no compassion in the hearts of a priest and Levite, though they saw him lying in his blood; but who was, at length, kindly relieved by the sympathy and beneficence of a passing Samaritan. The lawyer's question was, Who is my neighbour? and the reply is, Every one in distress, whatever his creed or his race. This reply is contained in the story, and is enforced in our Lord's own application of the parable, "Go, thou, and do likewise." Yet, this plain interpretation of Christ himself, has been often set aside by perverse fancy. As early as the fifth century, it was asserted, that the man going down to Jericho was Adam; that the thieves were the devil and his angels, who robbed him of immortality, and left him all but dead; that the priest and Levite represent the Mosaic dispensation; that the good Samaritan is Christ; that the oil and wine are the comfort and blessings of his gospel; that the beast on which he rode is his humanity; that the setting of the wounded man on that beast is vicarious salvation; that the inn is the Church; and the twopence, "the life that now is, and that which is to come." You will at once see that such laborious trifling is very wretched misinterpretation; a complete denial of the very meaning which the great Teacher put upon the parable itself. The simplest meaning is generally the correct one. Always love such simplicity, and you will "understand more than the ancients." The Bible is not a book of subtle fancies, or abstruse mysteries. It is pervaded by a living principle of earnest simplicity. The simplicity of nature reigns in revelation:—

> "The very law that moulds a tear,
> And makes it trickle from its source;
> That law preserves the globe a sphere.
> And guides the planets in their course."

3. You will find great help in understanding the Bible from a knowledge of Eastern manners and customs. The Bible is an Eastern book, and there are many little tracts written to give you the requisite information. By studying them, you will not be greatly perplexed when you come to read the Word of God. Thus, we know that in the East, the shepherd does not drive his sheep before him, but calls them by name, and they go after him. So Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me." In Isa. xvi. 1, you read, "Send ye the lamb to the ruler of the land," &c. Some good men have supposed that the "lamb" means Christ, and that the clause signifies that we are to send the knowledge of Christ to foreign countries. But the meaning of the verse only is, Send

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the usual tribute to the governor; for the tribute of Moab, the kingdom addressed in the verse, was paid in a hundred thousand lambs. (2 Kings iii. 4.)

You read in Matthew, that our Lord forbade his disciples on their missionary journey to take "staves;" while in Mark, you find that they were allowed "one staff only." You would think one staff enough for a traveller. But travellers in the East have often two staves—one to assist them in walking, the other being held over the shoulder with their bag or wallet suspended from it. Now, as the disciples were to carry no "scrip" or bag, they did not need the second staff.

John lay "in the bosom" of Jesus at the last supper. You can only understand this position by remembering that guests at a feast reclined on couches, and lay on their left side, so that the head of the one guest approached the breast of the other. Neither could you know how "new wine bursts old bottles," or how, as is said in Joshua, the Gibeonites presented "bottles old, and rent, and bound up," unless you are informed that in those countries, vessels, called bottles, were not made of glass, but of the skin of animals. The proud Pharisee, whom our Lord pourtrays in Luke xviii. 12, exclaims, in his arrogance, "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." The law enjoined both fasting and tithe-paying, but the boast of this worshipper was, that he did more than the law required. The law commanded a yearly fast, but he fasted "twice in the week." The law ordered tithe to be paid only from certain kinds of produce, but he gave the tenth of all his property.

In Matt. ix. 20, a female invalid is said to have touched the hem of our Saviour's robe, in full expectation of being cured. The "hem" which she touched, was the tassel or fringe, which, by divine command, ornamented the national uniform of the Jews. This "hem," forming the subject of special direction in Numb. xv. 38, had therefore a peculiar sort of sacredness attached to it by the people; and, in unison with so general a feeling, the woman selected this portion of the Saviour's dress, as a likely means of conveying miraculous remedy to her enfeebled constitution.

Isaiah says of Messiah (ix. 6), "The government shall be upon his shoulder." The shoulder is not here represented as merely bearing a load, but, as was usual in the East, and in ancient times, it is employed as the symbol of rule and sovereignty. Kings and heroes, in Hindu mythology, issue from the shoulder of Brahma. On the shoulder of the statue of Sesostris, king of Egypt, occurs the inscription, "I have acquired this province by my shoulders." The shoulder-pieces of the high priest's ephod, ornamented with two onyx stones, set in gold, were its distinguishing portion. To the old custom may be traced the modern practice of adorning the shoulders of military men with epaulettes.

The Psalmist likens himself, in Ps. cii. 7, to "a sparrow alone on the house top." Now, this bird is not one that sits and pines in solitude; but a distinguished naturalist, in a recent publication, suggests that the bird referred to by the Psalmist is a species of thrush, "remarkable through all the East for sitting solitary on the habitations of men"—"alone on the house top, it warbles in sweet and plaintive strains." It is of a blue colour, with black wings and tail. To this bird, so often seen alone and pouring forth notes of melancholy tone, the royal penitent compares his own condition and exercises. In Hos. xiv. 3, penitents returning to God, are represented as saying, "We will not ride upon horses." This may appear a strange vow, but the meaning is, We will not seek the help of Egypt in time of danger. Egypt was of old famous for its horses and cavalry. (Isa. xxxi. 1.) These are but a few examples, adduced to show you how knowledge of Eastern manners and antiquities throws light upon Scripture, light ever pleasing and ever welcome; and to assure you especially, that by a familiar acquaintance with Jewish usages, you will understand and relish many bold figures and many beautiful allusions in the Word of God. You will rejoice like Paul, to become in this respect "debtor to the Jew."

4. In order to understand the Bible, be always careful to keep the context in memory. By the context, I mean what stands before and after the clause you are studying, and is connected with it. The course of thought and illustration throws light on every part, and determines to a great extent the meaning of the various sections. The Psalmist says in Ps. xliii., "When shall I come and appear before God?" These words, if they stood by themselves, might refer to the period of death and judgment, but the context shows that they only contain the expression of David's anxiety, when in banishment, to be restored to his former privileges, the most eminent of which was the enjoyment of God's presence in his sanctuary. The appearance before God referred to, is appearance before him in his house, "with a multitude that kept holyday."

In Prov. xxvi. 4, 5, you find two injunctions which seem at first of an opposite nature—"Answer not a fool according to his folly," and, "Answer a fool according to his folly;" but the latter clause of each of the two verses determines the meaning of the first. The first—"Answer not a fool according to his folly"—means, Answer him not in a foolish way; the reason given is, "Lest thou be like unto him." The second—"Answer a fool according to his folly"—signifies, Answer him as his folly warrants or deserves; for the reason annexed plainly proves it, "Lest he be wise in his own conceit." In Luke xiii. 24, you find the assertion—"Many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." Many persons have been startled and alarmed by this declaration, as if Christ had said, that during some period on earth, returning sinners should be rejected by God. Such an opinion cannot be correct. Christ is misunderstood. The context shows that the punctuation is defective. The full period at the end of the verse should only have been a comma, showing that the sense is not complete till the following words at least are taken in; "when once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door." After this awful period, admission is impossible. You are aware that the punctuation is not inspired; and that, even in the English Bibles, errors have crept in along with variations from the earlier editions. But also, in the old manuscripts, there were no stops to guide the sense. Neither were there verses or chapters. The oldest of the manuscripts written in capitals, resembles the following clause of the Lord's Prayer printed thus:—

OURFATHERWHICHARTINHEAVENHALLOWED
BETHYNAMETHYKINGDOMCOME.

The divisions of chapters and verses are modern and sometimes faulty, and we are not to be bound by them in endeavouring to ascertain the context.

THE FOOL AND HIS SPORT.

BY THOMAS ADAMS. 1629.

We may show that every wicked man is a fool by comparing their properties—

1. It is a fool's property to have no foresight of future things. So he may have from hand

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to mouth, he sings care away. So the grasshopper sings in harvest when the ant labours, and begs at Christmas when the ant sings. The wicked takes as little care what shall become of his soul, as the natural fool what shall become of his body. Saith the Epicure, Let me have pleasure now. "It is better to a living dog than to a dead lion." They do not in fair weather repair their house against storms; nor in time of peace provide spiritual armour against the day of war. They watch not; therefore the day of the Lord shall come upon them as a thief in the night, and spoil them of all their pleasures. The main business of their soul is not thought of; nor dream they of an audit, till they be called by death away to their reckoning.

2. It is a fool's property to affect things hurtful to himself. He loves to be playing with thorns; neither yet hath that which hurt him taught him caution, but he more desperately desires his own mischief. The wicked do strongly appropriate to themselves this quality. They hover to dally with their own vexation; who else would dote on the world, and hover like wasps about the gallipot, till, for one lick of honey, they be drowned in it. What is your ambition, O ye world-affecters, saith Augustine, but to be affected of the world? what do you seek, but through many dangers to find more; through easier to find the worst of all? The world was therefore called the fool's paradise; there he thinks to find heaven, and there he sells it to the devil. "They haste as a bird to the snare." The devil doth but hold vanity as a sharp weapon against them, and they run full breast upon it. They need no enemies; let them alone, and they will kill themselves. So the envious pines away his own marrow: the prodigal lavisheth his own estate: the drunkard drowns his own vital spirits. Wicked men make war upon themselves with the engines of death.

3. It is a fool's property to prefer trifles and toys, before matters of worth and weight. The fool will not give his bawble for the king's exchequer. The wicked prefer bodies of dust and ashes to their souls of eternal substance—this sin-corrupted and time-spent world to the perfect and permanent joys of heaven—short pleasures to everlasting happiness—a puff of fame before a solid weight of glory. What folly can be more pitiable, than to forsake corn for acorns—a state of immortality for an apple, as Adam did—a birthright with all the privileges, for a mess of pottage, belly cheer, as Esau did—a kingdom on earth, yea, in heaven too, for asses, as Saul did—all portion in Christ for bacon, as the Gergesenes did—a royalty in heaven for a poor farm on earth, as the bidden guest did? This is the worldling's folly.

To esteem grace and glory less than farms, oxen, wines—manna than onions—mercy than vanity—God than idols. They may be fitly paralleled with the prodigal. He forsook (1.) His father's house for a strange country: these the Church, God's house, for the world—a place wherein they should be strangers, and wherein I am sure they shall not be long dwellers. (2.) His father's inheritance for a bag of money: so these will not tarry for their heritage in heaven, but take the bags which Mammon thrusts into their hands on the present. Who but a fool will refuse the assured reversion of some great lordship, though expectant on the expiration of three lives, for a ready sum of money not enough to buy the least stick on the ground? This is the worldling's folly, rather to take a piece of slip coin in hand, than to trust God for the invaluable mass of glory. (3.) He forsakes his loving friends for disreputable sinners, creatures of spoil and rapine: so these the company of saints for the sons of Belial—those that sing praises, for those that roar blasphemies. (4.) Lastly, the bread in his father's house, for husks of beans: so these leave Christ, the true bread of life, for the draff which the swine of this world puddle in. Here is their folly, to fasten on transient delights, and to neglect the pleasures at the right hand of God for evermore.

4. It is a fool's property to run on his course with precipitation. Yet can he not outrun the wicked, whose "driving is like Jehu's the son of Nimshi: he driveth as if he were mad"—as if he had received that commission, "Salute no man by the way." "The wise man seeth the plague, and hideth himself; but the fool runneth on, and is punished." He goes, he runs, he flies; as if God, that rides upon the wings of the wind, could not overtake him. He may pass apace, for he is benefited by the way, which is smooth, without rubs, and down a hill, for hell is a bottom. He needs not run fast; for the fool may come soon enough to that place from whence he must never return. Thus you see the correspondence of the spiritual to the natural fool in their qualities. Truly the wicked man is a fool. So Solomon expounds the one by the other: "Be not overmuch wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?"

Now as these fools are many, so of many kinds. There is the sad fool and the glad fool, the haughty fool and the naughty fool.

1. The sad or melancholy fool is the envious, that repines at his brother's good—an enemy to all God's favours, if they fall besides himself—a man of the worst diet; for he consumes himself, and delights in pining, in repining. He is ready to quarrel with God, because his neighbour's flock escapes the rot. He cannot endure to be happy, if with company. Therefore envy is called by Prosper, the vexation of a languishing mind, arising from another's welfare. So many as the envied hath praisers, hath the envious tormentors.

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2. The glad fool, I might say the mad fool, is the dissolute; who, rather than he will want sport, makes goodness itself his minstrel. His mirth is to sully every virtue with some slander, and with a jest to laugh it out of fashion. His usual discourse is filled up with boasting parentheses of his old sins: and though he cannot make himself merry with their act, he will with their report; as if he roved at this mark, to make himself worse than he is. If Repentance do but proffer him her service, he drives her out of doors: his mind is perpetually drunk; and his body lightly dies, like Anacreon, with a grape in his throat. He is stung of that serpent whereof he dies laughing.

3. The haughty fool is the ambitious, who is ever climbing high towers, and never forecasteth how to come down. Up he will, though he fall down headlong. He is weary of peace in the country, and therefore comes to seek trouble at court, where he haunts great men as his great spirit haunts him. When he receives many disappointments, he flatters himself still with success. His own fancy persuades him, as men do fools, to shoot away another arrow, thereby to find the first: so he looseth both. And lastly, because his pride will admit of no other punisher, he becomes his own torment; and having at first lost his honesty, he will now also lose his wits; so truly becomes a fool.

4. The naughty fool is the covetous. This is the folly that Solomon saw under the sun. You heard before of a merry fool, but the very fool of all is the avaricious; for he will lose his friends, starve his body, destroy his soul, and have no pleasure for it. So saith the prophet, "He shall leave his riches in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." He wastes himself, to keep his goods from waste: he eats the worst meat, and keeps his stomach ever chiding. He longs like a fool for every thing he sees; and at last may have what he desired, never what he desires. He fears not the day of judgment, except for preventing the date of some great obligation. You would think it were petty treason to call a rich man fool; but He doth so that dares justify it. (Luke 12.) "Thou fool, this night shall they fetch away thy soul from thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

THE BLESSING OF GOD UPON FAMILY WORSHIP.

JOHN H—— was a native of Reading. His parents generally attended a place of worship, but made no particular profession of religion. By their death John and another brother were left in destitute circumstances, and John obtained employment as stable-boy at an inn in his native town.

After some time, one of the waiters took a tavern, with a bowling-green, at Islington, and having observed that John was an active lad, he engaged him to attend the players on the bowling-green, and fetch them their liquor.

If any serious impressions had been made on the mind of John by his early instructions, they were soon lost amidst the temptations to which his line of life exposed him. He learned to curse and swear, and take God's name in vain without remorse.

It was a mercy for this poor wicked lad that he had a pious aunt, who cared for his soul, and was deeply affected with his awful state and condition. This good woman was a member of the church over which the late excellent Dr Stennet presided, and hearing that the Doctor's servant lad had left him, she entreated him, for the sake of her nephew's soul, to receive him into the family. The Doctor was at first grieved at this request, considering the situation in which the youth had lived, and especially when he heard of his using bad words; yet such was the earnestness of the aunt's entreaty, that it gave him the utmost pain to refuse her. "Do, sir," she said, "take him and try him. I know he is wicked. I can say nothing in his favour, but that I believe he is honest. Who knows what God may do for him?"

Dr Stennet had the feelings of a Christian. The good woman prevailed, and John was ordered to prepare himself for his new service. But here the scheme met with strong opposition from the master of the tavern, who did not like to part with a useful servant, and from the other waiters. "Where are you going, John?" they exclaimed, "to live with a minister—a Dissenter—a Methodist! Why, you must go to meetings, and go up to prayers twice a-day! Ay! you'll not stay there a week, but you will throw yourself out of place, and then you will have nothing to do. You'll be driven to stealing for a living, and you'll come to be hanged." This was a discouraging prospect, and John would have refused to leave the tavern, but that he feared to offend his aunt, who had some money, and could befriend him if she thought his conduct deserved encouragement.

He therefore reluctantly went to his place, and found what had been told him about family prayer was true. The bell rung, the family assembled, including all the servants. A portion of Scripture was read, and briefly explained, and prayer was offered. When the servants withdrew, John expressed his wonder and dislike. "Was ever anything so foolish? And so we must go up into our master's study, and down upon our knees and pray! I wish I were at the bowling-green again; I am sure I shall not stay here more than a day or two."

At this time Dr Stennet had two young men residing in his house as students. One of them, on hearing of John's dissatisfaction, quietly said to him, "Do not put yourself out of place on that account; though you think it odd now, in a little time you will bear it very well."

He determined, therefore, to stay for a while; this determination was strengthened by finding everything else comfortable, and the seeming hardship of which he at first complained wearing off by degrees, in a little time he went up to prayers as a thing of course; nay, it became agreeable, he knew not how, except it was from his master's winning manners, and he really longed for the hour when they were to be called to prayer. How he lost his habit of swearing he could not tell, unless it were that he heard nothing of the kind in the family; but it cost him no labour to leave it off.

It now occurred to his mind, if it were so good in his master, ought he not himself to learn to pray? But he knew not how to proceed until he met with one of Dr Watts' books of prayers for children, and now he thought himself furnished for the duty. Mr B—— (the other student) one day asked him, "John, do you pray?" "Yes, sir," said he; "I pray by this book." "O John," replied Mr B——, "if you know

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what it is to pray, you will find many wants that you cannot find words for in that book." "Why, what shall I pray for?" said he. "Pray," answered Mr B——, "that God may take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh."

At bed-time, therefore, he set himself to pray, and probably recollecting some expressions that he had heard, succeeded so well in his own opinion, that he soon laid aside the book as unnecessary, and thought he could pray as well or better than his master.

He continued giving satisfaction in his place, and filled with vanity and self-complacency at his own goodness. But it pleased God further to teach him, by means of a discourse which his master preached from Isa. xxix. 13: "This people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me; but they have removed their heart far from me." This cut him to the heart, opened his inmost soul before him, and led him to see that he had never prayed at all, and that his self-righteous pride was no less displeasing to God than his former disregard of religion. What should he now do? He was tempted not to pray any more, and though he could not refrain from venting his cries, he feared there was no mercy for him. Such was the agony of his mind, that he was even tempted to put an end to his life. But this dreadful step was mercifully prevented, and then he was so struck with amazement to think of the dreadful ruin into which he would have plunged himself, and at the goodness of God in not suffering him thus to destroy himself, that it contributed not a little to soften his mind and inspire a ray of hope. But the particular comfort he received, was through another sermon of his master's from Prov. x. 24: "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." On that occasion, Christ's righteousness and the success of his salvation were so happily opened to this poor awakened sinner, and he was so enabled by the power of the Holy Spirit to lay hold upon them, that thenceforward he was distinguished as a most cheerful, comfortable Christian, and one whose walk and behaviour gave full proof that his comfort was genuine.

He survived his aunt several years, and inherited a portion of her property, which placed him in a superior situation in life. In every capacity in which he lived, he manifested a fervent love to the Lord Jesus, his cause and his ways, with an open, sincere, upright, humble conversation, and left a triumphant testimony on his death-bed to the glory of Christ, and the riches of free grace to sinners.

POWER OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.

THE beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.—*Chalmers.*

RICHARD ADKINS.

"MARK that text," said Richard Adkins, to his grandson Abel, who was reading to him the 32d psalm; "mark that text, 'He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.' I read it in my youth and believed it; and now I read it in my old age, thank God, I know it to be true. O! it is a blessed thing in the midst of the joys and sorrows of the world, Abel, to trust in the Lord."

INDESTRUCTIBLE TREASURE.

THE Rev. John Newton was one day called to visit a family that had suffered the loss of all they possessed by fire. He found the pious mistress, and saluted her with, "I give you joy, madam."

Surprised, and ready to be offended, she exclaimed, "What! joy that all my property is consumed?"

"Oh no," he answered, "but joy that you have so much property that fire cannot touch."

This happy allusion checked her grief; and she wiped away her tears.

"For where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Fragments.

WE never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How, then, can they govern others? Those who govern well, are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Religion, which is to be our business and pleasure too, is not for spare hours, nor hath it any hours to spare. (Luke i. 75; 1 Cor. x. 31.) We should be religious in all things, and at all times.

He who waits for repentance, waits for what cannot be had so long as it is merely waited for.

When a family party are going home, it is common for one to go before, to make all ready for the rest, and to welcome them. "I go to prepare a place for you," says Christ to his disciples.

Procrastination has been called a thief—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely but the immortal soul.

No man will ever fully find out what he is by a mere *survey* of himself. He must *explore*, if he would know himself.

Those may hope to be saved at the eleventh hour, who, when called at that hour can plead that it is *their* call; who can say, when asked why they stand idle, "Because no man hath hired us."

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THE FAITHFUL FILLING UP THE AFFLICTIONS OF CHRIST.

(TRANSLATED FROM "ETUDES EVANGELIQUES," BY PROFESSOR A. VINET.)

"Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church."—Col. i. 24.

When we consider the afflictions of Jesus Christ, either in the dignity of the sufferer, or in themselves, or in the redemption which they wrought, nothing appears wanting; and we are satisfied that neither men, nor angels, nor, if we dare say so, God himself, could add aught to them. Neither was anything wanting to the afflictions of Christ as to the end for which they were destined. All that sufferings could work for our redemption, those of Jesus Christ have wrought: they are complete in that respect; and to say that ours are necessary, *in the same sense*, would be more than to diminish the work of Jesus Christ—it would be to annihilate it. Were there another name under heaven by which, if but in part, we could be saved, and that name were our own, then were we not completely lost; and Jesus Christ would then be our fellow-worker—our helper, but not our Saviour. Neither the fall, nor the raising up again, can be in part. If we are not stripped of all our glory before God, we still possess all our glory before God. If we have one merit, we have all merit—if we are not completely lost, we are not lost at all—if Jesus Christ is less than a perfect Saviour for us, he is no Saviour—if he leave *us* something to suffer, *he* had no need to suffer; for to say that our sufferings can do something for our redemption, is to say that they can do everything. Man is quite prepared to draw such conclusions as these; and they would be legitimate. You may be sure that, if you allow him to be a sharer in the work, he will not long be satisfied to share in it; if you are willing to give him something, he will take all; and if you take away the least from Jesus Christ, you leave him nothing. The gospel is as positive, absolute, and exclusive, as it is possible to be. Whatever importance it may attach to our sufferings, it has never attributed to them the virtue of expiating our sins. Jesus Christ, by his sufferings, is the only and the perfect Saviour. That which he came to seek and to save was *lost*—not in part, but totally. It is with *his* stripes, and not with our own, that we are healed. He is, alone and without us, the propitiation for our sins, and for the sins of the whole world. But why multiply these declarations? The Scripture is full of them: and if the text should be found to say the contrary, it would contradict a thousand others, not to seek farther than the writings of St Paul.

How, then, can there be aught "*behind* of the afflictions of Christ?" It is thus, my brethren: Christ is still here below; Christ is still detained in a mortal body. His glorious resurrection, indeed, has snatched him personally from the power of the grave. His glorious ascension has removed him from the view of earth. All is accomplished, inasmuch as what he has done satisfies for all. But Christ (so to speak) *succeeds himself*, in the person of the Church. The Church is a body of which the Head is in heaven. The Church militant has inherited the condition of Christ humbled and suffering. She represents here below her Divine Head, as the Son of man; and will so represent him till the end of the ages. Without doubt, she is only to Jesus Christ what the body is to the head, which communicates the movements, and controls all the actions; but she is *not less* closely united to Jesus Christ than the head is to the body. She does nothing by herself; but whatever she does on earth she does by him. She continues his work; but by him, and for him. She is simply the body—she is not the Head; and while the Head reigns in the peace and glory of heaven, the body remains upon earth, and *suffers upon earth that which Jesus Christ would suffer were he still below*. For, having the same spirit, and offering to error and sin the same combat, she must needs provoke the same enemies, encounter the same obstacles, excite the same animosities, suffer the same agony. She must undergo all this, or she is not the Church. As the Head lives, so the body must live; and, living upon the earth, must live a terrestrial life—which is, *to suffer*. This is that which is wanting, or which remains to suffer, after Jesus Christ has suffered. This is the sign that *his* work is done upon the earth; this is the burning but glorious seal which the Master stamps upon those that are his. And here we ought to observe, that the term which St Paul used does not simply signify to *finish*, but also to *correspond*. It is to continue Jesus Christ—to return to him what she has received from him

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Christ is the oblation of the Church; and the Church is (in a very different sense) the oblation of Christ. Besides, the Church is the servant of Jesus Christ; and if she does not suffer it is because she does not act—for she cannot act without suffering. And if she does not act, she will not correspond to her Head; she will not serve her Master, who, on his side, will appear to forget or to disown her. In all these respects, there wants, and to the end of time there will be wanting, something to the afflictions of Jesus Christ: undoubtedly, *not* to his personal sufferings, which are complete in every sense; but to those which he has determined (if we may so speak) to endure in the persons of the faithful to the end of the ages. In truth, what we have just said of the Church is necessarily applicable to the faithful; that is to say, the faithful are called upon to suffer *as* the Church. How can she suffer but in her members? or how can we conceive of a sorrow in the Church of which her true members are not partakers? Christ did not by *his* sufferings exempt us from suffering, nor by his death exempt us from dying. And if these are needful for us, what comparison is there between the light afflictions of this present time and the eternal weight of glory reserved for us in heaven? No, Christ is not come to deliver us from suffering and death, but rather to teach us how to suffer and to die. He has done better than to suppress these evils—he has made them useful, useless as they are in themselves. What do I say? Useful! How feeble is that word! He has rendered them so precious, that their *preservation*, in the case of the faithful, is one of the gifts of God.

This is why the Christian neither suffers nor dies against his will (*malgré lui*); he earnestly desires to do all the will of his Master. Necessity is changed for him into liberty. He knows he must be stripped of all, and come to Jesus "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;" and he rejoices that God assists him so to strip himself. He knows that he must die; and he anticipates death by dying to himself daily. The suffering and humbled member of Jesus Christ knows that, if one is dead, all are then dead—that, to be united to Jesus Christ living, he must be united to Jesus Christ dying. He then receives humiliation and suffering as pledges of adoption; and his sense of this adoption is never so lively as when he is afflicted and abased. He understands, he does more — he sees, that in proportion as the blows of adversity spend themselves upon him, the "old man," which must die, dies in him more and more: and he ends by fully comprehending the import of those astonishing words of the apostle, that "he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." Thus afflictions and death are in his eyes only the natural consequence, and the necessary completion, of the afflictions and death of Jesus Christ.

The Church does not profess to be the ally and accomplice of the passions, but the contrary. There is enmity between her and the vices of the world, and also between her and the *virtues* of the world. The wise, who are not wise according to her wisdom, hate her as much as the foolish do. Notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, the Church is ever a stranger in this world; she is continually obliged to fight for, and to conquer, the place she occupies. She lives (if one dare so speak), not on a secure income, but on the bounty she receives from day to day. She is not *established* in the world—she is *encamped* in it. While every man coming into the world belongs to society, she has no citizens but those snatched from the world. By the power of truth, and its harmony with the nature of things, she has imposed upon modern nations many of her maxims, a new civilization, and even her own name. The people who call themselves Christians form in reality one nation, in the face of those who are not such. But this application of Christianity, which the world adopts, is not the fundamental principle, but a secondary idea. The world does not fix in its soil the roots of the tree of which it gladly gathers the fruit. These roots—I mean the truths which are the basis of the Church's faith—are repugnant and hateful to the natural man: and so long as this natural man predominates in the world, it is evident that the Church must maintain a conflict, dispute for her life, and thus, consequently, suffer as her Head has suffered. This aspect of Christianity may, at first sight, appear very sad, and even appalling; but if you love Jesus Christ, you will understand how these sufferings are at the same time a necessity, a blessing, and a glory. Without love, you will comprehend nothing of all this: with love, you will understand how one may sacrifice even life for the Church; even as the love of country has perhaps taught you how gladly one may abandon all for the good of the State. You will see all these afflictions converted into joys; because, in proportion as the outward man decays, the inward man is renewed. You will find that

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God still leaves you much happiness in store, and that "godliness hath promise of the life that now is," as well as "of that which is to come." If you love, you will comprehend this; and will say with St Paul, when speaking of himself, "Who now rejoice in my sufferings!"

The Church needs your sufferings, because she needs your services. She has not too much —with all her children, and all their love. You should see with what painful efforts she combats her enemies within and without. You should see with what bitter tears and with what bloody sweat she steeps the soil of her Gethsemane. You should hear the sound of her scourging; and the tumult of those who, mocking her blindfolded eyes—for in the present day she scarcely knows who are her enemies, and who are her friends — cry in derision, 'Prophesy who smote thee." Perhaps you may not hear the clamour, "Away with him, away with him; crucify him!" *This* crucifixion is only to be seen, in certain places, in the contempt of some, and in the disdainful toleration or the derisive homage of others. Elsewhere, very far from being nailed to a cross, the Church is on a throne; but examine closely, and you will discover that she is *chained* to it. Under one or other of these forms, she still undergoes her irrevocable destiny; there is no respite for you, or for her, here—you will rest in heaven. The Church at the same time assails her enemies and defends herself. She extends her borders for self-protection, and goes beyond them for conquest. Go with her wherever she goes. Establish yourself on the ground which she occupies; add to her empire new provinces; aid her in accomplishing the command to preach the gospel to every creature. Architects of a heavenly mansion, builders of a new Jerusalem, take the trowel in one hand, and the sword in the other; destroy error, and extend truth. Above all, spread everywhere the vivifying odour of the gospel by a conduct pure, holy, honourable, before God and before men, full of charity and good works, to the glory of Jesus Christ. Amen.

APOCALYPTIC SYMBOLS.

THE key of the Apocalypse is to be sought in the Old Testament Scriptures. This is the briefest, and perhaps the best, rule that can be laid down for the interpretation of this book. We do not know that there is a really new symbol made use of in it from beginning to end. There is not a single figure or character admitted, whose use has not been already sanctioned, and its meaning determined, in the Law, the Psalms, or the Prophets. The Apocalypse differs from them only in that it is symbolical throughout. It resembles those monuments and temples of Egypt, which, being wholly written over with hieroglyphics, were illegible till the accidental discovery of the Rosetta stone. This furnished the key; and instantly the graven monuments of that ancient land stood forth, fraught with the secrets of past ages. In some chapter of Isaiah, or in some psalm, we find the Rosetta stone of the Apocalypse: we mean, that we there find this and the other symbol used in such a way that it is impossible to miss its meaning. Thus we make out an alphabet, by the aid of which we come to read the whole of this symbolic writing. In the prophets, the heavenly bodies uniformly symbolize the rulers of kingdoms. We find this symbol employed, particularly in the denunciations against Egypt and Babylon. Of Egypt, Ezekiel says: "I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee." From the Psalms we learn that a vine is the symbol of the true Church: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt." In Ezekiel, and other books of Scripture, we find the false Church exhibited under the symbol of a harlot. In Daniel we are told that a wild beast is the symbol of a conquering and despotic power; and that a horn denotes a kingdom. Thus, by diligent search in the Scriptures, we discover the symbols here employed in such connexion that their meaning is obvious; and when we meet the same symbol in the Apocalypse, we have only to transfer its ascertained meaning to the prediction under review, and, without more ado, we translate it into plain language. Thus we come to read off the Apocalyptic prophecies much as we would any ordinary writing. As an example of the way in which an alphabet of the Apocalypse might be made out, we may instance a few of its more important symbols. Earth symbolizes society in a settled state. Sea, society in a state of convulsion. Rivers, nations. Mountains and islands, great and small kingdoms. Air, the political atmosphere. Heaven, the civil or ecclesiastical firmament. Sun, the monarch. Stars, inferior rulers. Hail and thunder, wars. Earthquake, revolution. Head, form of government. Horn, king or kingdom. Bow, war. Crown, victory. Altar, martyrdom. Coals, severe judgments. Vine, a church. Rainbow, a covenant. Key, ecclesiastical authority. Angel, a minister of God's purposes. Having determined the import of the individual symbols, it becomes easy to interpret them when found in combination. Thus, when we are shown in the Apocalyptic drama, *coals* of fire taken from the *altar* and cast upon the *earth*, we understand that the action indicated is, the infliction of terrible *judgments*, on account of the *martyrdom of the*

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scious, on the inhabitants of the *Roman world*. Again, when we read, "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy," all that is necessary to the right interpretation of the prophecy is, to give to each of its component symbols its appropriate meaning. Dealt with on this principle, the passage reads as follows:—I was shown *(sea)* society in a state of convulsion, and out of these convulsions emerged a *(beast)* powerful despotic monarchy, having, *i. e.*, having had, seven *(heads)* distinct forms of government, but broken up at the time of its emergence into ten *(horns)* separate kingdoms, with their *(crowns upon the horns)* kings; each of its seven forms of government possessing an impious and idolatrous character, as intimated by the name of blasphemy upon its seven heads. Amid the closing scenes of the Apocalypse there occurs the following:—"And another angel came out of the temple which is in heaven, he also having a sharp sickle. And another angel came out from the altar, which had power over fire; and cried with a loud cry to him that had the sharp sickle, saying, Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe." What a picture of the final doom of the Papacy! No description could convey, in ten times the space, one half of what these few symbols disclose respecting the manner and severity of Babylon's destruction. A vine is before us—the symbol of a Church; but it is the vine of the earth—a false Church. The vine is ripe, and is to be cut down. The idolatrous faith of Rome has landed her adherents in downright infidelity and atheism—the natural fruit of superstition. Men who believe in no God, can be governed by no law; and now an end is come. Accordingly, an angel—a minister of God's vengeance—appears upon the scene, having the instrument of destruction—a sharp sickle; how sharp, will be seen when the time comes. The command to thrust in the sickle and begin the work of destruction comes from the altar, and is given by the angel who has power over fire. To Rome, at such an hour, the altar was a symbol of terrific import; it reminded her of the blood she had shed. From the altar ascended the cry, "How long, O Lord?" And now from the altar comes the command, "Thrust in thy sharp sickle;" and from the altar, too, is taken the fire in which Rome is consumed.

There are two rules which must be rigidly adhered to, otherwise our interpretations of the Apocalypse can possess neither certainty nor consistency. *First*, We must always treat its symbols as such. We must not regard them as figures in one place, and literal descriptions in another. The earth can never mean literally the earth, but some other thing—society in a particular state. When we read, "In the earthquake were slain of men seven thousand," we must understand the statement as having reference, not to a literal, but a symbolic slaughter—the defection from a certain interest, of a large body of adherents. And so with regard to all the symbols in the Apocalypse. There are interpreters of no mean name who disregard this rule. *Second*, We must always give the same interpretation to the same symbol. Just as we attribute the same power to the same alphabetic character, and just as we attach one meaning to the same hieroglyphic, wherever we find it on the Egyptian monuments, so we must preserve uniformity in our interpretations of the Apocalyptic symbols. A slight variety of interpretation may be admitted; but that variety must never be inconsistent with, but always embody, the *radical* meaning of the symbol. If we find that the meaning which we have given to a certain symbol does not carry us from beginning to end of the Apocalypse, and that it is not in all places perfectly natural and easy, and that its interpretation does not piece in with that of the other symbols with which it stands in combination, we may be sure that we have not yet discovered its true import. There will always, till the Apocalypse has been all fulfilled, be some doubt about the commencement and termination of its grand epochs; but if regard be had to what we have now said respecting the interpretation of its symbols, there can be no difficulty in determining the character of the great events which the Apocalypse predicts.

There are some who regard the Apocalypse as wanting in arrangement and meaning—who decry the study of it, and deny its claims to inspiration. And why? Because it is symbolical. Do such persons depreciate the value and reject the authenticity of other symbolical writings? Would they not account the labours of a lifetime well spent in successfully deciphering the Egyptian tablets, and in bringing to light the secrets which lie hid under the mysterious characters which cover the Sinaitic mountains? Why, then, should such take offence at this book, because it is written in symbolic characters? And why should that which stimulates ingenuity and excites to labour in other cases, be held as a sufficient reason for declining all inquiry and investigation in this? If the graven pillar that rises amid the sands of the Nile, awakens within us so engrossing an interest, and is regarded with awe, because it still holds forth, to those who can read its record, those great transactions of the past, which gave to Egypt her glory and renown, would it not be strange if we should regard without either awe or interest this venerable monument, which God himself has set up in the field of revelation? We wish to know the future: here it is already come.

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We wish to know how the world's drama shall end: here it is already wound up. The past, the present, and the future, here meet. Let us turn aside, then, and see this great sight. By the help of these heaven-engraven hieroglyphics, we can survey the whole history of the Christian Church at a single glance. We can trace her path from the Mount of Olives to the gates of that holy city, New Jerusalem, which John saw coming down from God out of heaven. We see her in all the variety of her earthly condition;—in the wilderness, where for twelve hundred and sixty years she was clothed in sackcloth; engaged in war with the beast, and her blood flowing like water; on Mount Zion, with the Lamb in white, ascribing salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto God, when she sees the smoke of Babylon's torment; living and reigning with Christ a thousand years; delivered from a dreadful combination of foes to be formed against her at the close of time; redeemed at last from the grave itself; and, after all her toils, entering in, and made to dwell through ages that have no end, amid the living waters of the paradise of God. Brought thus into one view, we are the better able to trace the admirable order and progression that reign among these events, and especially among those more immediately under our review, and which fill up the long and momentous period extending from the white horse of the First Seal, to the lightnings, and thunders, and earthquake of the Seventh Vial.—*"The Seventh Vial," &c.—Just published.*

EXAMPLES OF EARNESTNESS.

I BRING forward two instances from humble life, for the instruction and encouragement of those in a similar situation. The first is Thomas Cranfield, of whom an interesting memoir has been published by the Religious Tract Society, under the title of "The Useful Christian." Thomas Cranfield was the son of a journeyman baker in Southwark, and as he grew up to youth, became a wicked, cruel, and brutish lad. He absconded from his master, enlisted into the army, and was at the siege of Gibraltar. He was a brave soldier, and reckless of danger, but a slave of sin and Satan. On his return to England, he was taken to hear Mr Romaine preach at Blackfriars.' His hard heart was broken down by the hammer of the Word, and his pious parents soon had the ineffable felicity to see their soldier-son enter, heart and soul, into the service of the Captain of our salvation. Having found joy and peace in believing, he became intensely anxious and active for the salvation of others. His first solicitude was for his wife, who soon became a fellow-heir with him of the grace of life. He then sought the conversion of her relatives, as his own were already Christians. The next objects of his pious zeal were the lodgers in the house where he resided, two of whom became, by their conversion, the fruits of his labours. Soon after he acted as clerk to an out-of-door preacher, who proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to the multitude in Moorfields. Then he joined in setting up a prayer-meeting among the brick-makers at Kingsland. At length, panting for a regular means of doing good, rather than these casual efforts, he opened a Sabbath-school at Rotherhithe, where he had witnessed some awful scenes of juvenile depravity. Finding at length some one to conduct this institution, he directed his views to Tottenham, and opened another there. Founding and conducting Sabbath-schools now became his vocation, to which he surrendered himself with all the ardour with which he had fought his country's battles on the heights of Gibraltar. School after school was opened by him in many of the darkest and rudest places in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, of which he was the teacher, the superintendent, and the purveyor, finding friends to assist with their money, and teachers by their labours.. To the duties of a superintendent of Sabbath-schools, he added those of a visitor of the sick, till Thomas Cranfield became known as a friend of the young, the sick, and the poor, through whole neighbourhoods. What he wanted in order and method, he made up in zeal and perseverance. Individual, as well as general, in his attentions, he visited the children at their homes, and wrote letters enough to them to make a volume. He looked after them when they had left the school, followed them to their domiciles, or assembled them at a meeting of "old scholars." At one of these gatherings, amounting to about sixty, it was ascertained that fourteen of those present were members of churches, and that there was scarcely one who did not attend a place of worship. The lodging-houses, those dark domains of Satan, where filth, and ignorance, and vice, seem all condensed together, into their narrowest dimensions, did not escape his notice, or daunt his courage, and he rendered many of them accessible to the light of truth, and the glad tidings of salvation. Thus lived and laboured Thomas Cranfield. Time blunted not his religious sensibilities, and he bore fruit to old age—at fourscore, he was still lively in desire, though feeble in action, in the cause of his Master. Half a century he had laboured as a devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and tired not to the last. This once profligate youth, and brave but wicked soldier, when he died, was honoured with funeral obsequies which the hero under whom he served at Gibraltar might have coveted in vain to enjoy. O, for more Thomas Cranfields!

Harlan Page, is more than worthy to be associated with the last mentioned individual, for though not superior in piety or devotedness to Thomas Cranfield, he was before him both in talent and in usefulness. Harlan Page was a native of Connecticut, in the United States. His father was a house-joiner, to which trade he also was brought up. He was converted to God when about twenty-two years of age. "When I first obtained a hope," he said on his dying bed, "I felt that I must labour for souls. I prayed year after year that God would make me the means of saving souls." His prayer was soon answered; for who ever presented such a prayer, and followed

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it up with appropriate and diligent exertions, that had not his desire gratified? Three days after he publicly professed his faith in Christ, he began his useful career by addressing a letter to one who had been long resisting conviction and hardening his heart. Letter-writing now became his chosen means of doing good; and this instrumentality he scarcely ceased for a single day to employ. He addressed himself to relations and strangers—to friends and foes—to the rich and the poor—to saints and sinners—to persons in all states and stages of religious experience—and to the young and old—with a diligence that is surprising. No lover of wealth or literature was ever more assiduous in correspondence than was this pious carpenter. When lying on a sick-bed he would employ himself in thinking in what new ways he could be useful; and when recovered, it was his first solicitude to put his plans and purposes into execution. His next means of saving souls, was the printing and circulating of small cards, with a short and impressive address composed by himself, on some of the momentous truths of revelation. The distribution of tracts was added to the circulation of cards. His object then was to promote prayer-meetings, and revivals of religion among his fellow-members. On one occasion he had entered in his private memoranda short notices of seventy-nine individuals under concern, among whom he was ever active in promoting their spiritual welfare. His pen was as busy as his tongue, and he was always preparing addresses for publication in some of the religious periodicals; and which were full of point, pathos, and unction. "While working at three shillings a-day, here was a mechanic performing his daily task on hire, establishing and sustaining a religious meeting at the boarding-house, on Wednesday evenings; a meeting of the people of God for prayer on Sabbath mornings at sun-rise; and though he went three miles to attend public worship, throwing his efforts into a Sabbath school at five P.M.; devoting Sabbath evenings to meetings and family visitation; conversing with the sick, the careless, the anxious; distributing tracts; endeavouring to awaken an interest in the religious operations of the day; keeping a brief diary; abounding in prayer; and adopting, with others, an incipient measure for the formation of a church and the settlement of a pastor."

At length, Harlan Page was appointed agent of the General Depository of the American Tract Society, which opened to him a new sphere of activity and usefulness, and which he filled with his accustomed energy. He assembled, from time to time, all the tract distributers, companies of Sabbath school teachers, and others, to instruct them as a kind of drill sergeant in the army of the Captain of Salvation, in their several duties. The great temperance movement received his hearty co-operation. During all these labours for others, he was no less assiduous for his own family, and had the joy of seeing his children walking in the truth. It may be truly said he was animated by as much as is ever found in imperfect humanity, of the passion for saving souls; and for this he would have been willing to become a martyr.

Yea, in some sense he was a martyr, for his constant labours wore out a frame never robust; and after having saved by his varied instrumentality more souls than most of those who bear the ministerial office, he died, at the comparatively early age of forty-two; and has left an example of earnestness in doing good, which were the Church of Christ disposed to imitate, our world would soon be rescued from the dominion of sin and Satan, and recovered to its rightful owner, the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us hear this dying saint say, "I know it is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think that I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God through my own direct and personal instrumentality;" and having heard it, let us consider what one man in humble life, with by no means a strong bodily frame, but with a heart burning with an ardent desire to be useful to men's souls, can do, when he is given up to this blessed and sublime occupation. Suppose every Christian congregation were blessed with ten such individuals, yea five, yea one, what a shower of blessings might be expected to fall upon the neighbourhood in which they live!

Sarah Martin, of Great Yarmouth, was brought up to the business of a dressmaker, and followed this vocation in her native town. Her mind was brought under the saving influence of religion at the age of nineteen. Like most others, whose conversion to God is real, she no sooner experienced the blessedness of true religion, than she longed to diffuse it. The first impulse of her zeal was a strong desire to visit the workhouse, and read and pray with its inmates. God, who inspires such wishes, will always make way for their gratification; and it was her felicity not only to gain admission to the house, but to receive a hearty welcome, and a patient attention, from its inmates. In the same year, when passing the jail, she felt a strong inclination to be admitted within its gloomy walls and cells, to read the Scriptures to the prisoners. She kept her wish a secret, lest her friends should interfere, and hinder her in this work of mercy. God led her, and she consulted none but him. Difficulties presented themselves, but they soon vanished before the power of faith, prayer, and perseverance. The governor, aware of her consistent piety and benevolent character, indulged her in her generous plan of benefiting his guilty charge. Her frequent visits soon became habitual ones. Finding, on one occasion, a female convict who was about to be transported, making a bonnet on the Sabbath, she immediately obtained permission to set up regular Sabbath service, which till then had been neglected; and which from that time was conducted by herself.

To carry out her schemes for the improvement of the prisoners, she now sacrificed one day's profitable labour to give it to them. A pious lady, aware of this generous sacrifice, bought another day's labour of her for the jail, by allowing her what she usually received for her day's work. Books were wanting for the instruction of the women, and to obtain these she raised a quarterly subscription among a few friends. In connexion with these visits to the jail,

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she carried on, during an hour or two of the day, the instruction of a few boys and girls, and kept up also her unabated attention to the paupers in the work-house. As the close sick-rooms of that asylum of poverty materially injured her health, she was compelled to relinquish this sphere of benevolence, and take up in lieu of it a work-house school. At length, her whole time was redeemed from making ladies' dresses, and given to the blessed work of instructing and reforming the victims of sin and of justice; for, as may be supposed, her business would naturally and necessarily decline in consequence of her irregular attention to it. Her support failed with her business, except what she derived from the interest of between two and three hundred pounds. But with strong and unpresumptuous faith, she exclaimed, "The Lord will provide." And so he did. She had by this time become, quite unintentionally, a public character. The corporation knew, approved, and sanctioned, her labours; and did more than this, for they voted her an allowance from the public funds. Her delicate and generous mind was wounded by the offer, and for a while she pertinaciously refused it, till it was literally forced upon her, by her acceptance of it being made the condition of the continuance of her visits to the jail. This, of course, subdued all opposition. In this career she continued setting up one institution after another in the jail, for the benefit of its inmates; all tending to instruct their minds, to reform their morals, to promote their industry, to soften the rigour of their imprisonment, and to prepare them either for their return to society, or for their banishment into a land of exile. Nor did her solicitude leave them when they were discharged from prison, but followed them with its counsels and its vigilance into whatever situation she could trace them. It was her custom to compose addresses in the form of short sermons to be read to them at their Sabbath worship, and which did honour to her head and heart. A few of these are printed at the end of her memoirs. So efficient were her services in the jail, that most honourable mention of them was made in the report given to Parliament by the Inspector of Prisons. Her influence, which consisted of the meekness of wisdom and the gentleness of love, was unbounded over her guilty and degraded pupils. Men, as well as women, hardened in crime, would by their attention and kindness to her, yield the spectacle of the lion crouching at the feet of the lamb. In this way did this modest and unassuming young woman pursue her beneficial career, struggling all the while with a feeble frame, till, worn out with the efforts of her self-denying zeal, the operations of which were often carried on amidst vermin, filth, and vice, so abhorrent to her physical and moral sensibilities, she ceased from her labours and entered that world where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. In prospect of her decease she composed a funeral sermon for herself, to be read to the prisoners after her death, and a touching and beautiful address it is.

The name of Sarah Martin will never cease to be mentioned with a tribute of esteem, as long as there are hearts to feel, or tongues to express, a high admiration for pure, disinterested, and self-denying benevolence.

Was not this earnestness?

Let these sketches of character be considered not merely as giving us information, but as furnishing examples—not merely to be admired, but imitated—not merely to lay down a rule, but to give an impulse. We see what others have done, and learn what we ought to do. We may not have ten talents, but we learn from them how to employ our five or one. Our opportunity may not be so extensive for doing good as theirs, but our desire may be as ardent. The grace that moved them can move us.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE PILGRIM'S NOTE-BOOK.

I HAVE read of a good man who was observed to be as cheerful in adversity as he had been in prosperity; and who, being asked the reason, answered, "When I had everything about me I enjoyed God in all; and now I have nothing, I enjoy all in God."

A Christian is like a young nobleman who, on going to receive his estate, is at first enchanted with its prospects; this in the course of time may wear off, but a sense of the value of the estate GROWS DAILY.

"My grandfather," says Orton, "once solicited a very excellent but modest minister to pray in his family; but he desired to be excused, alleging that he had not thought of it, and there were so many ministers present. My grandfather replied, "Sir, you are to speak TO YOUR MASTER, and not to them; and my Bible tells me he is not so critical and censorious as men are."

"What some call providential openings," says Newton, "are often powerful temptations. The heart in wandering cries, 'Here is a way opened before me;' but perhaps it is not to be trodden but REJECTED."

The little daughter of Deacon L—— was taken ill at evening, and died before daybreak. While the family were gathered round the dying child, and one and another were crying out, "Lucy, you must not die! You shall not die!" The father spoke to them and said, "Be still; let the will of God be done. She *may* die—she *shall* die, if it is His will; and WHATEVER HE SAYS, WE WILL HAVE IT SO, AND IN NO OTHER WAY." His pastor coming in after the child's death, said to him, "Well, brother L——, the blow has fallen very unexpectedly." "Yes," replied the father, "THE SAVIOUR HAS MANIFESTED HIMSELF TO US IN A NEW WAY."

A traveller overtaken in a storm, sought shelter in a dilapidated and lonely dwelling. Before entering, however, he looked through the gaping crevices, and saw a woman seated at a table on which was placed a coarse and scanty meal. Her hands and eyes were uplifted. Her lips moved; and as he listened he heard her say, "ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO!"

A minister was recovering from a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: "Sir, though God seem to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength, and regain vigour enough of mind to preach as usual." The good man answered, "You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks' illness has taught me

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more divinity than all my past studies, and all my ten years' ministry, put together."

Dr Manton was one day called to preach before the Lord Mayor and the companies of London, at St Paul's. He studied for the occasion an elaborate discourse, and was heard with great admiration. But as he was returning home, a poor man pulled the sleeve of his gown, and asked if he were the gentleman who had preached before the Lord Mayor in the morning. Being told that he was, the man added, "Sir, I came with the hope of getting some good for my soul, but I was greatly disappointed; for I could not understand a great deal of what you said; you were quite above me." The Doctor wept, and replied, "Friend, if I did not give YOU a sermon you have given ME one; and, by the grace of God, I will never play the fool again in the pulpit."

It was a fine reply of the converted astronomer, who, when interrogated concerning the science which he had been idolising, answered, "I am now bound for heaven, and I take the stars in my way."

The son of a Baptist minister in Massachusetts, aged five-and-a-half years, being asked, when near his death, whether he chose to live with his parents and friends here, or die and be with Jesus in heaven, cheerfully answered, "I would rather die and be with Jesus in heaven, and WAIT THERE TILL YOU COME."

Dr Doddridge, being found in tears, when just about to embark for Lisbon, in pursuit of health, remarked, "I am weeping, but they are tears of joy. I can give up my country, my relations, my friends, into the hands of God; and as to myself, I can as well go to HEAVEN from Lisbon, as from my own study at Northampton."

"Heaven," says Henry, "is called a Sabbath, to make those that love Sabbaths long for heaven, and to make those that long for heaven love Sabbaths."

Pleading the promises in prayer, is suing God upon his OWN BOND.

"It is a dreadful thing to talk NONSENSE in the name of the Lord."

A venerable minister having preached on the subject of eternal punishment, a company of thoughtless young men appointed one of their number to go to him, and endeavour to draw him into dispute, that he might make a jest of him and of his doctrine. He accordingly went; and being introduced into the minister's study, commenced the conversation by saying, "I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, sir, and I thought I would call this morning and try to settle it." "Ah," said the clergyman, "what is it?" "Why, you say that the wicked will go into everlasting punishment, and I do not think that they will." "Oh, if that is all," rejoined the good man, "there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matt. xxv. 46, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ; and I advise you to go immediately and SETTLE IT WITH HIM."

OBJECTIONS TO ENGAGING IN MISSIONARY SERVICE ANSWERED.

BY A MISSIONARY.

'WE love our country, and she calls for our services." The sentiment is praiseworthy and noble, I readily admit; notwithstanding, I am able to affirm that there are many ways of serving one's country and one's Church. The ambassador who resides at a foreign court, the consul who watches in a distant land the interests of his countrymen, have not thereby ceased to serve their country; neither have the delegates of the Church, who represent her among pagan nations, in order that they may labour in her name, and propagate her faith and her hopes. Did not Joseph, in saving Egypt, directly save his own family and his father's? Would St Paul have deserved better of his country, if he had restrained himself to preach only to the Jews? And if the salvation of the world is incompatible with the well-being of one's country, wherefore did our Saviour expressly command to preach his gospel to every creature? Let us then say, with a man whom we cannot suspect of injustice towards his country, the pious Fenelon: "I prefer the world to my country, my country to my family, and my family to myself."

See another objection, not less plausible than the first, which has doubtless deprived the missionary work of more than one young man of devoted piety. "For a work so difficult," one tells us, "it is necessary to have a calling from on high; and as I am not sensible of any extraordinary vocation, I do not feel myself called." A missionary ought, indeed, to have a call from on high, but not a more extraordinary one than that of every pastor who engages in the work of the holy ministry. . . . . Ask those who have been most favoured in the missionary work, if they have had any supernatural vocation? They will tell you they are but as other men. They have walked by faith, well persuaded that God will enable them to accomplish the work which himself has enjoined; and, in point of fact, they have not been disappointed of their expectations; Christ has said to them: "Let it be unto thee according to thy faith."

"But the perils of this service are so numerous, that I do not perceive in myself courage to meet them." Consequently, he who allows himself to be turned aside from the work of works by this consideration, would require us to prove that he runs neither risk nor peril in his own dwelling, that his own roof shall afford him shelter from accidents, sickness, and death. Do we not admit, disciples of the gospel, that without the tender care which our heavenly Father bestows upon us without ceasing, our frail life would be exposed to those dreadful accidents to which all are liable? This granted, do we deny that God is either able or willing even to interpose in a special manner to protect his own from the perils of the sea, the snares of wicked men, or the cruelty of barbarians? The man who trusts in God is protected by the invincible shield of Providence, which renders him invulnerable till his work is done. He who supported Peter on the water, who set him at liberty when his persecutors were about to put him to death, who caused the fetters to fall from the feet of Paul and Silas, without whose permission not a sparrow falls to the ground, he who is still at the helm; he still holds the reins of universal government; he still watches over his Church with a special care. How many zealous and faithful missionaries, such as Schwartz, Eliot, Mayhew, Schmidt, Carey, Morri-

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son, have grown grey-headed in the service of their Master? And how many others, arrived at an advanced age, old oaks whom the storms have not uprooted, are still standing to witness that longevity is not incompatible with the laborious life of a missionary? What do I say—have we not, notwithstanding the disadvantage of their more frail sex, the example of our sisters in the faith? Can we forget the courage and devotedness of Mrs Judson, Mrs Winslow, Mrs Ellis, and so many others yet in the field of their labours, who, if they are less celebrated, have not less offered their lives in the service of missions? Shall we have less courage than these obscure heroines? Courage! the merchant, excited by the bait of gain, the adventurer, ambitious of a celebrated name, knowing that those who seek to solve any problem must not shrink from dangerous voyages on the ocean, boldly commit themselves to the fierce waves. Every year thousands of Swiss, of Irish, of Germans, emigrate to distant lands; they all prosper, and shall we, too, not prosper, when it is ours to carry glad tidings to idolatrous nations?

THE DISTANCE OF DEATH.

How far from any human being is death? This is not equivalent to asking when he will actually die. That may not be for years to come. But all that time how far off is death from him? Not far—only a step. "There is but *a step* between me and death." Death is always at just the same distance from every man, though all do not die at the same time, and some live to a much greater age than others. Death is as contiguous to childhood and youth as it is to manhood and old age. Facts are every day proving it. From no subject of human life, and from no point or period of it, is death ever at a greater distance than may be measured by a step. *David* said what I have quoted of himself. It is just as true of all men, unless some are protected, as Hezekiah was, by a promise of God that he should live a number of years. David said it in a moment of panic. He might have said it in his calmest hour. It is no piece of extravagance. It is a sober reality. It is a plain matter of fact, that all we who live, live at precisely this little distance from death, and no more. David said it in view of a particular danger. But there are a thousand dangers besetting every man, any one of which could justify the language. We sometimes *seem* to be nearer death than at other times; and we are actually sometimes nearer dying. Every hour brings us nearer dying, but not nearer death; for that is never "but *a step*" off. That is, always close at our side—our companion through life. The whole course of life is in the closest proximity to death. We are not merely tending *towards* a brink, over which ultimately we are to plunge, but we are all the time travelling *on* that brink. We are not journeying towards a precipice which may be more or less distant from us, but our whole way winds along the frightful edge of the precipice. Our danger does not commence just before we actually die, but it attends us all the way of life. It is true, some escape it for a long time; but there is not a point in the path which has not been so dangerous as to prove fatal to some travellers.

It is this, if I mistake not, which makes our condition here so fearful—this perpetual insecurity—this ever-present and imminent peril. It is not the certainty of the fact in regard to death that is so very appalling to the soul. It is the uncertainty of the time. It is not that ultimately we *must* die, but that presently we *may*. It is the thought of being necessarily always so near that great evil—always immediately adjacent to the judgment—always close upon the confines of eternity, and always within a little of our everlasting abode—the journey from every part of our path so short—a single stage—a single step! Now here, anon there; this hour with men, the next with God; to-day only candidates for immortality, to-morrow its incumbents; to-day on trial for eternity, to-morrow tried, and the case decided irreversibly and for ever; on earth to-day, to-morrow in heaven or in hell—nor yet the interval always so great as a day. I do not think the fearfulness of man's condition in view of these considerations is capable of being exaggerated. No language can overstate it. If the change awaiting us were gradually brought about it would not be so fearful. If one by one the mysterious ligaments of life were sundered, and one by one the objects of earth faded from our view, and the novelties of eternity were slowly and separately unfolded to our vision—if the summons of death designated a distant day for our appearing at the bar of God, and our way thither were long and difficult, dying would not constitute so formidable a prospect as now it does. But the fact is, the change is as sudden as it is great. The familiar scenes of the one world all vanish at once, and the unimagined realities of the other all at once burst on the beholder. The summons requires immediate attendance, and the way is but a step. There is no doubt about this. There are not two minds on the subject. Every one, when asked what his life is, answers in similar language, "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." No one contends for the power or right to boast of to-morrow. All see that the Son of man cometh at such an hour as men think not. The frequent sudden precipitation into the grave and the eternal world of persons of all ages, and of every condition of body, evinces that between them and death there was but *a step*. And how should there be more between us and death? The reasons which determine God in the dispensations of life and death are perhaps more inscrutable than those which govern any other part of his conduct. There is no class of facts out of which it is so perfectly impossible to construct a theory as those which relate to human mortality.

So then, death is but a step off, and we cannot move him farther from us. He will keep just at that distance, though he may long maintain it. He will be ever threatening us—his weapon ever uplifted and over us, though he cannot strike until the word is given him from another. Is it so? Is death but a step removed? so near as that! Then, if there be anything in death which requires preparation, (and is there not?) how important, that from the earliest dawn of reason it should be made! so that we may be ever prepared for that which is ever so near—always in panoply to meet an enemy always at hand? How absurd to put off preparation for death, when one cannot put off death itself? Is the reader prepared to die? He has entertained less momentous questions than this. Is he in readiness to take the step which separates him from all that is final and formidable in death? Will he not seriously institute and faithfully prosecute this inquiry?

But if death is so near, there are other things even more formidable than death, which cannot be far off. *Judgment* is near, if death is. Yes; "the Judge standeth before the door." How near to every accountable being is the place and period of his final reckoning! To-morrow he may have to answer for the deeds of the day, or to-day of yester-

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day's. How many accounts are closed every day—how many cases decided daily at that court of ultimate adjudication! And are we so near the awful interview—the tremendous audit? And does it not affect us at all? Are we so well prepared for it, or so careless of being prepared for it?

Retribution ensues immediately on judgment. That also is but the distance of "a step." Now, if that retribution were temporal and mutable, the thought would be alarming. But it is eternal and irreversible. Ah, then, if these things be so, how near to some is *perdition!* It is the verge of that dark and fathomless abyss on which they so securely tread. What a risk they run! The prize ought to be great which is sought at such a peril. So near to *hell!* What a position to occupy! But if the sinner will repent, and behold the Lamb of God, and yield his heart to the Lord, then he shall be as near to *heaven*. There shall be but a step between him and it. Some are as near as all that to heaven. It is not a day's journey there. It is but to take a step, and, follower of Jesus, thou art where no night is, and no sound of moaning is heard, and every tear is wiped away. So near to heaven! How frequent, then, and fond should be your thoughts of it! *All* so near! Then, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" How carefully and circumspectly ought they to walk whose path lies along such a brink!

And, since the end of all our opportunities is as near as death, whatever our minds meditate, or our hands find to do, for our own souls, for the good of others, or for the glory of God, let us do it with our might.—*Nevins.*

I'M TOO BUSY.

A MERCHANT sat at his office desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of the gospel entered the office: "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the religious good of your neighbourhood," said the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying, "Sir, you must excuse me; but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, the bodies and souls of the people at your door are being led by the devil to ruin."

"Are they? Well, I'm sorry; but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir; I wish you a good morning." Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of religion and humanity in this manner. No matter what was the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me."

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bedchamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering, ever and anon, "You must go with me!"

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart, dim spectres of ships, notes, houses, and lands, flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, mercy, religion, had alike begged his influence, means, and attention, in vain; but when death came, the excuse was powerless: he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.

INCIDENTS AND COINCIDENCES.

A LADY who, though an invalid, was able to converse with her friends, and who cherished a strong desire for their conversion, was sitting in her room at the close of the day, after having spent nearly all her strength in personally warning those whom she had seen to give attention to the things which make for their peace. While thus endeavouring to obtain a little rest, a young lad entered the room. She felt as if she ought to speak to him concerning his spiritual interest. But then the thought occurred to her—"It is only a lad!" He will probably have other opportunities to be warned and exhorted to flee to the Saviour. Then another thought flashed upon her mind, as though it were a voice from the spirit world: "Perhaps before we meet again, he or I will be in eternity; I must address him now!" She immediately spoke to him, and urged upon him the importance of walking in the ways of wisdom. He listened with fixed attention; his countenance was solemn; his mind was impressed; the tears freely coursed their way down his cheeks as he hearkened to her affectionate moving appeal. He left her and went his way. What the result would be she knew not. She had endeavoured to do what she felt was her duty, and was willing to leave the result with Him who has said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." . . . . . A number of years rolled by, when, on a certain Sabbath that lady entered a church in Providence, to listen to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Imagine, if you can, what must have been her surprise and pleasure, when, as the first hymn announced, she discovered that the preacher was that very young lad upon whom, years before, she had urged the claims of the Saviour. Her surprise and pleasure were increased at the appropriateness, or coincidence of the text with what her feelings were in the last intercourse with that young man. The words were, "Quench not the Spirit." But even this was not the last link in the chain of the interesting associations of that occasion.

The young preacher in the illustration of his subject referred to the manner of his own conversion, and then narrated the circumstances which have just been related, stating that if that lady had quenched the promptings of the Spirit on that occasion, and had not spoken to him, he might still have

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been in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. He then added, "That lady I now see before me." Little did she imagine, when she entered that sanctuary, that she was going to pluck fruit of her own planting, or receive consolation from one in whose heart she had instrumentally fixed arrows of conviction.

She experienced the truth of Solomon's language, that "To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward;" and of David's, "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

This pleasing occurrence was recently related in a sermon by one of the city pastors, who, at its close, said that the *lady referred to was then in that house*, listening, no doubt, most unexpectedly to a second recital of that interesting incident.

DEVOTING A FIXED AND REGULAR PORTION OF ONE'S INCOME TO CHARITABLE USES.

In reading the biography of the most eminently pious and useful in different ages, we have often been struck with the fact, that almost all of them devoted a regular proportion of their income to pious and charitable uses. We will mention a few whose names are familiar, whose writings are venerated, and whose memory is precious. Among those who made a *tenth* the fixed proportion of their alms-giving was Lord Chief-Justice Hale, the Rev. Dr Hammond, and the Rev. Dr Annesley. Baxter informs us that he long adhered to this, until, for himself, he found it too little, and observes, "I think, however, that it is as likely a proportion as can be prescribed; and that devoting a *tenth part* ordinarily to God is a matter that we have more than *human* direction for." Doddridge was another instance of this kind. "I make a solemn dedication of *one-tenth* of my estate, salary, and income to charitable uses; and I also devote to such uses *an eighth* of everything I receive by way of gift or present." A *fifth part* was the fixed proportion of Archbishop Tillotson and Dr Watts. A *fourth part* was the proportion constantly given by Mrs Bury, the wife of the eminently pious and useful Rev. Mr Bury. Her husband, in his account of her life, says, "She thought it was reasonable that such as had no children should appropriate a *fourth part* of their net profits to charitable purposes." Mrs Elizabeth Rowe gave even more than this. "I consecrate," says that excellent female, "*half* of my yearly income to charitable uses; yea, *all* that I have beyond the bare conveniences and necessities of life, shall surely be the Lord's." Such, too, was the constant practice of the Hon. Robert Boyle, of the Rev. Mr Brand, and of the Rev. Thomas Gouge. Of the latter, Archbishop Tillotson says, in his funeral sermon, "All things considered, there have not been, since the primitive times of Christianity, many among the sons of men to whom that glorious character of the Son of God might be better applied, that '*he went about doing good.*'" The list might be extended to those who have lived since, to many of our own age, and in our own country, but these examples are sufficient. If Christians generally were to act thus, to fix some due proportion, and keep a separate fund for charitable purposes, with how much more wisdom, prudence, and cheerfulness would they perform this Christian duty? How often would they lift up their hearts to God, in devout thanksgiving for affording them opportunities of enjoying this privilege, and of showing to themselves and others that "it is more blessed to give than to receive!"

DISCONTENT.

What feeling is so prevalent as that of discontent? A habit with many; an occasional disturber of most. The present does not satisfy, and the imagination is let loose to find in the future the objects which it is presumed would satisfy. The man who toils for his daily subsistence, regards with envy those whose condition does not demand such incessant exertion; these in their turn look up to the affluent as possessing the true secret of happiness; and yet, when we enter the luxurious habitations of the latter, they are found sighing for that contentment which wealth cannot purchase. Some look for a satisfying happiness in a change of relation, and others in a change of place. The object is always before them, and they struggle after it with active zeal. They reach it, and are still disappointed. It is a bubble which they grasp, and which vanishes at the first touch. Ask the thousands that surround you, if they have obtained the object of their pursuit? Nay, ask yourselves. Some have it almost within their reach, others are groaning under a recent disappointment, but are making preparations to set out in a different direction. One business is abandoned for another—one house, one neighbourhood, one country, is exchanged for another—in hope that the craving desire may be satisfied. The post-roads are crowded with travellers, the ships for foreign lands carry forth their living freight; but amidst all the intelligence we receive, we hear nothing of that bright spot of earth which is productive of contentment. The vicious try variety in their vices with no better success. Why is this? It is attributable to one grand mistake which most men make in their outsetting. It is in making contentment dependent on outward objects, instead of consisting in the frame of the mind. Hence it is that men change their situations: but as they do not leave themselves behind, their discontent goes with them. Try another plan. Let the mind be brought under the influence of religious discipline; let it be inspired with the hopes of religion, and then godliness will produce contentment, and both together will prove great gain.

BEREAVEMENT.

What news is it, that a bird with wings should fly? Riches have such, and it is a thousand to one but some other did lose them before. I found them when another lost them, and now it is likely some other will find them from me; and though perhaps I may have lost a benefit, yet thereby likewise I may be eased of an incumbrance. In most things of this nature, it is the opinion of the loss, more than the loss, that vexes. If yet the only prop of my life were gone, I might rather wonder that in so many storms I rid so long with that one single anchor, that now, at last, should break and fail me. If, in the blackness of the night, one by accident allow me the benefit of his light to walk by, shall I quarrel with him because he brings me not home? I am to

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thank him for a little which he did not owe me, but never to be angry that he affords not more. Shall God afford us all our life long not only food, but feasting; not for use merely, but for ornament also; not for necessity alone, but for pleasure? And when at last he withdraws them, shall we be passionate and melancholy? God will be left still; and who can be poor that hath him for his friend? In penury a Christian can be rich; and it is a kind of paradox to think he can be poor that is destined to be a kingdom's heir.—*Fuller.*

AN IDLE WORD.

MATT. xii. 36.

IT pass'd away, it pass'd away,
Thou canst not hear the sound to-day;
'Twas water lost upon the ground,
Or wind that vanisheth in sound;
Oh! who shall gather it, or tell
How idle from the lip it fell?

'Tis written with an iron pen;
And thou shalt hear it yet again!
A solemn thing it then shall seem
To trifle with a holy theme.
Oh! let our lightest accent be
Uttered as for eternity.

THE TRUE STRENGTH OF MEN AND NATIONS.

THE true, permanent strength of men and of nations lies much more in *character* than in outward advantages. A character of solid worth is itself a permanent spring of prosperity. It exerts over external circumstances a plastic power, and shapes them into subserviency to its own high ends; while a weak and vicious character squanders all the outward advantages which may have been furnished it by the hand of fortune.

Yet few men understand this, and still fewer nations. Do we not see thousands, instead of cultivating and maturing their own powers, wasting their time and strength in the search after propitious places?—laying the fault of their inefficiency to outward disadvantages, instead of to inward imbecility?

And how do nations act? Little honour can they expect, who are silently and perseveringly labouring to form a sound national character by the diffusion of knowledge and religion among the people; because the people have little faith in the proposition that their true strength lies in these things.

But propose some noisy, tumultuous way of aggrandizing a nation—by war and conquest, for example—and they are all enthusiasm. When a battle is gained, they will toss up their caps and huzza for their country, as though some great gain had been accomplished, and this, though they may be unable to defend the justice of the war in which the victory has been won. When nations understand so little of the real sources of their strength, nothing remains but that they should be taught their folly by bitter experience.—*Ohio Obs.*

RELIGIOUS FERVOUR.

HE who recollects that the Scriptures speak of a "peace which passeth understanding," and a "joy unspeakable and full of glory," will be more disposed to lament the low state of his own feeling, than to suspect the propriety of sentiments the most rational and scriptural, merely because they rise to a pitch that he has never reached. The Sacred Oracles afford no countenance to the supposition that devotional feelings are to be condemned as visionary and enthusiastic merely on account of their intenseness and elevation;—provided they be of the right kind, and spring from legitimate sources, they never teach us to suspect they can be carried too far. David danced before the Lord with all his might; and when he was reproached for degrading himself in the eyes of his people by indulging such transports, he replied, "If this be vile, I will yet make myself more vile." That the objects which interest the heart in religion are infinitely more durable and important than all others, will not be disputed; and why should it be deemed irrational to be affected by them in a degree somewhat suitable to their value?—*Robert Hall.*

GIVING.

THE sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped;
Only by giving it is reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give
The more we live.

Fragments.

Christ is the righteousness of sinners unto God, and the righteousness of God unto sinners.

When we see others better than ourselves, we should not grieve, but rejoice that they are better than ourselves; yet we should not rejoice, but grieve that we ourselves are no better.

'Tis not the having the world, nor having an hand in the world, but having an heart in the world, which God disallows.

Some men are least alone when most alone. When Jacob was left alone he did wrestle with God.

'Tis as great a fault to be idle as to work on a Sabbath-day.

When we run after Christ, he doth run from us; yet many times when we run from him, he runs after us.

God doth not only give his people promises to believe, but doth also give them to believe the promises.

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ORDINATION CHARGE,

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING,

TO THE MINISTER OF THE SCOTS CHURCH, LONDON WALL, MARCH 15, 1827.

REVEREND SIR, and very dear Brother in the Ministry of the Gospel of Christ,—Of all the offices which are sustained in this world, you have now, by the solemn ordinance of the laying on of the hands of the presbytery, been set apart to the most burdensome and responsible; of all the Churches called Christian, you have this day chosen to take upon you the vows of the most severe and uncompromising; and, I may add, that you have accepted a call, and are now ordained to labour, in the most difficult portion of the vineyard of the Lord. Therefore gird up your loins like a man; and hear me while I set forth at length what the Church of Scotland expecteth at your hands in this city, wherein she hath invested you with the sacred character of a minister. And that I may keep order in my charge, I shall present it to you under these five heads:—*First*, The student or scholar; *Secondly*, The preacher or minister; *Thirdly*, The pastor; *Fourthly*, The Churchman; and *Fifthly*, The man.

First, then, my brother, be instructed of one who rather needeth to be instructed himself than to administer instruction to any, that the Church expecteth thee to grow in all knowledge and in all wisdom, as thou growest in years, not to forget aught which thou hast learned in thy youth, but to increase the store thereof, in all kinds which may be profitable to thy ministry, but especially in the Holy Scriptures, and the qualifications for the sacred office, in which thy proficiency before the presbytery hath appeared. For we have no examining chaplains, as hath our sister Church, for taking trials of those who desire license to preach, or ordination to a charge; and the order of Doctor which our Church constituted for the searching of deep learning and the handling of difficult questions, has become a mere nominal title; and there are no fellowship endowments in our universities to preserve a separate order of learned men; so that each one of us ministers and pastors hath to support the burden of the learning and scholarship of our Church. This you must set yourself to do as a part of your bounden duty, perfecting yourself in the knowledge of the original tongues, and applying yourself to the critical study of the Scriptures, in order that you may be equal to any disputation which you may be called to maintain with the Jew, the Papist, the Infidel, the Heretic, and the Schismatic, who are best foiled from the Scriptures themselves. . . . . I charge thee, my brother, to arm thyself for the warfare which thou hast to wage from this place against the Materialism, the Socinianism, the Deism, and the Latitudinarianism which are come up against this city, and have overflowed it even unto the neck. Make not thyself a mere sermon-maker, or a talker, or a declaimer, or a clerk of religious accounts, or a committee-man, or a polite payer of visits, or a drudge of any kind. Seek thy God in thy closet and in thy study; be alone for hours together; be fervent in prayer and meditation; commune with the prophets, and the apostles, and the saints, and the martyrs, and Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Do so, I charge thee, that the Church may not be ashamed of thy ignorance or unprofitableness, but rejoice in thee as a good and skilful soldier who knows how to defend and to attack on every side of the city of our Zion.

Secondly, In thy capacity of a preacher or minister of the gospel, I charge thee, as a steward of the mysteries of Christ, to know those ordinances which are intrusted to thy administration. The several parts of public worship thou hast to conduct without the help of any service-book or curate; no form to guide thee—which I hope thou wilt never need nor desire to have. Oh, brother, what a weight lieth upon a Scottish minister's shoulders; and what need of largest knowledge and most patient study hath he above all men!—First, then, concerning those Psalms, of which I would not forego one out of the collection for all the paraphrases, hymns, and spiritual songs of these times. Thou must taste and deeply drink into the spirit of them, and open them to the flock and congregation; for praise without the understanding is praise without the heart—not pleasant in the ear of God. If thou

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shouldst find it necessary to open the Psalms a little by way of preface, in order to point out Christ and the Church, and the kingdom in them, thou wilt do well; they are the essence of divine truth, the divinest of the inspirations of the Spirit, upon which I charge thee to admit no modern innovations, and in their stead to take no modern substitutes. And stir the people up to love and relish them, which is best done by leading them to know and understand them. Secondly, Thy prayers. Oh, brother, what a burden is laid upon thy spirit, to offer in such a time as this the prayers of the Christian Church; for remember thou pray not for thy people alone, nor for the presbytery alone, nor for the Kirk of Scotland alone, but for the holy catholic Church, and communion of saints; and remember we have not four separate prayers, but as it were four parts of prayer, which together make up the Liturgy of our Sabbath-day. Thou must not indulge the people by saying the same thing twice over, one for the forenoon company, and the other for the afternoon company, who can make it convenient to attend. It is a day's service, a Sabbath's sacrifice; divide it as thou best may. Oh, it is an onerous charge, my brother, this of public prayer; I cannot tell thee how it weighs my spirit down; and I give it in charge to thee to make this part of the ministry thine especial care. Our Church loveth that it should be extempore, and it is best that it should be so; but, oh, fill the fountains of thy spirit every week by secret devotion, and painful meditation, and solemn careful thought of all things. Preaching cometh next in order, which is as it were the food and nourishment of all the rest, the foolishness of God which is wiser than the wisdom of men, the royal ordinance of the kingdom. Here put forth all thy knowledge, all thy wisdom, all thy strength of manhood, with all the gifts and graces of the divine nature. Take thy liberty; occupy thy commission; beat down the enemies of the Lord; wound and heal; break down and build up again. Be of no school; give heed to none of their rules and canons. Take thy liberty, be fettered by no times, accommodate no man's conveniency, spare no man's prejudice, yield to no man's inclinations, though thou shouldst scatter all thy friends, and rejoice all thine enemies. Preach the gospel; not the gospel of the last age, or of this age, but the everlasting gospel; not Christ crucified merely, but Christ risen; not Christ risen merely, but Christ present in the Spirit, and Christ to be again present in person. Dost thou take heed to what I say? Preach thy Lord in humiliation, and thy Lord in exaltation; and not Christ only, but the Father, the will of the Father. Keep not thy people banqueting, but bring them out to do battle for the glory of God and of his Church: to which end thou shalt need to preach them the Holy Ghost, who is the strength of battle. And, hark ye, brother, be not afraid in those days, to be called Antinomian; but preach the gospel freely. Let the sectarian ignorance and malice of this city box the whole compass of heresy with thee as they have done with me, in order to find thy true course; but still while they are blaming and blaspheming, be thou preaching the offices of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in the salvation of poor sinners. And take a long and a strong pull at the work; if they will measure thee, let it be by the hours, and not by the minutes. We must lift the barriers up, brethren, and beat the sentinels back, and make room, and make large room, if we would have any use of our weapons, or profit of the fight. Lastly come the sacraments, which I pray thee to study from the Scriptures, or any author older than a century; but at thy peril from any later; and give no heed to what is talked upon baptism and the Lord's supper in these clear-headed times. Brother, to my certain knowledge the atmosphere of theology hath been so long clear and cloudless, that there hath been neither mist nor rain these many years; and even to talk of a mystery is out of date. But thou must preach Christ in a mystery, and show the very great mysteries of godliness, especially of these two sacraments. Get thee out of this bright sunshine of the intellect, and meditate on the deep mysteries of the Spirit, which the natural man perceiveth not. When they talk of plainness and perspicuity, to thy text, my brother; to thy warfare of prayer and meditation; try the depths; sound with thy deepest line, my brother. Oh, I charge thee enter into the mystery of these two sacraments. If I should hear of thee setting them forth as bare and naked signs, I will be the first to charge thee with a most dangerous error. Fill these vessels with spiritual water: awaken the faith of the people; let them come to them in earnest faith, not in empty ignorance; in mysterious expectation and assurance of God's spiritual blessing; not in a clear-headed belief that nothing is to be expected or to be received. Oh, brother, if I were to tell thee what fruit of my ministry I have had from these two sacraments, thou wouldst not be surprised

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at the zeal with which my discourse doth clothe itself.

And now I come to the *third* head of this charge—the pastoral, which I begin by telling thee, that thou wilt find the very idea of it departed and lost in this city, for a certain idea of society and companionship which is totally fruitless of any spiritual good. But thou must recover it, as thou wouldst answer to the great Shepherd of the sheep. Of which office, give me heed, it is the first part to give thy benediction unto the flock, to bless them, men, women, and children, at thy meetings and at thy partings; not with light words, but with a bishop's blessing. This is old-fashioned, my brother, but I am speaking to the minister of an old-fashioned Church, which heretofore had no other custom; and moreover, our fathers would not break bread without a solemn word of prayer which would weary a congregation in these times. If thou neglect this, and allow Satan to have the first word, he will have the last, and for the most part he will have the whole. Be thou the pastor always; less than the pastor never. Go thus, or go not at all. Thou art an ordained minister from henceforth; thou art a shepherd of the people. Be thou then a bishop. Because thou hast no palace, no, nor even house of thine own to dwell in, thou hast the more need to defend thyself from being misconstrued into a clerk or a school-boy. Dost thou hear what I say? I have met with more insolence from Scottish lads conceiving me a mere Scottish lad, and Scottish men of substance conceiving me a Scottish adventurer, than from the peers and princes of this realm. I will not call thee brother, if thou force not thy people to regard thee as their pastor. When thou goest to visit thy people, take an elder with thee, and by no means excuse his not attending, and teach the people to receive it as an honour done them by the rulers of the Church: and when thou visitest the sick, do the same. Consult a common time convenient for the elder and thyself. But this is not enough; thy people must come to thee, and seek thy counsel and thy prayers. Have no idlers about thee: have no spare time: if they come, they come for holy ends; if not, they had better not come at all. And thou wilt have to lament how few do come near thee for spiritual counsel and instruction, and how many complain that thou comest not near them in an easy way to pass an hour, and so forth. But go not for any such ends of pastime. Hearest thou what I say? At no rate go for any such ends. Thou wilt find the day too short for serious duties; at night thou wilt find how few prayers thou hast offered, how few texts considered, how few duties discharged. But if any say, Remember me in thy prayers; make a note of that, and forget it not: or if he say, Pray for me in such a distress, forget it not. Oh, brother, I know from experience what difficulties abide thee in this field: gird up thy loins, and contend with them like a man. As the office of a shepherd is to every sheep of his flock, so is thine to all this people, who have called thee to be their pastor, whose call thou hast accepted; whose love and desire each for the other we have this day solemnly ratified and joined. Thou must be willing to give thy life for every one of them—to wash their feet—to minister to them in health and in sickness, in wealth and in poverty, in good and in bad report. For why? Because they are the Lord's—because they are the flock of Christ which he hath purchased with his own blood. Feed them, my brother; tend them, my brother; show forth unto them a shepherd's care; and be assured that the chief Shepherd, when he shall appear, will give thee a crown of glory, which fadeth not away. Then the flock will yield increase; and they will make thee good return: thou shalt eat of their milk and be filled with their fatness: thou shalt be clothed with their fleece, and thou shalt bless the day wherein thou first tookest a sheep-hook and pastoral staff into thy hand.

(To be continued.)

EBENEZER ERSKINE.

Beneath the shadow of the lofty Lomond hills, and stretching down to the margin of the beautiful Loch-leven, lies the rural parish of Portmoak, in Kinross-shire. Four little villages, Portmoak, Kinness-wood, Scotland-well, and Easter Balgedie, supply the principal population of the parish, and look down from their romantic position towards those islands one of which is surrounded with peculiar interest by having been the scene for nearly eleven months of the captivity of Mary Queen of Scots.

In this parish, Ebenezer Erskine had discharged the duties of the pastoral office, from the year 1703 nearly up to the period of which we now write. His descent may be traced to some of the noblest families of the land; but the greater number of our readers, it is presumed, will be yet better pleased to learn, that he was the son of a venerable Nonconformist minister, who was ejected from his charge, and very narrowly escaped confinement in the Bass prison, and even exile for conscience' sake—Henry Erskine of Cornhill. The father of the Secession was the son of a Nonconformist; the spirit of the Secession and of Puritanism were at least as near of kin.

From the time of his entrance on the ministry, Mr Erskine appears to have given the most exemplary attention to all the external duties of his

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sacred office; but it was not till after some few years that he obtained distinct and impressive views of evangelical truth, and became the subject of that divine internal change by which we "enter into the kingdom of heaven." The circumstance which proved the occasion of this change is interesting. Sitting in his study one day, he chanced to overhear a conversation, on their religious experience, between his wife, Alison Turpie, and his brother Ralph. The two Christian friends were seated in a bower beneath the window of the study, which happened to be open at the time, and were freely unbosoming themselves to each other on the matters of the soul. Ebenezer Erskine was riveted by the conversation, and could not withdraw himself from listening. He immediately thought with himself—"They have ideas and feelings to which I am yet a stranger; they possess a valuable *something* which I have not." This thought formed the first seed of a new life. Conversations soon followed between himself and his wife, such as those which we may imagine to have taken place between Apollos and Priscilla; the trammels of legal bondage fell from his soul; and the glorious liberty and constraining love of a child of God, of which from that hour he became the happy subject, may be traced in the pages of a diary which nearly half a century afterwards was brought to light, and in a ministry of almost unequalled power and success, whose blessed influence, descending from sire to son, are said to have not even yet wholly passed away from the region that was favoured with it.

Contemporary writers describe him as a man who combined in singular union great suavity of manner with intrepidity of action, simplicity of aim with that profound knowledge of man which lies at the root of practical wisdom; his bitterest enemies have never been able to establish a charge against his sincerity or scrupulous conscientiousness. Possessed of great natural eloquence, this had all the advantage of a voice of great music and compass, of a grave and simple delivery, such as most beseems an ambassador of God, and of an outward appearance of such unusual nobility and majesty as was the theme of general remark, and commanded among his hearers universal awe. "I never saw so much of the majesty of God," said Mr Hutton of Dalkeith, "in any mortal man, as in Ebenezer Erskine." Mr Adam Gib of Edinburgh having asked a friend if he had ever heard Mr Erskine preach, was answered in the negative. "Well, then, sir," rejoined Mr Gib with emotion, "you never heard the gospel in its majesty." A more striking testimony still, perhaps, was given in the reproof which one hearer, who had travelled more than twenty miles to hear Mr Erskine preach, gave to another who complained of drowsiness,—"O man! there is a savour coming out of that pulpit, which I think might keep any person awake."

Long before the period of which we now write, the friends of the gospel among the ministers of the Church of Scotland, had been led to cultivate an almost exclusive intercourse with one another. This arose at once out of common views, common feelings, and common dangers. They were standing together against a common current, that was swelling and deepening every hour; what more natural in such circumstances than that they should draw the more closely into one? One of the most delightful occasions of these hallowed re-unions was the celebration of the Lord's supper in the parish of one of the evangelical ministers. At these times, anticipated for weeks and even months before, a goodly band of gifted ministers would come together to aid in conducting the hallowed solemnities, and thousands of eager and expecting listeners might be seen following in their train. The importance of such meetings is perhaps not always seen by a modern reader. It is forgotten that in many of the parishes of Scotland the gospel was by this time no longer preached, and that these sacred festivals, often occurring in the months of summer, afforded the only opportunity to multitudes of listening in peace to "the silver trumpet's heavenly call." At one after another of these communions, a young man, who had risen before the morning sun, and travelled often a distance of more than fifteen miles over the intervening mountains, might be seen wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, and listening with intellectual countenance and delighted heart to the gracious words which fell from the speaker's lips. He was then an obscure teacher in a rustic day-school. Thirty years afterwards he was known throughout the land, as the author of the Bible Dictionary and the Self-Interpreting Bible.

To no sacrament did the people flock in greater multitudes than to that of Portmoak. Persons have been known to travel to it even from the distance of sixty or seventy miles; and there are records still extant, which describe the elders of the parish as commissioning wine for more than two thousand communicants. In addition to the worshippers that congregated in the church, two large assemblies met in the open air on the sides of the neighbouring hill, and sat unwearied, listening to successive preachers. They were occasions of high religious festival. The heavenly dews, which had been withdrawn from so many of the parishes of Scotland, because the heavenly seed was no longer sown in them, seemed to descend here with pentecostal abundance. Multitudes on their death-bed, long afterwards looked back with grateful remembrance to the hills of Portmoak, as Bethels where the God of Jacob had met with them and blessed them. Doubtless when "He numbers up the people, he will count that this man and that man were born there." "They say," writes Mr Erskine's sister, speaking of one of these Portmoak communions, "that, to the comfortable felt experience of many, it was as great a day of the gospel as ever they witnessed."

Such was the man whom the providence of God had long been preparing for the great work of founding a new and independent ecclesiastical body, in which the honour of Christian truth and the rights of the Christian people should be successfully vindicated, when the Scottish Church had wounded the one and betrayed the other. Ebenezer Erskine was no new and sudden friend of evangelic doctrine and Christian liberty. We have already seen him through a space of more than twenty years, standing forth the consistent and intrepid friend of both. In 1712, we found him resisting the imposition of the Abjuration Oath, and maintaining a good conscience by standing to the last among the ranks of the Non-Jurants. In 1717, we saw his name enrolled among those of the twelve Marrowmen; and through the successive years of the process regarding the Marrow, we behold him, along with the venerable Boston, ever foremost, amid the obloquy and frown of the Commissions and Assemblies, to raise up the fallen standard of truth. And at each following stage of oppression, in which the Assembly seeks to wreath the yoke of patronage around the neck of the people, and to tear from their grasp the last remnant of privilege, he is present with every form of bold remonstrance and constitutional resistance.

This had been the character of his past public career; and when we follow him into his closet, and trace the workings of his heart there, as these are disclosed in his diary and correspondence, we discover that these public acts were the expression of resolu-

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tions formed on his knees, in which he had determined to suffer anything and to lose anything—everything, rather than turn from the path which God and conscience dictated. So early as 1714 we find him, after a sacrament at Orwell, entering in his diary the following record:—"I recognised in secret the solemn dedication I had made of myself in public, and avowed the Lord to be my God. I was made to say that through his grace I would die for him; and would die at a gibbet for him, if he would be with me to carry me through. O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my God."

And in a letter to a pious sister of yet earlier date, he unbosoms himself thus: "All the power and policy of hell is set to work for the ruin and overthrow of the Church of Scotland. The prospect of the sifting storm, that seems to be at hand, is like sometimes to stagger and shake me, and makes my spirit to shrink within me. I know not how I shall be able to stand the storm itself, or how I shall do in the swellings of Jordan. Being as yet entirely unacquainted, as to my own experience, with sufferings for the truth and cause of Christ, I am afraid to say with Peter—'Though all men should forsake thee, yet will not I.' But this I may say, If he needs my property, my family, my very heart's blood, to bear witness to his cause and work, I am obliged, though they were ten thousand times more valuable than they are, to lay them all down at his feet, and to follow him to a Golgotha or a Calvary."

THE PRAYER-MEETING IN THE SUMMER.

MANY professing Christians who are employed in agriculture and similar occupations, peculiarly pressing in the summer months, are in the habit, for the time, of neglecting the prayer-meeting. They do not hesitate in regard to it at other times. But at this season, when worldly cares are so numerous, and demand all their time and strength, they seem to think that attendance upon the prayer-meeting may rightfully be suspended. If you are one of these, dear reader, let us reason together a moment in regard to it.

1. You have now the same need of the benefit of the prayer-meeting that you ever had. You need it, to aid you in maintaining in your heart the flame of devotion, and of active zeal for Christ's cause. You need it, to give you strength in your conflicts with sin. You need it, that you may find encouragement under the trials of your Christian course. These are wants which know no seasons. They are as important and as pressing when the world calls loudest as feeblest—in summer's bustle as in winter's leisure.

And your duty, too, to the Church, and to the community, is as imperative now as ever. Your brethren need the benefit of the prayer-meeting as well as yourself, and require, therefore, your attendance and aid in it. The souls of the impenitent are in equal danger, and need the prayers of all the people of God for their salvation. Your responsibilities are the same at all times. You are a servant of God, not of the world; and need not surely be informed which to obey when the claims of the two conflict.

2. You are in increased danger of loving the world—of allowing it to get the throne in your heart. You are in danger of relaxing your watch against it, for the reason that your thoughts and your strength are as much engrossed with it. Other temptations, also, watching their opportunity, may assail you in these unguarded moments with effect. He who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour," will find you now open to his devices, and be better able to inflict fatal wounds upon your soul. It becomes, therefore, doubly important that you should have the help, in resisting these dangers, which would be given by the prayer-meeting. You there suspend your worldly cares; you recall your duties and responsibilities; you resort to Him who will give you strength for the time of need. And thus refreshed and invigorated by communion with God and with his people, you can resume again your employments, and find that worldly duty is not incompatible with spiritual progress; that while "not slothful in business," you may be also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

3. Consider how small an amount of pleasure or gain would be requisite to win from you the same sacrifice of time as would be incurred by attending the prayer-meeting. For how many shillings would you sell an hour weekly, even in the greatest pressure of business? How readily would you find time to attend a military pageant, a public show, or a political meeting? For how little of indulgence in sleep or trifles do you actually waste more than in this? Now will you, sworn servant of Christ, acknowledge that a pittance of money or self-gratification has more influence with you than duty, the Christian soul, heaven?

4. You would lose nothing, ordinarily, even in worldly respects, by discharging this duty. A little diligence, a little more care against waste of time; or even without these, the increased strength gained by an hour's rest from toil, will amply compensate the loss. More than all, the blessing of God, that first element of all true prosperity, will be enjoyed. In the summer when the cholera prevailed in this country, a day of fasting was appointed in reference to it. A professing Christian of my acquaintance, having previously had his grain cut, determined that he would not attend worship, but devote the day to the securing of his harvest. The result was, that, not being sufficiently dried, it had subsequently to be carried out again; yet with all this extra labour, a large share of it was greatly injured. They, on the contrary, who left their grain in the field, and honoured God in duty, gathered it at their leisure the next day, in the finest condition, effecting an actual saving of time, as well as labour, vexation, and loss. So, in one way or another, God always makes it best to serve him. In keeping his commandments there is great reward.

Your duty, then, fellow-Christian, is plain. It is to go to the prayer-meeting. Let not the world call you away. Be prompt in *all* your duty. And thus, notwithstanding the claims of the world, you will never grudge the time spent in this service, but with Peter on the mount, you will say, "Lord, it is good to be here."—*Alethes.*

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GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN REVOLUTION AND REFORM.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., NEW YORK.

THERE is a probation for systems, as well as persons. If they do not accomplish the good for which they are responsible, then they are thrown aside, full trial having been made of them. The monarchies and monarchs of Europe have been on such a trial for centuries. They have had incalculable spheres and opportunities of good. They might have enlightened their subjects, given them the Bible, instructed them in religion, led them to God. Instead of that, they have proved supremely selfish, and in most cases despotic. They have ruled, not for the good of the nations, but for their own pleasure. God's kingdom has not been advanced by them, nor sought; but their own—their own families and parties. The few have not ruled for the many, but have used and ruled the many for themselves. The happiness, the peace, the interests in every way, of whole nations, have been sacrificed to the personal ambition and luxury of individuals and families. It looks now as though God were bringing this experiment to its end. He seems about closing up this book of the demonstration of human depravity. The next experiment may be, whether the *people* will use *their* opportunities, and the time of *their* power, any less selfishly—any more for the good of mankind and the glory of God. It takes time for such experiments; but there is a great deal learned when they are got through with. They are vastly instructive experiments, but very costly. Probably they are all necessary before the last grand and blissful consummation in the reign of Christ. God will perhaps let the world and the universe see, by actual experiment, that nothing *but* that reign can at all alleviate or put a stop to human sin and suffering. He will let the experiment be tried by kings and nobles, and by the people; by every form of government, and perhaps every shape of social organization; every theory that men may choose to adopt, not based on God's Word. He will let men try the experiment, work out the problem, and reduce it to a demonstration, which will be the demonstration of their own shame. It will be the proof that their own inveterate and unalterable depravity is virulent and powerful enough, if not cured by the gospel, to destroy the most perfect plans, and machinery, and opportunity for human blessedness, that the reason of man can idealize, or the providence of God prepare. We are by no means sure that God does not intend, now, to let that last experiment be made on a grand scale, which ignorant and sanguine spirits—rejecting the Bible view of human depravity as an evil of human nature, and attributing it entirely to unfortunate circumstances, to man's unnatural position, perhaps to the very restraints of society—have proposed, as the panacea and infallible preventive of human guilt and woe. Perhaps He will let a whole nation put itself into a phalanx of associations, and attempt to march into a state of regeneration, a state of virtue and happiness, without God's regenerating Spirit, and without the ordinances and institutions of his Word. And, indeed, if they can do this, what further need of the Spirit or the Word? If men, by virtue of associations and brotherhoods on equality, can work out their own salvation, without God working in them by his supernatural grace, what need of all that vast system of grace?—what need of the sanctions of the eternal world, or of the preaching of the cross, or of a regenerating Spirit—or, indeed, of anything but the unsophisticated, godlike attributes of human nature, so dreadfully slandered in all evangelical systems of theology, and so dreadfully abused, betrayed, and deformed, by the treacherous deformities and tyrannies of human society? Perhaps, now, God will let this experiment be tried. Almost every other *has* been tried. The world has endeavoured to live without God, and cannot do it. Empires have tried it, and ruin after ruin has tumbled to the ground. False religions and corruptions of Christianity have been tried, and they and the world have rotted on together.

Now, if the French people, or any other people, imagine that a favourite or untried form of government or socialism is to make them, without a radical change of character by the influences of the gospel, good and happy, they are sadly mistaken. The people will speedily discover that government was never instituted to stand in the place of personal religion, industry, and virtue; and that if they leave it to government, and throw it upon government, to do *all* for them, for that very reason government will be able to do nothing. Government must be supported by popular virtues, but otherwise cannot produce them. The object of government is not to give or prescribe religion to a people, but to protect them in becoming and being religious, in God's way.

Now, it is one great augury of good in France, that ever since the beginning of the old French Revolution, the clamps of the Papal system on the minds of the people have been breaking from their hold. There was a violent wrench then; and the very religious nature of the people, intertwisted as it was with the iron sinews of this superstition, almost fell with it, and the residuum was scarcely any thing better than atheism. But since then the seeds of a different system have been, here and there, taking root. There has been a great gain in the knowledge and possession of religious freedom. There have been powerful Protestant evangelists labouring in various departments, and the Spirit of God has been poured out to accompany their labours. The genius of the old Romish intolerance has indeed stirred itself up to prevent this, and the law has interfered to prevent the progress of the gospel, under pretence of protecting a religion of State from outrage. And to show how inveterately and how long that habit of intolerance has gone down into the soul and preserves its place, and how difficult it is for men coming out of a bondage and darkness of ages to see things in their true light, and to admit and hold the true idea of freedom, it will be sufficient to point out the recent case of M. Roussell, a distinguished Protestant preacher and tract-writer in France, who was accused and tried as guilty of outrage against the Romish religion, because he dared publish an argument proving the Romish religion to be contrary to the Gospel. Just so with M. Bost, a few miles from Paris, an evangelical preacher to a small congregation, with whom the French Minister of Public Instruction dared to interfere, because he instructed his people in the sinfulness of worshipping the Virgin Mary. He sent a command to the consistory of M. Bost's own Church, that they should reprimand their minister, and order him no more in that manner to meddle with controversy. That is a Romish government's idea of religious liberty. But the dynasty of this kind of religious liberty, we verily believe, like that of Louis Philippe, has come to an end—its days are numbered. Its most recent freaks have been sufficient to show how little understanding or permission of true religious liberty there was, as yet, in the French kingdom. If M. Roussell published a tract, they summoned him before the king's attorney. If he opened a place of worship, they prosecuted him. If he wrote a letter to the priests, they sent him before the grand jury. He thought he would try once more, doing just as

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little as possible; so he simply made a picture of religious truth, and got it engraved; but they forbade him to publish it. Will it be credited that that engraving, containing only the simple interior of a Romish Church, and some sentences from the Word of God, was not allowed by the government to be published! Truly it was a government of barricades, religious as well as political. But barricades and edicts by the government are poor things to keep out light; and if erected to preserve the system of Romanism from exposure as a State religion, they only produce investigation and satire. It is no wonder that the people thought *that* government had continued a little too long, and too late. These intolerant measures will no longer be pursued or permitted. The religious parties will now be placed on an equality; and argument and controversy, as well as satire and preaching, will be as free for Protestants as for Romanists. And if the French representatives are wise, they will now, at so admirable a juncture, separate every form of religion from the State, impartially protecting all forms. Thus, the field is wide open; it is all ready to be sown, and it shall soon be white to the harvest. God has a great triumph of his cause in reserve for the descendants of the noble Puritans of France, the martyred and banished Huguenots. Already, before the present grand outbreak, this work of God was in preparation and in progress. For several years, whole communities of the population, in some parts of France, have been separating themselves from Rome, and demanding evangelical ministers. In one town, a year or two since, from 1,500 to 2,000 persons detached themselves at once from the Romish worship, and five parishes demanded evangelical teachers. Perhaps we ought now to be looking, and certainly we ought to be earnestly praying, for a great and sudden onbreak of the fire of divine truth and the power of God's grace, in a wide and mighty revival of religion.

In Italy, also there is a great preparation, and an open field equally remarkable. And in Italy, the suppression of the gospel, and the protection of Romanism against light, will not now be attempted by brute force any longer. Everywhere in these recent revolutions, the people are demanding religious freedom. And what wonders God has been working even in Turkey, where we have not the least expectation, as yet, that any political revolution will take place; yet there, in the heart of the Turkish, Mohammedan empire, God has raised up a Free Christian Church, and has constituted the Turkish Sultan the protector of its freedom; and we have the singular spectacle of the Sultan teaching the Pope what be the principles of religious liberty, and demanding the restoration of three kidnapped Christian children, violently detained in Rome to be educated as Romanists. Truly these are wonderful transactions. And it is under the principles of religious freedom, against which Rome will now in vain contend, that the gospel will be freely, successfully, and everywhere preached. And the fact that God is so widely and simultaneously teaching this lesson, that he is so setting the popular mind against religious persecution, and making men to begin to understand the theory and practice of religious freedom, is a cheering sign that a great, universal, and rapid triumph of the gospel is on the eve of accomplishment—a triumph that will not again be rendered transitory by a society of Jesuits, or the fires of an Inquisition.

What is very extraordinary, in regard to Italy, God has been himself preparing a theological school of educated agents, in contemplation, as it were, of just such an exigency and opportunity as his own divine providence has now opened. He has gathered at Malta a band of converted Romish priests, ready for action. Dr Achilli is among them—a man of wide reputation and influence in Italy, known as a profound scholar and estimable character, professor of Greek and Hebrew in the University at Rome. He has already preached without interruption, in Florence, to a congregation of hundreds. He is now preparing, in conjunction with other learned and pious individuals, a translation of the Bible from the original languages in modern Italian; and Italian Bibles will no longer go stealthily, or as contraband articles, or at a price of extortion, or one by one, secretly, in travellers' knapsacks, over the kingdom; but they will come like flakes of snow, like a cloud of doves, like carts of sheaves, or fresh grapes from the vineyards. There will be men to carry them, and men to read them, and men to listen to them. The Waldenses are waiting to engage in this missionary work. It is for such a time as this, that that college among the mountains has been fostered and protected of God, even amidst persecution. We have reason to believe that the next Reformation in Italy will be a history of popular enthusiasm and success. God is removing obstacles out of the way. The Jesuits everywhere, before the popular indignation, are driven off. The Romish priests themselves are compelled to join the popular progress.

It is a time of great promise: it is a time, also, for great work. And what Protestant is there who does not desire to have a part in this work? It is of incalculable importance that, just at this moment, the agencies for spreading religious and scriptural light and influences in France, and especially in Paris, should not be diminished; nay, they ought to be increased. But they have come almost to a complete stop, in the midst of the financial distress produced by the revolution. The good men there call to us for help. Let your contributions be accompanied by your prayers. And let it be remembered, that there is no surer mark of a regenerated heart, than a fervent, persevering interest in the consummation of that reign of Christ on earth to which these revolutions are tending, and a spirit of prayer and of holy effort for its accomplishment. All the changes, says Edwards, brought to pass in the world, from age to age, are ordered by Infinite Wisdom, in one respect or other, to prepare the way for this glorious issue of things. As, in a clock, all the motions of the whole system of wheels and movements tend to the striking of the hammer at the appointed time; so it is with the revolutions and restless motions of God's creatures and governments on earth and in heaven. And in the great clock of the universe, it seems as if the hammer of God's providence had just struck for us in this world an hour not far from the meridian watch in the day of redeeming mercy. Let us take courage, and labour and pray, and give God all the glory.

THE SABBATH IN HAYING TIME.

"YES," says a farmer, "working in the manufactories on the Sabbath is wrong, and ought to be stopped. But what shall be done in time of haying? The weather has been bad, and much hay is out. For a number of days it has been rainy: the Sabbath comes, and is a fair day. What shall be done? Shall the farmers rest, as on other Sabbaths, attend public worship, and let the hay lie; or shall they go into the field, take care of the hay, and secure it?" *Let them rest, attend public worship, and perform the appropriate duties of the*

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Sabbath. Let them be contented with what hay they can secure in six days. "Six days shalt thou labour, and in them," saith Jehovah, "do all thy work." "Remember the Sabbath-day, and keep it holy; in it do no work." God makes no exception for haying-time.

"But it may rain on Monday, and the hay be injured, perhaps spoiled." That is true. It is also true that a man may be sick on Monday, and he may die. If he does not work on the Sabbath, he may not be able to work at all. On the other hand, it may not rain on Monday; and the man may be alive and well, and better fitted to work than he would be should he labour on the Sabbath. Or, if it should rain on Monday and Tuesday, and his hay be injured, or even spoiled, that is no good reason why he should work on the Sabbath. God did not say, Thou shalt not do any work except in haying-time, or unless it is likely to rain on Monday; and men have no right to make that addition. He that addeth to the Word of God, or taketh from it, will fall under his curse.

Men have no right to gain any more property, or secure any more, in their ordinary business, than they can by keeping the Sabbath-day holy. In that way they can get all that they need, or have any right to possess.

But it is said, "If a house is on fire, you will allow a man to put it out. If visited with a sudden and unexpected inundation, which threatens to sweep away his house, you will allow him, if he can, to secure it, though his family might flee from it, and thus not lose their lives, if it should be carried away."

These are sudden providences, against which no foresight or prudent care during the week can guard. They do not come under the head of *ordinary business; and what is done must be done at the time when the providence occurs, or not at all. This is known.* Very different is it with the tending or the getting in of hay. That is a part of a man's regular employment. There is no certainty that if he does not do it on a particular Sabbath, he cannot do it at all. Facts show that it ordinarily may be done on other days, and as well done; nay, that in the long run, it may be better done, and often more may be secured by *not* working than by working on the Sabbath. It is, on the whole, better for this world, as well as the future, *not to violate this day.*

A number of men, at one time, had mowed a large quantity of hay. For a number of days it had been rainy. The Sabbath came, and was a remarkably pleasant day. One man stayed at home, opened his hay, took care of it, and in the afternoon got it into his barn. His neighbours did nothing of the kind, but went as usual with their families to the house of God. On their return, one of them met the man who had been getting in his hay, who expressed his regret that his neighbours should be so superstitious as to go off, and leave their hay exposed, to be again wet. He said that he had been more wise, and had secured his. "Now," said he, 'it may rain again on Monday, and you not be able to get in yours." That was true. His neighbours knew it; but they concluded to leave that with God. One thing was certain, that it would not rain without good reasons for it. Another thing was equally certain, that if it should rain, and the hay be injured, and even spoiled, that would not be so great an evil as to do what they knew to be wrong. Monday came, and it rained. It rained also on Tuesday and on Wednesday. Thursday was remarkably pleasant. All who had hay out went busily to work. Friday was fair, and also Saturday. All the hay that had been out in the rain was thoroughly dried and housed. The Sabbath came. The first part of it was pleasant. In the afternoon a cloud arose, looked dark and scowling. It extended and moved on towards the barn into which, on the previous Sabbath, the man had put his hay, and where he thought he had "secured it." The lightning darted here and there, and by-and-by went down into the barn. "I knew," said a man who was near, "that it struck, from the feeling. I started up and ran to the window, and the smoke was issuing from that barn. They rang the bells, got out the fire-engines, and did all in their power, but they could not stop the fire. They saw that the barn must go. Nor was that all: his neighbours' barns on each side were so near that it seemed impossible to prevent them from being burned. But as the flames burst out, and the sparks began to fly, the rain poured down in sheets, which, with the engines, kept those barns so perfectly drenched with water, that neither of them took fire, and the Sabbath-breaker's barn was burnt out between them." "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." That man did not gain anything by disobeying God, nor did his neighbours lose anything by obeying Him. There is that gathereth at a time and in a way that is not meet, and it tendeth to poverty. Men are dependent upon God; and in the keeping of his commands there is great reward. Regard to his will about the Sabbath, as well as other things, is profitable.—*Dr Edwards.*

SELECTIONS FROM WATSON.

THERE are four things may persuade Christians to be poor in spirit. 1. This poverty is your riches. You may have the world's riches, and yet be poor; you cannot have this poverty but you must be rich; poverty of spirit entitles you to all Christ's riches. 2. This poverty is your nobility; God looks upon you as persons of honour: he that is vile in his own eyes is precious in God's eyes; the way to rise is to fall; God esteems the valley highest. 3. Poverty of spirit doth sweetly quiet the soul. When a man is brought of himself to rest on Christ, what a blessed calm is in the heart! I am poor, but "my God shall supply my need." (Phil. iv. 19.) I am unworthy, but Christ

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is worthy. I am indigent, Christ is infinite "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." (Ps. lxi. 2.) A man is safe upon a rock. When the soul goes out of itself and centres upon the rock Christ, now it is firmly settled upon its basis: this is the way to comfort; thou wilt be "wounded in spirit" till thou comest to be "poor in spirit." 4. Poverty of spirit paves a causeway for blessedness. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Are you poor in spirit? you are blessed persons; happy for you that ever you were born! If you ask, Wherein doth this blessedness appear? read the next words, "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Men have tears to shed for other things, but have none to spare for their sins; there are many murmurers, but few mourners; most are like the stony ground, which wanted moisture. (Matt. xiii.) We have many who cry out of hard times, but are not sensible of hard hearts. Hot and dry is the worst temper of the body. Sure I am, to be hot in sin, and to be so dry as to have no tears, is the worst temper of the soul. How many are like Gideon's dry fleece, and like the mountains of Gilboa—there is "no dew upon them!" Did Christ bleed for sin, and canst not thou weep? If God's bottle be not filled with tears, his vial will be filled with wrath. We have many sinners in Zion, but few mourners in Zion. It is with most people as with a man on the top of a mast—the winds blow, and the waves beat, and the ship is in danger of shipwreck, and he is fast asleep; so when the waves of sin have even covered men, and the stormy wind of God's wrath blows, and is ready to blow them into hell, yet they are asleep in security.

How many, instead of weeping for their sin, spend their days in mirth and jollity! Instead of mourners we have ranters. They take the "timbrel and harp; they spend their days in wealth" (Job xxi. 13); they live epicures, and die Atheists. St James bids us "turn our laughter to mourning" (James iv. 9.); but they turn their mourning to laughter. Samson was brought forth to make the Philistines sport. (Judg. xvi. 26.) The jovial sinner doth make the devil sport, it is a saying of Theophylact. It is one of the worst sights to see a sinner go laughing to hell. How unseasonable it is to take the harp and viol when God is taking the sword! "A sword, a sword is sharpened, and also furbished; should we then make mirth?" (Ezek. xxi. 9, 10.) This is a sin that enrageth God. "In that day did the Lord of hosts call to weeping and to mourning, and behold joy and gladness, slaying oxen, and killing sheep, eating flesh, and drinking wine; and it was revealed in mine ears by the Lord God of hosts." (Isa. xxii. 12, 13.) That is, your sin shall not be done away by any expiatory sacrifice, but vengeance shall pursue you for ever.

Some would stop the wells of godly sorrow. Antinomians say this is a legal doctrine; but Christ here preacheth it, "Blessed are they that mourn;" and the apostles preached it, "And they went out and preached that men should repent." (Mark vi. 12.) Holy ingenuity will put us upon mourning for sin. He that hath the heart of a child cannot but weep for his unkindness against God. Mourning for sin is the very fruit and product of the Spirit of grace. (Zech. xii. 10.) Such as cry down repentance cry down the Spirit of grace. Mourning for sin is the only way to keep off the wrath from us. Such as, with Samson, would break this pillar, go about to pull down the vengeance of God upon the land.

It was the sin of the Pharisees while they were distributing alms they did blow the trumpet. (Matt. vi.) They did not give their alms, but sell them for applause. A proud man casts his bread upon the waters as a fisherman casts his angle upon the waters; he angles for vain-glory. I have read of one Cosmus Medicis, a rich citizen of Florence, that he confessed to a near friend of his, he built so many magnificent structures, and spent so much on scholars and libraries, not for any love to learning, but to raise up to himself trophies of fame and renown. An humble soul denies himself, yea, even annihilates himself. He thinks how little it is he can do for God; and if he could do more, it were but a due debt, therefore looks upon all his works as if he had done nothing. The saints are brought in at the last day as disowning their works of charity. "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee," &c. (Matt. xxv. 37.) A good Christian doth not only empty his hands of alms, but empties his heart of pride; while he raiseth the poor out of the dust, he lays himself in the dust. Works of mercy must be like the cassia, which is a sweet spice, but grows low.

There are some who will be buzzing things in our ears, purposely to exasperate and provoke. Among these we may rank tale-bearers. (Lev. xix. 16.) The tale-bearer carries reports up and down. The devil sends his letters by this post. The tale-bearer is an incendiary—he blows the coals of contention. Do you hear, saith he, what such an one saith of you? will you put up with such a wrong? will you suffer yourself to be so abused? Thus doth he, by throwing in his fire-balls, foment differences, and set men together by the ears. We are commanded, indeed, "to provoke one another to love" (Heb. x. 24.); but nowhere to provoke to anger. We should stop our ears to such persons as are known to come on the devil's errand.

I WISH!

Do you!—then you have not yet done with that unprofitable business. You were fond of this when you were a child. But to how much purpose was the occupation? Did your wishes accomplish anything?

Had you not better *pray?* There is a great difference between the two things; though some people think they are pretty much alike, and get easily into the habit of putting the wishing in the place of the praying. Many a one has wished things were so and so, and then stopped there. They did not get as high as prayer. Wishes are froth, mist. Anything light, transient, evanescent, will afford a good comparison. But prayer is fine-twined linen. It is a goodly fabric. He that wishes, sails a pretty kite. He that prays, sends a strong ship to sea laden with a precious burden. He that wishes can sleep, and nod, and dream. But he that prays, is wide awake. Wishes are smoke, light enough to be driven anywhere by any slight, passing current of air. Prayers go steady and strong in a specified direction, ploughing through cross seas, and indifferent, as the steamer, to the direction of the wind.

I wish! But you had better *work.* Wishing is easy. That is the reason you love and practise it, likely. People can wish without moving a muscle. They can wish without *thinking* much, without *feeling* much, with doing no-

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thing. Wishing people are apt to have very relaxed nerves, and very languid muscles. Wishes, instead of proving the existence of vigour and energy, intimate the market quite destitute of both. Wishing and working are seldom in the relation of parent and child, and it is usually a puny progeny when the relaxation does exist.

Besides, wishes are pretty generally *young rebels*. They are insurrectionists in miniature. "I wish it were so—I wish it were not so—I wish I had this—I wish I had that—I wish I had not to suffer this." These are infant soldiers of a revolutionary army. They lift up their little hands against the government. They do not like the administration. Accuse them of rebellion, however, and they cannot be made to believe it. A wish a rebel! How few think so!

But all wishes are not rebels. No; many of them are such bubbles that there is not substance enough in them to have any character. In that case, they are not worthy to be indulged by a rational mind. But far too frequently are they the secret repinings of a mind dissatisfied with the arrangements of an all-wise Providence, and indulging thus its sinful murmurings.

Wishing *wastes time*. It does not take a great while, indeed, to give expression to a wish. But people fond of wishing, have a great many of them, and occupy many flying moments in that way. As drops make a shower, so wishes become showers by the aggregate of individual acts. Put all the vain, trifling, useless, and wicked wishes of a single individual who is in the habit of this thing together, and the time thus wasted, or worse than wasted, is no small item in the history of one's probation.

A little more on this topic. Wishes are *parents of large families of idle, vain dreams and air castles*. Wishes usually respect a good not within reach. But that wish bring up the contemplated good, and gives fancy wings, and the vain and trifling mind flies abroad on all sorts of excursions in all directions. He who loves to wish, generally lovēs, also, to give his imagination the reins. And the idle wish will start him off on a journey of imaginings, and he is far gone, and sometimes long gone, from the sober and substantial realities of life. He comes back drooping and languid from that profitless excursion, and greatly unfitted for the actual, serious business of life. It was the idle wish that sent him away from home. He gained nothing by the journey but mental emptiness and some stripes of conscience, if it were sharp enough to discern and act in view of such folly.

Wishes are *sources of self-deception*. How many exclaim, and that countless times, "I wish I were a Christian—I wish my heart were right—I wish I had my portion with the people of God—I wish I knew more of the Scriptures," &c. This wishing for good things, it is believed, is not seldom taken for real desires of the heart after spiritual good. It is taken as evidence of a mind somewhat, at least, set towards God and hóly things. There seems, therefore, to be some goodness in it. Good wishes are mistaken for goodness—are put in the place of goodness itself—the spurious in the place of the genuine coin. Good wishes are a very cheap substitute, and it is to be feared a very common one, for prayer, effort, zeal, and energy in doing good. The one is so much easier than the other, that with the additional motive that such wishes have a specious appearance of real goodness, they take the place of doing good.—*Pascal.*

INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE.

An aged Christian had a son, who, notwithstanding all his father's instructions and admonitions, continued quite careless about the salvation of his soul. When the father was on his death-bed, his son came to pay to him the last offices of attention and respect. The dying parent could not but feel extremely anxious about the best interests of one who was so dear to him. Accordingly, some time before his death, he told him that he had one request to make of him, and, before he mentioned it, he wished to have his promise that he would comply with it. The young man assented, provided it contained nothing very unreasonable. The father replied, that he was not going to ask him to do anything that was difficult or burdensome: it was simply this—that he would spend a quarter of an hour alone every morning. The son agreed; and after his father's death, began faithfully to fulfil his engagement. At first he thought it a very strange request, often looking at his watch when the time should be expired, and wondered what his father could mean by such a proposal. In a little, however, it occurred to him that his father perhaps intended he should spend the time in prayer. He began to try this; but he found no inclination for it. He then began to reflect that his father used to spend much time in this exercise; and as he venerated his father's character, he was led to think of the difference between his character and his own. From this he proceeded to search the Scriptures, in which are the words of eternal life; and we may well suppose he became not very scrupulous in confining his time to the stipulated quarter of an hour. In short, these opportunities of solitary, serious reflection were made the means, through the blessing of God, of leading this young man to consider his ways—to reflect on his former carelessness about eternal things—to see his guilt—to ask the deeply interesting question, "What must I do to be saved?" and thankfully listen to the answer to it, "By believing on Jesus Christ as his only Saviour." During all the remaining period of his days, he had reason to bless God that his father had proposed such a request to him, and that he had been led to comply with it.

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"BE COURTEOUS."

I WONDER if it is generally remembered that there is such an injunction as the above in the Sacred Word. Do all who profess religious regard for the divine commands, believe that they are as sacredly bound to be courteous as they are to be temperate, continent, and chaste? Professing Christians generally avoid those grosser evils, but are they generally careful to avoid violations of the injunction which we are now considering? One would think that some deemed it a sin to be polite and complaisant. They pride themselves in their bluntness, or what they term plainness. Impudence or insolence would probably better describe their conduct. Where do they find examples or models for their course? Not in the Bible. I mistake. There is mention of Cain, who spake falsely to God, and said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, spoke very bluntly to Moses and Aaron, but their conduct did not receive commendation. Shimei was very plain-hearted, when he railed at David and cursed him. Nabal was equally blunt with David's messengers. But these are not very worthy examples. When our Lord was in the flesh, there were many who used very plain language towards him and his disciples. Carpenter's son, Nazarene, glutton and wine-bibber, babblers and madmen, were terms which were liberally employed. It was sufficiently blunt, but not very becoming.

"Be courteous." It will never do you any harm. Even if you are dealing with those who are unworthy of respect, or who cannot appreciate it, it is altogether best that you should maintain self-respect. Be courteous at all times, in all places, on all occasions, with all persons. If you are writing a review, a critique, a reply or rejoinder, or whatever else, you will be the gainer by being courteous. If you are a mechanic or merchant, you will do well to be courteous towards your customers. If you are a teacher or a physician, be courteous towards your pupils or patients. If you are an office-seeker, you will probably TRY to be courteous. If you are a lawyer, or a politician, you will lose nothing by being courteous to opponents. If you are a minister, it will do you no harm to be courteous in the pulpit and out of it. If you are the head of a family, you will be all the more respected and loved, and all the more worthy of it, if you are courteous towards all your household—servants not excepted.

If you are a professing Christian, you can honour the solemn profession by manifesting uniformly the lowliness, meekness, and modesty, which are the definition of courteousness. Think of your great Exemplar. Who ever had such provocations, insults, and injuries as he? But did he ever forget to be courteous? Never. He "pleased not himself." He endured the contradiction of sinners against himself. "When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." Was he not altogether lovely? Be assured it will be lovely in you to be like him. The temper and conduct which you feel constrained to admire in another will be admired by others when seen in yourself.—*Pilgrim.*

EARNESTNESS A DUTY.

Is it not the duty of every one to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself? If so, does not this love demand that we should seek the conversion of souls? Can we pretend to love God, and not seek that others should love him too? or can we love our neighbour, and not seek his salvation? Are not all Christians represented as the salt of the earth, and the light of the world? And can they answer to these impressive figurative representations of their duty and design, if they never attempt to diffuse by personal effort their holy religion? As we have opportunity, we are commanded to do good. What good is so good as saving souls, and have we not all ever-recurring opportunities? Consider your capability: you can do something for the salvation of souls. Every one who has the knowledge of the way of salvation, and a tongue to speak, can explain it to others. Or if too timid to speak, he can give a tract, or write a letter, which will speak for him. There is not in all the family of God a single child who can do nothing for the cause of his heavenly Father, in our apostate world; and nothing more is necessary to constitute obligation in such a matter as this, but the means and an opportunity. If when the ability and opportunity concur to rescue a fellow-creature from a watery grave, or a fiery death, the obligation is complete; how much more so, where the means and opportunity are possessed to save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins? Souls are perishing all around you—in your town, in your streets, in your neighbour's houses, and in your own.

Say not you *can* do nothing. Have you ever tried? Have you ever taken a bundle of tracts, and gone out into a dark street, and entered the houses of the poor, and begun a conversation with them about their souls? You have a Bible—have you ever put it in your pocket, and gone to some habitation of ignorance and sin, and asked permission to read a chapter? Have you ever written a letter to an unconverted friend or relative on the subject of religion, and the salvation of the soul? Have you ever mildly expostulated with a relative on the neglect of this momentous concern? Have you ever gently and gracefully reproved a swearer or a Sabbath-breaker for his sin against the Lord? Have you ever dropped a word to a fellow-traveller in a steam-boat or a railway carriage? Not do anything! Will you, till you have tried some such simple and easy methods as these, have the courage to tell God so? Not do anything! Will you degrade yourself so much, and sink so low in your own estimation, as to say you are a nonentity in the Church as regards the Church's mission to our world? Not do anything! What is it in you that says so—your indolence, or your modesty? You *must* do something, or answer for it at the bar of God, *why* you have not done any thing. Be it that you have only one talent, or a fraction of a talent, that fraction, or that unit, must be employed, or you must bear the character and meet the doom of the slothful servant.—*James.*

LIFE IN THE CITY.

IT is a false idea that the poor in this city suffer vastly more in the winter than in the summer. We are satisfied of this. Fresh air is a blessing from God, and thousands die here for want of it.

We were passing down B—— Street the other day, and saw a child sitting on the door step of a hovel. He mayhap had known the trials of three years. He certainly had known few of their joys. The heat was intense, although the sun had left the pavement, and

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the little fellow was evidently longing for pure, cool air. He had a mild blue eye, and one of those faces that always wins you to stop and look at it; but all about him indicated the extremest poverty. He was a sufferer. His neck and the sides of his head were bound up in a large poultice, and the hot air was sadly annoying. We stopped and looked in his face. He raised his eyes to us: a world of sorrow looked out of those blue windows; his expression was one of perfect hopelessness—absolute despair. It was a painful sight to see a young heart so crushed; the lightsome heart of childhood, out of which life was wholly gone. As we paused, he looked up feebly, but did not smile; there was no change of expression, nor look of interest. A merry group was sporting in the street. His gaze wandered vacantly toward them, and then away again. The slow movement of his eyes from object to object was inexpressibly mournful. His mother came to the door. He half turned to her, and lifted a tiny hand, as if to ask her to take him in her arms, but dropped it again slowly and sorrowfully into his lap, and fixed that unchanging gaze of sadness on her face. At length he buried his little fist in his cheek, and with his elbow on his knee turned his eyes toward the clouds that were drifting across the narrow strip of blue above him, and then we fancied we saw a smile flitting around his lips; but as we watched, it was gone, and only that lonesome look of agony remained. An hour afterward we had forgotten him, for these changing scenes swiftly efface each other's impression.

But a few days afterward, we were passing down B—— Street again, and saw three carriages standing before the door at which the boy had been sitting. The poorest of the Irish poor find means to have carriages at their funerals.

Our little sufferer was doubtless dead. The broken heart had sprung to life again.

How miserable life has become when death is an actual relief! and yet thousands in our city long for such a relief—worn old men as well as sad-eyed boys. —*New York Journal of Commerce.*

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that a grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope; but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

FROM WASHINGTON'S ORDERLY BOOK.

August 3, 1776.—"That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sabbath, except at the shipyards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavour to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have but little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult Him by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

ACTION.

I have often had occasion to observe that a warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. A man gets into a habit of inquiring about properties and expediencies and occasions, and spends his life without doing anything to purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something"—"do it"—"do it."—*Cecil.*

Fragments.

Faith gets most, humility keeps most, and love doth most.

How vain is their hopes, who think to find full delight in an empty world!

They may as well
Find ease in hell.

Many men sin with content, and are content with sin; poor souls!

All the world cannot pull down an humble man, because God will exalt him; and all the world cannot exalt a proud man, because God will pull him down.

Christ doth not dehort us from much, but from much speaking in prayer.

There are but few who love to reprove, fewer who reprove in love, and fewest of all who love to be reproved.

As God cares not for ours, so much as for us; so a saint cares not so much for his, as for him.

Though gold cometh from the earth, none despise it; and though dross come from the gold, yet none regardeth it: so the virtuous coming from mean parentage, are honourable; and the vicious coming from noble parentage, are contemptible.

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ORDINATION CHARGE.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

TO THE MINISTER OF THE SCOTS CHURCH, LONDON WALL, MARCH 15, 1827.

(*Concluded from page* 261.)

Fourthly, I would charge thee with thy duty as a Churchman; that is, an ordained minister of the Kirk of Scotland, whom the presbytery have this day taken bound by solemn obligation to maintain the doctrine, discipline, government, and laws thereof, which thou must study, imbuing thyself with the spirit of our reformers and martyrs, and covenanters, and looking through the cloud of the Papal apostasy into the Presbyterian discipline and primitive worship of the Culdees. Thou art this day honoured to be a minister of the most primitive Church under heaven, not excepting the Waldenses or the Albigenses: for though the apostasy had possession of the Court of Scotland for about three centuries, it never had possession of the whole land; in the western fastnesses of which the true fire continued to live upon the altar. I pray thee, brother, to remember this day that thou art the member of a Church which hath oft covenanted together for the purity of Christian policy, to testify against all Papal and Prelatical invasions; which God built up in the whirlwind, and strengthened in the midst of the storm. . . . . Thou must not lose thyself in the tossing waves of opinion, which waste all things in this city; but stand on the stable rock on which the fathers rested. Thou art this day one of a body: in the presbytery we expect of thee obedience to the statutes which we obey: in thy session, we expect of thee to rule and moderate all things according to the laws of the Church. Thou art not thine own master, that thou shouldest flinch in any thing from that model of Church government which God hath blessed to us and to our fathers. We hinder thee not from brotherly communion with all who are not of the apostasy, with all of the Church rooted and grounded in the faith of the Lord's divinity, and calling him, and him only, Head. But against those who deny his divinity (these are the true anti-Christs)—against those who have given his glory to another, pope, virgin, or saint (these are the apostasy)—thou must contend unto the death. . . . To the Papacy, and to the Socinian, thou owest no mercy. Unfold their vileness, cry against them with all thy might. Superstition on the one hand, liberality on the other—(for that sign of the prophet is accomplishing now when the churl is called liberal)—I say, brother, superstition on the one hand, and liberality on the other, thou must fight against with the two-edged sword of the faith. Our Church hath warred a good warfare against the former; if she will now war as good a warfare against the latter, the Lord will still continue his favour unto her. Thou knowest, brother, thou well dost know, the serpent-cunning of this liberal spirit. Be wiser than it is, be more harmless than it professeth to be (but it is deadly poison against Christ); put on thine armour of divine intelligence, and contend against it as a Churchman, as a member of Christ's Church, as a presbyter of the Kirk of Scotland. Brother, that liberality is killing our children; it hath already slain its tens of thousands of the children of the Scottish Church in this metropolis; and thou must divest it and expose it. Wilt thou not bring out the complete armour of religion against the irreligiousness of liberality? Then I tell thee God will not own thy ministry in this city; for this city is sick unto death, and dying of the mortal wounds which she hath received from it. God called thee to this metropolitan city, and hath planted thee here by a wonderful providence; therefore look to it, my brother, and do thy Master some service herein. If thou thinkest to build up this dismantled Church, by merely fulfilling the office of a minister and pastor to the people in this house assembling, thou dost miserably err. I tell thee thou art not merely the minister of London-Wall Church, but thou art a presbyter of the Kirk of Scotland, to combine thine endeavours with the presbytery

* Mr Nisbet, Berners Street, London, has recently republished this remarkable charge. There are some parts of it, (referring chiefly to Church government), in which all our readers cannot be expected to concur. Although we have abridged these, we have not felt ourselves at liberty entirely to omit them. They are, however, somewhat abridged.

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for gathering our poor countrymen preyed on by Satan under the guise of liberality. Thou art a Churchman of the holy catholic Church, to take up the cross of Christ, and fight the good fight of faith against the devil, the world, and the flesh, in all their forms; thou art a prophet to cry aloud to the Ninevites, to this Babylon, which, after enjoying the light of God so long, is now beginning to deny that it was from Christ that light of God did come. For thy duties as a Churchman, I refer thee to Christ's instructions to the angels of the seven Churches; and I proceed,

Lastly, To speak to thee of thy duties as a man; for this is the basis upon which all the other forms of character are built, and thou must give good heed to it. I speak not of the natural form of man which thou art of, for this thou hast crucified with Christ, and it must live no longer; but I speak of those many functions which the new man hath to discharge towards those to whom we are related by other ties than the ministerial, or the pastoral, or the ecclesiastical—to friends and to acquaintances, to servants, to men in general, and to the society of which thou art a member, and to the civil polity of which thou art a subject. For the present, thou must dwell, like a wayfaring man, in a lodging; but I trust thou wilt soon be master of thine own house, to give thy people a pattern of household government, as Joshua resolved to do, and as every bishop and every elder is required to do. Thou wilt keep hospitality; and accumulate riches at thy peril. Oh if thou grow rich, oh if thou shouldst die rich, I will be ashamed of thee. Look at the hard hearts of rich men; look at their vain self-importance; look at their contempt of Christ; and pray, oh earnestly pray, to be kept from that greatest snare. Thy cloak and thy parchments, brother—that is, thy decent apparel and thy books—be these thy riches, and then thou canst speak out against mammon, and tell those men of thousands and tens of thousands, whom thou art surrounded with, what they should do with their treasures. If thou spare them, God will not spare thee. I give thee it in charge this day, that thou reprove them and their accumulations sharply. Keep thou hospitality. Show thou to lordly prelates what the word bishop meaneth. Show thou to substantial citizens what the word hospitality meaneth. Show thou to rich men what the word charity meaneth; and to all, what faith meaneth. Go thou out as poor a man as thou came in· and let them bury thee when thou diest. And if God should bless thee with a wife and children, put no money in the bank for them, but write prayers in the record of the book of life. Be this thy bank of faith; be this thy exchange, even the providence of God; and let the lords of thy treasury be the prophets and the apostles who went before thee. Oh, my brother, be zealous for the good primitive customs of the Church; abjure thou the prudential maxims of this metallic age. Oh, be thou a man far above this world, living by faith in the world to come like one of the elders who have obtained a good report. Be thou of a bold countenance and a lion heart, of a single eye and a simple spirit; otherwise Satan will soon hedge thee in and mow thee up. He will come to thee as a counsellor, but we of the presbytery whose voice I now speak are thy counsellors; he will come to thee as a threatener, but who dare meddle with thee who art Christ's anointed minister? he will come to thee as a flatterer, be thou therefore honest and self-denied. If thou do thy duty, as I trust thou wilt, thy dearest friends will come to warn thee, and will exceedingly afflict thee by their apprehensions; but thou art not to be seduced by friends, being this day charged by the whole Church of Christ to be faithful unto Christ, and to no other allegiance. The time is coming, yea, now is, when thou mayest have to testify against wickedness in high places, as did the fathers of the Church; and thou must, and then there will come about thine ears such a hurricane of stormy voices; but, like Elijah, thou must stand in the cleft of the rock till it passeth by. But, if thou hast any floating interest, if thou hast any selfish end, canst thou stand all this, my brother? No, thou wilt shrink and yield every limb of thee. If thou art not ready to die, get ready as fast as thou mayest; for the soldier in the battle who is not ready to die hath two enemies to fight; and if thou be not ready to die for Christ, thou mayest have a hundred; but if thou be ready to die for Christ, thou hast but one, who is emphatically *the enemy*, against whom, that all thine energies may be collected, give this day all interests, all affections, all gains, all talents, all things unto the Lord, and count them but as dung that thou may win Christ. What the Lord Jesus, who was followed by a multitude, did say to them indiscriminately, I may well turn round and say to thee, his soldier, his captain of a hundred—yet, I trust, to be his captain of a thousand—"He that would be my disciple must hate father, and mother and sis-

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ter, and wife, and children, and houses, and lands, and his own life also—must take up his cross and follow me."

And now, what sayest thou? Who is sufficient for these things? Thou art, Christ strengthening thee; and thinkest thou Christ will be wanting to thee? No, verily. He never sendeth any one a warfare on his own charges. Thou mayest be wanting unto Christ, but never will Christ be wanting unto thee. But what assurance have I, dost thou say? The same which the apostles had, the same which the seventy had, the same which Titus and Timothy and the primitive pastors had—that Holy Spirit which descended at Pentecost, which hath been present in the Church, which is now present in it, and freely accessible to us all, for all the powers and offices of which Christ's members in their several offices shall be accountable. And hast thou not this day been set apart by the highest symbol, even the laying on of hands? Is that a symbol symbolizing nothing? No! it symbolizeth every form of the Spirit which Timothy or Titus had. There is now a gift in thee as surely as there was a gift in Timothy, by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. And neglect it not, neglect not the gift of prophecy that is in thee by the laying on of our hands. Thou hast a Spirit this day sealed upon thee by the holy ordinance of the Church, which Paul describeth unto Timothy to be, "not the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Thou art not one of the demi-infidels who believe that those ordinances of Christ's appointment are but naked signs. Thou knowest for what thou art this day made responsible; thou knowest what a gift Christ has this day bestowed upon thee. We have not laid hands suddenly on thee; we have made full proof of thy ministry, of thy doctrine, of thy life. We have this day observed the ordinance of the Church blamelessly. And we believe that Christ will honour his own holy ordinance, to communicate thereby those same gifts of the Spirit which he did communicate in the days of old unto his faithful bishops. Wherefore I have put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of our hands. That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us. I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things; and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession, that thou keep this commandment without spot unrebukable until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; which in his times he will show, "who is the blessed and only potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach into; whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to whom be honour and power everlasting." Amen.

THE LITTLE ACCIDENTS;

OR, GOD'S PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

It is a remarkable fact, that so many of the recent revolutions in Europe came "by chance." That in France seemed to have been caused by an accidental shot. The people in vast throngs, demanding a change of government, stood face to face with the army; and the army was every moment expecting the word to fire. While that word was delayed, some unknown person in the crowd discharged a shot, and killed the commander of the regiment; when the soldiers, without orders, and in a spirit of revenge, commenced firing upon the people. This was the signal for an uprising, before which thrones and armies were powerless.

A like accident brought in the late revolution in Prussia. A mass of the people friendly to the government had collected around the palace, to join in cheering, in expression of gratitude for reforms which had just been conceded. A secret conspiracy had chosen this time to introduce confusion and revolution. The mob which moved at their bidding, pressed in upon the crowd about the palace, till the dragoons advanced to clear the way and prevent disturbance. At this moment a musket was discharged by one unknown, then two others went off into the air, wholly by accident as it was said. In an instant the word went through the city, "We are betrayed! The blood of citizens has been shed!" It was enough—confusion and revolution ensued. So in the opening of the revolution in Austria: the army and people stood face to face around the palace, when, by an accident, one of the palace windows was broken, and even this became a signal for the onset.

Now, in these accidents, so called, none but an atheist can fail to see the hand of God. As Ahab was slain, and the previously declared purpose of God upon him was executed by an arrow shot at a venture, so here the broad destinies of kingdoms are made to turn on a minute casual occurrence. Here we have a clear illustration of the falsity of the notion of many, that God has a general superintendence of the affairs of the world, without a particular care and providence in minute affairs. For here the smallest accidents are seen to be shaking empires. It is difficult to see on what principles men reason, when they allow Providence to take care of the world, but not of things in the world—to take care of the human race, but not of the men which compose the race. And it is more difficult to see with what eyes they read the Bible, which everywhere asserts it, and is every where luminous with historical illustrations of it. What is more beneath regard

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than the single hairs of our head, which are all numbered with God? What is more insignificant than a sparrow?—yet not a sparrow falls without our Father. He feeds the fowls, hears the ravens' cry, and clothes the grass of the field. He enlists and trains the frogs, and flies, and locusts in his armies; and with such troops he was too much for Pharaoh.

His greatness, indeed, appears in nothing so much as in his exerting his powers upon the infinity of the minute creatures and events beneath his eye. As the microscope introduces us to a range of wonders no less astonishing than those revealed by the telescope sweeping the starry heavens, so the wonders of the divine nature are scenes no less in God's comprehension of the smallest atoms of animate being, and in his bestowment of particular care upon these, than in his control of nations of men, and of the armies of heaven. The sun does not diminish its majesty and lustre by throwing its radiance upon the vilest places and the smallest things; but it rather shows thereby, that it has no need to be sparing of its rays. Nor can it be said that God does not care for the smallest things which he has created, because there are no reasons of his wisdom and goodness that should induce him to do it. For there is nothing so small that it may not be made in some way to illustrate the glory of its Maker. And his goodness has an actual exertion upon the smallest things that have life and sensation—just as the beams of the sun extend to every floating atom that is broad enough to reflect its rays.

And as to accidental events: Suppose one to be slain by an axe, flying from the handle when wielded by another. What could be more accidental? yet the Scriptures refer just such a case to the appointment of God. Nothing is more by chance than the issue of a lot, yet we read that the whole disposing of it is of the Lord. Nothing was more contingent than Joseph's being sold into Egypt after his death had been determined by his brothers; nay, nothing was more contingent than every step of his advancement in Egypt; and yet he was authorized to say to his brothers, "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it for good, as he has done this day, to preserve much people alive." Was it not by chance that the ram was found caught in the thicket just at the moment when Abraham's knife was lifted to sacrifice his son Isaac? Yet in that did not the Lord provide? Did not Pharaoh's daughter by chance find the infant Moses, and rear him to fulfil the mind of God upon an oppressed people, and be the instrument of a new dispensation? Was it not by chance that the colt on which Christ entered in state into Jerusalem, was placed when and where the messengers came? Was it not by chance that the man bearing the pitcher of water was found, according to Christ's word, to conduct the disciples to the room for the last passover—and that the cock crew just at the moment of Peter's third denial of Christ? Yet by all these chances the previous intent of God was accomplished. Chance, then, never excludes the particular providence and agency of Him who works all in all. In all the events of the universe, there is not the smallest occurrence which fails to feel the touch of His finger.

Instances might be multiplied without number, of the providence of God extending to the smallest acts of men, bringing immense results from the smallest occurrences. But if God so has the hearts and thoughts of men under his hand, that he can revolutionize a nation by the accidental discharge of a musket, we may well say, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" With equal ease he can, when he will, reverse the moral condition of the world. He has recently lifted his hand to let us see what a small affair he makes of a great work. He has given us some specimens of the wonder-working of his providence, showing that the nations before him are as grasshoppers, and that the strongest fortresses of sin and Satan are under his control, like a citadel underlaid with magazines of powder, requiring but a single spark to explode it all to atoms.

If the work of the complete conquest of the world to Christ lingers, it is not because the Lord is slack concerning his promise. The power that is to demolish the empire of darkness is even now at work. The agencies are not all seen, because many are undermining and at work under ground. But when the mine shall be carried in, and the train be laid, a spark will finish the work. God has recently been teaching us how he can make a short work of revolutionizing the world. His plans are large, and his trains of events are broad and long. But these trains have points of convergence where the work of centuries is done in an hour. And as God carries slowly forward a work that taxes the faith and patience of his people, so in the end he will bring forth a result which will more than justify all faith and patience, giving his people nothing to do but to stand still and see the salvation of God.

A QUESTION.

"MAMMA," said a little child, "my Sabbath-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a while that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see any body preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go there: *why dont you try to get ready?* You scarce ever *speak* about going."

THE TEACHER'S MONITOR.

(*From the Sunday School Teachers' Magazine.*)

I. A Sabbath school teacher should be *converted.*

"Thou which teachest another teachest thou not thyself?"—Rom. ii. 21.

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

Question for consideration.—Is it likely that an unconverted teacher can *train* his class for the kingdom of heaven?

N.B.—The duty of a Sabbath school teacher is not to give up teaching, but to GIVE UP THE WORLD.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii. 26.

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II. A Sabbath school teacher should be *intelligent.*

To much love in the heart, you should seek to add much light in the mind.—*James.*

He who undertakes the office of teaching the young should feel the obligation of a diligent and systematic perusal of the Word of God.

The teacher must seek for self-improvement if he would do good in the Sabbath school. *One-fourth* part of an hour, every day, diligently and wisely improved in self-cultivation, will help a man to grow in wisdom.—*Todd.*

"Apply thine heart to understanding."—Prov. ii. 2.

III. A Sabbath school teacher should be *persevering.*

"If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."—Heb. x. 38.

Perseverance in any undertaking is the mark of a great mind. No work tests it more than Sabbath school teaching. Is it not the duty of a teacher to deposit, under God, the seed of the kingdom in the heart of the young? Time and patient waiting are needed ere its growth and fruitfulness will appear.

Did the Son of God labour through a life of poverty, agonize in a death of torture for immortal souls, and will you cast from you their interests because a little sacrifice of time and ease is required on the Sabbath? Can *you* pretend to fellowship with Christ?—*J. A. James.*

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."—Gen. xlix. 4.

IV. A Sabbath school teacher should be *punctual.*

SUM.—If twelve teachers, in one school, are each five minutes behind the hour when instruction begins, how much time have the young lost by this irregularity?

Question.—Is GOD, the CHURCH, and the YOUNG, to be robbed of so large a portion of valuable instruction, because Sunday school teachers are *too* indolent to cultivate the habit of punctuality?

"Will a man rob GOD?"—Mal. iii. 8.

V. A Sabbath school teacher should be *benevolent.*

"And he took them up in his arms, and BLESSED THEM."—Mark x. 16.

In the kingdom of Christ, great learning is not demanded; great, and striking, and splendid talents are not necessary. To be useful, to bring souls to Christ, and to win the crown of life, *holy, devoted,* disinterested piety, is the great thing needed.

For the conversion of the young, a *frozen heart,* a *dead* piety, narrow views, and stinted labour, WILL NOT DO.—*Todd.*

"And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."—John ii. 17.

VI. A Sabbath school teacher should be eminently *devotional.*

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—Matt. vii. 7.

Your *closet* should be the constant scene of your anxiety for their welfare. God loves the prayers of his people. Importune him, therefore, to bless your efforts. Confess to him that the work of conversion is all his own. Hang the interests of this school upon his arm, and lay them down in the light of his countenance.

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. iii. 10.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

TO A STEP-CHILD.

THOU art not mine:—the golden locks that cluster
Round thy broad brow—
Thy blue eyes, with their soft and liquid lustre,
And cheek of snow,
E'en the strange sadness on thy infant features
Blending with love,
And here whose mournful eyes seem sadly bending
On her lost dove.
Thou art not mine:—upon thy sweet lip lingers
Thy mother's smile;
And while I press thy soft and baby fingers
In mine the while—
In the deep eyes so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine—
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine.
They ask me, with their meek and soft beseeching,
A mother's care;
And ask a mother's kind and patient teaching,
A mother's prayer.
Not mine—yet dear to me, fair fragrant blossom
Of a fair tree—
Crushed to the earth in life's first glorious summer,
Thou'rt dear to me.
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted,
I call thee mine,
Till fairer still with tears and sin untainted,
Her home be thine.

THE PEARL.

"IF you will bring me my carpet-work, my dear Margaret," said Mrs Seymour, when the tea-things had been taken away, "I should like to work while you read to me the manuscript which I found in the old bureau, which had belonged to my grandfather, and which, with some other furniture, had been left, as you know, in this cottage. I put it in this table drawer," she added (opening the drawers as she spoke, and taking out the manuscript), "that I might have it at hand. It is not long, and we can easily get through it before we retire to rest."

THE MERCHANTMAN AND THE PEARL.

It was after sunset one evening, that a party of merchants were assembled together, in the caravansary of a town on the shores of the Persian Gulf. They were making active preparations for their journey homeward on the following day, intending to start an hour or two after midnight. In the spacious area of the caravansary, camels were kneeling, ready to receive their burdens; and servants were busily employed in packing bales of rich stuffs, and bringing in baskets of fruits and jars of water; and here and there their masters were sitting on mats and carpets, smoking their fragrant

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hookas, and sipping their little cups of Mocha coffee. Many faces were turned with looks of astonishment on a stranger who entered the court that evening. A stranger he was taken to be at first, but he was recognised as Ali Meejut, the well-known but long absent merchant from Alexandria. He looked as usual, calm and thoughtful; but his countenance, and his whole frame, bore the marks of severe bodily privation, and his once costly dress had been exchanged for clothing of the commonest materials. Had it not been for his noble step and the rich deep tones of his well-known voice, his former friends and neighbours would scarcely have known him from the slave that followed him. Many of the merchants crowded round Ali to inquire the reason of his long absence, to ask about his travels, to tell him that the season of the pearl-finding in the Gulf was over, and that they were about to commence their journey to Alexandria in a few hours. With all his usual gentleness and courteousness, he met their questions, but told them nothing. His faithful slave unrolled the coarse mat which he carried on his shoulder, and the merchant, Ali Meejut, lay down and slept soundly. His slave sat in silence at his feet, and when his master had slept for two hours, the slave awoke him. Then the slave slept, and his master watched. When the caravan was about to start, Ali Meejut and his slave left the company, but at the gate of the city two men mounted on camels fell in with the train, and the voice of the merchant Ali was again recognised. The caravan, however, entered Alexandria without Ali. One of his camels died just as they reached a small oasis in the desert, and there the slave was taken ill. His master would not leave him, but waited upon him with the care and tenderness of a woman. The company left Ali sitting beside his dying slave, beneath a cluster of palm trees, and under the shadow of a lofty rock; and when their last looks were cast upon them, Ali was bending over the desert spring, where it bubbled forth from its rocky basin, and dipping his cup in the cool waters to bathe the brow and moisten the parched lips of his sick slave, which he had done continually, from the time when he had fainted on dismounting from his camel. About a month after the arrival of the caravan at Alexandria, Ali Meejut entered the southern gate of the city. He was alone and on foot. His faithful slave had died, and he had buried him in the sand of the desert, under the palm-trees of that green oasis. He had sold his camel for food; and foot-sore and emaciated, and well-nigh spent with fatigue, the wayworn traveller reached, at length, the gate of his own dwelling. He had scarcely strength to raise his hand to the latch, and he sunk down as soon as the gate was closed; and they found his scrip empty, and the leathern bottle which was slung from his shoulder, dry and shrivelled. His wife and children came around him; it seemed to them that he was dying, and they feared that some misfortune had befallen him; but a smile passed over his wan and wasted features, and there was something like a tone of cheerfulness in his deep soft voice, as he said to them—

"All is well."

"How is it," said the wife of Ali, when a few days afterwards her husband was returned from his fatigue, and reclining upon the cushions which surrounded the fountains of marble in the cool and airy hall where he had been reposing; "how is it that you come back in this destitute condition, having spent all? Give me some account of your toilsome journey, some reason for the long and dreary absence over which I have mourned so often." Ali raised himself upon his couch, and said again with a smile—"All is well! You shall hear all, but first let me tell you, that I have made the most successful enterprise of my whole life. I have been far beyond the Isle of Ormus and the Persian Gulf; I have gone through Hindustan, even to the Island of Ceylon, and to the pearl fisheries of the Bay of Condatchy, seeking goodly pearls." And having said this, he unrolled a portion of his girdle, and untwisted one fold after another, which had been closely interwoven with strong silken twine; and then, from a purse of soft and perfumed leather, he produced the fruit of all his toil, and all his expenditure—the largest and most perfect, and most lustrous pearl which had ever been seen in the whole Eastern world. "For this," he said, "I have been absent so long; for this I have travelled; for this I have sold all that I had. I heard some rumour of its matchless beauty and its priceless worth; but when I beheld it, I found that no description had told its value, and willingly have I sold all, that I might possess this pearl."

For more than three years Ali had been away. He had been, at his departure, the wealthiest merchant in Alexandria. His faithful slave had been rescued by him from bondage and cruelty of the most frightful description, under which he was fast sinking to the grave. The merchant Ali had pitied him, and taken care of him. He had found him as he lay unheeded in filth and wretchedness, and he had washed his stripes; and if he had been his own son, he could not have watched over him with more unremitting kindness and tenderness. He had found, with no little astonishment, that the young slave, as he gradually recovered his strength, and awoke up from the almost senseless lethargy of his lingering disease, was a man of superior powers of mind, of some education, and that he had been, when free and in his own country of Abyssinia, a person of high station in society, a merchant, like his new master—and, more than this, he had found in him a spirit of the warmest gratitude and of deep devotedness. It was by this slave that Ali had been told of this wondrous pearl, which had been brought up from the deep by pearl-divers on the coast of Ceylon. Osmyn—for so Ali had named the slave—had been at Condatchy when the pearl was offered there for sale, and the master whom he then served had tendered everything that he possessed in exchange for it, but no one had been able to give the price at which that pearl was valued, and it had remained unsold. To Ceylon, Ali Meejut went, and Osmyn with him, having entrusted no one with their secret. The treasure which the merchant carried with him was very great; he had left nothing at Alexandria but the house in which he dwelt, and the sum of money which he had

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given to his wife to support her and her young children during his absence; that money had been long expended, but his credit and his character stood high at Alexandria, and the wife of Ali had found little difficulty in borrowing money. She would have raised a considerable sum upon their house and gardens, but her husband had already done so. Her money was at last gone, and Ali Meejut came not. He had reached Ceylon, but the pearl was gone; its owner had left Condatchy, to find a market for it elsewhere. Ali sought in vain to track him—from time to time they came upon some rumour of his course, but too late to find him. At length their search was successful. At far distant Japan, the pearl was found. The price that was offered was the whole wealth of the princely merchant; but the trader, tired of waiting longer for a purchaser, and having received no offer equal to that of Ali, sold the pearl.

Zulima had been sitting almost lost in the perplexities of her troubled thoughts, pondering within herself how she should procure a further supply of money to buy food for her children and her slaves, and dreading to involve her husband in debt; when Ali Meejut sunk exhausted at the gate. And thus the merchantman, who had long sought for goodly pearls, and who had found at last the one pearl of great price, had literally sold all that he had to purchase that pearl; but the sum which he had paid, immense as it appeared, was far below its real worth. He had been the richest man in Alexandria before he purchased it; but no man ever knew the amount of the treasure which he was said to possess before he died, as it will afterwards appear, for he went—

* * * * * * *

"I cannot go on, dear mother," said Margaret; "there is a sudden break—an end of the manuscript. How disappointing is this!"

"Here are a few words, however, written on the blank page which follows: they are, as you may see, passages from Holy Scripture," and she handed the paper to her mother. Mrs Seymour read—

"Not with gold, or pearls, or costly array."

Again—

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but lost for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ."—Phil. iii. 7–9.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

"These passages of the word of God are in the handwriting of my dear grandfather," said Mrs Seymour. "Whoever wrote the strange tale, we see the lesson he drew from it, and let us endeavour to profit by it. Ah! how true it is, that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light!" and yet I know not if we are justified in calling ourselves the children of light; though I hope I love the light; and I try to be glad that God has put out all other lights, that we may turn from a darkened world, and look up to him. Margaret, the Lord has darkened our prospect on every side, in this vain, foolish, wicked world, that we might see that gate and that way which lead unto him; and, though that gate is strait, allowing no space for our sins to pass, and that way is narrow, he has made it to the eye of faith like a tract of sunshine in the midst of gloom; and he can make it like a path of firm, smooth, flowery green sward, amidst rocks and tangled briers of a waste and howling wilderness. It is his gracious, loving way to seek as well as save; and it seems to me, that he has sent us into the wilderness only that he may meet and comfort us there. Let us strive to resemble Ali Meejut, or rather the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, of whom our Saviour speaks; who, having found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought that pearl. All that we had has been taken from us; and though we cannot be said to have given it up willingly, still, my Margaret, let there be all the spirit of a cheerful renunciation of everything in our hearts, for "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." May he give us faith to say, with an adoring faith in his perfect goodness and love, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." He has taken away the other goodly pearls that we possessed; we will seek them and care for them no longer; for we know that the One Pearl of great price is to be found by those who diligently seek it. It is to be bought without money and without price; and let us, like the merchantman, relinquish all, that we may possess that Pearl. Who that has once found it would ever consent to part with it again?"—*Margaret, or the Pearl, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor.*

PASSAGES FROM GURNALL.

THE EXPERIENCE BEYOND THE EXPECTATION.

God's mercy is larger to his children than their charity is many times to themselves. Do you think the prodigal, the emblem of a convert, durst have asked the robe, or desired his father to be at such cost for his entertainment as his father freely bestowed on him? No, sure; a room in the kitchen we see was as high as he durst ask, to be among the meanest servants in the house. Poor soul! he could not conceive he should have such a meeting with his father at first sight. A robe! he might rather look for a rope, at least a rod. A feast at his father's table! O unlooked for welcome! I doubt not but if any one had met him on his way, and told him that his father was resolved, as soon as he came, not to let him see his face, but immediately send him to bridewell, there to be whipped, and fed with bread and water for many months, and then perhaps he would at last look on him, and take him home, but in his starving condition this would have been good news to him. But as God had strange punishments for the wicked, so he hath strange expressions of love and mercy for sincere souls. He loves to outdo their highest expectations—kiss, robe, feast, all in one day, and that the first day of his return, when the memory of his outrageous wickednesses were fresh, and the offensive scent of his swill and swine, from which he was but newly come, hardly gone!

THE NECESSITY OF HOLINESS.

It was man's lost holiness Christ came to recover. It had not been an enterprise becoming the greatness

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and holiness of such a one as the Son of God to engage for, less than this. Both God and man, between whom Christ comes to negotiate, call for holiness: God's glory, man's happiness, neither of which can be attained, except holiness be restored to man. Not God's glory, who as he is glorious in the holiness of his own nature and works, so is he glorified by the holiness of his people's hearts and lives; were it possible, which is the height of all blasphemy but to think, that the holiness of God could be separated from any of his attributes or works, God himself would cease to be glorious, his sovereignty would degenerate into tyranny, his wisdom into craft, his justice into cruelty. Now the glory of all God's attributes and works resulting from his holiness in them all, it follows that then we glorify God, when we give him the glory of his holiness; and who but a holy creature will or can do that? While man stands under the power of sin, how can he give God the glory of that, which his own sinful nature makes him defy and hate God for? Had Christ's design therefore been to procure man a pardon, and not restore his lost holiness, he had been but a minister of sins; and instead of bringing glory to God, he had set sin in the throne, and only obtained a liberty for the creature to dishonour God without control. Again, man's happiness could not have been obtained without a recovery of his lost holiness. Man's happiness stands in his likeness to God, and fruition of God; he must have the first before he can enjoy the latter; he must be like God before God can take any pleasure in him; and God must take full content in man before he admits him to the enjoyment of himself; which that he may do, Christ undertakes to make his people holy, as God is holy.

BE READY FOR WHATEVER GOD SENDS.

Christian, suffering work may overtake thee suddenly, before thou art aware of it; therefore be ready shod. Sometimes orders come to soldiers for a sudden march; they have not so much as an hour's warning, but must be gone as soon as the drum beats. And so mayest thou be called out, Christian, before thou art aware, into the field, either to suffer for God or from God. Abraham had little time given him to deal with his heart, and persuade it into a compliance with God, for offering his son Isaac; a great trial and short warning—"Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac" (Gen. xxii. 2); not a year, a month, a week hence, but now! This was in the night, and Abraham is gone early in the morning. (Verse 3.) How would he have entertained this strange news, if he had been then to gain the consent of his heart? But that was not now to do; God had Abraham's heart already, and therefore he doth now dispute his order, but obeys. God can make a sudden alteration in thy private affairs, Christian. How couldst thou, in thy perfect strength and health, endure to hear the message of death, if God should, before any lingering sickness hath brought thee into some acquaintance with death, say no more, but, up and die, as once to Moses? Art thou shod for such a journey? couldst thou say, "Good is the word of the Lord?" What if in one day thou wast to step out of honour into disgrace, to be stript of thy silks and velvets, and in vile raiment called to act a beggar's part? couldst thou rejoice that thou art made low, and find thy heart ready to bless the Most High? This would speak thee a soul evangelically shod indeed. Again, God can as soon change the scene in the public affairs of the times thou livest in, as to the gospel and profession of it. May be now authority smiles on the Church of God, but within awhile it may frown, and the storm of persecution arise (Acts ix. 31): "Then had the Churches rest throughout all Judea." This was a blessed time; but how long did it last? Alas! not long (chapter xii.); there is sad news of a bloody persecution (verse 1): "About this time Herod the king stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the Church;" in which persecution, James, the brother of John, lost his life by his cruel sword; and Peter, in prison, like to go to the same shambles; and the Church driven into a corner to pray in the night together. (Verse 12.) O what a sad change is here! now in blood, who even now had rest on every side. It is observed that in islands the weather is far more variable and uncertain than in the continent; there you may know ordinarily what weather will be for a long time together; but in islands, in the morning we know not what weather will be before night; we have oftimes summer and winter in the same day, and all this is imputed to the near neighbourhood of the sea that surrounds them. The saints in heaven, they live, as I may say so, on the continent; a blessed constancy of peace and rest is there enjoyed. They may know by what peace and bliss they have at present, what they shall have to eternity; but here, below, the Church of Christ is as a floating island, compassed with the world (I mean, men of the world) as with a sea; and these sometimes blow hot, and sometimes cold; sometimes they are still and peaceable, and sometimes enraged and cruel; even as God binds up or lets loose their wrath. Now, Christian, doth it not behove thee to be always in readiness, when thou knowest not but the next moment the wind may turn into the cold corner; and the times which now favour the gospel, so as to fill the sails of thy profession with all encouragement, may on a sudden blow full on thy face, and oppose it as much as it did before countenance it?

FAITH OFTEN CLOUDED.

How many, alas! of the precious saints of God must we shut out from being believers, if there be no faith but what amounts to assurance! We must needs offend against the generation of God's children, among whom some are babes not yet come to the use of their reflex act of faith, so as to own the grace of God in them to be true, upon the review that they take of their own actings: and must not the child be allowed to be a child till he can speak of himself, and say he is so? Others there are in Christ's family who are of higher stature and greater experience in the ways of God, yet have lost those apprehensions of pardoning mercy which once they were (through the goodness of God) able to have shown. Shall we say their faith went away in the departure of their assurance? How often, then, in a year may a believer be no believer! even as often as God withdraws and leaves the creature in the dark. Assurance is like the sunflower, which opens with the day, and shuts with the night. It follows the motion of God's face: if that looks smilingly on the soul, it lives; if that frowns or hides itself, it dies. But faith is a plant that can grow in the shade—a grace that can find the way to heaven in a dark night. It can "walk in darkness, and yet trust in the name of the Lord." (Isa. l. 10.) In a word, by making the essence of faith to lie in assurance, we should not only offend against the generation of God's children, but against the God and Father of these children, for at one clap we turn the greater number of those children he hath here on earth out of doors; yea, we are cruel to those that he is most tender of, and make sad the hearts of those that he would have chiefly comforted. Indeed, if this were true, a great part of gospel provision laid up in the promises is of little use. We read of pro

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mises to those that mourn, "they shall be comforted;" to the contrite, "they shall be revived;" to him that walks in darkness (Isa. l.), and the like. These belong to believers, and none else; surely, then, there are some believers that are in the dark, under the hatches of sorrow, wounded and broken with their sins, and temptation for them, but they are not such as are assured of the love of God; their water is turned into joy, their night into light, their sighs and sobs into joy and praise.

PROMISES AND PRECEPTS GO TOGETHER.

Inquire in what posture thy heart stands to the word of command. The promise, may be, is sweet to thy palate; this thou rollest like a lump of sugar under thy tongue, but are not thy teeth set against the command, as if it were gall and wormwood? Thou smilest on the promise, but when put in mind of thy duty to the command, thy countenance is changed, and a frown sits on thy brow, as if God were some austere master that breaks his servants' backs with heavy burdens; and thou couldst wish, with all thy heart, that a dispensation might be procured for thee, to break now and then a command without forfeiting thy claim to the promise; but because that is not to be hoped for, thou art so kind to thyself as to give thyself leave to bow down to some idol of pleasure or profit that thou has set up in thy heart, and hopest God will be merciful to thee because it is only in this or that one way thou makest bold with him in. If this shoe fit thy foot, this be the true character of thy heart, which God forbid! thou hast no lot which belongs to thee in the lap of the promise. We have a comfortable promise (Ps. l. 15), but a guard is set about it, that no disobedient wretch should gather its sweet fruit (verse 16, 17): "But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant into thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my word behind thee?" On the other hand, if thou canst in truth say, that it is not the holy command thou art offended with, but with thyself, because thou canst not obey it perfectly; that it is not grievous for thee to keep, but to break the laws of God; and though thy foot too often slips, yet thy heart cleaves to them, and will not let thee lie where thou fallest; but up thou gettest to mend thy pace, and mind thy steps better; know, poor soul, this sincere respect thou hast to the commandment is a most comfortable evidence for thy true title to the promise. When David was able to vouch his love to the command, he did not question his title to the promise (Ps. cxix. 113)—there he asserts his sincere affection to the precepts—"I hate vain thoughts, but thy law do I love." Mark, he doth not say he is free from vain thoughts; but he hates them—he likes their company no better than a pack of thieves that break into his house. Neither saith he that he fully kept the law; but he loved the law, even when he failed of exacting obedience to it. Now, from this testimony which his conscience brought in for his love to the law, his faith acts clearly and strongly on the promise in the next words—"Thou art my hiding-place, and my shield; I hope in thy word. (Verse 114.)

WANDERING PRAYERS.

A cause of wandering thoughts in prayer, is a dead and inactive heart. If the affections be once down, then the Christian is as a city whose wall is broken; there is no keeping then the thoughts in, or Satan out. The soul is an active creature; either it must be employed by us, or it will employ us. Like our poor, find them work, and they will keep at home; but let them want it, and you will see them roving and begging all over the country. The affections are as the master-workmen, which set our thoughts on work. Love entertains the soul with pleasant and delightful thoughts on its beloved object; grief commands the soul to muse with sorrowful thoughts on its trouble: so that, Christian, as long as thy heart bleeds in the sense of sin, they will have no leisure, when thou art confessing sin, to wander; if thy desires be lively, and flame forth in thy petitions with a holy zeal for the graces and mercies prayed for, this will be as a wall of fire to keep thy thoughts at home. The lazy prayer is the roving prayer. When Israel talked of travelling three days' journey in the wilderness, Pharaoh said, "Ye are idle; ye are idle; therefore, ye say, Let us go." As if he had said, Surely they have little to do, or else they would not think of gadding; and, therefore, to cure them of this, he commanded more work to be given. (Exod. iii. 17, 18.) We may truly say thus of our wandering hearts, they are idle: we pray, but our affections are dead and dull. The heart hath little to do in the duty, only to speak or read a few words, which is so easy that a man may do it, and spare whole troops of his thoughts to be employed elsewhere at the same time. But now, when the affections are up, melting into sorrow, in the confession of sin, sallying forth with holy panting and breathing in its supplications, truly this fixeth the thoughts. The soul can no more be in two places together, than the body.

THE CHILDLIKE PRAYER.

O! thank our good friend and brother, the Lord Jesus Christ; it is he that brings us into the presence of God, and sets us before his face, as Joseph his brethren before Pharaoh. Whose face need a saint fear to look upon, that may thus boldly speak to God? Comfort thyself with this, when thou goest with thy petition to any great man on earth, and he will not be seen of thee, or such a rich kinsman, and he will not own thee; turn thy back on them both, and go to thy God—he will look on thee, and in his Son own thee for his child; thou hast his ear who can command their heart and purse too. Jacob's prayer so altered his brother's purposes, that he, who meant to kill him, falls on his neck to kiss him. Nehemiah had a boon to beg of the Persian king, and he goes, a carnal heart would think, the farthest way about to obtain it; he knocks first at heaven's door—"Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man" (Neh. i. 11); and now to court he goes, where, behold, he finds the door open before he knocks for the "king saith unto him, For what dost thou make request?" (Chapter ii. 4.) We may open two doors with this one key; at the prayer of this holy man, God and man both give their gracious answer. The Christian surely cannot long be in want, if he can but pray: as one said, the pope could never want money so long as he could hold a pen in his hand. It is but praying in faith, and the thing is done which the Christian would have: "Be careful for nothing, but let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God shall keep your hearts," &c. (Phil. iv. 6, 7.) "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass." (Ps. xxxvii. 5.) The saint's bills are received at first sight, whatever the sum is. Christ is our undertaker to see it paid, and his credit holds still in his Father's bosom, and will, to procure welcome for all his saints that shall be found on earth. Those who are unacquainted with this duty cannot be recognised as saints. What! a saint! and content with what thou hast of God in joint communion with others, so as

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never to desire any privacy between God and thyself? Canst thou find no errand to invite thee to speak with God alone? Thou bringest thy saintship into question. When a prince passeth by, then all will come in a throng to see him; but his child thinks not this enough, but goes home with him, must live with him, and be under his eye daily. Hypocrites and profane ones will crowd into public ordinances, but a gracious soul cannot live without more retired converse with him.

"HE WON'T BUY IT: HE'S READING THE BIBLE."

I WAS sitting, near the close of the day, in the parlour of ——'s hotel, when in came a couple of bright, intelligent-looking *news-boys*, one with the evening newspapers, and the other with an armful of pamphlets, romances, and novels.

They had passed round the room, making, and endeavouring to make, sales, and were just about leaving, when the one with pamphlets turned to address a person not yet approached, and who was sitting by himself reading, at the end of the table Prompt to his object, the boy had drawn out from his bundle one or two red and yellow covered pamphlets, and was just going from his companion to the stranger, when the former caught him by the arm, and in a quick, low tone, and yet loud enough to be heard, said, "Come along, Jim; *he* won't buy *them*—he's reading the Bible." This seemed conclusive to the boy addressed. He stopped, cast a rapid glance at the gentleman, as if to be sure it *was* a Bible he was reading, and then, as soon as convinced, put up his pamphlets, and walked out of the room, evidently and fully satisfied that his intended sale was hopeless.

As the boys walked away I could not but think that *Bible*-readers are not the most likely novel-readers.

THE SALVATION OF ONE SOUL.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES, in the Preface to his admirable book, "An Earnest Ministry," makes this observation, which we transcribe in sight of every reader.

"There is a time coming in every man's history when the knowledge of having been the instrument to pluck a single brand from the eternal burning, will yield more real satisfaction than the certainty of having accomplished the loftiest objects of literary ambition."

The remark is specifically designed for the ministry, but it is pertinent to every member of human society. It has a truth in it that should dwell in every heart, and rouse to energy and zeal. The fact is that no man lives without influence; and there is none so poor, so lowly, so obscure, as to be unable to do something for the salvation of men. What is the honour of men compared to the joy of saving a soul from death! "Oh," said an eloquent preacher, who loved the souls of men far more than their praise, though of this he had much, "God knows I do not want their applause—I want their salvation."

"The time coming" to which Mr James alludes may be the hour of death, or of judgment, or away in eternity, but it will come, and the truth of his remark will be felt by us all.

WHAT IS LIFE?

THE mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth—to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hardship that forces us to struggle—the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.—*Anon.*

REPROOF TO THE SWEARERS.

IT is related of the venerable Dr Matthews, late President of Hanover College, that on one occasion, as he was walking near the college with his slow and noiseless step, a youth who had not observed his approach, while engaged in cutting wood, began to swear profanely, in his vexation. The Doctor stepped up and said, "Give me the axe;" and then quietly chopped the stick of wood up himself. Returning the axe to the young man, he said in his peculiar manner, "You see now the wood may be cut without swearing." The reproof was effectual, and led to an entire abandonment of the impious habit.

MEN OF HOT HEARTS.

(FOR MINISTERS AND STUDENTS.)

"WE want men of *hot hearts* to tell of the love of Christ," said a converted Chinese. It is as true in Britain as in China, that such men are needed. But is there not a fearful deficiency among us of such hearts? Are there not cold hearts in great numbers of the pulpits every Sabbath? Of many preachers, it may be affirmed they are cold, cold, very cold. A mere round of services in the sanctuary does not meet the wants of the hearers. They need to be aroused, and must be, by the preacher, or they will sleep. He that enters the pulpit at this day depending on his audience for inspiration, will be a dull preacher. Christ's ambassadors should present themselves before the people prepared to create an interest. The sanctuary ought to be known as the place where men are made to *feel*. Give us light—give us also heat. Enough, and more than enough have we had of that preaching which is as cold as moonbeams.

To secure the hot hearts needed, it is in vain to visit Germany or any other foreign country. These hearts cannot be obtained by speculations on "*new divinity*." Nor will the arts of logic and rhetoric produce them; God alone can give them, and ministers must seek to him for them. Sailing around the earth, exploring foreign lands, gaining acquaintance with the wisdom of other climes and ages, seeking the highest accomplishments afforded by science and literature, are all well in their place; but preachers of the gospel should know that the duty assigned to

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them by the King of Zion, is so to unfold the gospel that multitudes shall be saved. For this end they must have *hot hearts.*

A GOOD ANSWER.

THE doctrine of the perseverence of the saints is often abused. Common sense, however, will sometimes sweep away the sophisms of Antinomianism, and leave it without any disguise for its ruinous absurdity. An instance of this we recently heard of. A man who had been a professor of religion was in a very backsliding state, to say the least of it. He was approached by a minister, who endeavoured to awaken him to a sense of danger, and arouse him to efforts such as his case demanded.

"I cannot believe," the man replied, "that I never have known the grace of God. It is impossible that I can have been deceived in my former feelings. And I am very well assured that the work which God has begun, he will carry on till the day of the Lord Jesus." Here he rested, and seemed perfectly contented to abide in his backslidden condition, supporting himself by his misquotation of Scripture.

The minister listened to him patiently, until he had finished, and then replied—

"Yes, I know very well that where God commences a work of grace in the heart, he will carry it on. This is what makes me fear for you. In your case the work is not carried on; it has stopped. I cannot believe, therefore, that God ever began it. You must certainly be deceived."

The man was silent, and appeared moved. At length he frankly confessed that this was a death blow to the false hope on which he had been depending.

STRANGE THINGS, IF TRUE.

IN a certain church, it is said, there are some parents who have solemnly vowed before God that they would pray with and for their children, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, yet have no family altar—are not known even by their children to have any time for secret prayer—and habitually leave the religious teaching of their children entirely to strangers.

There are others, it is reported, to whom God has said, "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors;" and also, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools," who nevertheless do not regularly attend the house of prayer at all, or if they do, are late in their attendance, and largely occupied in gazing around, rather than devoutly seeking the preparation of the heart for an interview with God in his holy place.

There are others, it is reported, who though God often says to them, "Freely ye have received, freely give"—"It is more blessed to give than it is to receive"—"The liberal soul shall be made fat," &c. &c., yet bestow the very smallest coin, and very little of that, in collection gifts, even when help is asked to break bread to the poor, send the gospel to the heathen, and to do good unto all, as divine Providence gives opportunity.

There are some others, it is said, who are deferring to a future time the discharge of solemn duties which they are conscious are owed to themselves, to their children, to their perishing race, and, above all, to the Saviour, whose name they profess; and all this when God is continually saying to them, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth"—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might"—"Watch"—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Reader, are these things reported truly of you?

AVARICE A DESTROYER.

I TELL you, these devout misers are the reproach of Christianity: they are wens and spots in the face of religion. I remember Ælian, in his History, reports, that in India there is a griffin having four feet and wings, his bill like the eagle's. It is hard whether to rank him among the beasts or the fowls. So I may say of penurious votaries; they have the wings of profession, by which they seem to fly to heaven, but the feet of beasts, walking on the earth, and even licking the dust. It it hard where to rank these, whether among the godly or the wicked. Oh! take heed, that seeing your religion will not destroy your covetousness, at last your covetousness doth not destroy your religion. The fabulist tells a story of the hedgehog that came to the coney-burrows in stormy weather and desired harbour, promising that he would be a quiet guest; but when once he had gotten entertainment he did set up his prickles, and never left them till he had thrust the poor conies out of their burrows: so covetousness, though it hath many fair pleas to insinuate, and wind itself into the heart, yet as soon as you have let it in, this thorn will never leave pricking till it hath choked all good beginnings, and thrust all religion out of your hearts.—*Watson.*

RESIGNATION AND SUBMISSION.

IT is one thing to be *resigned* to God's will, and quite another thing sometimes to *submit.* A young man once said, in answer to the inquiry, "Are you willing to die?" "*Yes, I suppose I must.*" He would submit because resistance was useless. He surrendered to superior power, but there was no resignation.

"*Not my will, but thine be done,*" is the breath of the spirit that is resigned to the higher dispensation that requires us to yield; and he who has the heart to say it will taste the sweetness there is in having no will that rises up against that of infinite wisdom and love.

Your child is laid on a bed of sickness, and disease is wasting him slowly but surely, and you *feel* that he must die. So long as there was hope in his case, you were almost sure that he would live, while others were afraid he would die. Then you did not search your own heart to see if you were *resigned* to the dispensation that was hanging over you. But now that death is at hand, and you see him mirrored in the glassy eye of your dying child, you begin to examine yourself with reference to the bitter cup that is pressed to your lips. Are you willing to drink it? Say *no*, and its bitterness grows more bitter, and the cup must be drained to the dregs. There is no taste of sweetness in the mixture that is given you to drink. Say *no*, and the darkness of the night of trial grows blackers. The face of your Father is hid in the clouds, and the gloom of abandonment settles on your sinking soul. Say *no*, and

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the voice of your Father sounds harshly as he calls away your little one, and you feel that he is chastening you in displeasure. It is bitter to be afflicted when you are not resigned.

Say *yes*, and feel it, and you shall know how good and gracious God can be, even when his hand is pressing the most heavily. You shall taste the sweetness of grief which reveals the love of Him who wounds that he may heal, and takes away that he may restore fourfold. Say *yes*, and He will unfold the mysteries of his providence and grace, and you shall see that heaven is brighter and earth is better, and your soul is fitter for both, because God has tried you in the furnace of his sovereign will. Say *yes*, and the blessedness of *resignation* shall be felt in its life-giving power, so that even if you are more deeply afflicted, and the desire of your eyes is indeed taken from your sight, you shall say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

SUPERINTENDING PROVIDENCE.

THE following illustration of the watchful care and providence of God, is extracted from a letter written by William Cowper, to his friend William Unwin.

"We are glad that you are safe at home again. Could we see at one glance of the eye what is passing every day upon all the roads—how many are terrified and hurt, how many plundered and abused—we should indeed find reason enough to be thankful for journeys performed in safety, and for deliverance from dangers we are not perhaps permitted to see. When in some of the high southern latitudes, and in a dark tempestuous night, a flash of lightning discovered to Captain Cook a vessel which glanced along close to his side, and which but for the lightning, he must have run foul of, both the danger and the transient light that showed it, were undoubtedly designed to convey to him this wholesome instruction, 'That a particular providence attended him and that he was not only preserved from evils of which he had notice, but from many more of which he had no information, or even the least suspicion.' What unlikely contingencies may, nevertheless, take place! How improbable that two ships should dash against each other in the midst of the vast Pacific Ocean, and that, steering contrary courses from parts of the world so immensely distant from each other, they should yet move so exactly in a line as to clash, fill, and go to the bottom, in a sea where all the ships in the world might be so dispersed as that none could see another! Yet this must have happened but for the remarkable interference which he has recorded. The same providence indeed might as easily have conducted them so wide of each other, that they should never have met at all: but then this lesson would have been lost; at least the heroic voyager would have encompassed the globe without having had occasion to relate an incident that so naturally suggests it."

LIBERALITY OF CONVERTS FROM HEATHENISM.

IN the annual report of the London Missionary Society, for the present year, we have an interesting fact connected with the Christian liberality of the converts to the faith. It is stated, that for the last seven years, the amount of contributions raised at the several mission stations towards their own support, has exceeded £15,000 annually; *being nearly one-fifth part of the Society's income.*

Fragments.

This is the Christian's comfort, that though he have a faithless and unruly heart, yet he hath a faithful God, who hath the ruling of it.

Though the best of men (they being at the best but unprofitable servants), deserve nothing at the hand of God; yet they may deserve much at the hands of men; and if they have not the recompense which they deserve, yet 'tis a kind of recompense to have deserved. As he said, and nobly, I had rather it should be said, Why doth not Cato's image stand here? than that it should be said, Why doth it stand here?

We are then truly afflicted for sin, when 'tis more for displeasing God, than for the displeasure of God; more that he is displeased by us, than that he is displeased with us.

The best arguments that we can use with Christ, are to tell him—1*st*, That we whom he loveth are sick; 2*d*, That we are sick of love for him.

To sigh and grieve for sin we cannot do,
Is to come short and yet to do it too.

Think of death as a thing thou must meet with, and of life as a thing thou must part with; and therefore not to love that life too well, that keeps thee (if a saint) from a better, nor at all to fear that death that leads thee to a better life.

God suffers a Christian to be wronged, that he may exercise his patience, and commands a Christian to forgive the wrong, that he may exercise his charity; so that a wrong done him, may do him a double courtesy. Thus evil works together for our good.

God doth not at any time put off his people, because he is not in a capacity to give; but doth many times put them off, because they are not in a capacity to receive mercy.

Though we may pray God to glorify himself in our deliverance, yet we would not pray to be delivered, unless God be glorified.

They are most highly descended, who are born from above.

It is one of the worst of errors, that there is another path of safety besides that of *duty*.

The man who lives in vain, lives *worse* than in vain. He who lives to *no* purpose, lives to a *bad* purpose.

The danger of the impenitent is regularly and rapidly increasing, as his who is in the midst of a burning building, or under the power of a fatal disease.

How many indulge a hope which they dare not examine!

If the mere delay of hope—hope deferred—makes one heart sick, what will the death of hope—its final and total disappointment—despair—do to it?

The *brightest blaze of intelligence* is of incalculably less value than the *smallest spark of charity*.

Some never begin to pray till God has ceased to hear.

NOTE TO THE READER. Owing to the absence of the Editor from town, several mistakes have occurred in the last two numbers—chiefly the insertion of the articles "Examples of Earnestness," and "Ebenezer Erskine," without acknowledgment of the former, as taken from Mr James' work, entitled "the Church in Earnest," and of the latter, as taken from the "Historical Sketch of the Origin of the Secession Church," by the Rev. Andrew Thomson.

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"WALKING WITH GOD."

A Sermon.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MACDONALD, A.M., CALCUTTA.*

"Enoch walked with God."—GENESIS v. 24.

THE attitude of a Christian should ever be that of observation. As the eyes of a servant are to his master, or of a child to his father, so ought the believer to have his faith directed to his God. He should especially seat himself under the vast heaven of providence, and with the glass of the Word sweep the whole canopy of events and providential movements; for these are fulfilments of God's will, and rich discoveries of his relative character, to the children of men.

Those of you, who are thus minded, we invite to turn aside with us for a little, to behold by faith one wonderful movement of the divine arm, which took place nearly five thousand years ago; when one bright luminary in the patriarchal firmament suddenly disappeared from man's vision, and re-appeared, as quickly, in the presence of the angels of glory. Behold your Lord, by an extraordinary and sovereign act, snatching from this sinful, mortal world, Enoch his servant; divesting him, by an immediate process, of all corruption and mortality, transporting him to his kingdom of glory, and there setting him as his first crown-jewel, perfected from amongst men, in soul and body, for eternity. Such singular procedure was only once again repeated, in the case of Elijah, the great prophetic reformer of Israel; surely, then, there is something worthy of note in this, the prior of the solitary two cases of deathless translation.

Now, what was the *character* of this man, Enoch, whom God delighted so to honour, and in whose translation he gave so clear a manifestation of what that is which God most loves, and which he will have near to him in heaven? That character is simply described in these few words, "*Enoch walked with God.*" This was that which pleased God so—never was a biography written like this—"Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him." If the Christian can have an object of envy, it must be such a character as that, and such an end, though in another form.

That which we know to be good and pleasing in the sight of God, it forthwith becomes our duty to seek after and practice with all our might; even as our Lord Jesus Christ says, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them;" and as also his blessed apostle says, "These things write we unto you, that your fellowship may be with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Let us then direct New Testament light to this Old Testament fact and statement; especially as we find that light concentrated on this very case in Hebrews xi. 5, 6; and may the Lord the Spirit enlighten us!

I. The first idea that strikes us on this subject is, that if Enoch walked with God, then must he have been *reconciled* to God, and God to him. Reconciliation is essential to a godly life. God and man are at variance on account of sin: man hates the holy character of God; and God hates man's unholy character. God is angry with man's sin; and man is angry with God on this account. The sentence of eternal death is upon man for his rebellion, and hatred, and anger towards his Lord; and the sinner contends against this sentence of justice unto death; and so sinks deeper and deeper under the curse. Such was the original condition of Enoch, and of every saint now in heaven, as well as of every believer now existing on earth.

How is this variance removed? How is reconciliation effected? How shall God's anger be removed, the sentence of death be executed, the curse cancelled, the enmity of the sinner be slain, and himself be justified? The world groans for an answer, but can find none from all her children; therefore, the world, being unreconciled, cannot walk with God.

But the gospel tells us—"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses." In the cross, or sacrificial death of Christ, the enmity is slain, and peace is made. In the sacrifice of Christ the evil of sin is seen, and its guilt punished; the character of God as a sovereign honoured, and the authority of his law magnified, in the sentence of death fulfilled, and in the curse fully executed: so that God may now righteously and graciously forgive whom he pleases, and reconcile to himself the guiltiest of Adam's

* From "the Pastor's Memorial."

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race. In this cross of Christ, too, man sees displayed infinitely the love of God, and the loveliness of his character; and, being humbled in the dust on account of his own vileness and enmity, seeks reconciliation with his blessed and beloved Sovereign. Finding the way open, and hearing the invitation, "Be ye reconciled," he enters in and finds peace for his soul. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and by him we have access also to this grace wherein we stand." The first promise, and the ordinance of sacrifice, were the avenues by which Enoch entered into a state of reconciliation with his God; and by the gospel of the grace of the Lord must we now become the "friends of God," so that we may walk with him in all godliness of life. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound! They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance: In thy name shall they rejoice all the day; and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted."

II. *Renewal* of spirit in man must also be understood as necessary in order to walking with God, and as implied in such an exercise. As a fallen being, man is the very opposite of God, instead of being his image as at first. There is no congeniality of spirit, no oneness of mind between them. God is sovereign, but man is rebellious; God is spiritual, but man is carnal; God is holy and righteous, but man is unholy and unrighteous; God is light, but man is darkness; God is love, but man is hatred. How can parties, so different in character, ever walk together in real unity of mind, even if a reconciled relationship were established? It cannot be, without a change in one of the parties. But God cannot change—he is good and unchangeably perfect. Man, then, must be changed, in order to correspond with his Lord. But how shall he be changed in his inward nature? How shall he become a new creature? How shall he be born when he is old? Again the world groans for an answer; but in vain—her sons cannot solve the problem; therefore the world unrenewed cannot walk with her God. But in the gospel it is said, that a man shall be "born again of the Spirit," and so shall he "enter into the kingdom of God." By the regenerating work of the Holy Ghost, a man becomes "partaker of a divine nature:" being "born of the flesh, he is flesh;" but, "being born of the Spirit, he is spirit," or becomes like the Holy Spirit. The life of God is in him, like a fountain of living water. His understanding is enlightened, so that he knows his Lord—his heart is renewed, so that he loves his Lord—his conscience is purified, so that he waits upon his Lord. He is thus in a capacity for walking with God in spirit and in truth: reconciled in state, and conformed in nature, the foundation of a blessed union is laid; and as regeneration grows up into full sanctification, and grace advances towards glory, so does the soul draw nearer to its God. Inward and sore conflicts there are with indwelling sin; and outward and painful trials there are, for the Lord's sake: but all these only send the believer more into the presence of his God, and make him more meet for dwelling with him for evermore. Thus was Enoch sanctified and ripened for heaven. That Spirit who ministered in the patriarchal world—who strove with sinners before the flood, until in anger he left them—worked effectually in him then, and has continued his gracious ministration in all saints to this day: and, it is just in proportion as we walk in the Spirit that we shall walk with God. Let us remember and hold fast this precious promise, "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God." (Ezek. xxxvi. 27, 28.)

III. In order to "walking with God," it is needful that we be possessed of *faith*. God is a Spirit invisible to the flesh; therefore, in order to commune with him, we must have some corresponding spiritual power, and some corresponding and spiritual medium of sight. That medium is divine truth, however it may be revealed; it is light to the soul, in which God is manifested. The power by which we see is faith: for it is the reception of light from the word, and the apprehension, in their true nature, of the objects set forth. "Faith is the substance (or confidence) of things hoped for; the evidence (or conviction) of things not seen." This faith Enoch had: for it is written, "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death, and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him." (Heb. xi. 5, 6.) Such faith must we have. Testimony being to faith what light is to the eye, we must see God revealed in his Word, as we see the sun revealed in his own rays; and so may we walk in the brightness of his face. Enoch saw God revealed in the promise, and in sacrifice; and on him so

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seen, he firmly believed. No image made by hands, no imagination of the mind, can take the place of faith. When the gospel of Christ comes in word to us, and the Holy Spirit comes with power within us, then do we meet with "God in Christ reconciling us to himself." True faith never rests in the mere word, even as the eye rests not in the light; it passes on to the substantial object revealed in the truth, and terminates there its exercise. Such is the living faith of a true saint. It converses substantially with its objects according to their true nature; and walks with God according to his varied manifestations. When faith beholds him in his glory, *Humility* falls down at his feet and worships him: *Zeal* bows his head clad in armour, and says, "Lord, here am I, send me:" *Hope* fixes her pure eye on his everlasting throne, and whispers, "He is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever!" *Joy* takes up his harp of grace, and sings, "Upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God!" *Sorrow* wipes her dewy cheek, and adds in plaintive voice, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, thy God!" *Patience* takes up his cross, girds up his loins, saying, "Thou doest all things well!" and *Love*, with fixed unwavering gaze, silently drinks in the divine glory, and unconsciously shines, reflecting, like Stephen's face, the lustre of the heavenly throne. Oh let us seek such faith as this! Let us seek the power of faith from the Spirit; the medium of it from the gospel; the object of it in our God and Father; and the end of it in the salvation of our souls by Jesus Christ. "Lord, increase our faith!"

IV. *Personal communion with God* is certainly involved in "walking with him." This, naturally springs out of that living faith, of which we have just spoken, and is in fact the "life of faith" in exercise. When the apostle John describes the chief privilege of believers, he says, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." Who can read over the Book of Psalms without observing how it overflows with such communion? And who can study the Epistles without seeing that communion with the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, constitute the joy and glory of a saint's life in this world? There is a mutual acquaintance between the Lord and his people. "He knoweth them who are his," and "they know him in whom they believe." There is a mutual communication of mind between them; they make known their wants and requests unto him, and he reveals himself to them as their Father, Redeemer, and Comforter. There is reciprocity of action, in giving and receiving. The Lord gives himself to them as their covenant God, and they give themselves to him as his covenant people. The souls of the saints of God are affected by a sense of his presence or absence, his smile or his frown, his favour or displeasure. They "seek him"—they "thirst for him"—they "faint for him"—they "cry out for him"—and he is "found of them." "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, then my heart said, Lord, thy face will I seek!" In prayer they speak to God; in his Word, they hear him; in his Sabbaths, they rest with him; in his sacraments, they taste and handle the pledges of his love; in meditation, they walk in his secret chamber; in worship, they are openly with him in his courts. God's people go forth to meet him in the dispensations of his providence; sometimes lifting up their faces for joy in the bright sunshine; sometimes covering their heads for sorrow and shame; sometimes he taketh them up into his chariot for a little while in triumph; at other times they lie with their faces in the dust, whilst he passeth by. In the discharge of duty, saints seek communion with their Lord. They desire to have him ever, as their witness and their helper, yea, as the supreme end of their activity, present with them. They would make their own business the Lord's service, and so would they commune with him in all the common and constant details of life. This is the triumph, this is the crown of godliness, in this world. Blessed is the man who thus "walketh up and down" (for so the word is) "with his God!" Men may, and men do deny that there is any such divine fellowship; but the Christian, holding the Bible in his hand, can return the sigh of compassion for the smile of scorn. "Poor men," saith he, "they are blind, and therefore they say there is no sun, and that we have no communion with his rays! Lord, grant them their sight—then shall they see the sun, and their fellowship shall be with us!" Let us seek such personal communion with God, and we shall then understand the benediction which saith, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all, for evermore!"

V. *Separation from an evil world* must evidently arise out of a life of communion with God. Enoch was distinguished and separated from the men of his day by his holy walk. He stood alone, as an oak in the midst of the tem-

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pest, as a rock amidst the raging of the sea. He was a witness for God against the world; and he constantly rebuked the rampant ungodliness by which he was surrounded. It is vain to think that we can walk with God and with the world too. We must separate ourselves from the world's principle, for it is pride; we must separate from its practice, for it is rebellion; we must separate from its profession, for it is hypocrisy; we must separate from its actuating end, for it is selfishness; we must shine as lights, making manifest the evil that is around us—bearing testimony for God, and against sinners, even unto the death—despising the world's censure as dross, and counting its reproach as the dust under our feet. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God," are the words of the divine Spirit; also is it written, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The world hates the character and the law of God, in proportion as these are made manifest, or brought into contact with its pleasures or pursuits. It hates, therefore, the people of Christ in proportion to their holiness or conformity to him. Oh, let us separate ourselves from such a world, save to do it good! and let us remember, that they who live with the world must also die with it, and share its doom for ever! The grand test of separation is in adherence to God's authority, and God's grace; these two things, sinful men cannot endure in practice; and if we abide in these stedfastly, we shall soon find that the world itself declares of us that we belong not to it. Let us never forget that description of true saints, embodied in Christ's intercessory prayer—"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." They of whom this cannot truly be said, have no place in Christ's intercession, and if so, who shall bless them!

VI. Lastly. *Patient continuance unto the end* is included in Enoch's walking with God; for it was only interrupted by his passage to glory. They who truly walk with God will not be deterred by obstacles; for, "greater is he that is with them than all who can be against them." They will not be deterred by conscious weakness; for God's "strength is made perfect in weakness." They will not be afraid of the world, for Christ hath said, "Fear not, I have overcome the world!" Indwelling sin shall not prevail to destroy them; for it is written, "sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace!" In tribulation they shall be found glorying; because it "worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope!" The Spirit of God dwelling within them, and the Son of God interceding for them, and the fatherly love of God resting on them, according to the eternal covenant, they are thus kept "through faith unto salvation." Their duty is to walk in this their privilege even to the end. Enoch, whilst walking with God from day to day, was suddenly removed into glory. So shall it be with the saints of the Lord now. Some day, when groaning under the evils of life, it may be, ye shall receive a summons in your mortal bodies, to depart and "be with the Lord for ever." Then shall ye see Enoch; and, above all, ye shall see Enoch's God. Blessed are the people whom the Lord when he comes shall find waiting for him: they shall enter into the joy of their Lord!

Are there *saints* before me at this time? To you I say, happy are ye, however few and despised by the world. Go on, and fear no evil. Walk ye in reconciliation with God, through the constant reception and sprinkling of the precious blood of Christ. Walk in conformity of mind, by a constant submission of yourselves to the blessed Spirit of grace. Walk in lively faith of the divine testimony. Walk in personal communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; carrying on spiritual and heavenly communion—"praying without ceasing." Walk in non-conformity to the world;—whilst in it, be not of it; adhere to the Lord's word, grace, and cause always. Walk also in patience, "in all things giving thanks," and "casting all your cares upon the Lord, knowing that he careth for you." As you value your soul's salvation, the honour of your Lord and Saviour, and the good of your fellow-men—as you would value a holy and useful life, or a blessed and glorious eternity—as ye would be Christians indeed, and be found accepted at the coming of your Lord—let me beseech you to walk closely with your God. At last ye shall hear a voice say, "Come up hither!" and when ye are gone up, men will say of you too, in your measure, "These walked with God amongst us; and now, they are not: for he hath taken them! Arise, let *us* follow them!"

Men of the world! God, for whom I speak, knoweth you; and he knoweth all the secrets of your hearts toward himself. Ye do not walk with him, nor seek ye to do so. Self is your god—and according to your own course ye walk. Unreconciled through the blood of Christ, and unrenewed in the spirit of your minds, ye have no living faith in the living God. Ye make him to be an infinite shadow,

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and his Son to be an incarnate creed. No communion seek ye with the Father of your spirits —but ye love his enemies, and ye rejoice in the company of hypocrites, apostates, Sabbath-breakers, fornicators, swearers, and infidels. The very idea of walking with God is a mystery to you, or else a nonentity. Now we beseech you to reflect—to repent—to turn from this most unnatural state of estrangement from God. In his name, and by his authority, we beseech you, "be ye reconciled to him!" Behold the cross, the symbol of peace—the meeting-place of souls for pardon—the starting-point of walking with God; behold that cross revealed to you! for we preach to you "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Come, be reconciled. Lay down your enmity, and take up divine friendship. Lay down your guilt, and take up a free pardon. Lay down the flesh, and take up the spirit. Lay down sight, and take up faith. Lay down the world, and take up heaven. Lay down your self-righteous works, and take up grace. Lay down sin, and take up salvation. Lay down time, and take up eternity. Lay down care, and take up peace. Lay down sorrow and despair, and take up joy and hope. Lay down all evil, and take up all good. All, all this is free to you, at the cross of Christ! You are welcome, you are invited, you are besought, you are commanded to do all this, freely, "without money and without price." Arise, then, O my fellow-sinners, arise! Seek ye the Lord whilst he may be found, and walk and commune with him; and be ye followers of them who through faith and patience do now inherit the promises, and are with Enoch in heavenly glory!

THE IRISH CONVERT.

(*From Charlotte Elizabeth's "Chapters on Flowers."*)

About four years and a-half ago I was invited by a young friend of noble family to accompany him into his favourite haunt—St Giles'. The transition was certainly calculated to strike any mind with double effect; for we left a splendid mansion, in one of the great squares in the extreme west, where all was princely within, and a bright sunshine flashing, as we passed into the street, from the gay equipages that rolled along, and walked towards Bloomsbury beneath gathering clouds, which, just as we approached the confines of the Irish district, descended on us in a drizzling rain, more uncomfortable than a smart shower would have been. Those, and those alone, who have trode the mazes of St Giles', can conceive the effect produced on my feelings, when I found myself within its narrow streets, bordered with their dreary-looking tenements, every fourth or fifth step bringing me on the verge of an abrupt flight of almost perpendicular stairs, terminating in a low-roofed cellar, the abode of as many squalid outcasts as could congregate within its walls; while above, wretchedness, vice, and desperation, looked out, in all their forms, from windows, or rather window-frames, where the little glass that remained seemed but a receptacle for all the filth that could accumulate upon it. There is at this day, in some of those streets, what may be called an improvement, compared with their aspect four years ago; but strong must be the nerves, or most obdurate the feelings of him who, even now, could pace these dreadful haunts of misery and crime without a shuddering wish to be again beyond their boundary. To me the scene was not new; but I had rarely ventured far into it; and it was with a heavy depression of spirits that I followed closely the steps of my conductor, where two could not find space to walk abreast. The state of the pavement, even in fine weather, defies the most circumspect to escape defilement, from the mixture of every thing that can render it unclean; and the effect of a shower is any thing but purifying in those regions. St Giles', enveloped in a drizzling mist, immediately after B—— Square in the sunshine! Who can describe it?

At length my friend paused, and, to my no small dismay, conducted me into what was evidently a dram-shop of the lowest character. Before the door were assembled some half-dozen of ragged wild-looking young men, engaged in a gambling speculation at pitch-and-toss, evidently with excited passions, which found vent in imprecations uttered in Irish, with an occasional kick or blow. The faces that laughed upon me, from within the low, wide, well-glazed windows, were yet more appalling to my sight. but I was ashamed to draw back—M. had told me that we were to convey relief to a suffering child of God; and on such a mission, to a sick, persecuted convert from Popery too, we might reckon on whatever discouragement the enemy could be permitted to cast across our path. We walked hastily through a long passage, leaving the tap-room on our left, and mounted some wide stairs; then turned to a narrower flight, half-way up which, all being dark, M. tapped at a side-door. It was opened by a woman of no very prepossessing countenance, although her manner displayed the excess of servility and adulation. M. passed her, advancing to a low bedstead, where lay an old man, whose noble expansion of forehead and singularly fine countenance attracted me at once; but when he put forth his hands, to clasp that of his benefactor, I drew back with horror from a spectacle such as I never before or since beheld. The old man had suffered from rheumatism in so dreadful a degree, that the last joint of each finger was reversed, or bent backward, so as to make the ends stand out in a most frightful manner, the second or middle joint being as firmly fixed in a crooked position, as though the fingers were made of metal: the thumbs also turned back. A pair of large bony hands thus formed, or rather deformed, and stretched out to seize between them the hand of another person, was really a terrific spectacle to one who had never be-

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held such a thing; and I became so nervous, that M. covered them with a portion of the scanty bed-clothes.

The room was perfectly bare, save of an old chest, a broken chair and a stool, an iron pot for potatoes, and a basin and a plate. It was perfectly clean, nevertheless, and recently white-washed, which gave it a more comfortable appearance than most of the abodes in that place. My attention, however, was soon so completely engrossed by O'Neill's discourse, that I had little leisure for other remarks. He was aged; but when raised in his bed, I thought I never had beheld a more imposing countenance and manner; there was much of genuine dignity, and consciousness of former respectability in station, and superior mental endowment; much information; a flow of well-chosen language, and sometimes a touching allusion to his destitute state, as having proceeded from the death of an only and affectionate son, who had contributed largely to his support. But the one subject on which O'Neill shone out with striking lustre was the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was not the studied language of a man who can speak well on a subject whereon he has thought much—it was the overflow of a full heart, which had felt much. His utter abhorrence of himself, as a lost sinner; his unqualified and shuddering renunciation of all the merit-mongering work of Popery; his fervent, passionate appeals, with uplifted eyes and streaming tears, for more of the Holy Spirit's teaching; and his torrents of adoring thanksgiving for the redeeming love which had paid so costly a price for the ransom of his soul, when no help was to be found save in that atonement—all spoke the humbled, convinced, seeking, rejoicing believer in Christ Jesus. He was energetic to a degree that would have been deemed too vehement in an Englishman; but O'Neill was thoroughly Irish, as I soon found, when, on my subsequent visits, I took an Irish reader to him. He was, indeed, quite a scholar in that tongue; and it was most affecting to behold his crippled distorted fingers contriving to retain within their grasp the blessed book, and to turn over its pages.

I soon found that O'Neill's wife had a sad propensity for strong drink; and that the donations bestowed, in money or linen, on this interesting character, too generally found their way to the tap-room below. The noble lady, whose mansion I had just left, had placed in my hands a sum of money, for the use of her poor countrymen in St Giles'; and I resolved that out of this I would regularly supply O'Neill with nutriment proper for his weak state. I thank God I was able, from one source or another, to continue it up to the time of his death, more than two years after. My dislike of his poor crooked fingers soon vanished; and many, oh! many a day have I ran up the long passage, and mounted the stairs, and placed myself on the old box, with one of those formidable hands clasping mine, while I read or talked to the dear old saint about his glorious Redeemer. The daily pittance of soup, or milk, with bread, soon nourished him into better health; and the little service of being the medium through which the bounty of others reached him, won for me such a warm niche in his Irish heart, that it almost amounted to idolatry.

To such a place I could not, of course, go alone; but the privilege of visiting O'Neill was sought for by so many, that I never lacked a companion. The dear pastor of the Irish Church in that place delighted in him; and unbounded was O'Neill's affection for Mr B——. But though he was exposed to so much notice as might try the Christian humility of any man, O'Neill lay quiet at the foot of the cross, glorying in that alone. He had some habits that gave offence to persons of various character; but I liked them all. One was what is irreverently called "craw-thumping." Every one knows that the poor Romanist, at confession, is instructed to strike hard upon his breast with the right fist, as a sign of contrition; and this practice O'Neill never laid aside. His self-condemnation, and his prayer for divine teaching, were accompanied with so many blows from his poor hand, that I have seen some of the Irish readers in no small commotion about it—disposed to question the reality of his conversion while so shockingly Popish a habit was retained. To me it bespoke the sincerity of the man far more clearly than its abandonment could have done. Another foible was his extreme politeness: when friends entered, he would, raising himself in the bed, call to his wife to place the box here, and the chair there, and the stool beside it; and waving his hand with the most ceremonious and courteous gesture, he would direct the process of seating the company; then, from beneath his pillow, draw forth an antique horn snuff-box, and pass it round with an air wholly inimitable. More than one good person has said to me, in this stage of the business, "The man is all artificial: what has a beggar to do with such absurd forms?" To which I have replied, "O'Neill is not going to beg of *you;* so be quiet, and take a lesson in good manners." I never knew any one leave him under other impressions than that he was simple sincerity personified.

It pleased God to let me labour among those dear outcasts for months together; but after a time my residence was changed, and I made few visits there. Still, so far as my charity-purse served, through the help of richer friends, my pensioners were regularly attended to; and D——, beloved D——, was the overseer of the work. The cholera came, and swept away many an Irish beggar out of wretched St Giles', and the malignant fever carried away many more. D—— fell beneath the latter. I followed his remains to the grave; and seeing some of my poor people bending over it in an agony of unrestrained sorrow, my heart was stirred up to visit them during the few hours of my stay in town. I took a clerical friend with me, and plunged at once into the doubly desolate scenes that I had too long been estranged from.

With some difficulty, in a most wretched garret, immeasurably inferior to his former lodging, I found O'Neill. He lay almost on the bare ground, without a vestige of any earthly comfort. Even the cleanliness that had always marked his appearance was

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gone. He could not lift his head from the pillow of rags; but when I spoke, he clasped my hand within his trembling crooked fingers, and sobbed his blessing for the daily pittance of milk and bread. He then told us, that during the illness of D—— he had been attacked by cholera—had been in the hospital, as a most desperate case—had been brought through it, and returned to his garret to linger on as before. It did indeed appear most wonderful, that such an object could have survived the attack; and unbelief almost repined at it. I mean *my* unbelief; for O'Neill, though with scarcely power to strike his withered hand upon his breast, was as low in self-abasement, as energetic in the faith that is in Christ Jesus as ever, and no less willing to stay than prepared to go.

My companion was much struck with the old man; he talked long, and then prayed with him; and afterwards added his most unequivocal testimony to that of the many who had formerly visited him. It was my last interview with O'Neill; but I had the comfort of knowing that he enjoyed the daily portion of nourishment, and the pastoral cares of his beloved minister. It was a welcome communication which told me, twelve months afterwards, that he had departed in a state of unspeakable rejoicing, to be with Christ for ever. His death was remarkable for the vivid realization that he enjoyed of future glory, strikingly contrasted with the humility and self-suspicion that had formerly characterized him. I remember once taking a Christian divine to visit him, who preached up personal assurance as an indispensable evidence of saving faith; but all his expostulations could not extort from O'Neill a stronger word than "I hope," as regarded his eternal inheritance. "Are you going to heaven, O'Neill?" "I hope, through the precious blood of my Redeemer, that I am, Sir." "That is not enough; you must be sure of it." "I'm sure, Sir, that Christ came to save such sinners as me; and I'm sure I desire to be saved by him; and I hope he will save me, Sir." "Why, have you not the earnest of the Spirit?" "I hope I have, Sir." At last my friend plainly told him that his state was far from satisfactory: the tears streamed from the poor old man's eyes, and repeatedly he struck his breast; but all that he would utter was the ejaculation: "I hope—I hope He will save me!" I took care to run back to his bed-side, when the others were departing, and to tell him that his hope would never make him ashamed; and that, though assurance might be a privilege, it was no test of saving faith. Dear O'Neill enjoyed this assurance at last, though, if his latest breath had been but an "I hope," I should be just as well satisfied concerning him.

My beautiful Guernsey Lillies—what is their exquisite dress to that in which old Patrick O'Neill, the Irish beggar of St Giles', now shines? "Solomon in all *his* glory was not arrayed like one of these;" but all the glory of this gorgeous creation affords not a type for that in which the redeemed soul stands complete before God. I know not the exact spot where the distorted joints of the old Irishman now moulder into dust; but well I know that thence shall arise a being fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. The form that wears the white robe, bleached in the blood of the Lamb, will not bend under the burden of disease; the hand that tunes a celestial harp will be pained and crippled no more! neither smite upon the breast in the anguish of self-accusing compunction. My poor O'Neill, now rich with inexhaustible treasures, has already changed "I believe," into "I see," and "I hope," into "I possess." The bountiful lady whose alms first enabled me to nourish him, is with him there; and D——, who ministered like a comforting angel unto him in the dark dungeons of St Giles', is likewise "made equal unto the angels," and joining their hallelujahs in the courts of heaven. Howels, whose energetic plea from the pulpit once poured upwards of fifty pounds into my St Giles' purse, is there too: "an in-door servant," according to his own beautiful, dying thought, rejoicing among the souls whom he helped to gather in. And now what matters it, whether like that titled lady they lived in princely halls, faring sumptuously every day, or like O'Neill, received at the hand of charity a daily dole in a garret—whether like Howels they formed the centre-chief of an admiring congregation, "known and read of all men," or, like D——, paced the darkened streets and obscure alleys, to do good by stealth, concealing from the left hand the works of the right! All were the Lord's dear children; all glorified him where he had seen good to place them. Affluence and destitution, beauty and distortion, health and disease, fame and obscurity, all were blessed—all made a blessing, through the grace of God in Christ Jesus. Go then, dear reader, and give thanks unto the Lord for your lot, whatsoever it be; and pray, like poor O'Neill, for the teaching of the divine Spirit, that your body may become a holy temple unto him, and that your soul may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE BROOKLET.

SWEET Brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?
"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop nor stay;
For, oh! by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest
In my parent Ocean's breast
I hasten away!"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass;
Yet, yet delay!
"Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep—
I may not stay;

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For, oh! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee—
Sweet Brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest
In my parent's boundless breast
I hasten away!"

Know'st thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Ah, rather cling to this—
Sweet Brooklet, stay!
"Oh! who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?—
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay:
But I know 'tis my parent's breast—
There held I must needs be blest;
And with joy to that promised rest
I hasten away!"

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

JOHN REYNOLDS, THE SAILOR BOY.

[The following story was related, and the truth of it vouched for, by the Rev. P. Kent, visitor for the British and Foreign Bible Society, at a recent meeting of the Association in Malton, Yorkshire.]

After an absence of some years, a minister returned for a Sabbath to the place where he had formerly preached the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. When the services of the day were over, a widow knocked at the vestry door, and requested an interview. "Do you not remember me, Sir?" said the widow. "Not at this moment," was the reply. "Do you not remember John Reynolds?" "No." "Why, he was at your Sunday-school." "That may be; but I cannot promise to remember every boy that has been in the school." "But, Sir," said the widow, very earnestly, "my John was the best John in all the world." "That may be too: still I cannot say that I remember him." "But I am sure that my John is the best John in all the world, and you will say so too, when you have heard what has happened since you left us some years ago." And then the poor widow gave the minister the following account of her John:

"After you left us, Sir, my husband died, and we became very poor: indeed, we were almost starving. And one day my John said to me, 'Mother, dear, we cannot starve, and there is no work to be got: let me go to sea for a time, and try to earn some money for you.' I was very loath to part from him, but times were bad; and as he seemed so anxious about it, I gave him a parting kiss, and he went to the nearest port, about seven miles distant, to seek for a berth in a merchant vessel. John tried in many quarters, but he could not succeed for some days; and he was almost going to give up in despair, when he saw the master of a ship passing by. 'Do you want a boy, Sir?' said John. 'Why, that is the very thing I am looking for,' said the captain. 'Do then, Sir, take me.' 'Well, where is your character.' 'Sir, nobody knows me here; but in my own parish I could easily get a character, but I am a stranger in this town.' 'I cannot take you without a character.' 'But I will be very obedient; I will do all that you tell me.' 'That is fine talking, my boy, but I tell you, I must have a character, or I cannot take you with me.' John looked thoughtful and sad for a moment; and then he bethought himself of his pocket Bible, which had been given him as a reward in the Sunday-school. Opening the Bible, where the inscription was written, before the captain, 'Will that do, Sir, for a character!' The captain read the following—

'PRESENTED TO
JOHN REYNOLDS,
For his good behaviour in
———— Sunday-school.
———— Date.'

'Ay, ay, my boy, I will take you on this recommendation. Come along with me.'"

John was accordingly shipped in a merchant vessel for St Petersburg. A few days after, a storm arose, and the wind blew a hurricane, and the waves dashed over the ship, and the danger became frightfully great. John took his pocket Bible, and read, in a loud and solemn voice, the fifty-first Psalm. On his bended knee did that young sailor boy cry to that God who alone can appease the raging storm. And one by one, one after another, did the sailors, and the mate, and the captain, kneel down by that sailor boy, when he read the Psalm at the top of his voice. And it pleased God to hear their united supplication. The storm abated; and the ship pursued her voyage in safety. The captain used to say to John, in the after-part of the voyage, "It was a good day for me, my boy, when I shipped you: your prayers saved my ship: when we get to St Petersburg you shall have a holiday."

When they arrived at St Petersburg, according to the captain's promise, John had the holiday. Boy-like, he must needs go to the Emperor's palace, to see all the great people go to court. There he stood gazing on the novel scene; and as carriage after carriage passed by, something dropped from one of them at his feet. It was a bracelet, which had fallen from some lady's hand. John picked it up, and called aloud to the coachman to stop; but in vain; the crowd and the noise prevented John from being noticed, and he returned to the captain with the bracelet. "You are a lucky boy," said the captain, "these are diamonds." "But they are not mine." "How did you come by them?" "I picked them up; and I called to the driver to stop, but he drove on, and did not hear me." "You did, then, all that you could do under the circumstances," said the captain, "and they are clearly yours." "No captain, they are not

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mine." John was too honest and simple-minded to be caught by the captain's guile. "Why, you foolish boy, let me have the diamonds, and when I get to London I will sell them for you: they will fetch lots of money." "That may be, captain, but they are not mine; and, captain, suppose that we should have a storm as we go home, what then?" "Ay, Jack, I never thought of that; however, let us try and find out the lady to whom the bracelet belongs."

The owner was soon discovered, and the lost property was safely restored. John Reynolds received from the lady, as a reward of his honesty, the sum of thirty-five pounds, and this, under the captain's advice, was laid out in skins and hides; and when John left his good ship at the end of his voyage, he had, buttoned up snugly in his pocket, the sum of eighty pounds.

Thus enriched, and with a heart bounding with happiness, he set off as fast as possible to his native village, and very soon he found himself at the wicket gate of the well-known cottage. But here, what a scene presented itself!—the narrow pathway to the cottage door was all covered with grass and weeds; the windows were all closed; there was an appearance of desolation all around; and burning grief soon withered all John's hopes. He felt sure that his dear mother was dead. He stood before the desolate cottage, and gazed upon it: he could not weep, nor speak. Alas! how cutting, how grievous his disappointment!

Just at this moment a woman came out of a neighbouring cottage. "Is that you, John?" John did not reply. The woman instantly saw what was passing in his mind. "Your mother is not dead, John." "Is not she, is not she?" and the big tears flowed plentifully. "Where is she?" "She's in the Union workhouse." "Is that all?" said John; and he brushed the tears away, and with a throbbing bosom set off for the Union-house. There he knocked at the door in fine style; and the master came running out, thinking that it was the chairman of the board, or some great man on important and pressing business. "What do you want?" said the master in a gruff, disappointed voice. "I want my mother." "Your mother! who is your mother?" "Mary Reynolds." "What do you want with your mother?" "Support her to be sure." "You support her! that is very likely." "I am a merchant," said John: "I have got lots of money, and I will have my mother." "You must get an order from a magistrate first." "Order! do not talk to me about orders: I must,—I will have my mother."

And John succeeded. He carried off his mother in triumph, rejoicing in the prospect of being able to minister to her comfort. We do not wonder at her saying, "My John is the best John in the world." She concluded her touching and true story by affirming, "ALL THIS, SIR, WAS THROUGH THE BIBLE." Yes, it was the blessed Word of God which had changed his heart. The Spirit of God had been his teacher; so that he could say, with David, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." It was this that made him an honest boy, and a dutiful and affectionate son.

THE WORLD NOT IN EUROPE.

IT is strange with what coolness even well-informed persons speak and write of the few nations of Europe, as if they constituted the world. True, others are known to exist; but, in the usual thinking of most persons, "all the world" is at peace, when Europe reposes; "all the world" in pangs, when Europe is at war; and Wellington and Napoleon are celebrated "all over the world." Alas! how little is the world of most minds! how far short of the wide, wide field, all over which the hearts of men are throbbing! Far more than half the world never heard Napoleon's name; far more than half the world neither know nor care what are the relations of our potentates; far more than half the world could not tell you whether Europe is one country or many. We are not a quarter of the world's population; and yet, because we have received from Christianity elements of greatness that lift us above our fellows, we are ready to regard them as but distant retainers of the human family, we only constituting its circle. From the soil of Asia man was formed; in Asia he had his Eden; on a hill in Asia rested the ark that saved him in the day of ruins; in Asia he spent his early years; in Asia he has always had his chief dwelling; and on Asia dropped the blood that bought his ransom. The eye that watches all the world has ever seen in Asia far most hearts beating, far most mothers rejoicing over their newly-born, far most houses mourning for their dead. If any section of the earth might call itself the world, Asia would be the world. Europe does not contain half so many human hearts. The merchant sees the world where he sees trade, the *literatus* where he sees readers, the soldier where he sees renown, the man of fashion where he sees refinements, the politician where he sees power, and the unreflecting of all nations see the world in the sphere bounded by their own interests. But when the Christian would see the world, he looks for one thing—hearts, human hearts! These are the world to him, these are the seat of conflicts like to his own, these the field on which are decided the issues of eternity, on which is battled the cause of his God. Asia is the largest assemblage of human hearts—thither, then, should the human heart most affectionately turn. The darkness of Asia glooms more hearts than that of all the world beside, and its sunrise will gladden more. While Asia is alien from Christ, more than half the world is far away; but when Asia shall be brought nigh, it will indeed be the fulness of the Gentiles. Asia is Satan's stronghold, and wide and proud is the empire over which he boasts. The lessons of the past, the movements of the present, and the indications of the future, all unite in pointing us, for the key of Asia, to Hindustan. Let it be won to Christ, and it will win the tribes surrounding. And, wonderful Providence, the whole of that vast land from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, and from the Indus to the Brumhapootra, is open to Christianity! Head of God's ransomed Church! why hast thou placed before thy people this yawning door, through which we hear, coming from the valley and shadow of death, the wail of so many souls!

What, then, is India? The region which of all upon earth has most affected the history and the habits of every other; the region to whose influence are traceable the most striking characteristics of ancient civilisation, the most notable feats of modern enterprise; the region whence sprang the creeds that even now command the largest number of souls; the region that offers the best medium for transmitting moral influences throughout Asia; the region that embraces in her arms a host of human hearts, com-

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prising at least one out of every six that beat, and, holding them up to the eye of Christian pity, tells her they are all open to her approach, and susceptible of her action.

Oh that God would give his Church a heart large enough to feel the sublimity of this call! Think, Christians, think on the state of the world. Dream not of the gospel as already known everywhere. Feel, oh feel, when you pray, that one-half of your brethren never heard of your Redeemer! Bone are they of your bone, flesh of your flesh, conflicting, sighing, bending to the grave, like you; but crown for their conflicts, comforter in their sighs, hope in their grave, they see none. Think of every land where Satan has his seat, and give to them all a part in your prayer. But, oh! think long on the land where the throne whose sway you love has heathen subjects outnumbering sevenfold the Christians of the British isles! Think long, long on the fact, "I belong to an empire where seven to one name not the Name that is life to me!" Think that yonder, under the rule of your own Queen, a full sixth of Adam's children dwell! Take a little leisure, and say, "Of every six infants, one first sees the light there: to what instruction is it born? Of every six brides one offers her vows there: to what affection is she destined? Of every six families, one spreads its table there: what loves unite their circle? Of every six widows one is lamenting there: what consolations will soothe her? Of every six orphan girls, one is wandering there: what charities will protect her? Of every six wounded consciences, one is trembling there: what balm, what physician, does it know? Of every six men that die, one is departing there: what shore is in his eye?"

AN OLD MAN ON BIBLE PREACHING.

The orthodox pulpit is not in all respects what it was when I was young. In *doctrine* there is no very material difference, though I am sure many of our preachers are not so direct and biblical as their fathers were. In selecting their texts, the Bible does not open so readily at the 9th chapter of Romans, the 1st of Ephesians, and other hard places of "our brother Paul," as it did in my boyhood. Perhaps some of the fathers dwelt rather too much upon divine sovereignty, election, decrees, divine efficiency, and total depravity, but if they did, some of their successors are, I think, quite too shy of these doctrines.

However this may be, I am quite sure that, in another respect, there is a striking contrast between the past and the present. The fathers wove a great deal of Scripture into all their discourses. With them there was no argument, on any disputed point, like "Thus saith the Lord," and, accordingly, they sought to sustain every doctrine and position by large quotations from the Bible. They would sometimes fill whole pages (referring to chapter and verse) with these quotations. Most of them, seemed in the pulpit to care very little about philosophy, or anything else, but the Bible fairly interpreted, and legitimately applied. In their sermons, they made a much greater account of what they called the "analogy of faith," than of all the other analogies of which the moderns are so fond and so flush. In this sense, their preaching was eminently *biblical*. And so it was in another. They drew almost all their illustrations and examples from the Scriptures, and as much from the Old Testament as the New. They thought them, in general, more pertinent than any which they could draw from other sources. However their hearers might differ from them, with regard to their interpretations and deductions, no one could deny that they kept close by the Bible, as they understood it.

The popular method of sermonising is now very different. Our young preachers seem so think, that it is not in good taste to quote Scripture very largely in their ordinary discourses. "Anybody would do that. And, besides, it would be like an old story a thousand times told. Their hearers have got the Bible at home, and want something new." A proof text is now and then brought in, and some striking passage for rhetorical effect, but you will often find more in the very "word which the Holy Ghost teacheth," in *one* discourse of the fathers, than in five of the now rising generation of preachers. Scripture illustrations and examples are much rarer in the pulpit than they used to be, when the Old Man of the Mountains was young, and "sat at the feet of Gamaliel."

Now, I do not say that the pastors who filled our pulpits half a century ago were abler preachers than their successors of this generation. In talents they were not superior, and their conventional advantages were by no means equal. And when I say, that their sermons were more biblical, I do not mean to hold them up as models in all respects; but to say that they had a good deal more of the Bible in them than it is fashionable to quote now-a-days.

Perhaps some of their quotations were too long. In other cases they may have been needlessly multiplied. I think they were. It may be, too, that they sometimes relied upon proof texts, which the rules of critical interpretation do not authorise. These faults and mistakes should be avoided. But there is no need of going into the opposite extreme, which is far more objectionable. If the fathers erred, it was on the safe side. It is better to have too much scripture in a sermon, than too little. The commission of Christ's minister is to preach the Bible. Not only should some appropriate text of Scripture be selected as the basis of every discourse, but every sermon ought to be deeply imbued with the living and life-giving spirit of the Bible. By making the Scriptures their only guide, by "determining to know nothing else" but the divine oracles among their people, by drawing their argument and illustrations from that inexhaustible store-house of revealed truth, they greatly enriched their discourses and "taught the people knowledge."—*N. Y. Observer.*

PASSAGES FROM BISHOP REYNOLDS.

ALL TRIALS ORDAINED TO THE CHURCH AND THE CHRISTIAN.

Who is the man that desireth tranquility of life, and security against all evil? Let him become a subject in Christ's conquering kingdom, and cast himself under his banner and protection, and he cannot miscarry. "He that walketh uprightly,

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walketh surely. The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous flieth unto it, and is safe. The Lord is a sun and a shield, a fountain of all good. Grace and glory will he give; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." And a protection against all evil: "I will not be afraid of ten thousands of men," saith the prophet David, "that compass me about." When there is no light, nor issue, nor, in nature, possibility of escape, he can open a door of deliverance to relieve his Church. As a man on the king's highway is under the king's protection, so in Christ's way, we are under his protection. Let us, then, never repine at the miscarriages of the world, nor murmur against the wise proceedings of God in the several dispensations towards his Church on earth. When he punisheth, he doth it in measure, less than our sins deserved; and when we search and try our ways, and return unto him, he knoweth how to work his own glory in our deliverance. Those stones which are appointed for a glorious building, are first under the saw and the hammer, to be hewn and squared; and those Christians in whom the Lord will take most delight, he usually thereunto fitteth by trials and extremities. He that is brought to tremble in himself, may, with most confidence, except to rejoice in God.

THE CHURCH'S PRESENT COMFORT AND FINAL TRIUMPH.

This is the ground of all the Church's comfort, That more is with them than against them. The enemies have combinations and confederacies of men; but the Church hath Immanuel, God with them: none can pull Christ from the hand of God, or from the right hand of his people; that is, none can take away either his power or his love from his people. The Church and truth can never be crushed and overthrown, no more than a rock with the raging of the waves; they are heavenly things, and therefore nothing of earth and hell can reach to corrupt them. It was but a vain attempt of the giants to build a tower to heaven. The world was made, that there might be therein a Church to worship and contemplate that God which made it: therefore in the creation, God never rested till he came to a Church, to note that that was the end thereof: and therefore it is easier to pull down the world, and to shake in pieces the frame of nature, than to ruin the Church. The Church hath Christ for her husband—he to whom all knees must bend, he whom every tongue must confess, he who will subdue all things to himself: so she hath love, power, and jealousy, all three very strong things on her side. And therefore the only way to be safe, is to keep Christ at our right hand, to hold fast his truth, worship, and obedience; for so long as we have Immanuel, all adverse power is but flesh, and all flesh is but grass, withered in a moment when God will blow upon it.

WHERE SHALL THE SINNER AND UNGODLY APPEAR!

If it be true that the righteous shall scarcely be saved; O, then, where shall that man appear whom God, at the last, shall find without this garment and seal upon him? When there was a tempest, he who slept, and least thought of it, was thrown into the sea; and when the day of wrath shall come, those that have neglected their estate most, shall doubtless be in the greatest danger. And, therefore, we should labour to go to God's throne with our garments and our mark upon us; for all other endowments, our learning, our honours, our parts, our preferments, our earthly hopes and dependencies, will none follow us; but we shall live to see them, or the comforts of them depart. Ahitophel had wisdom like an oracle of God; but he lived to see it bid him quite farewell: for he died like a very fool or child who, when he may not have his own will, will be revenged upon himself. Haman had more honour than the ambition of a subject usually aspires unto; and yet he lived to see it bid him farewell, and died the basest death which himself could devise for his most hated and despised enemy. Jehoiakim, a king, lived to see his crown take its leave, and was buried with the burial of an ass, and dragged like carrion out of the gates of the city. There will be nothing at last left for any man to cast his trust upon, but God, or angels, or our fellows; and if then God be against us, though all which remains were on our side, alas! what is a handful of stubble to a world full of fire? But yet there will not be that advantage, but the combat must be single between God and a sinner. The good angels rejoice to do God's will, and the wicked will rejoice to do man any mischief: these will be only ready to accuse, and those to gather the wicked together unto the wrath of Him that sitteth on the throne. O what would a man give then for that which he now despiseth! what covenants would such a man be content to subscribe unto, if God would then show him mercy, when the court of mercy is shut up! Wouldst thou return to the earth, and live there a thousand years under contempt and persecution for my service? O yes; not under thy service only, but under the rocks and mountains of the earth, so I may be hid from the face of the Lamb.—Wilt thou be content to go to hell, and serve me there a thousand years in the midst of hellish torments, and the reviling of damned creatures? O yes; even in hell infinitely better would it be to be thy servant than thine enemy. Wilt thou revenge every oath with a year of prayers, every bribe or corruption with a treasury of alms, every vanity with an age of preciseness? Yes, Lord, the severest of thy commands to escape but the smallest of thy judgments. O let us be wise for ourselves: there shall be no such easy conditions then proposed, when it will be impossible to observe them; and there are now far easier proposed, when we are invited to observe them.

CHRIST PLEADIND FOR HIS PEOPLE.

From the doctrine of Christ's intercession many and great are the benefits which come unto the Church of God. As first, Our fellowship with the Father and his Son: "I pray for these, that as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, they also may be one in us." Secondly, The gift of the Holy Ghost: "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth." All the comforts and workings of the Spirit in our hearts which we enjoy, are fruits of the intercession of Christ. Thirdly, Protection against all our spiritual enemies: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." "I pray that thou wouldst keep them from the evil." But are not the faithful subject to evils, corruptions, and temptations still? How, then, is that part of the intercession of Christ made good unto us? For understanding hereof, we must know that the intercession of Christ is available to a faithful man presently; but yet in a manner suitable and convenient to the present estate and condition of the Church, so that there may be left room for another life; and therefore we must not conceive all presently done. As the sun shineth on the moon by leisurely degrees, till she come to her full light; or as if the king grant a pardon to be drawn; though the grant be of the whole thing at once, yet it cannot be written and

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sealed, but word after word, and line after line, and action after action; so the grant of our holiness is made unto Christ at first—but in the execution thereof—there is line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; such an order by Christ observed in the distribution of his Spirit and grace, as is most suitable to a life of faith, and to the hope we have of a better kingdom. "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not," saith Christ unto Peter: yet we see it did shake and totter. The prayer was not, that there might be no failing at all, but that it might not utterly and totally fail.

REPENTANCE PAYS NO DEBTS.

A LADY in the vicinity of R——, being visited with a violent disorder, was under the necessity of calling medical assistance. Her physician was very latitudinarian in his notions, and endeavoured to persuade his patient to adopt his creed as well as take his medicine. He insisted with much dogmatism that repentance and reformation were all that either God or man could justly demand, and denied the life or necessity of an atonement by the sufferings of the Son of God. The lady had not so learned Christ; she adopted his prescriptions, but rejected his creed.

On her recovery she invited the doctor to tea, and requested him to make out his bill. The tea-table being removed, she observed, "My long illness has occasioned you many journeys, and I suppose you have procured my medicines at considerable expense." The doctor replied that "good drugs were expensive."

Upon this she observed, "I am extremely sorry that I have put you to so much trouble and expense, and also promise that on any future illness I will never trouble you again. So you see I both *repent and reform*, and that is all you require." The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "That will not do for *me!*" "*Repentance pays no debts.*"—*Family Visitor.*

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

ONE day, as Felix Neff was walking in the city of Lausanne, he saw at a distance a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned; Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went away. About three or four years afterward, a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognise the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in the street in Lausanne, asking him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I. Your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to himself on setting out upon a journey is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" and one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return is, "What opportunities have I lost?"

THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

PROVERBS XXXI. 10–19.—The whole passage down to the end of the chapter is pre-eminent notabile. It is the description of a virtuous woman—in the sense of our old Scotch, by which virtue and thrift are synonymous. It is a eulogy on good housewifery, and a great deal more—for the cares of this notable manager extended beyond those of the mere household, even to the farm, and the merchandise, and the home-manufactures. Then we are told that a virtuous woman may be found, though she be spoken of here and elsewhere as a great rarity. The confidence of the husband, as mentioned in verse 11, does not respect her conjugal infidelity, but her industry and talent for business, the proceeds of which make him independent of booty as a marauder—a significant clause which tells of the predatory habits of these days. We have here the custom, of late so prevalent in our own land, of home-made cloth, by the export of which, it is probable that she is represented as fetching her food from afar. And then her internal management is so well conducted—her early rising—her distribution of meals to all the members of her domestic establishment—her husbandry without doors—her operative processes within. There is to me a poetical charm and effect in verse 19: altogether she is an illustrious notable.

Verses 20–31.—But her noblest characteristic is her kindness to the poor, which, at the same time, does not infringe on the comfort or even the splendour of her establishment. With all her generosity to the destitute, she retains substantial provision, and costly dress, as well as furniture for her own household. It is a fine trait in this description, the contribution she makes to the respectability for her husband. We here read, too, of her fabrics, which she exchangeth with the merchant for his wares or goods from a distance. She becomes strong in credit, and honour, and security, in consequence of all her praiseworthy doings. But nothing can exceed the beauty wherewith her speech is characterized: "In her tongue is the law of kindness" is a perfect gem. Verse 27 is a special notabile, and we hear it repeated with all the frequency and familiarity of a proverb, of the industrious, "that they eat not the bread of idleness." Verse 28 is also very precious, "The children rising up and calling her blessed." But her crowning grace is her godliness—a virtue not only compatible with, but the fountain-head of all that can benefit or embellish human life. Favour or the affection of love is often deceitful, but godliness is for honour, as well as profitable to all things. —*Dr Chalmer's Daily Scripture Readings.*

GOD INVISIBLE.

A ROMAN emperor said one day to Rabbi Joshua, son of Chananay, "Show me your God."

"Raise your eyes to the sky," replied the Rabbi; "God is there."

The emperor directed his eyes to the firmament; but at this moment the sun poured his rays to the earth. The dazzling lustre soon caused the emperor to cast his eyes downwards, whereupon Rabbi Joshua said to him, "What! wouldst thou see the Master, when thou hast not power to look his satellites in the face."

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SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS.

No. I.—THE "SHOCK OF CORN."

It has been justly remarked, that the traveller in the Holy Land ought always to carry his Bible in his pocket. That blessed volume, rich beyond all others in beautiful imagery and allusions to external objects, forms the best manual of the geography, natural scenery, manners and customs, of that interesting country. The observation, however, will admit of general extension. The Word of God is written for all ages and for all lands. Its imagery is borrowed from objects with which almost all men are familiar; and looked upon in the light reflected from its sacred page, all nature glows with celestial beauty, and presents at every step objects of attraction and lessons of instruction, calculated at once to elevate the mind of the man of taste, and warm the heart of the man of piety. You step forth, for example, at this interesting season into a harvest field. All hands are busy, but all hearts are joyous; and the radiant faces that shine around you, and the shout of hilarity which rises from every corner of the field, forcibly remind you of that beautiful representation of spiritual joy: "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." You look over the fence into a neighbouring field; it is waving with rich and ripe grain, but hands are scarce, and the heavens are lowering, and you tremble to think of the risk that it runs before it can be finally secured. Look abroad on the lands of spiritual darkness; think how many souls are hourly perishing for lack of knowledge, and feel how emphatic is the Saviour's injunction: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth labourers into his harvest." In fine, you lift one of the sheaves which has just fallen under the sickle. It weighs heavily, and rustles with plump and yellow ears. What a beautiful emblem of the death of a good man: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full (or ripe) age, as a shock of corn cometh in its season." Reader, let us dwell for a little on this pleasing and expressive figure. It expands under the eye of spiritual reflection, and presents us with many and most instructive points of resemblance.

This corn was sown on purpose to be reaped again.

For this end did the husbandman commit it to the earth, and he has since eagerly looked forward to this day when it is now cut down. Fresh and lovely as it appeared when its tender blade first covered the soil, or when the newly-formed ear waved over the field like the rich fringe of a green mantle, to his eye it looked not half so beautiful as now, when, with sear leaf and withered stalk, but with plump and golden ear, it falls into the hand of the reaper. Compared with his feelings now, the seed-time was to him a season of sorrow. He went forth and wept, bearing precious seed, but he now returns with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Man was born to die, and the day of the believer's death is better than the day of his birth. Like his blessed Master, he can say of that event, "For this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world." Lovely as is the bloom of youth, it is the "hoary head," when found in the way of righteousness, that constitutes the "crown of glory." Refreshing as is the display of the opening graces of the new man, we hail with far greater pleasure that maturity of spiritual growth which intimates that the subject of it is about to be removed from the Church below. Christian! do you feel yourself shrink from the thought of death, either in your own case or that of your pious friends. Think upon the shock of ripe corn. That ought not to be an object of apprehension for which Paul longed and Christ prayed. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

All that has passed over this corn, since it was sown, has prepared it for the present season. Through how many changes has it passed—to how many influences has it been subjected! The showers nourished it, the sun hardened it, the dews refreshed it, the winds loosened its roots, and the frosts whitened and mellowed it. How wisely have all these changes been alternated, and yet how happily for us have these alternations been placed beyond all human control. Often do men long during the course of the seasons, and sometimes perhaps pray, for steadier weather; and how often does the issue show that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men!" Had the showers been more frequent the ear had been still a

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watery pulp; had the sunshine been more abundant it had been a shrivelled and empty husk. God has given, however, "the rain in its season;" he has caused the sun to shine, and the wind to blow "as he listeth," and the result has been, "first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear." To vicissitudes far more numerous, and much more trying, is the life of the believer subjected; but all are arranged by the same divine wisdom, and all contribute to ripen him for his last change. The showers of spiritual influence nourish his roots, the dews of heaven lie all night upon his branches, the sunshine of divine favour fills up and confirms his graces, the frosts and storms of temptation and affliction loosen his hold of the earth, and all combined make him meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. "All these things," he is often tempted to say, when agitated by the vicissitudes of a changing state, "all these things are against me;" but assuredly we know that all things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Gladly would we live under the unclouded sky of outward prosperity, and bask in the sunshine of divine favour; but, ah! how stinted is the growth of such as have no changes. Happy token of those that are sown in God's field, and ripening for heaven's granary: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."—"Now, no chastening is for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby."

This corn has not been cut till it was fully ripe. The skill and the care of the husbandman is seen in choosing the proper time for putting in the sickle. Were he to do so too soon, the ear would not be filled; were he to leave it to long, the best would be shaken. Long patience is required in waiting for it; judgment and experience are necessary finally to decide upon it; but in the exercise of these, the proper time is attained, and the precious grain cometh in its season. "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the former and the latter rain." What a beautiful example to the believer of the patience and resignation with which it becomes him to contemplate his latter end. His times are wholly in the hand of unerring wisdom and unsearchable goodness. Death cannot overtake him too soon, nor shall it be deferred a moment after he is "made perfect." Let all anxiety, then, be banished, and let patience have its perfect work. "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." And, oh! what a difference this suggests between the two classes of men. You have seen a man cutting ragweed in a grass field. He takes care to do so while it is still in flower, lest it should seed and scatter; but into the corn field he puts not the sickle till the ear is full. "So is the wicked driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death." Come when it may, death finds the ungodly man rooted firmly in the earth, and his green leaves spread abroad to catch the favours of a present world. "His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his dust; in that very day his thoughts perish." But come when it may to the saints of God, it finds them ready to depart, and to mingle with the spirits of just men made perfect. The stroke may be an unexpected one, it may overtake him in early life; but an early harvest is seldom the worst. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, God has perfected praise;" and the examples of an Abijah and a Josiah show us how rapidly he can ripen the graces of his special favourites, and how graciously, in a threatening season, he hides them in an early grave from the evil to come. How affecting, then, but how just the contrast, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Ripe corn is handled with great care. To see the sharp sickle applied to its roots, you would at first think that it was hardly dealt with; how different your impression when you observe the care with which the reaper fills his hand, and he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom. The sharp sickle of death seems a formidable instrument to wield against the saint of God, but the hand of Christ guides it, and he falls as a shock of ripe corn into the arms of his gracious master. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Lazarus' life was a life of sorrows, but his death was a scene of unmingled joy. Dogs nursed him while he lived, but angels took charge of him when he died. The Lord of angels is himself present, his tender hand loosens the cords of life and protects the soul from the slightest injury. "I see," said a dying saint, "Christ standing over Death's head, and saying, "Deal warily with my servant; loose now this pin, now that, for this tabernacle must be set up again." Let the

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husbandman's care be ever so great, a considerable portion of the ripest ears is always lost, but under the care of the divine Husbandman "not a grain shall fall to the earth." "Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

The ripe corn is speedily housed in a place of safety. It is left standing in the shock only till it is dried, and then, as soon as possible, it is removed first to the barn-yard, and then to the granary. While it remained in the field it was an object of constant anxiety, but now all fears about it are over, and harvest-home is celebrated with the liveliest joy. And shall we not hail that harvest day that shall lodge the saint in the granary of God, that shall witness an end of all the anxieties of himself and friends about his spiritual condition, and shall admit him, amidst the acclamations of angels, to the welcome of his blessed Saviour, to the mansions of everlasting rest. "The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and shall gather his elect from the four winds." "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go away, I will come again and receive you to myself." "Glory, glory, glory," said dying Rutherford, "dwelleth in Immanuel's land." "There shall be no more death there, neither crying nor sorrow, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

"Happy prospect!" we hear the timid saint say; "but how shall I realize the comfort of it? Ripe grain is easily known, but how shall I distinguish the ripening of grace. The one is obvious to the eye of man; the other can be fully perceived only by the eye of the omnicient God." No doubt there is a difference, but the resemblance is still greater, and more patent than at first may appear. Though the general ripening of the corn be obvious to all, it is still the practised eye of the husbandman that determines when it is ready for the sickle; and though God is the only judge of the thorough ripeness of his saints, there are not wanting visible signs of their growing maturity, which may be known and read of all men.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE PEARL OF DAYS."

THIS is the title of a remarkable volume just published. It is remarkable on two accounts;—first, because of its ability and earnestness as a pleading for the Sabbath; and, second, because of its authorship—proceeding, as it does, from the pen of "a labourer's daughter." Some time ago, an advertisement was issued by a gentleman, offering three prizes of £25, £15, and £10, respectively, for the three best Essays on the Blessings and Privileges of the Sabbath, the competitors to be all working men. Within three months the astonishing number of nine hundred and fifty essays were lodged with the adjudicators. Amongst these was one from a female, accompanied by the following letter:—

"SIR,—I have thought it necessary to inquire whether a female might be permitted to enter among the competitors for the prizes offered in your advertisement. The subject of the Essay is of equal interest to woman as to man; and this being the case, I have looked upon your restriction as merely confining this effort to the working classes. Whether I judge rightly or not matters but little; the effort I have made to gather a few thoughts together upon this subject will at least be of use to myself; and should you consider these sheets as containing any thoughts of value, they are at your disposal. They cannot be expected to be free from errors, both in diction and orthography, as this is the first effort of the kind I have ever made; and I may say I am one of those who never enjoyed the advantage of attending school in early days, except for two years, or rather for one; for it was but for two years that one of my sisters and myself attended a sewing-school alternately—one of us remaining at home one week, to assist mother with household labour, or in attending to the younger children, and going to school next week, while the other remained at home. Since that time I have been constantly occupied in household labour, either in my father's house or as a servant in other families; and thus I may truly say, that all the education I have enjoyed was received at the fireside of hard-working parents. While memory lasts I shall never forget the indefatigable exertions of our beloved mother to impart intelligence to our minds, and implant moral principle in her children. How we used to enjoy our Sabbaths! When our father bent his knees, with his children around, on the morning of the Lord's day, how fervently he used to thank the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for its blessed hours! That father is gone from among his children; but his voice yet falls upon my ear, and his form yet rises before my eye, as, upon the first day of the week, he used to read to us the sacred page, and lead our devotions."

The essay was found to be one of singular merit, and the adjudicators, though, in faithfulness to the other competitors, constrained to lay it aside, as the work of a female, yet felt at the same time, that it was a production which ought not to be withheld from the world, and that it was a duty as much to humanity as to the talented writer herself, not to suffer it to return to privacy and forgetfulness. Accordingly

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arrangements were made for its separate publication; and now it appears in a most attractive external dress, and the labourer's daughter finds a willing patron in her Majesty the Queen, to whom, by permission, the volume is dedicated. We have had the pleasure of perusing the essay. It is worthy of all the praise it has received, and we may, in a future number, enrich our pages with an extract. In the first instance however, we wish to present our readers with some portions of a previous part of the book in which they may take even greater interest. We refer to the "Sketch of the Author's Life," which she was urgently requested to write and prefix to the volume, and which she has drawn up with singular modesty and elegance. We shall allow the passages, which we have selected, to speak for themselves; and trust that the picture which they present of an humble, industrious, pious household, and the illustration which they convey of the moulding and lasting power of a mother's example, and a mother's training, will not be lost upon the reader:—

"In glancing back on the years of childhood, and tracing the influences which have surrounded me through youth, I am convinced that, in so far as my mind has been awakened to intelligence, and my character formed to virtue, under God, I owe all to my parents, but especially to my mother; her earnest and indefatigable exertions, in the face of difficulties which would have deterred any common mind from attempting such a task, together with her ceaseless watchfulness, secured for us such an amount of knowledge, and formed in us such habits, as raised us above the temptations which usually beset youth in the humble walks of life. While the constant necessity existed, as soon as we were able to do anything—for all our exertions toward the support of the family allowed us little time to cultivate acquaintance, whether injurious or beneficial—our mother's constant endeavour was, even through the very early years of childhood, to keep our hands and heads fully employed.

"Memory carries me back to a period when my parents, with five little ones around them, tenanted an obscure garret in the outskirts of one of the principal towns of Scotland. By some of those vicissitudes common to all, my father was, at this time, out of employment; hardships were endured, pinching want sometimes visited their fire-side. Of these things I have heard, but have no recollection of them, as I could not then be much more than four years old. Yet a shadowy vision sometimes rises before me of a broad paved street, along which I was running on before our father in joyful haste, that I might be the first to apprise mother that the meeting was dismissed; but as to whether the place of assembly we had just left was an upper chamber where a handful of disciples met together, or a large and fashionable edifice, memory supplies nothing. A dim dreary scene, too, sometimes passes before me of some back yard or lane, where I was standing with my hand in my father's, gazing with childish delight, and, at the same time, with a feeling of awe and admiration, upon the starry heavens. I know not what, at that moment, led my eye to the bright scene over head; nor yet what fixed these two incidents of my childhood so indelibly upon my memory, for they are associated, in my mind, with nothing particular of which I ever heard any one speak; but they are almost the only recollections I have of the short time spent in this place. . . . . .

"Few parents seem to comprehend how soon even very young child may be made to understand such language as this: God who lives in heaven made us all; he gave mother her little son that I might take care of him, be kind to him, and to teach him to be good. He says little children must obey father and mother, and he would be angry with me, and punish me, if I allowed my boy to be naughty and disobedient. Such language firmly and kindly spoken by a parent, even to a very young child, and steadily and consistently acted upon, will very soon subdue the self-will of the most wayward, and thus render future training easy to both parent and child.

"Such was, in principle, the training to which we were subjected in our early years. Obedience—immediate, cheerful obedience, and the strictest regard to truth—lay at the foundation of all our other training. A thousand little follies, mistakes, and even graver faults might be passed over, but disobedience and falsehood were unpardonable. Yet there was nothing of sternness or severity in the conduct of our parents towards us. Perhaps no mother ever lavished more fond caresses upon her children, or exerted herself more to make their time pass happily, and no father was ever more anxious to secure the comfort and happiness of his family.

"Pleasantly did the days and hours pass over us, during our residence in this secluded spot:* there was no school within reach, and if there had, our father's small income would not have allowed our education to be paid for, without greatly diminishing the comforts of the family; therefore, it had to be attended to at home. One by one, we used to take our place beside our mother, read a short lesson, have the larger words explained to us, when our mother would take the book and read it over again, slowly and distinctly, that we might the better understand what we had been reading; and then we were at liberty to indulge in active and healthful amusement, or we were engaged in some useful and necessary employment. Four times a-day, usually, each of us had our short lesson; and if it be considered that the whole of the labour of the house devolved upon our mother, it will be believed that this could be no light task; nothing, however, was allowed to interupt our lessons: and it was no uncommon thing to see her busy at the washing-tub while we by turns took our place beside her; one child would be found attending to the baby, another gathering sticks and keeping the fire alive, a third engaged in reading, and a fourth bringing water from

* Her father was a gardener in Strathmore.

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a pure, soft spring, at some distance from the house; while our eldest brother assisted father in the garden.

"Our morning lesson was usually from the Scriptures, but throughout the day from other books. Our parents were, themselves, as eager to obtain knowledge, as they were anxious to impart it to us. An hour was allowed for meals. When our father came to breakfast or dinner, as soon as the repast was finished (and a working man in health does not usually loiter over his meals), our mother used to read aloud till the hour was finished, either with the youngest child upon her knee, or, if it was in the cradle, knitting while she read. She used to say, that it was disagreeable and improper to be bustling about while father was within; and when he was gone out, the work must be done up.

"At these times books of every kind that came to hand were read, unless, indeed, there was in their language or morality something very bad. Nor were any of us, so far as I recollect, ever restricted in our reading; books of all kinds, which came within our reach. were free to us. Some may be disposed to condemn this laxity, as they may consider it; but with the limited means our parents possessed of purchasing books, and being far distant from any town or village where they might have had a choice from a library, it was not strange that all that by any means came to hand should be eagerly perused. Books were not then so plentiful, nor so various, as at present.

"Well do I remember my brother finding a torn leaf of a little school-book in a bush in the haugh—it had been caught there when the stream was swollen by heavy rains. What a prize it was! one by one, we committed it to memory, while stretched upon the daisied sward, during the sunny hours of a summer Sabbath-day; and I do not believe that there is one of the young group who then learned the beautiful hymn that stray leaf contained, who does not retain its simple words indelibly impressed upon the memory, and feel in a renewed heart the influences of the blessed truths taught in its lines. It was the hymn beginning,

"Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?"

"Our Sabbaths were our happiest days; we were near no place of public worship—not so near, at least, as to permit any of the children often to attend. As soon as we were dressed and had breakfasted, family prayer was attended to, and then our father would point out some hymn or passage of Scripture which he wished us to learn, when we would sally forth, book in hand, in different directions, one to stretch himself upon the soft grass in the field close by, another to pace backward and forward on the pleasure walk, or to find a seat in the bough of on old bushy tree; while another would seek a little summer-house our father had made of heather, and seated round with the twisted boughs of the glossy birch, each reading aloud till the alloted lesson was thoroughly fixed upon our minds. If the day was wet, or if it was the winter season, we would gather around the table by the window. During the afternoon, mother would read to us, or all of us, father and mother included, read by turns; questions were then asked, and conversation entered into, about what we had been reading.

"It was upon one of these occasions, when some remarks made by one of my parents in endeavouring to call our attention to the truth that we must be changed, renewed in the image of God, or, to take up the simple figurative expression then made use of, that we must have *new hearts*, else we never could be happy with our Father in heaven, that an impression was made upon my mind, never to be effaced: from that hour, through all my follies and all my waywardness, the thought of that new heart still haunted me, until I indeed found peace with God through Jesus Christ, and felt the renewing power of the truth of God. . . . . .

"We had been about six years in this place, when my father's master died, and his lady kindly recommended him to her brother, who was in want of a gardener. We now removed to the east of Scotland; and our dwelling, until the death of the former gardener, who was laid aside by age, was two rooms, rented for us in the adjoining village. About two years after our arrival, his decease allowed us to remove to what was to us a pleasanter abode, as being a little more secluded, but otherwise possessing little advantage. There several of us attended a female school, supported by the lady, for the instruction of the children of servants upon the estate.

Our attendance, from various causes, was by no means regular; the necessity for one of us remaining at home, to assist our mother, prevented regular attendance, and the change from a dry inland situation, to a low, damp locality, upon the east coast, so affected our health, that, for many years, the spring of the year turned our dwelling almost into an hospital. The loss of time and expense incident upon sickness, in our circumstances, were keenly felt; however, experience gradually taught us how to manage sickness without so much medical attendance as we at first required. My brothers procured employment in the neighbourhood, and I entered the house of my father's master.

"I had little relish for the society I was thrown into in this place. All my habits and pursuits were at entire variance with what my fellow-servants practised; though the light of the gospel had not yet entered my mind—it was only struggling for an entrance.

When I now look back to that period of mental conflict, I am convinced that my darkness and difficulty arose, not from any mystery thrown around the beautiful simplicity of the gospel by my teachers, but that I entertained a secret unwillingness to yield up my own will and my own wishes; my heart was divided—I was striving to serve God and Mammom; the love of the world, and the things of the world, shut out the light of the glorious gospel; and it was not till my heart was subdued by the love of God, till I became willing to do, or be, or submit to, anything which God required, that I found peace—then I saw God as my Father in Jesus, receiving me freely, through him; the burden of guilt was removed, and I was led in the paths of obedience by love.

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"I had been a few years in my situation, when, my mother's health being very much impaired, I felt it my duty to return home. There were now ten of us, besides our father and mother. My eldest brother was employed in the garden; my second worked with a tradesman in the neighbourhood; and two of my sisters were employed in the family I had left; while five younger brothers and sisters were at school. The eldest of these was soon after engaged by the village teacher as his assistant. . . . . .

"For a considerable time our family circle was unbroken; however, by the marriage, at different times, of four members of the family, six only remained around our parents. Sorrow might have had a resting-place in the bosoms of some of that family circle, but to the eye of lookers-on they were happy as ever. But change, death, and sorrow were to come. Our beloved father was suddenly and unexpectedly removed from among us, and a long course of illness in the family followed on his departure. Illness prevented for a time our removal from the abode which had so long sheltered us, and where we had spent so many happy days.

"At this time, however, we all recovered; but shortly after our removal to another residence, five of us were again prostrated by fever, and our youngest sister—our gentle, quiet, affectionate sister, she who lived but for the happiness of those around her—was removed.

"I am now residing with three sisters and our youngest brother, under the roof of our widowed mother; other two relatives live with us, and I am still engaged in my old occupation of managing the house, which I have never quitted since I returned, on account of my mother's health, except for about two years, when I was in the service of others.

"Many sources of enjoyment and comfort have been removed; but the spring to which our beloved and revered parents led us in our early years, that fountain whence issued our sweetest and purest enjoyments, is still open to us, even the well of living waters, which never can be dried up; and though these loved ones are departed, and we cannot but feel the loss of their society, we are happy in the hope of soon meeting them, where there are pleasures for evermore. Religion—the knowledge of God—has been to us our strength and our happiness, the source of all we have enjoyed worth calling enjoyment. It has been the sunshine which, in the hour of prosperity, has made earth fair unto us as the bowers of Eden; and when the darkness of adversity encompassed us, it has been the star whose beaming indicated the approach of the morning's brightness.

A HUMBLE MARTYR.*

It is pretty generally known that, in the year 1830, through the blessing of God on the efforts of a few Christian friends, a chapel was opened at Seven Dials, in London, where the pure gospel is preached in the Irish language. Such an assault upon the enemy, in the very heart of one of his strongest holds, could not but lead to great excitement: persecution, carried to the utmost extent, short of murder, was the certain lot of those poor victims of Popery who dared to inquire what they should do to be saved, and join the congregation of the zealous servant of God, who had left some comfortable preferment in his native land, to assume the office of a missionary among his wretched countrymen here. Many were, however, found to encounter the worst that man could do, rather than forego the Word, the sweetness of which they had once been brought to taste: and to this hour a little flock is regularly assembling, who, having cast away the trammels of Popish delusion, are able, even in the extremity of wretchedness and want, to rejoice in Christ, as their only and all-sufficient Saviour.

It was in the spring of 1831, that a Scripture-reader, attached to the Irish Church and school, was visited one evening by a young countryman, who requested his assistance in penning a memorial or petition, by which he hoped to obtain some employment. It appeared that he was a most extravagant and dissipated character, who had, through his own vicious conduct, forfeited every advantage that he acquired. Still, being "a good Catholic," all was right with him; and the sins for which, with sixpence, he could any day purchase absolution, never gave him a moment's concern.

The reader willingly wrote out his petition, for Doghery was a better scholar in his native Irish than in the English tongue; and while he was so employed, the young man took up the book which the other had been reading—a book that I had given him, containing some controversial tracts on the leading errors of Popery.

When the letter was completed, Doghery exclaimed, "This book must be false, for it contradicts my Church: here is the presence of Christ in the sacrament of the mass denied. Why do you read such books?"

"Because," answered the other, "they show me the errors of the Church to which I also once belonged."

A very animated discussion ensued, which lasted till after midnight, while Doghery contended for the orthodoxy of his Church with equal spirit and ingenuity. The next day he returned with an anxious countenance; and on the reader inquiring the fate of his petition, he replied, he did not come about that, but to renew their discourse concerning the book. "For," said he, "you deny the power of my Church to forgive sins; and if that be the case I am in a bad way." Again was the point brought to the test of Scripture; and Doghery went away, deeply impressed, to return on the following day more troubled than before, while he frankly acknowledged that he could no longer place any confidence in that which had always appeared to him an infallible guide to heaven.

"What am I to do?" was his anxious inquiry. The reader told him, that if he would accompany him to the Irish Church, where service was performed on the Wednesday evening, he might hear something in his own tongue that should give him more light.

* From Charlotte Elizabeth's "Chapters on Flowers."

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Unacquainted with the circumstance, the pastor addressed his little flock on the parable of the prodigal son, expounding it as he proceeded. On arriving at the passage—"Put a ring on his finger, and shoes on his feet," he explained the latter by a reference to Eph. vi., "having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," and dwelt on the difficulties that the Christian must surmount, or pass over, which required, at every step, such defence as Christ alone can furnish to the feet of his saints. At this period of the discourse, Doghery trembled exceedingly, and looked down at his feet. The reader asked the reason of his emotion: "Look," he replied, "at my broken shoes—I could never travel a stony road in them; my soul is in a worse condition than my shoes; how then can I travel that difficult path to heaven? And see, my shoes are so far gone, that nobody can ever make them good for any thing now: my soul is worse—Oh, who shall mend that!" The reader was so struck by this singular application of the subject to his own case, that he took him to the vestry, and introduced him to the zealous preacher, who spoke very impressively to him, and gave him a Bible.

On that very evening, the minister of the Irish Church repeated this to me, and Doghery became the subject of our special prayers.

From the time of receiving the Bible, he studied it daily—hourly. A change the most striking came over his whole aspect and character. His memorable petition had succeeded, so that he got a place as porter in an apothecary's establishment; and he who never before could remain sober for two or three days, and was sure to lose every situation within a week, was now so temperate, so faithful, so diligent, so steady, that he won the perfect confidence of his employers. Still, being an out-door servant, and having a little motherless girl to support, at nurse, he was unable to afford himself the means to remove from his wretched lodging to one less miserable. He occupied a corner in a densely-inhabited court, near Covent-Garden, surrounded by the most bigotted of his unhappy countrymen, who made Doghery and his heretic Bible the objects of their fiercest animosity. However, the Lord helped him to make a confession, in meekness and love, even here; and after a proper season of probation, Doghery was admitted a communicant at the Lord's Table in the beloved Irish Church. There the cup of blessing, which his crafty priests withheld from him, was put into his hand: and with what effect may be gathered from an incident that his dear pastor repeated to me. He went to visit a poor sick Irishman, in one of the dens of St Giles', and found Doghery seated by his bedside, reading the Word of God to him. Mr B. said, "I rejoice to find you sensible of the preciousness of that sacred book." Doghery replied, "I hope I am, Sir; I feel much when I read the Scriptures here: I feel much when you preach to me in the Church; but when you gave me the bread of life, in the holy sacrament, I felt—oh, then I *did* feel, indeed!"—"How did you feel, my poor fellow?" He looked up, with eyes that sparkled brightly, and answered, with great energy, "Sir, I felt that it was the marriage ceremony, which united my soul to my Saviour for ever."

On the Saturday following this, he went to his old friend the reader, and said, "I have many trials at home: they never allow me to sleep, for cursing me and blaspheming. They insist on my giving up my Bible, or else they will have my blood. My blood they may have," he added, with earnestness, "but this book none shall take from me. It is more precious than my life." He then related how he was accustomed to answer their menaces and revilings, by reading or repeating to them the blessed truths by which he was made wise unto salvation. He told the reader, that he must go on the morrow to see his child, at Finchley Common; and, therefore, could not attend church till the evening; and he continued searching the Scriptures with him until a very late hour, expressing the joy and peace he felt in believing.

At seven o'clock the next morning he was obliged to go out, with medicines, to his master's patients: between nine and ten, he went to eat his breakfast in his comfortless home. Here he was most fiercely assailed, on the two points that they constantly insisted on—to give up his Bible, and, to go to mass. Doghery refused: they attacked him, and struck him, but he only entreated their forbearance: he raised not his hand, except to ward off some of their blows. In ten minutes he was pitched out into the street, a mangled corpse, his head and side both laid open by blows from a plasterer's shovel, one arm and several ribs broken, and all the upper part of his body black with bruises. The poor Irishman had sealed with his blood the testimony of that truth which he held—he had joined the noble army of martyrs, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

Many a tear have I shed over the leaves of Doghery's little Bible, as I marked the print of his soiled fingers in those pages which he loved to ponder upon. The Gospel and Epistles of St John, and that of St Paul to the Hebrews, bore evident traces of frequent and protracted study; there he had found encouragement to pursue his new and blessed path, until, through the blood of Christ, he had grace given him to shed his own. He was faithful unto death; and the Lord delayed not to give him a crown of life.

It may be said, this was the act of a savage mob, and ought not to be charged upon the religion that they so ignorantly profess; but, a very short time afterwards, a clergyman connected with the friends who support the Irish chapel, was met by the regular, the educated, the recognised Roman Catholic parish-priest of a populous district, in another part of London, who, adverting to the murder, coolly said *there would be more of them*, if the Irish preaching and Scripture-reading was not discontinued; while placards were fixed opposite the chapel, menacing those who attended it with Doghery's fate.

What shall we say to these things? Shall we permit our souls to be blinded, and our hearts hardened, against the dreadful evils of this unholy system? It is the device of Popery to keep her votaries in perfect subjection, by the same arts that she uses to lull their souls in the most profound repose of secure

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iniquity. By means of her priestly absolution, she affects to wipe off the old score of sins, committed since last the nominal penitent knelt at the confessional, and sends him forth to commence a new arrear, with perfect assurance that by the same process that too shall be made to pass away. Thus is the conscience seared, and the sinner deluded, as was poor Doghery, until, through the faithful testimony borne without reserve against his darling errors, he was led to feel his dreadful peril, while walking along a bridge of straw, over a gulph of ascending flames. And this is the case with every member of the Church of Rome, high and low, rich and poor. Thus are we guilty concerning our brethren, if we fail to set before them the peril in which they stand. The wild fanatics who murdered Doghery were less guilty than we, if we hold our peace when opportunity is given to plead with a member of that anti-Christian Church. They acted up to the spirit of the religion that they professed: we do not. They killed his body, but in so doing sent his soul to glory: we study the ease of our own bodies, and strive to retain the mistaken good-will of our neighbours, at the fearful price of accelerating their pace to everlasting destruction. I say accelerating; for if we, calling ourselves Protestants, withhold the PROTEST which by that very name we are pledged to make, what must their inference be, but that we are not of the same mind with our fathers, who yielded their bodies to the flames rather than even feign a tacit acquiescence in the fearful delusions of others? They see us banding for the zealous promotion of missionary labours, of which the avowed object is to put down the idolatry of heathen lands; and can they believe that we really consider *them* idolaters, while, with every facility of daily intercourse, we speak not a warning word to save *their* souls?

THE DYING MISSIONARY TO HIS WIFE.

BENEATH the tall, outspreading palm, that shades
Old Afric's plains, lay on the bed of pain
A child of God. Few months were pass'd, since he
Left home and friends, to teach the savage in
A far off clime the news of pardon. And
With him came a young and lovely being,
The partner of his life, and sharer of
His toils. And she was happy while he lived,
For in his presence all there was to bind
Her here to earth.

But now, beside his couch
Of suffering and of death, she kneels; and as
The burning tears stream forth, her heart resigns
To God the loved of her bosom. A few
More moments, and his soul must take its flight.
Yet, ere 'tis fled, he lifts himself, and with
His arm around that dearest one, calls on
Heaven to care for her, until some kind
Angel comes to take her to his arms on
High. And then his eye grew bright, for glory
From the upper world seemed bursting into
View, while thus he bade the idol of his
Heart farewell, and cheer'd her with his dying Words.

"No! weep not, love, that I must leave thee here,
While my freed soul shall mount away and steer
Its path, by other spheres, to God.

"No! weep not thus, tho' all alone art thou;
Thy Lord above will not forsake thee now,
Nor ever chasten with his rod.

"No! shed not tears of grief that I should leave
Thee in this dark clime, where none e'er may grieve
With thee my absence from this earth.

"No! 't were vain to sorrow, but rather come
At eve to my lone grave, and think, at home
Above, I sing a Saviour's worth.

"But stay! my pulse grows weak, and fastly now
Death's clammy sweat is settling on my brow—
The tomb's dark night is coming on.

"Its shades are falling, love; yès, kiss my cheek,
And bring to me our smiling babe; I'd speak
A blessing on him, ere I'm gone.

"Nay, weep not so; I would not one should sigh
When I depart. But Oh, what's this: I die!
Yes, my heart grows still; and how

"Faint it throbs. Death's banner waves low its fold
Above my head, and fans my temples cold—
It is so dark and chilly now.

"Adieu, my babe; my wife, farewell! the film
Of death is on my sight, and earth grows dim;
But Oh, just o'er the darkling wave

"I see my Saviour smiling sweet on me.
Farewell, my love, while I go to wait thee,
In a clime beyond the lone grave."

And as the last words died upon his lips,
The struggling spirit burst from its clayey
Home, and flew, like Noah's dove, off to its
Joyous rest in heaven, where sickness, grief,
Nor sorrow ever comes, but where redeem'd
And white-robed saints cease not their song of praise
To Him who conquer'd Death, Sin, and the Grave.

ANON.

THE TWO WHALERS:

OR, ISLANDS WITH AND WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

IN the year 1835, a whale-ship left the harbour which lies before my open window, for the Pacific Ocean. While sailing along one of the beautiful isles of that sea nearly under the equator, a large number of the natives came off for the purposes of trade. No treachery was suspected, and all for a while went on amicably. But, upon a signal from a chief, the natives sprang for the harpoons, whale-spades, and other deadly weapons at hand, and a desperate contest immediately ensued. The captain was killed by a single stroke of a whale-spade; the first mate also, soon after. The second mate jumped overboard, and was killed in the water, and four seamen lost their lives. A part of the crew ran up the rigging for security, and the rest into the forecastle. Among these last was a young man, the third mate, by the name of Jones, the only surviving officer. By his cool intrepidity and judgment, and

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after a long and fearful encounter, the ship was cleared, the chief killed, and many of his companions, both of those on board and those who came alongside to aid in securing the ship. Mr Jones now became the captain, buried the dead, dressed the wounded, and made sail for the Sandwich Islands, from whence the ship was sent home to this port—the voyage, for the want of necessary officers, being completely broken up, and thousands of dollars lost to owners and underwriters.

The blessed gospel had never shed its influence on this benighted island, and there was no power to weaken the ferocious passions of men. Had the gospel been there, how different would have been the scene.

Somewhere the survivors of that massacre must find an asylum. Weeping over their slain companions, in the anguish of their own wounds, and in the disappointment of their broken-up voyage, they must hasten somewhere for refuge. But what made their asylum at the Sandwich Islands so welcome and so desirable? The gospel was there! Missionary influence had made the island a fit and a safe resort. The downcast mariner knew that where the gospel banner waved there was safety.

Let us now contrast with the bloody outrage above recorded another scene. Some two years ago, another whale-ship sailed from this port. In pursuing her voyage, she arrived among the Hervey Islands in the month of November last. In a dark and squally night, the strong current had carried the ship beyond the captain's reckoning, and she struck on a coral reef, a few miles from the shore of the island of Aitutaki. The masts were immediately cut away to relieve the ship, but she soon began to break to pieces, thumping on the reef with dreadful violence at every surge of the sea. Here were all the horrors of shipwreck. The crew took to their two remaining boats—three out of five having been dashed in pieces—saving nothing but the clothes they had on at the time the ship struck. They must perish if they remained with the ship. But what had they to expect from yonder island that opened on their vision as the morning broke? How many wrecked mariners, escaping from the fury of the sea, had fallen before the fury of savage men. But go they must; and with anxious hearts they ply the oar to reach the land. Had the gospel gone there, or had it not? On that question hung their destiny. The affirmative would fill them with joy—the negative with despair! They reach the shore drenched with water, cold, fatigued, having lost their all. And what new disaster was to cap the climax of their woes?

But the gospel had been there! They were *not* to be the prey of ferocious men. Their first interview with the natives showed them they might dismiss all their fears. An English missionary was there, and he and the natives vied with each other in showing all hospitality and kindness to the distressed mariners. When the captain left the island, the chiefs presented him a document written by one of their number in a fair hand. The same identical paper lies before me. It gives in their own language a brief account of the wreck: "*Eta ma e t Bu o te pai*," &c. On the other side is a translation by the missionary as follows:—

"SIRS—The owners of the ship wrecked.—This is the likeness of the ship wrecked here:—We rose early in the morning, and the ship was a total wreck. We went with all haste to the aid of the crew, and found that they were all safe. A part only of the cargo was lost, and a part we saved. This is the amount of what we saved: 251 casks of oil, &c. * * * * * * The word of the chiefs to the owners of the ship is finished. May you obtain salvation from the Lord.

"Class Chiefs: KO VALMA RANGI. KO TAMATOA. KO UMKURA.

"MANAA TANGI.

"*Aitutaki, December* 17, 1847."

Under what obligation were these suffering mariners to that wisdom and benevolence which had caused the gospel banner to wave on that island ere their ship went to pieces on its shores! What a fate might have been theirs had Zion never said—

"Wake isles of the south,
Your redemption is nigh!"

This island first received the gospel through the agency of Rev. John Williams, that burning and shining light among the Pacific Islands. Accompanied by two of the native teachers, whom the Church at Riatea had chosen, Mr Williams reached Aitutaki in October 1821. He describes the natives as "the mildest people he ever saw." As an instance of their misery and degradation, he says: "I was disgusted with the sight of some females, who had cut themselves shockingly, the blood streaming from their bodies, while their shrieks and howlings were dreadful." In 1825, four years after his first visit, Mr Williams visited the island again, and in a letter to the London Missionary Society, says of the Aitutakians:—

"Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb;"

and the lovely island exhibits a fine settlement, stretching along the shore, which is lined with white cottages, having a fine chapel in the centre." In 1830, the natives of the island gave £103 sterling to the London Missionary Society, which had been contributed within the last two or three years by them for the cause of missions.

A letter from the captain of the wrecked ship lies before me, from which I quote:—

"During my short stay on the island, I stopped at the house of the English missionary, whose name is Henry Royale. His kindness toward me was more than I could reasonably have expected from any individual. As regards his Christian character, he is a man truly devoted to God. The interest he manifested to those under his care is more than I have witnessed at any other missionary station. Every morning it was his practice to rise at daylight to teach his scholars. The natives are a kind and hospitable people. I have never seen any more so. They have a large stone Church, which will contain from eight hundred to one thousand people, and it

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was well filled every Sabbath while I was there. They have likewise a large stone school-house, and about twenty-five stone dwelling-houses. As regards civilization, the natives of Aitutaki have made as great advancement as those of the Sandwich Islands."

Who can contemplate the facts stated in reference to these two ships without seeing that the diffusion of the gospel among the pagan islands of the sea is an unspeakable blessing to the interests of navigation and commerce, in the protection of life and property, as well as in preparing immortal souls for the bliss of heaven?—*N. Y. Observer.*

MINOR SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

JABEZ.

In the midst of the pages of names in the beginning of the Chronicles is this little episode: "And Jabez was more honourable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, Because I bare him with sorrow. And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, O that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thy hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. And God granted him that which he requested." Was this son of sorrow frightened by his own name into an apprehension of calamity? Well, if that were the case, so it drove him to God for refuge, it were a good kind of superstition. And it is a pity that more of us did not feel that as "sorrow" is our inheritance, by the special sentence of the Creator on each of our original progenitors, there is nothing left for us to do so suitable, and sufficient, as to cast ourselves on the covenant God of Israel, and entreat Him, that the evil, which is unavoidable, may not have power, essentially and finally, to grieve us! "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

The worldling may, perhaps, think, on the first reading of the prayer of Jabez, that it is just the collect for himself. "Enlarge my coast," "keep me from evil"—what are these, he may say, but petitions for wealth and prosperity? But let him read it again. Is there not a melancholy sadness in the strain? Did not the son of sorrow experience the fear of being forsaken by the God of his fathers, rather than indulge a worldly desire for an extended domain? Does his prayer breathe the spirit of one whose heart is set upon earthly possessions, and who only prays, because he may insinuate into his seeming devotion his request for what he loves more than God's true blessing? "Bless me *indeed*."—"O that thy hand might be *with me!*"—"Keep me from evil, that it may not *grieve* me." If he did ask for the divine protection, it was with the spirit of one who knew that God alone could make prosperity a blessing, and keep it from becoming a snare; of one who was taught by the history of his nation to associate temporal defence and welfare with the favour of God in a higher sense. So it was with the defrauded son of Isaac. Esau connected the blessing of his dying father with more important results than the impatient heir of our day has in view in watching the privileges of his birthright. "Bless me, even me also, O my father! Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me? Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father!"

Those will be, like Jabez, "more honourable than their brethren," who will learn, like him, to seek for nothing in this life but what they can, consistently, pray God to bestow; who will discern the hand of God in sorrow, as well as in rejoicing; and who will desire that if evil come, it may not, either as to its temporal or spiritual effects, unduly grieve them.

If men would learn on what principles and conditions temporal prosperity may be regarded and prayed for, as a divine blessing, let them study the spirit of the prayer of Solomon, on his accession to the throne, the prayer of Agur, and the prayer of Jabez.

HYMENEUS AND PHILETUS.

Gangrene is a disease in which the part affected becomes so corrupt, that nothing but the knife gives any hope of preventing a fatal mortification. The microscope shows that the livid mass is filled with innumerable worms, which literally eat into the flesh, and commonly destroy the life. But what have Hymeneus and Philetus to do with the gangrene? Did they die of the disease? or are they celebrated for curing it? "Their word will eat as doth a gangrene." Their word! Were they great slanderers then? Was it the corruption of their tongues that defiled the whole body, and set on fire the course of nature?

No: I suppose these men had been Christian ministers. Paul mentions Hymeneus twice, and Philetus once, in his warnings to Timothy, in such a connexion as seems to imply this. They certainly had been, and probably still were, professing Christians. What a fearful thing to have the word of a Christian, whether in the ministry or not, become a gangrene in its moral effects! But it is possible for men, in either capacity, to "corrupt" even "the Word of God," and make it fatal through their perversions, though in itself, it is pure, incorruptible, life-giving, sanctifying, and saving. And so, it is possible for a minister, or other Christian, to be so indiscreet in his use of his own words—so inattentive to the precepts, to be an "example of the believers in word," and to "show uncorruptness in doctrine, and sound speech that cannot be condemned"—that his influence shall be as a gangrene to those whom he affects by his conversation.

Hymeneus first made shipwreck of his faith, by putting away the truth and a good conscience together. In this he was a partner with Alexander; and both were given up by the apostle to the visitations of divine judgments, in the hope that they might learn not to blaspheme. But from this step Hymeneus went on to adopt profane and vain babblings in his religious opinions, which increased to more ungodliness; so that, finding a new ally in Philetus, they became together bold enough to teach that the resurrection was past, and were successful in overturning the faith of some.

Beware of the gangrene! It cannot be cured, except by cutting out or cutting off. A little delay of the operation may be too late. The surest preventive is to exercise a double vigilance, that our words be sound, pure, true, profitable to ourselves, and them that hear us—that we abound in the use of those which are "spirit and life."

PHYGELLUS AND HERMOGENES.

O great men! Illustrious names! Models of independence! They "turned away from" the apostle Paul! Or his own language may be well rendered, "They have turned me off." He does not say why, but these Asiatics have had so many followers, that it is not difficult to form conjectures as to the cause of their dissatisfaction.

Many theological teachers turn Paul off, because of his unpalatable doctrines. This may have been the case with the couple before us; for their withdrawal is mentioned in close connexion with the

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exhortation to young Timothy—"Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me." There are some views of Paul's so fundamental in his system of teaching, so incorporated with every argument he constructs, that the only way of escaping from his authority is the summary one adopted by this distinguished pair—to turn away from him—to turn him off—to dispense with his services as a teacher. See that most unpopular sentiment, yet so favourite an one with the apostle, which he inserts almost in the same paragraph in which he announces his dismissal—"God, who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." What multitudes of Phygellians and Hermogenians has that single article of Paul's creed made! Even many who think well of him in other respects, and listen to him with favour, turn away from him when he writes in this style. Paul was equally unfortunate in this respect in his life-time. He often went on smoothly in his public discourses for a while, but would be sure to let fall some expression that would spoil his popularity, and turn the applause of his eloquence into hatred for some doctrinal opinion, or indignation for some home-thrust of his practical preaching. The Athenians heard him patiently at Mars Hill whilst he discoursed of the Deity, and quoted their own poets; but no sooner had he touched on the resurrection than some began to mock, and others put him off more civilly with "We will hear thee again of this matter." The Jews heard him with great silence, as he spoke from the stairs of the castle of Jerusalem, so long as they were entertained with the account of his journey to Damascus; but happening to make favourable mention of the "Gentiles," they gave him no audience after that word, but cried out that he was not fit to live. So Felix was well enough pleased with the specimen of Paul's defence of Christianity, till he got to certain reasonings, which had the air of personalities, and he turned him off for that time. And Festus accomplished the same purpose, when, after hearing his personal narrative, and the apostle running off upon the resurrection and the Gentiles, he drowned the sound of the unwelcome doctrines, by shouting that Paul was beside himself!

After this experience, it could not have been so dreadful a trial to Paul to be turned off by Phygellus and Hermogenes. Let us, however, draw this moral from their history:—1. That men may turn from Paul, or dismiss him from his seat as an instructor, and yet his opinions may survive, and find believers. 2. That the examples of the fate of those who treated any opinions of the apostle with contempt in his life, give poor encouragement to imitators. 3. That it is dangerous to make exceptions, or indulge partialities, in our reception of the inspired Word. Let us take all the Bible—all Paul.

EBED-MELECH.

Each of the Testaments gives, in an Ethiopian eunuch, an example of faith. Both of these coloured foreigners were in or near Jerusalem at the times in which they are spoken of, but they were six hundred years apart. The one is associated with the Queen Candace and the Evangelist Philip; the other with the King Zedekiah and the Prophet Jeremiah. The former is too prominent to come among our Minor Characters, the latter is so much forgotten that his name will hardly be recognised by many of our readers. But, though the Queen's officer may have been of "great authority" in comparison of rank, the King's servant may claim equality with him in the good report which is through faith. If the treasurer evinced his faith by a prompt profession, the other manifested his by a bold action. The one said "I believe," was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing; the other remonstrated with the king against his own decree, and in the face of the advice of his princes, on behalf of a persecuted prophet, and when he succeeded, put his own hands to the rope to pull him up from the pit.

It was not mere humanity that prompted the African to so courageous an act, or that made him think of throwing down rags to the old man in the dungeon, before he should put his weight on the cord. It was as a prophet of the Lord that he chiefly cared for Jeremiah. We know this from the prophet's reward that he received. For a special message came from heaven through Jeremiah to assure his deliverer that when Jerusalem should fall before the Chaldeans, his life should be safe, "because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord." Surely, as the reward was like Rahab's, the faith was at least equal, and Ebed-Melech a man that may say, "I will show thee my faith by my works."

True faith may make itself manifest in the humbler sort of actions, as well as in the greater. The servant of Zedekiah, busy with his ropes and rags over the miry pit, in the court of the prison, honoured God in that honour shown to a prophet for God's sake, as really as did the eunuch of great authority, when he stepped from his chariot to be baptized.

It is a doctrine of the Old Testament, as well as of the New, "He that receiveth you, receiveth me," and a promise of both alike, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, he shall not loose his reward."

ONESIPHORUS.

If the prayers of Paul shall be answered, this man and his family will find mercy of the Lord in the great day. One of the rewards of benevolence is the prayers of the righteous for those who have done them good. A good deed may thus be connected with the salvation of him who performs it, nay, of his family besides. It was the kindness of Onesiphorus to Paul which caused the apostle to pray for him and his household. "The Lord give mercy unto THE HOUSE of Onesiphorus."—"The Lord grant unto HIM that HE may find mercy of the Lord in that day."

And what was the great service which this Ephesian had rendered? It was performed when Paul was a prisoner in the hands of the Romans, awaiting the pleasure of the Emperor, and willing to abide by the alternative of his appeal—"If I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die." Had his friend delivered him from bonds? or could he dare to die for that good man, or wear his chain as his substitute? What smaller obligation could the apostle rate so highly?

This is the common standard for weighing our obligations to our benefactors. We ask *how much* they have done; forgetful that if one does all he can do in the circumstances, it is by his disposition, rather than by the results, that his goodness and our indebtedness are to be measured. But Paul had learned a better system of morals. He had studied with Him on the highest grade of whose scale of merit, it is possible to find a cup of cold water, a box of ointment, or the sum of two mites. It was, therefore, his doctrine, that "if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

Onesiphorus was not able to release Paul, either from the annoyance or disgrace of his detention in

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Rome: but when he went to the city during those two years, he took pains to find the hired house where the apostle and his guard dwelt. He refreshed him with his visits, showing that he was not ashamed of his chain, nor of his Christian friend, in custody. Soothing, indeed, it must have been to the innocent prisoner to have these calls from a sympathizing believer, when he had commonly no better society than a Pagan soldier, or unbelieving Jews—to whom if he opened his lips about Christ crucified, it was foolishness to the one, and a stumbling-block to the others; a theme, at best, of controversy and not of sweet communion. The interviews of Paul and Onesiphorus might have furnished conceptions for the cartoons of the best masters.

A Christian visit to the lonely, to the afflicted believer, what a cheap, but precious favour! How little it costs! A few minutes deducted from our walk—a few cheerful words—perhaps a text or two of sacred promises, and a short prayer—something to show that the brotherhood is acknowledged—something to set the spiritual chords in vibration. And then what a reward in return!—the prayer of the afflicted saint; that prayer which availeth much, and which may comprehend not only the Onesiphorus, but his household, in fervent petitions that they all may find mercy in that day!

LETTER FROM DR CHALMERS TO A YOUNG MAN LEAVING HOME.

CRAIGHOLM, *July* 12, 1840.

MY DEAR MR ———.—I have not spoken much with you on the subject of your departure; but nothing can exceed the earnestness of my wishes for your prosperity in life, and more especially for your best and highest well-being through eternity.

I know something of the dangers of that world on which you are entering; and to me the most painful, I had almost said the most agonizing, of all spectacles, is the first surrender of native and youthful delicacy, when one begins to exchange the comparative innocence of boyhood, for the knowing depravity of vice. You may well believe then the anxiety I feel that, in your progress to manhood, you should be led to shun "the evil communications which corrupt good manners," and that when "sinners offer to entice you, you should not consent."

I have to apologize for the shabby appearance of the three accompanying books. Had I been in Edinburgh, I would have taken care that they should have been in better condition, and would have given you more of them. As it is, they are the best for you in my small collection here. Keith you will find a most entertaining, as well as instructive author. My own little work is more difficult perhaps to understand. But both may, by the divine blessing, prove a defence, and enable you to make replies in conversation against that infidelity which is so prevalent both at home and abroad. Guthrie is not the first book I would have you to read, on Practical Christianity; but it is a truly admirable work, after reading a few others, that I am sorry I have not by me. For filling up your Sabbaths profitably, whether at sea or on shore, let me recommend "Baxter's Compassionate Counsels to Young Men," "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," "Horne on the Psalms," and "Wilberforce's View of Christianity." There are many others which I may mention afterwards, on your return from your first voyage; and let me take your promise, that you will never spend the interval between one voyage and another without paying me a visit. The lines which I repeated to you on the last ferry-pier of ———, I now conclude with.

> Ah! may he ne'er, though far abroad to roam,
> Wish to forget his father's cottage home—
> Nor e'er unlearn, amid the world's dark ways
> The guileless lessons of his early days.

My parting advice to you is, a prayerful and daily reading of the Bible. See Psalm cxix. 9.—I ever am, my dear sir, yours very affectionately,

THOMAS CHALMERS.

Fragments.

In the *anticipation* of wealth men promise great acts of benevolence; in the *possession* of it, they think of little else than pampering their appetites, and satisfying their vain glory.

The worth of human glory is best estimated in a grave-yard.

The man who has peace within, is like one well sheltered while the storm is raging without.

Flattery first, then betrayal—an art practised by wicked men on their fellows, and, in turn, by the devil on wicked men.

A shallow brook may attract notice by its babbling, while the deep river flows silently and unnoticed; so the best and most useful men are not those who, by their officious bustle, are perpetually obtruding themselves on the public attention.

I have lived—how? I shall live hereafter—where?

True charity is always condescending. In its purest form it once stooped from heaven to earth. "He loved us, and gave himself for us."

The fountain of human thought is ever flowing; but, like the waters of Marah, it is bitter, and needs supernatural healing.

Of all mysteries, the mystery of God's forbearance with man is the greatest.

Reformation does not consist in an exchange of one sin for another, but in the renunciation of all sins.

The *loss* of reason is a great calamity, its *perversion* is perhaps a greater.

It is with the mind as it is with the purse; it must be constantly replenished to bear the daily drafts made on it.

A small spring may make a babbling brook, but the resources of a mighty lake are necessary to maintain the thunders of a Niagara.

Satan is dexterous in his devices. Religion and the Bible are in the world, and he cannot extirpate them. He accordingly invents false religions to counteract the true, and puts such interpretations on the Bible as will encourage men in their "damnable heresies."

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CONDUCT OF CHRISTIANS TOWARDS THEIR UNCONVERTED RELATIVES.

BY THE REV. J. A. JAMES, BIRMINGHAM.*

"I WILL take you one of a city, and two of a family, and bring you to Zion." Jer. iii. 14. So spake God to the Jews. "One shall be taken, and the other left." So spake Jesus to his disciples; and we see both sayings continually verified in the history of the Christian Church, and the experience of the Lord's people. How rarely does it happen that a whole family are believers; how commonly is it the case that one or two are called, and the rest left. God hath mercy on whom he will have mercy. Consequently, most Christians are placed in near connection with some who are yet in an unregenerate state, which, of course, greatly increases the difficulty of maintaining a profession with consistency, and yet at the same time increases the obligation to do so. It would be much easier to carry on our religious duties, surrounded by those who would uphold and encourage us by their example, their prayers, their smiles, and their counsel; but many are called to maintain their principles amidst those by whom they are opposed. Some have unconverted husbands, others wives; some have irreligious children, others parents; some have ungodly brothers, others sisters; some have wicked masters, others servants.

Persons thus situated should be deeply impressed with the conviction that they are placed in circumstances of difficulty, delicacy, and danger, which will require great caution, circumspection, and prudence. You have a most arduous part to act, so as not to lose your own piety on the one hand, or unnecessarily to disgust your friends with it on the other. You need "a spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and of might, of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." Not only would everything sinful do much harm, but everything imprudent. A want of judgment would be mischievous, as well as a want of integrity. A good action out of season, or out of place, or done in a wrong manner, would be attended with consequences almost as injurious as a bad one. To combine a due regard to our own consistency, with a spirit of prudence towards the prejudices of others, is a most rare accomplishment. Not to allow our firmness to assume the character of obstinacy or uncommanded scrupulosity in one extreme, nor our caution to degenerate into cowardice or compromise in the other, requires no ordinary measure of divine help; but God has promised to make his grace sufficient, even for this. The confidence of faith, united with fervent prayer, and the spirit of dependence, will bring to you from above the necessary assistance.

It is of the last importance that you should see and feel your need of *unbending firmness* in all things required by God. In matters of absolute indifference, or of mere taste and feeling, you should be pliant as an osier, but in matters of principle, inflexible as an oak. It will be the great object of your unconverted relatives, to subdue your constancy, and to induce you to change your course, and they will seek to accomplish this object, not perhaps, by asking you to throw off your profession all at once, but by tempting you, from time to time, to engage in practices inconsistent with it. They will insinuate that you are unnecessarily rigid, even when tried by your own standard; they will point to some worldly-minded, inconsistent member of your own church, who ventures without scruple upon what you refuse to do; they will assure you that it is but that once, or in that one thing, that they ask a concession; they will sometimes affectionately entreat, at others, angrily demand; they will ridicule or threaten, as they think they are most likely to succeed; they will promise to conform to some of your religious practices, if you will only adopt some of theirs, to which you object. Against all these attempts to bend your purpose, or shake your constancy, or destroy your consistency, you must be fortified by a holy resoluteness of purpose, and a simple dependence on divine grace. "None of these things move me," must be your determination. One concession would only lead to another, till all is relinquished which your profession implies. A calm, determined firmness at first, will save you from much subsequent annoyance and perplexity.

This unyielding firmness, in reference to what you deem to be your duty, must be main-

* In his valuable work, entitled "The Christian Professor."

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tained, at the same time, with much sweetness of temper and amiableness of disposition. It must be the inflexibility of principle, sustained by the gentleness of love. A professor who has to hold fast his religion, in opposition to his nearest friends, should be the very model of meekness, kindness, and courtesy, ine very thing else; this will convince them that his constancy is the dictate of a tender conscience, and not the caprice of a pugnacious disposition.

There should be the most entire and unvarying consistency, and an untiring perseverance. Take care that there is nothing which may justly lead to a doubt of your sincerity, or that would fasten upon you the charge, or even the suspicion, of hypocrisy. This would create inexpressible disgust. The spectators of your conduct must be the vouchers for your sincerity, and be compelled to testify, that you are at any rate self-consistent. Their eyes are ever upon you, with a pre-disposition to criminate you, in matters of obvious, or even doubtful wrong. They try you by your profession; and by what other standard should they try you? I would enforce upon your special attention the consideration, thaty our religion must not be, nor *appear* to be, an abstract thing, a habit distinct and separable from your social character, but that which is a part of it, binding all into unity, symmetry, and beauty. It must not float by itself upon the surface, like oil on water, refusing to blend, but must be held in solution, like sugar in a cup, sweetening the whole. You must let it make you conscientious in common things, as well as devotional in sacred ones; you must not only be more righteous than your neighbours, but more meek, gentle, kind, and just. You must not only be fitted by your piety for communion with the members of the Church, but by your social excellence for intercourse with the members of the family. Any want of consistency will sharpen the stings, and increase the venom, with which your unconverted friends will annoy you; while an opposite line of conduct will, in many cases, put an end to hostility, even where it does not conciliate regard.

It is also of great consequence that you should present religion to your friends under an aspect of cheerfulness. It should be clearly seen by them that it makes you as happy as it makes you holy. Remember their opinion of it is, that though it may lead to heaven hereafter, is little better than penance here; and that, admitting it conducts to realms of light and glory, it is by a path gloomy as the valley of the shadow of death. Many real Christians, by their sombre looks, their monkish stiffness and lugubrious wailings, have confirmed this prejudice. On the contrary, take care to let them know, by your holy, serious, cheerfulness, that the kingdom of God is not only righteousness, but peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Let them see you going on your way rejoicing. Convince them that you can take pleasure in all that is innocently pleasant; that you can smile with those that smile on whatever is purely delightful; that you can enjoy with as keen a relish as they can, friendship, scenery, literature, science, the fine arts; that your aim is only to defecate earthly pleasures of whatever is polluting and deleterious, and to add to them the more holy, solid, and satisfying delights of religion, the joy of faith, hope, and love. Let it be seen that you are walking in the light of God's countenance, and that your spirit dwells in a Goshen, compared with which their state of mind is but as Egyptian night. This is the way to allure them to piety, as well as to abate their unkindly disposition towards yourselves.

As much as possible, avoid all uncouth phraseology, and what may be called religious slang. Do not deal in cant terms or phrases, nor apply Scripture expressions, in a way of half-seriousness, half-joke, to ungodly persons. I do not mean by this that you are to avoid altogether the use of religious terms, or the quotation of Scripture language; but to encumber and disfigure our ordinary discourse with the words and phrases of the old divines, or of systematic and experimental theology, to interject our speech with habitual references to the Lord, and the "Lord's will," and "the Lord's people," till it sounds either ludicrous or irreverent, or both, is letting our "good be evil spoken of," and strengthening prejudice against piety.

In whatever attempts you make for the conversion of unrenewed relations, act with great judgment. In many cases, more can be done by the silent influence of a holy example than by instruction, admonition, or rebuke. Superiors will not often allow inferiors to admonish them. The proud heart of man refuses reproof from any one, especially from one below him. With all persons, example must be the chief instrument of usefulness to unconverted relatives, and with some it must be the only one. Even where we are authorised to admonish and to warn, great discretion is necessary to do it in the best manner, lest we disgust where we

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intend to benefit. If we would do good, we must be kind, gentle, and affectionate; we must not use a cold, harsh, scolding, and unfeeling tone, nor affect a magisterial or dogmatical manner, but must employ the meekness of wisdom and the tenderness of love. We must not dash religion in a person's face, nor pour it down their throat, as with a drenching force, but insinuate it into their minds, little by little, as tenderly and judiciously as we would medicine into the lips of a sick child, or food into the mouth of a starving man. We must watch for our opportunity, choose the best time and the best circumstances, and especially remember not to be always boring the objects of our solicitude with a kind of dunning importunity. We must well consider the temper and disposition of the person whom we are anxious to convert, and adopt our methods to his turn of mind; some will hear a whole lecture from us, others will scarcely bear a hint; some should be alarmed by the thunders of divine vengeance, others moved by the soft music of love's inviting voice; some must be reasoned with, others melted by appeals to the feelings; some will bear at one time what they will not at another; we must, therefore, like a wise physician, study well the case, and adapt our treatment to its peculiarity. Two things, however, must be remembered in all cases, to do everything lovingly, and to do everything prayerfully; for who can open and change the heart but God!

It may be, that in some cases you will be called to suffer persecution, and that of the most painful kind, the unkind treatment of near relatives; and thus to experience the truth of our Lord's words, "I come not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Matt. x. 34, 36. If this be the case, turn at once and continually, for consolation, to the antidote which Christ has provided for this deep sorrow. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Matt. v. 10. It is to this state of things the apostle refers, when he says, "Count it all joy when you fall into diverse temptations (or trials)." James i. 2. Do not be cast down nor faint under your afflictions. They are not for the present "joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards they yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." No seed that can be sown on earth, will yield such a produce of heavenly joy as the tears of God's persecuted people. These are the light afflictions which are but for a moment, and which work out "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Bear your troubles in the spirit of meekness; seek for grace to be neither irritated nor sullen; return not railing for railing, but blessing for cursing. Conquer, or at any rate soften, hostility by gentleness and passive courage. Smile with love upon the countenance that frowns upon you, and kiss the hand that smites you. Let not the length or violence of oppression induce you to give up your principles. Take heed against an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. Endeavour so to act, as that they who dislike your religion may "find nothing against you, but as touching the law of your God." Be firm, consistent, mild, judicious, and affectionate, and then God will not only support you under percution, but give you honour in the midst of it.

RELIGION IN MEN OF BUSINESS.*

1. The great mercantile virtue is integrity. Zeal is not more essential to a missionary, nor benevolence to a physician, nor courage to a soldier, than uprightness to a man of business. It is his primary grace, his cardinal virtue; and whatever he may possess—acuteness, intelligence, information, address, it profiteth nothing so long as he lacks integrity. And though some derive from education a high sense of honour, there is no principle so potent as the sense of duty which the Christian derives from grace. According as he is more or less devout, he realizes the eye of God as the constant inspector of his conduct, and God's tribunal as the last court of review, before which his intromissions and transactions must pass. And filled, as it is, with lofty motives and elevated feelings, and the consciousness of a high relation, his nature has neither aptitude nor liking for the doubtful gains, the evasive shifts, and paltry stratagems, to which mean natures stoop. Like the great Henry Thornton, through whose immaculate hands the wealth of other people flowed as water would flow through a conduit of crystal—as unadhesive and as unsullied—so far as he is a trustee for others, the high-minded Christian is superior to all self-preference and self-aggrandizement, and finds a rich recompense in being thus enabled to conquer the unrighteous Mammon. And rather than let his good be evil spoken of, he will forego those gains which others may deem perfectly fair, but at which his more tender or enlightened conscience demurs. When Mr Bonnell was Accountant-General of Ireland, it was the reign of Charles II., and it was still common for public officers to accept gratuities for special services; and though he announced his purpose to refuse them, people could not understand such high-pitched purity. Accordingly, when one public creditor left on his table three broad pieces of

* Forming part of a Lecture to Men of Business, by the Rev. James Hamilton, in the *English Presbyterian Messenger*. We think it right to remind our readers that we give only *portions* of these lectures. The parts omitted are not less worthy of perusal.

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gold, and another a guinea or two, he distributed them among some worn-out servants of the Custom-House, and by a few such acts of resolute disinterestedness, saved himself from future temptation. And though bribery is now a branded crime, and it needs less effort to withstand it, there still are many questionable profits which it needs much faith or fortitude to forego. We are taught to admire the military heroism which makes a man contemptuous of his life at the very period when life is richest in promise and most prodigal of joy; but when I remember that almost as deep-seated and desperate an instinct as the love of life, is the love of money, and when I remember that the trader's very calling is to earn a fortune, I own myself an equal admirer of that mercantile heroism which makes a man contemptuous of filthy lucre. The soldier may lose his life, but he is more likely to survive; and he has every impulse to risk it which fury or ambition or fellow-combatants can supply; and then—the glory, should he fall! But the trader who is accosted by some sinister temptation; who has it for this morning in his offer to become suddenly or excessively rich, and that by a slight deviation from duty, by one little subterfuge, or by a single compromise, which need never be repeated, and who, perhaps, has pressing liabilities or a rising family, as so many reasons for compliance, but who puts aside the proposal without a single sigh; the man who, knowing so well the worth of money, is so little moved by the unrighteous Mammon; the man who can stand on a pinnacle and view the world and its glory, and hear a voice, "All these will I give thee," but trample the temptation and turn sharp on the temper; the man who can fight this battle, not amid flushed comrades and on a resounding field, but in the silence of his parlour or the obscurity of his counting-room, and not even a partner or a clerk to praise the victory—in such a man and such a triumph of Christian principle, we recognise every element of genuine heroism, and that self-sacrifice which is the real spirit of martyrdom.

2. Another blessing which real religion confers on its mercantile possessor is, moderation in prosperity. "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." "But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth." "If rich, be not too joyful in having, too solicitous in keeping, too anxious in increasing, nor too sorrowful in losing." These golden sentences were inscribed on the account-books of a London merchant,* who, not content with writing them in his books, embodied them in the consistent practice of fifty years. The Lord gave him power to get wealth, and just when he was on the way to get a great deal more, he said, "It is enough," and retiring from a prosperous trade, devoted his remaining years to doing good. His income was not great, but he had once been happy with a great deal less; and though he might have lived his remaining years up to that income, there was one thing which hindered him. "None of us liveth to himself." "Ye are bought with a price." And accordingly, when one day he took a young friend to see Abney park, at that time offered for sale, and had shown him, with enthusiasm, the house where Dr Watts so long resided, the room in which he composed his beautiful works, the bed-room where he slept, and the turret on the roof where he used to sit gazing on the scenery, his companion wondered that he did not buy the place and live in it. "I might," was his answer, "but to live here would consume all my income, and nothing would compensate for the pleasure I have in living within my income, that I may serve God with the surplus." And that moderate income, blessed by God and wisely expended, was the means of providing more places of evangelical worship in this metropolis, and raising up more faithful ministers, than any single income ever did since the days of Lady Huntingdon. The horse-leech hath seven daughters, saying, Give, give, and the love of money hath as many, saying, Get, get, and the only antidote to this self-feeding rapacity is the gospel. The only man who ever found a competency is the man who has found in godliness with contentment great gain. When business prospers, he can still live on little, and give a large amount away; and he can even achieve the prodigy, at which so many marvel, retire from a thriving business, and bid adieu to boundless prospects, in order to live on a limited or lessened revenue.

3. Another benefit of true piety is the support which it affords its possessor in a season of commercial calamity. We have few more delightful biographies than that of Joseph Williams. He was a carpet manufacturer at Kidderminster, a hundred years ago; and in a letter to Mr Walker of Truro, he says, "I am an old man; a tradesman also of no small account in this neighbourhood; but I trust my more beloved, because more gainful, traffic lies in a far country. Grace unknown, though not unfelt, put me in this way forty-four years ago. I was then inclined to seek goodly pearls, and having found one pearl of great price, I was willing to sell all and buy it. And now my traffic is to the country beyond Jordan, and my chief correspondence with the King of Zion, a good friend to merchantmen. He first condescended to traffic with me, furnished me with the stock, made me many valuable remittances, and hath firmly assured me of a great and good inheritance to which I am to sail and take possession, as soon as I shall be ready for it, and our mutual interest will be thereby best promoted. And I have so high an opinion of Zion's King, and can so firmly rely on his promises, that I look on my said possession as a done thing, for, indeed, he hath confirmed his promises by many undeniable pledges." This happy old Christian was tried at his outset by heavy losses which nearly overwhelmed him; but his heart was fixed, and in the midst of all his anxieties and disasters, we find him saying, "Surely I find my soul growing in submission to God's will, and in delight in God and in duty. Surely I am enabled to love God more, not only by means of this trial, but for it." And the steady hand with which he carried the cup of prosperity when full, and the serene countenance with which he drank the cup when embittered, the meekness and modesty with which he sustained success, and the perfect peace which he enjoyed when in danger of loosing all, were the result of the self-same thing. He had commenced his business with God, and with God in prayer and consultation he carried it on. Or as he himself expressed it, "he traded for Christ." There was in partnership with him a Wonderful Counsellor, to whom he could resort in every dilemma, and who could send him supplies in the most wonderful ways—a friend as wise as he was kind, who kept him from losing courage in the most threatening conjunctures, and who kept his heart from breaking in the most crushing disasters. And so, dear sirs, if you would secure a blessing on your business, let it be your first concern to consecrate that business. Let each dedicate his traffic even as he dedicates himself and his household to the Lord. Associate in your schemes and undertakings the Most High, and see that there be in them nothing which one so truthful and holy would condemn. Devote to his service a fit proportion of your gains; and let the straightforwardness and simplicity, the good faith and good feeling in which your transactions are conducted, betoken a trader of the Bible

* Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Highbury.

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school, a merchantman who has borrowed his system and his rules from the business of a better country.

When Mr Charles Grant was the East India Company's commercial resident at Malta, the profits of his office were so great, that after a few years he sent his books to Bengal to be examined, stating that he was making money so fast that he feared it could not all be correct, though he himself could not find out the mistake. But the Governor-General instantly returned them unopened, bidding him keep his mind quite easy, and telling him that nobody except himself was troubled with such nervousness. And it would be easy to quote abundant instances where uprightness and integrity have made the Christian stand out in bright relief, and have wrung even from a reluctant world a moment's plaudit, or the more solid tribute of lasting respect and confidence. And this is the best service which any man can render to the gospel, the most precious and welcome of all contributions—the contribution of a consistent character. And perhaps there is no class of society from which that contribution has oftener come than the class which I am now honoured to address. Amongst the lay members of the Church of England, the elders and deacons of our city Churches in either kingdom, the office-bearers of our Dissenting congregations, and the committees of our religious societies, will be found a band of men who exemplify in noble combination, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" men who, comparatively free from professional prejudice, and looking round them with an eye of practical beneficence, are forward to each good work and friendly to all good men; men who do not keep their religion for cloisters and closets, nor give it dyspeptic airings in shady groves or over gravelled walks, but who must carry it with them into the streets, and docks, and warehouses, and let it ride in cabs and omnibuses, and other secular vehicles, where medieval piety would feel itself a culprit or a convict; men who, with little taste or time for logomachies and wordy strifes, have a simple and loving hold of the truth as it is in Jesus, and who, if not always sensitively alive to the denominational interests, are perhaps the more anxious that Christ should increase; men whose warm devotion hails casual opportunities of worship, but who to do good and communicate never forget. From such examples religion is seen to be not a mere theory read in printed books, but a palpable reality embodied in living men; not a cathedral anthem or a Sabbath melody, but the tune to which daily life is set, and to whose glad cadence actual existence goes; not a tender seedling which needs to be always under the forcing frame of the public meeting, or near the chapel stove, but a stout and hardy plant, which can bear alike the withering blasts of busy life and the importunate glare of this modern time. And in the manly, active, and intelligent piety of such professors, religion is at once exemplified and adorned; and in such ubiquitous and living sermons, the lessons of the pulpit and the Sabbath find their best enforcement and most effectual diffusion. . . . . .

Time would fail were I trying to enumerate all the signal achievements in the cause of humanity, and all the services in the cause of vital religion which have been rendered by the men of business in our modern era. I can see their impress on most of our philanthropic institutions, and I can feel the big pulsation of their sanguine enterprises in most of our evangelic schemes. In the clever processes and vivacious rapidity, as well as thorough finish of our modern schools, I discern a speed and order and precision imported from our factories; and in the gigantic vastness and joint-stock resources of our Bible and Missionary Societies, I perceive, along with more sacred elements, the genius bold and broad of our imperial commerce. In the canvass of our city missionaries from door to door, and of our Scripture-readers from cottage to cottage, I can detect the aggressive zeal of the trader creating a demand by partially supplying it, and campaigning with his wares in new or outlandish territories; and in the promptitude with which every open door is entered, and every agency is tried, I own the vigilant eye and empiric hopefulness of our eager traffic. If commerce be the gospel's debtor—if the fear of God be the eventual basis of the faith of man in man—if the merchant flag be welcomed where the missionary has gone before—if ships fill the haven and railroads gird the coast—if power-looms clash and spindles whirr, on spots to which nature has not been lavish, but where the Puritan has set his foot, and whence the Papist and the Pagan have passed away—if the Bible be the wealth of nations, and religion the riches and reconciling of the world—a sanctified commerce has also been the gospel's grateful ally and willing pioneer. And whatever may be the fretfulness or fastidiousness of others—though aristocratic pride may scoff at trade and its vulgar comforts, and though monkery or mysticism may fly away from science with its perilous day-light, and from invention with its expanding discoveries, and may seek a lodge in the far wilderness, where the din of commerce shall not blaspheme the solitude, and the lights of intelligence shall not penetrate the Goshen of self-created gloom—I glory in a gospel whose proper home is the purest light, and whose jubilee is come when many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased. And standing on the verge of prophetic time, I hail in each invention, not the dying radiance of a patriarchal or primitive antiquity, but the morning on the mountains of our world's most glorious prime. And in prospect of the day when the messengers of mercy shall speed from land to land on wings swifter than the whirlwind, and when the glad tidings shall twinkle swift as thought from England to the Antipodes, when a few thousand miles may still divide the nations of the world, but scarce a moment of time or a difference of creed, when telegraphic magic shall have made the world one home, and the talismanic gospel shall have taught that world one language—in prospect of that day, and in full assurance that the God of the Bible is the inspirer of art and science, I say, "God speed the shuttle, God speed the flying engine, God speed the merchant-ship." And in the full belief that as the Aholiabs and Hirams, the cunning artisans and merchant princes of recent times, however little some of them may have guessed it, have been the gospel's pupils and precursors, so I long to see more of their fresh invention and fertile ingenuity, their bold sagacity and fearless enterprise, devoted to that gospel's cause. And then shall I have better hope of a prospering nation and an enlightened world when all our men of prayer are men of business, and all our men of business are men of prayer.

Meanwhile, it is our happiness to think that the number is greater than it was; and in the belief that some such may be present now, we conclude with three practical suggestions.

1. Consecrate your business. Whoever else be associated with you, let the partner, to whose opinion you must defer, whom you mainly consult, and by whose maxims you are mainly guided, be He, whom not having seen, you love. This is the method to prosper in all your ways. He who hath the key of David can open doors when no other can, and He whose purse was the fish's mouth can send deliverance from most unlikely quarters. But should the very worst betide; should argosies sink, and magazines catch fire, and golden rivers dry; should waters

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roar, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea—God will be your refuge and your strength, a very present help in trouble. Whatever friends forsake, and whatever expectations fail, the best of all will be, "The Lord of hosts is with us.

2. Consecrate your business talent. Be actively engaged in some undertaking, where your skill, or activity, or ascendancy over others may render you serviceable to God and to your generation. Every one has his own aptitude and his natural affinity, and for these you may find abundant scope in the Church of which you are a member, or in some one of the hundred channels in which Christian beneficence is presently flowing. Only be active. Occupy your talent; select your own object—but be not idle. The present is not the day when any man of business should be a member of the Church without doing something in the Church—holding office there, or teaching a class, or visiting the poor, or superintending a mission, or taking an active part in the management of some society. The Lord hath need of us, every one, and the world in its exigencies needs us all. And as every member hath his own office, so that would be the best-conditioned Church where, looking over it, you could name off-hand the office which each fulfils, and where each was willing not only to fill the office, but to fulfil its duties in a style of evangelic optimism.

3. Consecrate your household and your home. The gospel is no enemy to taste and refinement, but it is the enemy of pomp and vainglorious show. Few things are more stumbling than sumptuous professors, and few things more graceful than to find a man who might live like a lord living in simplicity and frugality, on very purpose that he may be the larger benefactor of others.

FLOWERS.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

FLOWERS! flowers! that by the wayside spring,
So delicate and wild,
With what a strange delight they fill
The wond'ring, laughing child!
It grasps their leaflets close awhile,
Then strews them wide around,
For many a joy it hath to spare
Along its verdant bound.

The maiden wreaths them round her brow,
And, 'mid that shining braid,
How fair the violet's eye of blue,
And the faint rosebud's shade!
Upon her polish'd neck they blush,
In her soft hand they shine,
And better crown her peerless charms
Than all Golconda's mine.

Above the floating bridal veil,
The white camelia rears
Its innocent and tranquil eye,
To calm young beauty's fears;
And ever as her heart recalls
The memories of that hour,
Twin'd with the heaven-recorded vow
Will seem that stainless flower.

The matron fills her crystal vase
With gems that summer lends,
And gladly decks the festal board
For groups of joyous friends.

Her husband's eye is on the taste
With which she wreathes his bower,
And richer is his praise to her
Than earth's most precious flower.

Frail flowers! we call them prone to fade
Ere one brief season flies,
Yet down the smitten strong man falls,
And in a moment dies.
Time wears away the arch of rock,
And wrecks the ancient throne;
But here they are, unchanged, as when
On Eden's breast they shone.

Most dear and beautiful they are
On youth's unclouded plain,
But yet we never know their worth
Till life is in its wane.
Then grows their love a deeper thing,
When our lone pathway tends
Down 'mid the perish'd plants of hope,
And graves of buried friends.

Like smiling comforters they cheer
The most sequester'd spot,
And if the hermit heart despond,
Still they forsake it not.
We press them fondly to our lips,
And, to our souls, they say
The words of those departed ones
Who sleep so long in clay.

We nurse them in our casement warm,
When wintry winds are bleak;
We pray them by our side to stay,
If sickness pales our cheek.
Amid our folded shroud they gleam
When death hath had his will,
And o'er our pillow in the dust,
They bend and blossom still.

THE MOLOKANERS, OR MILK-EATERS.

SHORES OF THE BALTIC, *May* 1848.

I HAVE recently obtained some intelligence respecting a Russian colony of considerable extent, singular origin, and very uncommon attainments; of which, though prevented by reasons affecting its political security from quoting all the sources of my information, I may convey to your readers some very interesting particulars.

Although, doubtless, the name of Temperance Societies was never heard of in the wide Steppes of Russia, the thing itself is not unknown to a simple and true-hearted community of dissenters from the Russian-Greek Church, whose continued existence, and even increase, during many years of persecution, seems to have borne some resemblance to Israel's experience in Egypt; while their present comparative tranquility in the land of their banishment equally displays the power of divine grace, and

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the truth of the declaration, that "when a man's ways please the Lord he will make even his enemies to be at peace with him." The first detailed account which I saw of the Molokaners, or Milk-eaters, was contained in a letter from the Rev. Mr Roth, one of the Basle missionaries, whose station, Helenendorf, may well be described as situated on the utmost verge of Christendom.

In the course of a missionary tour to Schamachi and its environs—a journey in which the gospel messenger is exposed to dangers similar to those rehearsed by St Paul, 2 Cor. xi. 26—Mr Roth met with a venerable member of this singular community, and he details the interview in the following words:—"It was in the middle of October that, in one of those nearly impassable and wholly indescribable roads, with which nothing in Germany can be compared, I again fell in with one of those Molokaners of whom I have before made mention. With this aged and highly interesting disciple I was happily enabled to converse for some considerable time, as our several roads lay in the same direction, and one of my companions was capable of acting as interpreter between us. Before, however, entering on the chief subject of our discourse, it may be well to give a short account of the rise, past history, and present extent of this long despised and severely tried people.

"The Milk-eaters separated themselves from the Greek communion, avowedly, on account of the invocation of saints, the various masses, the worship of pictures and relics, the prescribed use of the sign of the cross, and similar superstitious observances insisted on by the Greek Church. In short, they took conscientious exception against every part of the public worship of that Church, excepting the sermon, which, however (more especially in the country parishes), is almost always omitted as superfluous. After enduring in their birthplace, which was situated in the interior of Russia, unspeakable hardships and oppressions, and seeing, year after year, many of their leaders exiled to Siberia as obstinate heretics, it was matter of thankfulness to them when the Russian government came to the determination, some eight or nine years since, to banish the whole of this pestilent sect to the Schamachian district in the province of Grusia. This punitive measure was no doubt meant for their hurt, but God turned it to good; and as, like Israel of old, the more they were oppressed the more they multiplied and grew, the Russian government may well have felt surprise at the amount of immigration to which this sentence of banishment gave rise; for there now exists in that wild region, from sixty to eighty villages containing many thousand families. The *norm* of their faith is simply the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, their hymns are the Psalms of David, and the Bible knowledge possessed by both men and women among them may be justly termed extraordinary. Their public worship commences with the singing of a psalm; then follows an extempore prayer by one of their elders, who afterwards reads and expounds a chapter of the Bible, much in the manner, it would seem, of our Wurtemberg Scripture-readers. * * * The children of both sexes are, generally speaking, instructed by their own parents, although, where a person fitted for the task can be found in a village, a regular school is maintained. But, however accomplished, the result is a most happy one, since not one child above twelve years of age can be found among this people who does not possess a competent knowledge of reading and writing, as well as a rich store of Scripture passages committed to memory. In respect of morals, they are so exemplary, that few denominations of German Christians may bear comparison with them. When, for example, a dispute arises between two Molokaners (which is said to be a very rare occurrence), they feel bound in conscience to so literal a fulfilment of the apostolic admonition, 'let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' that they make a rule of seeking out each other and shaking hands before sunset. A liar or a drunkard is unknown among them; indeed, the majority of them drink no fermented liquor (although the use of such is not absolutely forbidden), and hence the appellation of Milk-eaters, by which they are now generally known. Whether this name was at first assumed by themselves, or given in derision by others, I am not able to determine. Such being the character given of this singular and estimable sect by persons on whose testimony I feel warranted to depend, I return to my old fellow-traveller and the conversation which passed between us. You may imagine my surprise when, after some general remarks on religious topics, he addressed me as follows:—'I should feel greatly obliged if you will give me your opinion, whether we Molokaners are right in thinking that the coming of the Lord Jesus cannot be now far distant!' After stating to him my conviction, that, according to Scripture, we were bound to mark the movements of the nations, and especially the progress of the gospel proclamation, as the finger-posts which should guide our judgment as to 'times and seasons,' but that, notwithstanding this, the prophecies of Scripture could only be safely pronounced upon after their fulfilment, and that, therefore, in my mind, no mortal man was empowered or entitled to decide, with authoritative certainty, *when* the coming of the Son of man would take place—I proceeded to impress upon him, to my best ability, the present duty to which we were all called, that of watchfulness with prayer, since our Lord himself compared his coming to that of a thief in the night, or to a flash of lightning, which may

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at any moment dazzle our astonished vision from the most unexpected quarter. The old man seemed satisfied with my answer, saying that was his own opinion too, and that it afforded him great pleasure to find their views on this question were shared by other Christians. I then observed, that in Germany several very pious men had given much diligence to the examination of all that could throw light on the interesting questions connected with the 1260 years, and yet had never been able to satisfy even their minds so fully upon it as to fix the time of our Lord's second coming. 'Among others,' continued I, 'a very thorough search was made into this matter many years ago, by a distinguished man named Bengel; but even he found it too high for him to reach, and its depths too great for him to fathom.' On the mention of Bengel's name, the old man's countenance lighted up, and he exclaimed with animation, 'Oh! I know him—I know him well!' and further converse proved him indeed no stranger to Bengel's sentiments. You may imagine my astonishment. Can it indeed be possible that Bengel's Apocalypse, or his Sixty Discourses, have been translated into Russ! And yet, how else could this Russian become acquainted with his name and writings! Luther, too, appears to be a familiar name among the Molokaners, who sometimes indeed call themselves simply Lutherans, in opposition to the Russian-Greek Church. But what a glorious hope does this excite as to the disclosures which the GREAT DAY shall make! What extensive good may we not then find has been accomplished by believing authors and preachers, compared with what either they or we ever dreamed of! And how large may be the accession to the 'white-robed multitude,' which shall then stand at the right hand of the JUDGE, from places of the earth deemed by us dark, only because they were to us unknown!" "Lastly," concluded Mr Roth, "my old friend informed me that, but a very few weeks since, a fresh detachment, comprising several hundred families, had joined them from Russia, now no longer exiled by government, but coming of their own free will, to enjoy the liberty of faith and worship, granted to their co-religionists in their far, but not now desert home."

In addition to these interesting particulars related by Pastor Roth, I may mention, that I have quite recently read a private letter from one of these Molokaners, breathing ardent piety, and still deeply engrossed with the question of the speedy second coming of Christ. As far as the sentiments of that letter may be received as a specimen of those of the colony generally, there seems no reason to apprehend that this expectation of Christ's immediate and visible reign upon earth has produced among them that supineness to present duty, and that exaltation of spirit, leading to a neglect of the demands which their day and generation may justly make on them, which are at least alleged against the holders of this belief in Germany. At all events, the existence of such a spiritual *oasis*, amid the sterile wastes of Russian-Greek superstition, is a cheering subject of contemplation to the Christian heart, and may, in some small measure, neutralize the fears, at this moment strongly felt by thinking men, that Russia may use the moment of almost universal abeyance of all social order and long venerated institutions, for an irruption with her countless hordes on the disorganized, and therefore helpless, states of Germany. May God in his mercy avert this dread climax of misery!—*Foreign paper.*

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

The following facts were narrated by Colonel Lehmanowsky, the officer engaged in the service. After the peace, Colonel Lehmanowsky went to America, and at the time of this narrative was a much respected citizen in New York. In describing the eventful scenes he had passed through during the wars of Napoleon, few recollections seemed to give him such satisfaction as the part he took in the demolition of this place of iniquity, the Inquisition of Madrid.

"In the year 1809 I was attached to that part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. Soult was Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the city. My regiment was the 9th Polish Lancers.

"One night about ten or eleven o'clock, as I was walking alone in one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon me from a doorway. I instantly drew my sword, and defended myself as best I could from their furious attack. When struggling with them, I saw at a distance, crossing the top of the street, the lights of the mounted patrols. French soldiers on guard, with lanterns, rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night to preserve order. I called to them in French, and as they hastened to my help, my assailants took to their heels, not, however, before I saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition. Having been in the habit of speaking freely among the people what I thought of the priests and Jesuits, and the Inquisition, I have no doubt that these men were set to watch for me and to assassinate me. It had been decreed by Napoleon that the Inquisition and the monasteries should be suppressed. Months, however, had passed away without the decree being executed.

"I went that night directly to Marshal Soult, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the emperor's decree. He said I might go the next morning and destroy the Inquisition; giving me charge at the same time to take care of the pictures, library, and other things of value. I replied that my regiment was not sufficient for such a service, but it he would give me the 117th of the line, and another regiment, which I named, I would undertake the work. The Colonel of the 117th, Colonel De Lile, was

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an intimate friend of my own, and is now the pastor of an Evangelical Church in France. Marshal Soult gave me the troops required. That night the expedition was arranged, and next morning we proceeded at break of day to the Inquisition, which was about five miles distant from the city.

"A wall of great strength surrounded the buildings. I went forward with a company of soldiers, and addressing one of the sentinels on the wall, summoned those within to surrender, and to open the gates to the imperial army. The man withdrew, and after conversation apparently with some one within, he re-appeared, presented his musket, and shot one of my men. This was a signal of attack, and returning to my troops, who had halted at a distance out of sight, I ordered them to advance, and to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

"It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The garrison was numerous, and on the walls there was a strong breastwork, from behind which they kept up a destructive fire upon our men on the open plain. We had no cannon; our scaling ladders were insufficient, the walls being higher than we expected; and the gates resisted all attempts at forcing them. Wishing to get through the work as quietly, as well as quickly, as possible, I directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering rams. Selecting a place where the ground slopped a little toward the wall, and so gave advantage to my men to cover with their fire those engaged in the assault, two of these battering rams were brought to bear upon the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

"Here we met with a scene, for which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal. The Inquisitor-General, followed by the fathers in their robes, all presented themselves, as we were making our way into the interior of the place, with their arms crossed on their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on. They addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that the defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity of escaping. Their shallow artifice did not succeed. I ordered them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition who had not escaped in the confusion to be secured as prisoners.

"We then proceeded to explore the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through hall after hall, richly furnished; we found splendid paintings, a rich and extensive library, and everywhere beauty, splendour, and order, such as I had never seen in any palace. The architecture, the furniture, the ornaments, were such as pleased the eye and gratified the cultivated taste. Bnt where were the gloomy cells and horrid instruments of torture which one had been taught to expect to find in an inquisition? We looked for them in vain. The holy fathers seemed surprised at our expecting to find any such things; assured us that they had been belied; and that the holy Catholic Church, in this, as in other things, was grossly misrepresented.

"Although I saw through the cunning villany of the father in these remarks, and knew how the Romish Church always affects to deny its crimes and cruelties when it cannot carry them into execution, I was ready to believe, after our careful search, that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard. My friend, De Lile, was not, however, so easily convinced. 'Colonel,' said he to me, 'your are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let us have another search; I do not believe we have seen everything yet." We accordingly again began to explore, especially in the parts under ground. By marking well what portions of the buildings we were beneath, we found that we had been under every part except the great chapel of the Inquisition, and the buildings adjoining. The floor of this chapel was formed of vast slabs of rich marble. The floors of the other parts of the Inquisition were also either of marble, or of highly polished wood. We could find no entrance to vaults, or other indication of anything being below the chapel. Being now ready to give up the search, a thought struck Colonel De Lile, who was still sanguine of discovery. 'Let us get water,' he said, "and pour it over this floor, and see if there is any place where it passes through more freely than others." Water was immediately brought, and a careful examination made of every seam, none of the slabs being cemented, to see if the water passed through. Presently one of the soldiers cried out that he had found it! By the side of one of the marble slabs the water was passing through fast, as though there were an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for farther discovery. The officers with their swords, and the men with their bayonets, were trying to clear out the seam and to raise the slab. Others began to strike the slab with all their might with the butts of their muskets in order to break it. The fathers who had been looking on with the greatest dismay, now broke out into loud remonstrance against our desecration of their holy and beautiful house. As they were thus engaged, one of the soldiers who was busy with the butt of his musket, struck a part of the marble under which was a spring, and the slab partly flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale, and they trembled, as Belshazzar when the handwriting appeared on the wall. The marble slab being raised, the top of a staircase appeared. I stepped to the altar, and took one of the long candles which was burning, some of my men doing the same, that we might see to explore what was below. One of the inquisitors here came up to me, and laying his hand gently on my arm, said, with a demure and holy look, 'My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands; they are holy.' 'Well,' said I, pushing him back, 'I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility.' We proceeded down the staircase.

"On reaching the floor, the first room we entered was a large square hall, on one side of which was a

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raised platform with seats, the centre one being raised considerably, being the throne of the Inquisitor-General. In the centre of the hall was a large block, with a chain fastened to it, where the accused were chained during the examination.

"On leaving the Hall of Judgment we proceeded along a passage with numerous doors. These were the cells of solitary imprisonment, from which the miserable victims were never brought out, except it were for torture. Within some of the cells we heard sounds as we advanced. On opening the doors we witnessed such sights as I wish never to see again, the details of which are too horrible to relate. In some cells we found bodies apparently but a short time dead. Others were in various stages of decay, and we saw some of which little but the bones remained, still fixed by chains to the floor of the dungeon. To prevent this corruption being offensive to the occupants of the Inquisition, there were flues extending along the roofs of the cells and carrying the odour off to the open air. Among the living prisoners we found aged men and women of threescore years and ten; youths and girls of fourteen or fifteen; and others in the prime of life. Some had been there for many years, and had lost count of the time since they entered. The soldiers went to work to release them from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing to cover their nakedness. They were eager to be taken to the light of day, but having heard of the danger of this, I caused food to be given to them, and then directed them gradually to be brought out to the light as they were able to bear it.

"We then proceeded to explore another room where were the instruments of torture. One of these was a machine, on which the victim was stretched, and every joint of the body, beginning with the fingers, was racked until the sufferer swooned away or died. Another engine consisted of a box in which the head and neck were immoveably confined by a screw, and over this box was a vessel from which, drop by drop, water fell every second upon the head. This perpetual drop falling on the same spot caused most excruciating agony, ending ere long in raving madness. Another infernal machine lay along horizontally, to which the sufferer was bound, and then was placed between two beams on which scores of knives were fixed, so that by turning the machine with a crank the flesh was torn from the limbs in small pieces. A fourth machine surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, richly dressed, with arms extended to embrace the victim; around her feet a semicircle was drawn. Whoever stepped over this line touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open, and a thousand knives pierced him with deadly force.

"The sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the fury of the soldiers, already enraged with the resistance they met with, and the death of their comrades in assaulting the walls. They declared that they would put their prisoners to the torture. I could not stem their fury. They began with the holy fathers. They put one on the machine for racking the joints. Another was put under the dropping water, and terrible was the agony he seemed to suffer. The Inquisitor-General was brought before the machine called 'The Virgin,' and commanded to kiss it. 'You have caused others to kiss it,' said the soldiers, 'now you must do it.' They pointed their bayonets and pushed him over the fatal circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut in pieces. My heart sickened at this awful scene, and I saw no more. . . . . .

"In the meantime, the report had reached Madrid, that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open! Multitudes already were hastening to the place. Fathers there were who found long-lost daughters; mothers their sons; wives were restored to their husbands; sisters and brothers met once more. Some were friendless and unrecognised. The scene of mingled joy, surprise, and anguish, no tongue could describe.

"While this was going on, said Colonel Lehmanowsky, I gave orders for the library, paintings, and furniture to be carefully removed, and sent to the city for a large quantity of gunpower. Placing this in the vaults and subterranean places of the buildings, and a slow match being set, we all withdrew to a distance, and awaited the result in silence. Presently loud cheers rent the air; the walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heaven, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth a vast heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more!

AN ALLEGORY.

The following description of a celestial wedding, was written many years ago by the Rev. Dr Buckminster, and addressed to one of his daughters:—

"In an accompaniment with one of your letters, I find a picturesque description of a fashionable ball in the neighbourhood of A——, giving an account of the marriage of Mr ——. The guests were many; the accommodations capacious, rendered splendid and sublime by all that art and taste could devise. Fancy and ornament combined their powers to throw a lustre over the delighted attendants. Three hundred silver candlesticks, and an infinite number of lamps, poured their light upon thirty mirrors, which faithfully reflected what they received in softened brightness through the several apartments and their variegated scenery. The desserts were delicious, exhibited in a style of elegance and grandeur. The music and amusements were enchanting and transporting. This must have been a scene highly delightful to a man of the world, or to the daughter of worldly taste and pleasure. But, Betsy, I find it lasted but one short night, nay, it blushed to meet the rising sun, as if conscious that the lamp of heaven would tarnish all its glory. The ladies retired at three; the gentlemen at five; probably they both resolved to take their revenge upon the disturber of nightly

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pleasure, by despising its charms, till they begin to be lost in the evening hemisphere.

"The reading of this description suggests to me the attempt to give a faint sketch of a marriage festival, for which preparation has long been making; and from time to time, descriptions have been given of what is there to be exhibited. To this festival I have the honour to be invited as a guest, and am entrusted with authority to invite others. I have heard a little, and imagine more, of this transporting scene; but could I correctly paint both on paper, the half would not be told to you.

"This festival is to be celebrated at a seat or palace, the length and the breadth of which are 12,000 furlongs; its height and stories proportionably elevated. It stands upon a foundation of twelve different kinds of precious stones of variegated hue, arranged with so much art as to throw reciprocal and increasing lustre; all producing such a flood of splendour as mocks the attempts of men or angels to describe. To this palace there are twelve gates of entire pearl, neither fractured nor divided. The flooring of the palace is of pure gold, as it were transparent glass. The ceiling is of jasper. The particular apartments, the hangings, the ornaments, I cannot pretend to describe to you; if they bear a customary increased proportion to the splendour, riches, and elegance of the exterior, what, Betsy, must they be! O! let us be ambitious to go and behold.

"Of the guests that are invited I can give you no exact account, and a still more imperfect one of those who will accept. Of one particular circle, there were long ago 144,000 that had accepted the invitation. Among these were kings and queens, princes and princesses, noblemen and their daughters, priests and prophets. Since then the number of inviting servants has been greatly increased, and they have been running with notes of invitation to more distant neighbourhoods and families; and though they often meet with the accents, "I pray thee have me excused," through the indisposition, want of taste, trivial and foolish engagements of those to whom they apply; yet, upon the safest ground, I can assure you there will be such a numerous collection as no man can number.

"Of the dress of the guests I cannot give you a full description. Some full particulars have come to my knowlege. Their raiment is to be wrought gold, with the most elegant and delicate needle-work, and their general splendour will be as if they were clothed with the sun, and crowned with a crown of stars. But their principal glory, beauty and excellence, are within; in the sweetness of their dispositions, the elevation of their minds, the purity of their hearts, the entire perfection of their souls, they are all glorious. Not one worthless spectator will be watching to make unfriendly remarks; no one to render distance and reserve necessary.

"The music of the occasion is to be all manner of instruments, softened by an infinite number of harmonious voices, so adjusted as to make one perfect whole. A song is already prepared, and the performers are practising upon it, in their several departments, with reference to this festival. Oh! Betsy, Oh! Betsy, what will be the effect when they perform in full band!

"The entertainments and desserts I shall not even touch upon; they will doubtless be in harmony with the rest of the exhibition. But the principal object, and the glory of the whole, is yet unnamed; this is the bridegroom. Of him I dare not attempt a description. I can only say, he is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Such inconceivable light, lustre, and glory, constantly emanate from his divine person, that the extensive palace needs no other light. Its most distant corner is illuminated with his rays. And, my dear friend, there is this peculiar circumstance to give an interest to this festival—that every guest has a share in the heart and affections of the glorious bridegroom; and all combined in one mysterious body, will constitute the happy bride, for whom all this glory is prepared. This festival, once begun, shall never end, never tire; no rising or setting sun will ever summon a dispersion. Pleasure more ecstatic and refined will be continually springing up. The celestial bridegroom will lead the partakers to living fountains of delight, and all occasions of sorrow will for ever cease.

"My friend, shall earthly festivals and scenes of pleasure—which, compared with this, are but a glow-worm in the light of day—so interest our passions and engross our hearts, as to banish this from our thoughts, and hinder our assiduous endeavours to be suitably attired and ornamented, that we may be hailed welcome guests? I hope to receive this honour and happiness! There I hope to meet the name of —— in all its branches."

HAPPINESS OF THE SELF-DENYING.

Religious self-denial is no such hard and painful duty, as it is generally thought to be. The testimony of the Bible and the experience of Christians concur in refuting the idea. Both these authorities declare that the happiest men in the world are the self-denying and that they are happy in proportion to their self-denial, and because of it.

Look at facts: Moses was a happier man than Pharaoh. Does any one doubt this? Daniel was happier than the Chaldean king. Paul was happier than the emperor Nero. Howard was happier than Bonaparte. And the paradox to the selfish mind is, that these men found their happiness in self-denial. Of Moses it is said that he *chose* to suffer afflictions with the people of God, esteeming the re-

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proach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Paul's experience corresponded with this. He says, "I take *pleasure* in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in distress, for Christ's sake." And in another place, after reciting a long catalogue of his sufferings, he says, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." So speaks all Christian experience. The purest, most unmingled happiness tasted on earth, is by the men who most nearly approach the pattern of Him, who, though he was rich, became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich.

There never was a more obvious practical mistake than to attempt to find happiness in avoiding and going round the path of self-denial. They are at the exact antipodes of truth, who suppose happiness depends upon shunning the cross. It depends upon taking it up and bearing it. True blessedness is in self-denial, not in avoiding it. He who shuns an obvious call to deny himself for Christ's sake, shuns an opportunity of tasting the most exquisite joy permitted to man this side of heaven. Oh! the infinite number of turn-outs and by-paths from the path of self-denial, resorted to in the belief that they are pain-saving paths, when in truth they only turn the traveller off from the highway of joys unspeakable and full of glory.

A WISDOM NOT FROM ABOVE.

It is not unfrequently the case, that minds of a certain cast claim great credit for wisdom in their caution and endless vacillating about some of the greatest and plainest principles of the Christian system—the atonement or the deity of Christ, and the like—as though it were a virtue to *ignore* that which the pencil of inspiration had written in sunbeams. This remarkable caution, "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," has usually been the way of minds passing over to Unitarianism. The Christian Intelligencer gives the following instance, the like of which have since occurred in numerous cases:—

Many years ago, at a ministerial assemblage, the late Drs Mason and Channing were present. The latter was strongly suspected—rather more than suspected—of Unitarian tendencies, and some degree of confident challenging had already taken place. "Dr C." said Dr M. to him, "may I ask how long you have been in the ministry?" "Eleven years," was the reply. "May I ask you once more, sir, what are your views of the Lord Jesus Christ?" There was a little hesitation and flush, and then the reply, "I have pondered the subject deeply, but have not exactly made up my mind." Lifting up both hands, in holy amazement, and with deep emotion, Dr M. ejaculated—"What! eleven years a preacher of the gospel, and not know what to think of Jesus Christ!"

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Some fill their mental vision with vanity and show, some with gold and silver, some with influence and fame, while few there are, who with a single eye are "looking unto Jesus." A profitable inquiry is, How do they look unto him?

1. They look unto him steadily. As those who strove in the race looked constantly to the goal without turning aside to gaze at the multitude, so those who strive in the Christian course are ever, as well when prosperity shines upon them as when sorrow and darkness o'ershadows them, "looking unto Jesus."

2. They look unto him as their Master. They rejoice to be his servants; with gladness they labour for his glory; and in all things his will is their will.

3. They look unto him as their Guide. They cannot discern the future, they cannot control the present; they are travelling "in a country unknown and dreary;" what then more welcome than a guide who knows perfectly how to direct their steps—and such a guide is Jesus.

4. They look unto him as their Pattern. Among men all do wickedly and deceitfully, so that the character of the best man cannot always be safely copied; but in the life of Him in whom there was no guile is an example which those who look unto him ever strive to imitate, and thus only can they maintain a consistent Christian character.

5. They look unto him as their Deliverer, Friend, and Portion. He upholdeth them when they well-nigh fall. He sympathizes in their sorrows; they come unto him as unto an elder brother, and he satisfieth their longing souls. Truly, great peace and joy is known by those who are thus "looking unto Jesus."

BLESSED BE THE HAND WHICH PREPARES A PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood! The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sabbath morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from his little cottage—he was a wood-cutter by trade—and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather a flower to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke one word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation is long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Anon.*

CHARACTER.

Men are to be esteemed, as Johnson says, by the *mass of character*. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without the alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base; yet he had a portion of zeal, which was directed by God to great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.—*Cecil.*

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SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS.

No. I.—THE "SHOCK OF CORN."

(*Continued from page* 327.)

MARKS OF THE RIPENING SAINT.

Ripening corn hangs its head.—The stalk that stood erect in its green state, now gently and gracefully bends toward the earth; so gracefully does the ripening saint bend in the exercise of genuine humility. Lowliness of mind is one of the most distinguishing features of every disciple of Christ, but it is one that becomes more and more prominent, as his full conformity to his gracious Master approaches. A life spent in his service has taught him much of his own weakness, and of his Lord's goodness; and the more these are contrasted, the deeper is his sense of self-abasement, and the lowlier he bows in the presence of divine perfection. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Peter, in the outset of his course, is confident and boastful of his love to Christ; by-and-by he is glad if his Lord will credit its sincerity. At first, he will act the martyr for Christ unbidden; at last, as a faithful but modest servant, he humbly waits his orders for "putting off his tabernacle." The humility of Paul is always deep, as became a pardoned persecutor; but how beautifully does it bend lower and lower, as his incessant and superabundant labours are drawing to a close. At first, we hear him calling himself "the least of the apostles;" by-and-by he sinks in his self-estimation,—"less than the least of all saints." At last, we have a record of his feelings when ready to be offered; and then, in his own seeking, he is down to the level of the "chief of sinners." Oh, how gracefully does this old adversary, but now ripe saint, fall into the arms of his gracious Master! "I was a blasphemer, a persecutor, an injurious man, but I obtained mercy, that in me first, God might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to those who should afterwards believe unto life everlasting."

Ripening corn becomes full and weighty.—Green ears are soft and spongy: as they ripen they become hard and firm. The early graces of the young convert possess a freshness and liveliness which renders them very attractive, but in the aged saint they become more complete and confirmed. His love may seem less glowing, but it burns with a steadier flame. His zeal may appear less ardent, but it is more intelligent and more constant. His faith and courage may not seem so aspiring, but they are more tried, and less easily shaken. His round of graces is filled up. His faith has been tried; "tribulation has wrought patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost." Peter, as we have seen, is less confident in his later professions, but there is a calmness in his resolution, which shows that he is fully prepared "by his death to glorify God." "Knowing that I must shortly put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me." With what cool but undaunted courage does Paul gird himself for his last conflict, and anoint himself for his final sacrifice. "Now, I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; and, henceforth, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

Ripening corn becomes loose at the root. The soil is gradually relaxed. While it was green it clung to the earth, from which an important part of its support was derived, but as it grows ripe that supply is diminished, and its hold of the soil is gradually loosened. How indicative of the saint's ripening for heaven is the obvious loosening of his hold of earth. Grace, indeed, raised the believer above the world as soon as it ingrafted him into Christ; but still there were not wanting many ties to bind him to it, and, feeling often their entangling power, he was forced to exclaim, "My soul cleaveth to the dust." But as he ripens for glory these gradually loose their power, and at last seem to dissolve of their own accord. "I have learned both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I have learned in all things therewith to be content." Contrast this with the feeling of the ungodly man. His love to the world grows with his incapacity to use it, and he grasps more eagerly the fleeting shadow as it threatens to escape his pursuit; and "Who

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will show us any good?" is the language of the aged sinner: but what says the aged saint? "Lord, lift upon me the light of thy countenance: thou hast put gladness into my heart, more than when their corn and their wine abound."—"Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."—"But, what things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord."

Ripening corn becomes more easily distinguishable from the neighbouring weeds. The tares and the wheat may be confounded when they first spring, but by their fruit they are known: there is no difficulty in separating them when the harvest is come. How strikingly does the difference widen between an experienced saint and an aged sinner. The one smells rankly of that corruption in which he is about to sink; the other sheds around him an increasing savour of heavenly things. The one grows hardened in iniquity, and sins with an unblushing front and a high hand; the other becomes more abundant in those fruits of righteousness which are, through Jesus Christ, to the praise and glory of God. Grace separated them before this, when it brought the believer "out of the world," but necessity compelled them to mingle still in the active pursuits of the present life; but as they draw near to the other world, that intercourse becomes less frequent and more constrained, they gradually fall off more from each other's society, even before God makes the final separation: it seems almost accomplished of their own choice. "I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers. I have hated the congregation of evil-doers, and will not sit with the wicked." Oh, what a proof of growing meetness for heaven, especially as contrasted with the utter barrenness of ungodly men, is the increasing fruitfulness of an old disciple! "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God; they shall still bring forth fruit in old age: to show that the Lord is upright and there is no unrighteousness in him."

As the corn ripens it becomes more susceptible of injury. At an earlier period it sustained undamaged much rough treatment. It was trampled upon, and it soon rose again. It was browsed on, and it sprang again with fresh vigour. It bore without permanent injury torrents of rain and tempests of wind. Now, however, a heavy shower may lay it flat on the ground, and a strong blast may speedily shake it. The owner becomes more and more anxious about it, and it seems as if it shrank from such dangers of its own accord. A spirit that shrinks with increasing sensitiveness from all exposure to moral contamination most strikingly distinguishes the ripening saint. His conscience, always tender, becomes more and more so every day. Experience has taught him to distrust more his own heart, and made him better acquainted with the depths of Satan; and, while careless sinners, and even inexperienced converts, often trifle on the verge of temptation, he flees from it with increasing apprehension. To Jacob the crimes of his children were always offensive; but with what sensitiveness on his dying bed does he shrink from the thought of the least connection with them! "My soul come not thou into their secret; into their assembly mine honour be not thou united." "Do not I hate," is David's language, "all them, O Lord, that hate thee; can I but be grieved with them that rise up against thee;" but, as he contemplates the thought of being gathered to their association, it becomes the more offensive. "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest."

In fine, *Ripe corn is apt to fall of its own accord.* A beautiful emblem of the heavenly temper and heavenly tendency of a ripening Christian. Not only is his hold of the earth loosened, but his heart begins to long and weary for his Father's house. "I desire to part and to be with Christ, which is far better." "We old men," once said an aged saint to us, "get very wearied. We grow weary of the world—weary of our own infirmities—weary of sin—weary to be home." "Looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of Christ"—"looking for, and hastening to the coming of the day of God," is a most decided token of a soul on the confines of heaven. The connection is close between these two things, "Behold, I come quickly"—"Even so come Lord Jesus." "Now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

Reader, do you mourn the loss of dear Christian friends? *Dry your tears*—sorrow not as those who have no hope. Did you trace in their exercise any of these signs of spiritual maturity?—rather rejoice that they are now safe in God's garner. Theirs may have been an early harvest, but if they were ripe for it all is well; and it becomes those who can estimate their privilege to join in the angelic anthem

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that has already greeted their harvest home: 'Who are these, and whence came they? These are they that have come up out of great tribulation; they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and they serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; but the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and lead them by living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Use all diligence to make your own calling and election sure. Seek to realize in your own exercise the genuine marks of a ripening saint. Your graces may be rooted, but are they growing up to full maturity? Remember, it is not so much your superiority in any single grace, but the fulness and completeness of the whole, that marks the "perfect man in Christ." "Wherefore, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you and abound, they shall make you that you be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. For so an entrance shall be administered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Impenitent sinner, you also are ripening for eternity. You grow in the same field with the saint of God, and the same sun and showers that ripen him for heaven ripen you also for your own place. The harvest is approaching; but, oh, what a harvest! "Let both grow together until the harvest; and, in the time of harvest, I will say to the reapers, gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my garner. For the Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and those which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

FRUIT FROM THE WEST PORT "GARDEN."

Under this title, Mr Tasker, the admirable and devoted pastor of the West Port, has just published a small tract, containing an account of the experience and death-bed of a poor but pious widow, who was the earliest fruits of Dr Chalmers' well-known labours in that locality. The story is told with great simplicity and pathos. We give one or two extracts, strongly recommending the whole tract to our readers, as fitted to do much good, both by personal perusal and extensive distribution:—

At another time, the minister stepped in to see Widow G——; and she having expressed some surprise at the long interval (some weeks) that had elapsed since his last visit, he answered: "The reason why I have deferred visiting you is, not only that I have been otherwise very busy, but also because I never see you absent from your place, either on the Lord's-day, or at the weekly congregational prayer-meeting." "Well do I know how much you have to do," she replied; and in answer to the remark about her regular attendance at the house of prayer, she added: "Oh yes, sir, I have great cause of thankfulness that I get so often and so regularly; and I may say, sir, that I am oftener in the church than the minister." This was true; for, of course, he had to be sometimes from home assisting brethren. Her plan was—for in everything she acted upon system, and with a regard to the glory of God—to rise betimes in the morning, and to have her work forwarded so as to have it finished in time to allow her to attend during the week, not merely the congregational prayer-meeting, but likewise the district meetings held by the visitors throughout the West Port, on almost every evening of the week. She said her neighbours sometimes taunted her, by alleging that she was surely going mad about that church of Dr Chalmers'; she seemed as if she were to take it on her back; but if she were not making something by it, she would not so run after them; she knew right well what she was always chasing them for; surely three times every Sabbath might please her; and much to the same effect. Her minister remarked, that he hoped she had grace to answer in the meekness of wisdom, and to imitate Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, and that she, on such occasions, experienced the truth of his Word: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake." She replied: "Poor creatures, I just said to them, 'I do hope you are right—that I do know what I am going for—that I am making something by them; for the house of God is a blessed place to me. Come with me, and you will be welcome to all that I am getting.'"

For years she thus continued to adorn her Christian profession, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless; exercising herself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man;

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and now the time drew near when she must die, and be removed to be with the Lord, and to dwell in his house for ever. A few Sabbaths before her death, her pastor observed her accustomed place unoccupied. On inquiring, he was informed that Widow G—— was very ill. On Monday he called, and found her stretched on the bed from which, by the wise and gracious appointment of her God and Saviour, she was destined to arise and join in our meetings for worship in the tabernacle in the wilderness no more. A placid smile of welcome and of gladness beamed upon her countenance as she said that she felt assured of a visit, for that her place was empty yesterday in the house of prayer; but she had not been forgotten—the Lord had enabled her to say,

"When I do thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
In watches of the night:

"In shadow of thy wings I'll joy,
For thou mine help hast been:
My soul thee follows hard; and me
Thy right hand doth sustain."

After some farther conversation and prayer, her pastor withdrew, fondly hoping that her illness would be, in mercy to him and the neighbourhood, of short continuance; and that she would be spared a few years more to reflect the light of the Sun of Righteousness upon the darkness around her. After repeated visits, and notwithstanding earnest prayers, and the use of those means which medical skill prescribed and administered, it became apparent that recovery was daily less likely, and that her earthly pilgrimage was drawing to a close. A few days before her death, her minister felt it his duty to give expression to his fears for the issue, and to speak affectionately, yet plainly:—"Margaret, you have expressed and manifested your growing love and grateful attachment to the Redeemer, by your delight in his appointed ordinances; waiting in his house to hear of his name and his glorious grace: do you feel that he is equally dear, and equally worthy of your confidence now?"

"Yes; he has given me new proofs of his unchanging love since I was laid upon this bed. They wished me to ask you to remember me in the prayers of the congregation, for I suffered great pain yesterday. I said to them they might; yet I knew I would not be forgotten—for the mournful prisoner is never forgotten: and I knew I was not forgotten; I knew I was prayed for; I had such discoveries of his goodness and his beauty, that I thought I was passing into heaven."

"I have prayed, Margaret, you know with what earnestness, that the Lord would restore you to us for a season; for you cannot but know that you have been, by the grace of God, a comfort amid many causes of pain and discouragement. With some zeal for the Redeemer's kingdom, and the salvation of perishing souls, I have cried to the Lord to restore you to be a witness for him among your neighbours; but we feel that we must now seek that his Spirit may mould our souls to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' He seems almost to be saying now, 'Speak to me no more of this matter.' Do you, then, feel confident that you can die, committing your soul to his faithful keeping, and relying on his righteousness?"

With marked emphasis, she lifted up her tremulous voice—"my Redeemer! my blessed Redeemer!—no trust Him! He has done more for me than ever he will have to do again. He left heaven to die for me; and saw me all the while, a poor, lost, worthless sinner—never thinking of him."

Pausing a little, she added—

"He sent his servant and his Word, when I was old and deadened in sin. Praise be to His name, that ever I was brought to that old tan loft. I believe I was born there. I had not the least thought that I was a perishing sinner; if I had not been brought then to hear his Word, I would have gone down without thought to hell, with a lie in my right hand."

"I cannot but rejoice, Margaret, to witness and to hear you; and sure I am, that ye delight to acknowledge that he came first to you—to ascribe to him the undivided glory."

"Yes, unworthy as I am, I believe I will soon see his face. Thousands are already in heaven, giving thanks that they ever saw or heard Dr Chalmers; no, I'm wrong—thanking the Redeemer for such a gift—and I'll soon be another; generations unborn will yet rise up to praise the Lord for him; be strong and fear not, it is his own cause, and he'll appear for it."

"Believing that you were dying, Margaret, affection constrained me to put the question, and to make sure that you were resting on the Rock of Ages, and feeling him to be strong enough."

"Oh, my Redeemer!—no trust him!—I would trust a thousand souls to him if I had them; besides, he has only to carry out the work—he has paid the purchase-price down to the last farthing: he has but to claim his own property; the humiliation is all over now; the easiest part of the work now remains. And yet that he should get glory throughout eternity in a vile sinner like me! But he will do it. He is the wonderful Counsellor—'His name shall be called Wonderful.' 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'"

The minister came away, feeling his heart too full for utterance, except in glorifying the grace of God. And he could not but utter the prayer, "May I be blessed with such a measure of precious faith when I come to die!"

She continued for two days after this to sink rapidly, seldom able to speak, and mostly clasping her hands in earnest prayer; and ever, as she was heard to articulate, uttering the words of faith and holy confidence: "My Redeemer! my blessed Redeemer!"

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On the morning before she died, she seemed for a little to revive, and said to her minister—

"I felt very ill during the night, and before morning I thought I was to get home; but sin is not all away yet: I must suffer a little more in the furnace; but He has not left me, and, blessed be his name, he never will. His will be done."

She spoke little more, and ere another morning dawned she fell asleep in Jesus. Now she rests

"From sin and every sorrow free,
And with her Saviour bless'd."

She died on Sabbath morning, the 2d of July 1848, aged 74 years.

THE LITERARY EXCELLENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

In speaking of the literary excellence of the Holy Scriptures, I am aware of a twofold disadvantage. Some have never looked on the Bible as a readable book. They remember how they got long tasks from it at school, and spelled their arduous way through polysyllabic chapters and joyless genealogies. And in later life they have only heard it sounded monotonous from the drowsy desk, or recited by a frosty clerk to a cold cathedral. So irksome and insipid has every association made the book, that were they shut up in a parlour with an old directory, and an old almanac, and an old Bible, they would spend the first hour on the almanac, and the next on the directory, and would die of *ennui* before they opened the Bible. They have got at home a set of their favourite classics, and on an evening of leisure they will take down a volume of Chaucer, or Milton, or even Thomas Fuller, or Jeremy Taylor, or an Elzevir Virgil, or a Foulis's Homer, and read it till long beyond their time of rest; but to them the Bible is no classic. They don't care to keep it in some taking or tasteful edition, and they would never dream of sitting down to read it as a recreation or an intellectual treat. And then there are others in a happier case, to whom that Bible is so sacred, who have found it so full of import, and to whom its every sentence is so fraught with divine significance, that they feel it wrong or revolting to read it with the critic's eye. They would rather ponder it on their bended knees, praying God to show them the wonders in his Word, than, pencil in hand, peruse it as a scholar or a rhetorician would. They would rather study it in the company of Luther or Leighton than along with Erasmus or Scaliger. And with these last we own a decided sympathy. But we trust that both will bear with us a little, whilst we endeavour to show, that if no book be so important as the Bible, so none is more interesting; and that the book which contains most of the beautiful is the one which must ever remain the standard of the good and the true.

And here we would only add one remark, which it is important to bear in memory. The rhetorical and poetical beauties of Scripture are merely incidental. Its authors wrote not for glory nor display—not to astonish nor amuse their brethren, but to instruct them and make them better. They wrote for God's glory, not their own; they wrote for this world's advantage, not to aggrandize themselves. Demosthenes composed his most splendid oration in order to win the crown of eloquence; and the most elaborate effort of ancient oratory, the Panegyric, to which Isocrates devoted fifteen years, was just an essay written for a prize. How different the circumstances in which the speech on Mars Hill was spoken, and the farewell sermon in the upper chamber at Troas! Herodotus and Thucydides composed their histories with a view to popular applause, and Pindar's fiery pulse beat faster in prospect of the great Olympic gathering and the pæans of assembled Greece. How opposite the circumstances in which the seer of Horeb penned his faithful story, and Isaiah and Jeremiah poured forth their fearless denunciations of popular sins! The most superb of modern historians confesses the flutter which he felt when the last line of his task was written, and he thought that "perhaps his fame was established." A more important history concludes:—"These things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." And those of you who remember the proud *finale* of the Roman lyriet, "*Exigi monumentum,*" should read alongside of the eloquent but egotistic vaticination, the last words of Israel's sweet singer:—"His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen and amen. The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended."

Remembering, then, that the Bible contains no ornamental passages, nothing written for mere display—that its stedfast purpose is "glory to God in the highest," and the truest blessedness of man—I repeat, that that Bible abounds in passages of the purest beauty and stateliest grandeur, all the grander and all the more beautiful because they are casual and unsought. The fire which flashes from the iron hoof of the Tartar steed as he scours the midnight path is grander than a pyrotechnic exhibition, for it is the casual effect of speed and power. The clang of ocean as he booms his billows on the rock, and the echoing caves give chorus, is more soul-filling and sublime than all the music of the orchestra, for it is the music of that main so mighty that there is a grandeur in all it does—in its sleep a melody, and in its march a stately psalm. And in the bow which paints the melting cloud there is a beauty which the stained glass or gorgeous drapery emulates in vain, for it is the glory which gilds beneficence—the brightness which bespeaks a double boon—the flush which cannot but come forth when both the sun and shower are there. The style of Scripture has all this glory. It has the gracefulness of a high utility; it has the majesty of intrinsic power; it has the charm of its own sanctity; it never labours, never strives, but, instinct with great realities, and bent on blessed ends, has all the translucent beauty and unstudied power which you might expect from its lofty object and all-wise Author.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY THE REV. J. A. JAMES, BIRMINGHAM.*

"It is appointed unto all men once to die;" there is no exemption, even for believers, from this decree. They are delivered from the sting of death, but not from its stroke; still, in one sense, they conquer, like their divine Lord, in being conquered. "If ever Christianity," says Mr Hall, "appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies on the TOMB; when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hopes in dying

* From Mr James' work, entitled, "Christian Professor.

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moments." Christ triumphed for his saints, by his own death, and he is continually renewing the victory *in them*, amidst all the sufferings and decay of their own dissolution. This is beautifully illustrated in the subject of the present paper, in which we are to contemplate the Christian's termination of her profession on earth, and see her finishing her course with joy. I shall not exhibit to my readers an ideal scene, but lay before them one of those glorious and blissful realities which are continually occurring in the dying chamber of believers, that border land which connects the regions of earth and heaven, and where the darkest scenes of the one are frequently irradiated by the reflected glory of the other.

Mrs P. had been a member of the Church under my pastoral oversight about ten years, and was one of many who never cost her pastor's heart a sigh till he lost her. Lovely in person, gentle and affectionate in her disposition, she added a lustre to her consistency as a Christian, by all that usually interests us in the general character. Tried much, and often, in the furnace of affliction, her faith, more precious than gold that perisheth, was found unto the praise, and honour, and glory of Jesus Christ. At length her last sickness came on, in the form of a lingering consumption. It found her the happy wife of an affectionate and devoted husband, and the fond mother of a son of the age of twelve years, and two daughters, one ten, and the other eight. Possessing such ties to life, she was called to submit, amidst these trying circumstances, to the stroke of death. Her profession, always like a clear and steady light, now shone forth with a radiance that made her departure resemble a beautiful sun-set after a cloudless day. Amidst the alternations usually produced by the flattering illusions of her disorder, she was never elated by hope, nor depressed by fear, but smiled on her physician, whether he spoke of recovery or of death. However languishing with weakness, racked by pain, or harassed by coughing, she was instantly roused, and made happy by one word of death or Christ. Such was the charm of these themes, that I have frequently seen her countenance change in a moment, by their potency, from an expression of great suffering to a smile that looked like a ray of the excellent glory falling on her previously dim and languid eye. Instead, however, of speaking of her, or attempting to describe her, I will let her speak for herself. As I was about to leave home for a few days, and supposed that her end was not remote, I requested her husband to take minutes of any remarks that might drop from her lips, in order that I might be in possession of her last testimony to the truths of the gospel, and the power of religion. The following diary, extending only through ten days, is but a specimen of what occurred almost uninterruptedly for many months. "Tell Mr James," she said one day, "that the fear and sting of death are both taken away: the fear, because Christ died for sinners; the sting, because he fulfilled and magnified the law." And in reply to a remark that death was hard work, "No," she said, "sweet death, that opens heaven and shuts out earth."

August 4.—This morning she awoke exceedingly happy, and said, "What a mercy it is to have a Father in heaven. I wake every morning more happy, with more love to God, and more deadness to the world. O my happy midnight hours! The things I most dreaded, I find most mercy in. I cannot say much, but I wish when I can say a few words only, to utter the praises of that God who is so good to me."

At another time she said, "My bliss is too great to be endured on earth, and it's too pure for it. Oh! seek God earnestly with all the heart, and then he will comfort you on a death-bed, in the same way he now comforts me. Confess to him all your sins, make no reserve, and remember not to put off the confession of *little* sins, for they will only harden the heart, and delay will make the confession more difficult at last.

August 6.—"I have been unspeakably happy," she said, "to-night. Oh! seek God with all your heart; seek him while he may be found, call upon him while he is near."

On having her pillows adjusted and made easy, her uplifted hands and eyes spoke, more than words could do, her feelings of gratitude and thankfulness: "How can I sufficiently adore and honour God, for all his mercies towards me. I feel my heart almost ready to burst, and my whole soul swallowed up in gratitude and love to him; surely, surely, heaven is begun below!"

Sunday Morning, August 7.— She observed, "Satan has been tempting me in the night, by a sense of past sins, but I have been enabled to beat him off, by praying for faith, and looking steadily at the cross. This life is, as St Paul describes it, a constant fight; I have found it to be so, but the idea that it's so near a close is to me exquisite. You will (addressing me) find it so yourself; but watch and pray, and you will ultimately triumph. Sin is mixed with everything here, and remember, whatever comes between the soul and God, as a cloud to dim the lustre of his glory, is sin. I was much struck with this idea about eighteen years ago, in attending the theatre, at the particular request of a friend; for I found when I retired to bed I could not pray, which convinced me of the sinfulness of the theatre, and I never went again."

This morning she joined the whole family in singing, "When I can read my title clear," &c. She did so in a peculiarly animated manner, but with so trembling and feeble a voice, that it was pleasure mixed with pain, and the circumstance will never be forgotten.

During the day, such was her patience and resignation, that in allusion to her sufferings she said, "I think I could bear a little more, if God thought fit to lay it upon me;" and looking upon her poor skeleton fingers, added, "I like to see them;" and then with an apparent smile of triumph, said, "You know you cannot keep me here much longer: I shall soon be gone."

August 8.—This last night has been to her a sleepless, restless one; she appears almost worn out, and to be much engaged in prayer, for waiting patience. She said, "What an unspeakable mercy it is, that I have not a doubt or a fear; but pray for me, that I

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may so continue to the end, for many a good Christian is permitted to be much harassed by the enemy at last: I have been much distressed to-night by Satan. I found I could not pray, but the passage came to my mind, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,' &c.; and this comforted me."

Tuesday.—A few days ago she sent a message to Mr ——, that she would send him "Mr James' Anxious Enquirer," with her dying request that he would not only read it attentively, but with prayer; and if he did, she was sure it would conduct him in a safer and surer way to happiness than he was now going. To-day she sent the book, and how much was she rejoiced at hearing that he had become so impatient for it, as to send to town to buy one, and was then engaged in reading it. May her prayer that it be blessed to his conversion be answered.

Wednesday.—To-day she is so exceedingly feeble, that I can scarcely hear her speak, but with difficulty I caught the following words, "What a mercy it is that the work is finished, and that when in health I sought God with all my heart, in his own appointed way; I cannot talk to-day, I feel so ill; but all is sweet peace within: I die, resting simply on the righteousness of Christ."

In the evening she said, "My God, my Bible, and my Saviour, are increasing sources of happiness, to which I can turn at any moment, without disappointment, and I find them more solid as other things fade away."

Thursday.—In reply to the words, "God bless you," I addressed to her this morning, she said, "Ah! God does indeed bless me with the choicest of his blessings; he supplies all my necessary wants, and

'Whatever else I think I want, 'tis right to be denied.'"

This afternoon she has fatigued and weakened herself by again talking for a long time to Mrs ——, as to her soul's concern. Mrs —— at one time made a great profession of religion, and was apparently before my poor wife in the Christian race, but the world has laid fast hold upon her, and she has backslidden. My dear wife is much interested about her, and considers she is not a lost character, as she appears not only to be *aware* of, but to *feel* her sad state, and is an unhappy woman, and augurs much from what she has said to her during the two interviews. Mr —— received his present of the book, she said, with much pleasure, and was affected with the idea that there was one in the world who cared for his soul and intimated his wish, if there was no impropriety, to see my wife, to which she assented. If he come, may God strengthen her for the interview, for she is determined, by the help of God, to be plain and faithful, and say much to him.

Saturday.—Very ill to-day and yesterday; she suffers much from great difficulty in breathing, and spasms in the chest. When a little relieved, she said, "O what a mercy it is to feel patience and perfect resignation, I can say from my heart, Lord, thy time, thy will, thy way."

Sunday Morning, August 14.—Her prayers for my spiritual good, accompanied with her sincere thanks for what she termed my great kindness and affection to her as a husband, were very affecting. "Love and serve God," she said, "with all your heart, soul, and strength, and let this be a fixed and settled principle in all the concerns of life." In the midst of her sufferings, and they were very severe, she said, "I love God more than ever." In the afternoon she said, "I could not have thought that any one could have suffered so much, and yet live; and if God inflicts such sufferings upon his own children, what must the pains of hell be to the wicked! O sin! sin! Remember, all sorrow and suffering are the fruits and effects of sin. I cannot think what the wicked do on a death-bed, when the horrors of the mind are added to the pains of the body."

Sunday Night.—Her sufferings increased, and she was at a loss to reconcile the sufferings of God's people with her belief in his great kindness, and regard towards them; and it was apparent that though she had so often said that she had no doubts, no fears, no anxieties, yet that a dark cloud was coming over the mind. "This is indeed," she said, "the hour and power of darkness; it is horrible."

Mr —— called on Monday morning to talk and pray with her. His visit much consoled her, and in an hour or two after, her spirit seemed to emerge from the darkness which had for so many hours hung over her, and all was bright sunshine again. She then said—"All is sweet peace again—*solid* peace. I am as certain of heaven as if I were already there—not that I have merited heaven—no: I have no works, no worthiness.

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'"

Tuesday.—The words of the Psalmist—"Thou hast brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock," &c. were peculiarly expressive of her state and feelings now.

Perhaps nothing need be added to this testimony of her husband; I will, however, give the substance of only one or two conversations I had with her during the last few days of her mortal conflict. On one occasion she said, "I have lain awake night after night, examining the foundation of my hope, but I cannot find a single flaw. I depend entirely upon the sacrifice of Christ for acceptance with God, and not at all upon my own works. I have not a doubt or a fear. I have had my seasons of spiritual distress, but have been enabled by God's Spirit to be faithful."

Speaking of her children, who had been for some time removed from home, she said—"When I first saw them after their return, I felt a pang at the thought of leaving them; but I prayed for faith, and was enabled instantly to give up both them and my husband."

At another time she exclaimed—"O that all the world knew what I enjoyed, they would not then neglect religion. I now feel the advantage of a remark I met with some time since in an old author. '*It is well to lay up a good stock of prayers for a dying hour.*' By which she meant, as the author did, that, through her whole profession, she had been

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much engaged in prayer to God for his comfortable presence, and gracious support in her dying hour. She then adverted to the answer of her prayers, which she was receiving, and said, "This state of mind is not natural to me. I used to be much afraid of dying, and this led me to be much in prayer; and now see how God is granting my request."

About the time of this interview of my own, a friend called upon her, who, upon hearing her talk beyond her strength, gently admonished her to spare herself. "Oh, it matters not," she replied, "I believe I shall die to-night, and it does not signify; I wanted to pray for my minister in his presence when he was last here, but had not courage." And then lifting up her eyes to heaven, poured forth a most fervent and appropriate prayer both for him and his wife.

At a subsequent visit, finding her, beyond expectation, alive, I said, "What! still in the flesh?" and knowing the danger of her becoming impatient to be gone, I asked her if she was willing to wait in her suffering state, any time that God might see fit to detain her on earth? "Quite," she replied, "*quite* willing to wait and wait and suffer any time, for I am sure God will give me grace. I am a wonder to myself. I am a monument of mercy. O the mercies of God! *What a mercy—the work of salvation is all done! What a blessing to have the soul safe!* I have nothing to do but to go. I am quite ready. When my husband reads the Scriptures to me, I now see a glory greater than I ever saw before. I see them in a new light. No other book but the Bible will do now. I cannot bear, sir," turning to me, she said, "even *your* books now. *Nothing but the pure truth of God will do now.* Sometime it seems as if God had direct communion with my soul."

Then speaking of the generality of professors of all denominations, she said, "O what a difference have I seen in those I have had to do with. They do not live near enough to God; they are too worldly. Tell those of our Church, from me, to live closer to God, and to give themselves more up to his service. I love the Church of which I am a member. I die in communion with every member of it, but charge them from me, to be less worldly and to live nearer to God."

She then gave utterance to a lamentation over some acquaintances whom she feared had been living without spiritual religion, and charged me to speak seriously after her decease to one friend in particular, on this subject. After this, followed a strain of exulting hope of the heavenly world. "There I shall see the apostle Paul, and all the blessed spirits of just men made perfect; and, above all, the Lord Jesus Christ, and be overshadowed with his glory."

A lady of considerable respectability and intelligence, but holding Unitarian sentiments, who had been exceedingly kind to her, visited her more than once, and was so struck with the scene, that she not only wept abundantly, but took two of her daughters with her to witness it also, and see how peacefully a Christian could die. The mind of the dying saint felt some fear lest she should not have courage to bear testimony on behalf of her divine Lord, or speak with propriety on those truths which then yielded her strong consolation. She prayed earnestly to God for help, and help was granted her; and it was delightful to observe with what modest thankfulness she acknowledged the grace she had obtained to be faithful. Indeed it was one pleasing feature of her dying experience that she was anxious to do good to all around her, and scarcely any came to her dying bed who did not carry from it some instructive admonition. Among others, her nurse was an object of most tender solicitude, and while anxious for her spiritual welfare, she did not forget her temporal comfort, as the following little incident will prove. Among the friends who visited her, was one who is in the habit of distributing garments to the poor, from whom, with great diffidence, she solicited a flannel gown, that the poor woman, when she herself was in her grave, might be protected from the cold in her night watches in sick chambers that might not be so warm as that in which she had waited upon *her*. Such a considerateness of the comfort of others, when flesh and heart were failing her, is a beautiful exemplification of *the charity that is kind*.

Among other things, she uttered during the last day or two of her life, she said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to them also that love his appearing." The words "Not to me only, but to them also that love his appearing," seemed to give her peculiar delight. The nearer I get home, she continued, the clearer I see my Father's house, and the more certain I am I shall be welcome there. On a great increase of bodily pain, she faintly said, "Spirit brighter; suffering very mysterious." Her last words in reference to her state of mind were, "Peace, peace, O sweet peace!" She died with her finger pointing up to heaven.

Behold the dying professor, and receive her testimony to the grace and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, who having put his righteousness upon her, and his Spirit within her, has called her to join the palm-bearing multitude in making her confession before the angels of God. "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments God, and the faith of Jesus." "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 12, 13.)

Thus ends, though not in all cases with the same degree of holy triumph, the profession of the sincere, consistent, and exemplary Christian. How bright a scene; how beautiful, and how powerful a testimony to the reality and excellence of religion! I need not ask, whether infidelity can produce, or ever did produce, anything like it, or whether philosophy ever did so with her enchantments. Socrates, conversing so calmly with his friends on the subject of immortality, just before he drank the hemlock, is a feeble exhibition of moral grandeur compared with this. O Christianity! this is thy triumph and trophy. What

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a proof is this of an immaterial and undying mind. To see reason in all its power, religion in its sublimest flights, then, when the heart is fluttering in the conflict of mortality? Then for the soul to soar with angel flight, till its expressions are so grand, its conceptions so unearthly, its joys so much above sense and reason, and even faith too, that it looks all covered with the cloud of glory into which it has already, in a measure, entered; can this be the mere modification of flesh and blood? Oh no, it is mind triumphing over the weakness of matter. It is the original from which the poet has taken his beautiful copy:—

"The holy triumphs of my soul,
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave."

And what was it that this immaterial, imperishable mind was then intent upon? On what was the eye of the soul fixed, and to what boundless object were its aspirations rising! Earth had receded, and carried with it all its kingdoms and their glory; but there was another glory rising to fill its place, in beholding the blaze of which, even husband, children, mother, friends, minister, and church, were all lost sight of. She saw as with a new sense, granted to dying saints, but unknown to most living ones, things almost as unutterable as those which Paul witnessed in the third heavens; and loosening from every terrestrial object, sprung forward to lay hold upon immortality.

I grant that it is not the privilege of all the children of God to enjoy so large a share of heaven upon earth, as did this dear saint; for it is an undoubted fact, that even some of the most eminent servants of God have been far less favoured in their dying hour than she was. I could mention names of the most distinguished divines of modern times, whose passage through the dark valley was not irradiated with those bright coruscations of the heavenly glory. This fact has not been unnoticed by others. Can we account for it? No doubt, in some cases the nature of their complaint may have had an influence, as certain disorders predispose more powerfully to the depression of the animal spirits than others. Mr Fuller, during his last illness, laboured under this to a considerable extent, and the celebrated Mr Scott, the author of the Commentary, did the same; but it was in each of these cases the effect of disease. "I never recollect," said the former, "to have had such depression of animal spirits, accompanied with such calmness of mind." "I could be glad," he said, "to be favoured with some lively hopes, before I depart hence." "My hope is such, however, that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity." I have no doubt, that both in living saints and in dying ones too, disease has much to do in preventing what is usually denominated comfort; but surely, if disease may in some cases *prevent* comfort, it cannot, in a sane mind, *produce* it. The experience recorded in this chapter, is unquestionably the inworking of the mighty power of God. That the humbler saints should be thus favoured, while useful preachers, and great theologians, who have served God in their own, and will continue to serve him by their works, in all future generations, should be denied those bright manifestations of God's presence in death, is an arrangement that must have some ends, and teach some lessons in the divine administration. Does it not show the sovereignty of God in the bestowment of his favours? Does it not hide pride from man, by proving that it is not even distinction in the Church that can insure the brightest light of God's countenance? Does it not tend to keep humble living Christians, and ministers, and authors of eminence, by reminding them, that persons never heard of beyond a narrow circle may have a more glorious close of their profession than even they? Does it not prove that God holds himself no man's debtor, for what he has done? Does it not manifest how inadequate all we do for Christ is to comfort us in a dying hour, and that theological giants, as well as the least child in God's family, can derive no comfort then, but from a simple dependance on Jesus? Does it not illustrate the power of Christ, in raising such meek and humble saints, such seemingly weak believers, into the spiritual prowess of the greatest conquerors of death? Does it not distribute more widely the honour of doing something for God, and of bringing glory to Christ; so that while some shall do much by their living labours, others shall do it by their dying experience? Does it not encourage the less public professors, who are the greatest in number, to look forward with lively hope and joyful anticipations to the close of life? Such lessons as these are of great consequence in the school of Christ, and we cannot wonder, that God should take such methods in teaching them.

Professors, the close of your profession will come, and the nature of that close should be a matter of solicitude to you. Whether your sun shall set in clouds, or in brightness, ought not to be a subject of absolute indifference. True it is, that your chief concern should be, to maintain a consistent profession while you live; for this is the most likely way to make a happy one when you die; but still, when we consider how much it tends to edify the church, to hear of the lively faith and hope of its dying members; and how much it tends also to awaken and impress careless sinners, it ought to be a matter of desire and prayer, that we might finish our course with joy, and glorify God in death. A holy life, and a happy death, and both of them for the honour of Christ, the credit of religion, and the good of immortal souls, should be the object of every Christian's ambition. These two act upon each other; he who would be happy in death, should be holy in life; and did we keep the death-bed scene in view, it would be one motive, and that not a weak one, to a life of eminent godliness. Death is a scene in which we can be found but once. We can glorify God through all time, and through all eternity, by ten thousand living acts, ten thousand times repeated, but we can honour him but once in dying; how much ought we to be concerned then, to do that well, and realise the saying—

"His God sustain'd him in his dying hour;
His dying hour brought glory to his God."

For this purpose we should, like the apostle, die

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daily. The whole of life should be one continued exercise and discipline for death. All days should be spent with reference to the last, and all objects looked at in connection with the sepulchre. We should never forget "*to lay up a stock of prayers for a death-bed.*"

THE DYING MOTHER AND HER BOY.

A GENTLEMAN was not long since called upon to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she resided, he heard, in an adjoining room, an infant voice. He listened, and found it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer.

"O Lord, bless my poor mother," said the little boy, "and prepare her to die. O God, I thank thee that I have been sent to a Sabbath-school, and there have been taught to read my Bible, and there learned that 'when my father and mother forsake me thou wilt take me up.' This comforts me, now that my poor mother is going to leave; may it comfort her, and may she go to heaven, and may I go there too; and pity my poor dear mother, and help me to say, Thy will be done."

He ceased, and the visitor, opening the door, approached the bedside of the poor woman.

"Your child has been praying with you?"

"Yes," said she, making an effort to rise; "he is a dear child. Thank God he has been sent to a Sabbath-school. I cannot read myself, but he has read that blessed book, the Bible, to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have heard from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ, and I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him. I hope he will preserve me. I hope he has forgiven me. I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. O how thankful I am that he was sent to a Sabbath-school.

A HISTORIC CHURCH.

WE are aware that it has become the fashion, in some quarters, to mock at the idea of a *historic Church*, but the wisdom or the folly of thus mocking, altogether depends on the meaning we attach to the phrase. If it be meant by it, that the authority of the founders of a denomination is to be final, that their very errors are to be stereotyped and themselves canonized, and that their children and descendants are to be restrained from taking any step in advance of their discoveries and attainments, then are we prepared to become mockers too. But what Protestant has ever used the word with such an unprotestant meaning? The phrase has another sense, at once protestant and holy. Are there not such things as transmitted duties as well as transmitted privileges? May not the providence of God, in the events of a particular country, visibly raise up a particular denomination, whose special work it shall be to assert and vindicate great truths and invaluable rights, until they shall have triumphed in a universal acceptance? And may there not be hallowed associations connected with the rise of that Church, and with its first assertion of those principles, which it shall be at once the advantage and the duty of succeeding ages to cherish and hold sacred? The man who should deny this, would show that he knew little either of human nature or of the laws of God's providential administration, and in seeking to show himself liberal would only prove himself absurd. Historical recollections, are like the venerable elms and stately cedars which surround some ancient mansion, whose roots are interwoven with its foundations, whose branches add to its beauty and defence, and beneath whose ample shadow it is pleasant for the children who inhabit the mansion often to converse and meditate. We have no sympathy with the Gothic violence that would level these associations with the dust, or with that shallow wisdom which, in looking forward on the future, would contemn the past.—*History of the Secession and Relief Churches.*

THE ERSKINES.

THE sermons of the *two Erskines, Ebenezer and Ralph*, have contributed in no small degree to enrich the popular theology of Scotland. No doubt these works derive an extrinsic interest from the fact of their having been produced by men who were the founders of a new religious denomination, and also from their having been thrown upon the Scottish mind, at a period when they served as a most efficient antidote to doctrinal error and religious indifference. But even when these accidental circumstances are forgotten, they possess an intrinsic value, which accounts for the fact that they are still extensively popular after the lapse of a century, in which many an able volume has passed into oblivion, and that at the book-stalls of Holland, at the present hour, few religious writings are more frequently inquired for by the Dutch peasant than the works of "*Erskyna.*" We know not where we shall find in the popular theology of Scotland, except in the writings of Boston of Ettrick, any sermons that contain a richer vein of evangelical truth, presented not in the dry forms of scholastic dogmatism, but with all the energy of earnest men and ambassadors of Christ. Modern fastidiousness may accuse them of prolixity, and their numerous subdivisions may contrast unfavourably with the smoother flow of modern eloquence, but they are full of those life-giving words which have been found in all ages to exert a mysterious power over the heart of man. In one excellence they are pre-eminent, and, except in some parts of Bunyan, are unsurpassed even in our rich puritan theology. We refer to the thrilling appeals to sinners, which, in the close of many of their sermons, extend from page to page, and seem instinct with the very spirit of Him who wept over Jerusalem. The power of such passages, even when read, is sometimes wonderful, and when preached to listening thousands on a mountain-side by men who passed from their closet to their pulpit, and with all the accompaniments of impassioned action, must have told upon their hearers with amazing power.—*History of the Secession and Relief Churches.*

[By a mistake, already explained, the sketch of

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Ebenezer Erskine, which appeared in our pages (p. 291), was not acknowledged as taken from this work. The work itself is, throughout, one of the highest interest. Mr Thomson has a singularly felicitous style, which stamps every page of his narrative with beauty. The "History of the Secession" is in itself full of interest, but as told by our author, it is invested with many additional charms.]

DON'T BECOME RICH AGAIN.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

"I've lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sad. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, carpets and furniture, were sold; and she who had been so long mistress of the mansion shed no tear.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered, with taste, some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw; they painted maps; they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here; you call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved; vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his wood-bine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we now return to the city?"

"O no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and we did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So father, please not to be a rich man any more."

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A MINISTER of the gospel one day, speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, and related an illustration that had just occurred in his own family.

He had gone in a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap door; but on looking down all was dark, and she called:

"Are you down cellar, papa?"

"Yes; would you like to come Mary?"

"It is dark; I can't come down, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you."

"Oh, I should fall; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little further; then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after, she again discovered the cellar door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called:

"Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied; and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms; and clasping his neck, said:

"I knew, dear papa, I should not fall."

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SUDDEN CALLS.

(From an American Traveller's Note-Book.)

While at Pittsburgh, I was forcibly impressed with the large number of *sudden deaths*, by drowning, burning, and apoplectic or other fatal fits; and several died under affecting circumstances. One was a young man, a New Englander, full of enterprise, with his little capital, resorting to the great West to establish himself in business. While walking the deck of one of the boats on the Monongahela river in the night, he fell overboard; and, although immediate effort was made for his recovery, life had fled before he could be found.

"By strangers' hands his eyes were closed,
By strangers' hands his limbs compos'd,
By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned."

Another came along before my boarding-house in manhood's prime, said he was sick, inquired for a physician, sat down upon the curb-stone, then laid himself down, and instantly was dead!

But another still more affecting—a penniless orphan, far from his native home and relatives, in a land of strangers, a boy of fourteen years, and steady habits, but who found it hard to get employment to earn his bread. The night came on, and where should he go?—he had no money to pay his lodgings at a public house—he had no mother's home to which he could repair for shelter—no stranger asked him in—no pity for the orphan boy! He wandered up and down until the cold damps of evening fell upon his brow. At length he went on board a boat lying at the shore, and asked permission to lie down upon its deck under cover from the inclement air. They gave him a berth, and thankfully he laid down to rest, and thought of his mother and far-off home, and went to sleep in tears; and it was his last sleep—the boat took fire in the night and burned down to the water's edge. The two men left to take care of the boat saved themselves with difficulty by jumping into the river and swimming to the shore. But the orphan's bones were found amid the smouldering coals upon the lower deck. So goes the tragedy of life. I do not wonder that an eminent writer said he was in doubt whether to denominate our existence in this world *a dying life or a living death;* at any rate, "passing away" is written upon all we behold. This is a land of graves, in which there is a funeral procession in motion every hour.

How forcible are the words of Paul when he says, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Yet the great multitude live as though they had no heaven to win or hell to shun, and no better purposes to answer than the indulgence of their vitiated propensities!

EXHAUSTLESS SUPPLIES.

For these six thousand years, God has been multiplying pardons, and yet free grace is not tired—Christ undertook to satisfy, and he hath money enough to pay. It were folly to think that an emperor's revenue will not pay a beggar's debt. Mercy is an ocean, ever-flowing, yet never full. The saints carry loads of experiences with them to heaven. Free grace can show you large accounts and a long bill cancelled by the blood of Christ.—*Manton.*

LITTLE GRACE.

I have rather smoke than fire; and guessings rather than assurances of Christ's love. I have little or nothing to say, but that I am as one who hath found favour in his eyes.—*Rutherford.*

WALKING UNWORTHILY.

It is sad when, after spiritual enlargements, and the performance of spiritual duties, believers are off their guard and negligent in honouring God by good works in the sight of all men; when, like Moses, they no sooner come down from the mount than they turn, and break the tables of the law. Oh Christians, either vindicate the name of Christ (whose banner you would seem to march after), by the holiness of your conversations, or honestly throw away your profession of godliness and your seeming zeal for Christ, by which you have drawn the eyes of the world upon you.—*Gurnall.*

JOY.

Pearls are not gotten but from the bottom of the water; and gold is digged not from the surface, but from the deep entrails of the earth. So the joy of God is not to be found but in the inward recesses of a broken and contrite spirit.—*Bp. Cooper.*

THE RAKINGS OF MALICE.

Such as rake up the old sins of saints (sins which God hath forgiven and forgotten), merely to grieve their spirits and to spatter their names, show their malice indeed; who can take such pains to travel many years back, that they may find a handful of dirt to throw in a saint's face. Thus Shimei twitted David (1 Sam. i. 6, 7), "Come out thou bloody man."

When you, who fear God, meet with such reproaches, answer them as Beza did the Papists, when, for want of other matter, they upbraided him for some poems penned by him in his youth, said he, "These men grudge me the pardoning mercy of God."—*Gurnall.*

A PRAYERLESS HOUSE.

A good woman used to say, that "A family without prayer is like a house without a roof, exposed to all the injuries of weather, and to every storm that blows."

THE DIFFERENCE.

God lets the wicked have their portion before hand i. e., in the present life (Psalm xvii., Luke vi. 24 and xvi. 25.) A wicked man may give God an acquittance, and write upon it, "Received in full." But the saint's reward is in reversion: the robe and the ring are yet to come.

THE CHRISTIAN A TREE.

The Christian is compared to a tree, Psalm i.; and those trees flourish most and bear the sweetest fruit which stand most in the sun. The praying Christian is (as they say of Rhodians) *in sole positus:* he stands nigh unto God, and hath God nigh unto him in all that he calls upon him for: you may therefore expect his fruit to be sweet and ripe. Whereas [illegible] that stands, as it were, in the shade, and at a [illegible] from God, through neglect of prayer, [illegible] fruit found on his branches, and that [illegible] sour.—*Gurnall.*

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HUMILIATION IN CONNECTION WITH GRATITUDE.

BY THE REV. D. E. FORD, OF MANCHESTER, AUTHOR OF "DECAPOLIS," &c.

"A Syrian, ready to perish, was my father."—Deut. xxvi. 5.

Such was the confession required of every priest of Israel when he presented, before the altar, the offering of first-fruits. It was, therefore, in the midst of abundance, a memorial of former destitution, and an acknowledgment of utter unworthiness, under circumstances of peculiar obligation.

When this precept was first recorded, Moses was writing for other times. Faith, like that of Joseph when he gave commandment concerning his bones, or that of Joshua and the priests, when (before one blow was struck, and therefore the possession of the land was entirely future) they blew the silver trumpets of jubilee over against the walls of Jericho, assured that jubilee indeed would come, in spite of walls and bulwarks—enabled the prophet with confidence to write the text. Rejoicing in the faithfulness of Him who had promised, he knew that the Lord would bring them in; and, in the certain prospect of that event—guided assuredly by divine inspiration, but cheered in the meanwhile by the full persuasion of his own mind—he left instructions, and among them this, as to what they then should do.

The text is capable of divers renderings; but take whichever we may, the lesson is the same. It teaches us, that when the divine promises are all fulfilled, and our salvation is complete, we are still to remember the past; and that in God's living temple, the lively stones built together a spiritual house, to offer gifts and sacrifices, amidst all their fitness, strength, and beauty, are to be regarded as the produce of the rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence they were digged. (Isaiah li. 1.)

The connection between acceptable thanksgiving and profound humiliation, is a fact which none but a Pharisee would dare to disregard, and which it behoves the Christian to bear in mind in all his devout meditations and religious exercises. Should pride ever rise within his bosom—"Who maketh thee to differ?" is a consideration which may suffice to put it down: nor will he, if walking in the fear of God, and

in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, when, by virtue of his "royal priesthood," he has "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus," forget to say there—"A Syrian, ready to perish, was my father."

The natural philosopher may rejoice that he is not a brute, and a pagan may glory in the attributes peculiar to man, but the devout student learns some very humbling facts concerning the position of our race. Among the rest is this, that, of intelligent beings, man is probably the lowest in the scale. We say *probably*, because we cannot be quite sure. So small a portion of the universe falls within the range of our observation, that it is not for us to know what varieties of intellect may be found among the innumerable races of sentient creatures which tenant the planetary worlds. But, so far as our information goes, the fact is unquestionable. Divine revelation affords no hint of any lower measure of intelligence than that which falls to our share. That angels excel us in strength is obvious from everything we know concerning them; and that devils have far greater intellectual power than belongs to man, none acquainted with their devices will be disposed to question. To boast of our mental superiority, then, is but to mingle ignorance with pride.

The humiliation which these considerations may be supposed to engender is deepened by the recollection, that our case is not one of poverty alone, but of degradation. Although man had been made a little lower than the angels, yet if he had retained inviolate his pristine character, there would have been something noble in his bearing. To have been fashioned by an almighty hand might have reconciled him to an earthly origin, and to have had "breathed into his nostrils," *thus*, "the breath of life," might have rendered it a blessedness indeed to be "a living soul." But he is now in a state of apostasy. Whatever may have been his original glory, that glory has long since departed. His boast of heraldry is vain; traced back to its earliest antiquity, it bespeaks his ruin. His arms are quartered with those of Beelzebub, the prince of the devils.

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His crest is an inverted crown. His shield—the gates of Eden closed, and barred with chains of darkness. His supporters are cherubim, but with flaming swords to guard the tree of life. And this is his motto—"Man that was in honour abode not."

The grace of God works wonders. It copes with depravity, and subdues it. It rescues the sinner from his degradation, and renders him meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. But it also teaches him never to forget, even amidst the splendours of the heavenly temple, to which it ultimately introduces him, the ancient acknowledgment of the adoring Israelite—"A Syrian, ready to perish, was my father."

BELIEVERS SENT FOR FROM HEAVEN.

THEIR PREPARATIONS, AND PASSAGE THITHER.

Now while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her; the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, "Hail, good woman; I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expects that thou shouldst stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days."

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was, an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bade him that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, "Thus, and thus it must be; and we that survive will accompany you to the river side."

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide, and to her children, she called for Mr Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, "Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 10.) I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr Standfast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr Honest, and said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" (John i. 47.) Then said he, "I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod." But she answered, "Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me, and dry me."

Then came in that good man, Mr Ready-to-halt, to see her. So she said to him, "Thy travel hitherto has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. Watch, and be ready; for at an hour when ye think not, the messenger may come."

After him came Mr Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid; to whom she said, "You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end."

Then she said to Mr Feeble-mind, "Thou wast delivered from the mouth of giant Slay-good that thou mightst live in the light of the living, and see thy King with comfort. Only I advise thee to repent for thine aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness, before he sends for thee; lest thou shouldst, when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing."

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, "I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee!" So her children and friends returned to their places, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure the children wept. But Mr Great-heart and Mr Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

In process of time, there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said, "I am come from Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee, that he expects thee at his table to sup with him in his kingdom, the next day after Easter; wherefore prepare thyself for this journey." Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, "I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord." (Eccles. xii. 6.)

After this, Mr Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims, and told them, saying, "I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also." So he desired Mr Valiant to make his will. And because he had nothing to bequeath to them that should survive him but his crutches, and his good wishes, therefore thus he said, "These crutches I bequeath to my son, that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have been." Then he thanked Mr Great-heart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came to the brink of the river, he said, "Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on." The last words he was heard to say were, "Welcome life!" So he went his way.

After this Mr Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, "I am

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come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee, and that in a very little time thou must behold his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message: 'Those that look out at the windows shall be darkened.'" (Eccles. xii. 3.) Then Mr Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, "Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me, for that I shall have no need of in the place whither I go, nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim: wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill." This done, and the day being come on which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, "Hold out, faith and patience!" So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him: "Trembling man! these are to summon thee to be ready with the King by the next Lord's-day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings. And," said the messenger, "that my message is true, take this for a proof:" so he gave him a grasshopper to be a burden unto him. (Eccles. xii. 5.)

Now Mr Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr Despondency said to his friends, "Myself and my daughter you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure for ever; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after; and they will walk about, and seek entertainment of the pilgrims: but for our sakes, shut the doors upon them." When the time was come for them to depart, they went up to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr Despondency were, "Farewell, night; welcome, day!" His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr Honest. So he came to the house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines: "Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven-night, to present thyself before thy Lord, at his Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, 'All the daughters of music shall be brought low.'" (Eccles. xii. 4.) Then Mr Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, "I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this." When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed its banks in some places; but Mr Honest in his life-time had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr Honest were, "Grace reigns!" So he left the world.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for-truth was sent for by a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." (Eccles. xii. 6.) When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the troubles I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55.) So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came forth a summons for Mr Standfast. This Mr Standfast was he whom the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground. And the post brought it him open in his hands; the contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr Standfast was put into a muse. "Nay," said the messenger, "you need not doubt of the truth of my message; for here is a token of the truth thereof: 'Thy wheel is broken at the cistern.'" (Eccles. xii. 6.) Then he called to him Mr Great-heart, who was their guide, and said unto him, "Sir, although it was not my hap to be much in your good company in the days of my pilgrimage, yet, since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a wife and five small children; let me entreat you at your return (for I know that you go and return to your Master's house, in hopes that you may yet be a conductor to more of the holy pilgrims) that you send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath and shall happen unto me. Tell them, moreover, of my present blessed condition, and of my happy arrival at the Celestial City. Tell them also of Christian and Christiana his wife, and how she and her children came after her husband. Tell them also what a happy end she made, and whither she is gone. I have little or nothing to send to my family, unless it be my prayers and tears for them; of which it will suffice that you acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail." When Mr Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr Standfast, when he was about half way in, stood a while, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, "This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me; but now methinks I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. (Josh. iii. 17.) The waters, indeed, are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that wait for me on the other side, lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey: my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather

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for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthened in his way."

Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him: and after he had said, "Take me, for I come unto thee," he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the upper region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

As for Christian's children, the four boys that Christiana brought, with their wives and children, I did not stay where I was till they were gone over. Also since I came away, I heard one say that they were yet alive, and so would be for the increase of the Church in that place where they were for a time.

THE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF THE BIBLE.

(*From the Princeton Review.*)

NEITHER the external nor the internal evidence by itself is sufficient, if we would frame our argument at once complete, satisfactory, and irrefragable. The difference between them is that which may be expressed by the difference between the defence and the inculcation of truth—between the preparation of the mind for truth, and the receiving of it—between knowledge and experience, perceptions and feelings.

The external is important just in proportion as one values the divine authority of his creed—the internal, as one realizes his need of a divine teacher. The former bears testimony to the whole truth; the latter respects only those points which, being in congruity with man's moral nature, affect the heart and meliorate the character; the former, though it may not exclude doubt, silences objections; the latter, though it cannot obviate diversities of opinion or exclude error, furnishes relief to the toiling mind, and rest to the aching breast. The internal may strike the mind at once—flashing the conviction that "these are the true sayings of God;" but the external evidence always requires a process of thought and study: it cannot be compassed without that candid and laborious attention which is necessary to a just estimate of any complicated chain of proofs, while it requires accurate definitions, logical statements, and the solution of difficulties; but the internal, being simple and direct, is often felt before it is comprehended, because it appeals to the first principles and moral instincts of our nature. The one kind of evidence can induce no more than a speculative faith, though it may predispose to the heartfelt reception of the truth; the other, if its perception does not imply the existence of faith in the heart, is always connected with an experience of its power. As in investigating the external evidences, we go back in imagination to the period of Christ and his apostles; so in contemplating the internal, we, as it were, shut ourselves up with God and conscience, and think of death and eternity—seriously asking ourselves, "Whence we are? and whither going?" Hence, though the external may silence the sceptic it is only the internal proofs that can satisfy the man who has waked up to the great problem of his being. In view of the external evidences, we may authoritatively call on all to believe; but from the drift of the internal proofs, we may say, that whatever may be one's faith in the historical verity of Christianity, all is in vain, as far as the end of this heaven-sent volume is concerned, without that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world.

Thus it is, that while learning is necessary to master the one kind of evidence, nothing more is needed to the comprehension of the other, than an honest humble heart; that while but few comparatively may be able to go over the whole ground of its outward proofs, there is no one who need be without evidence equally satisfactory, though less palpable—equally profound in its sources, though less fortified by acute distinctions and logical inferences. The sceptic may always demand the former; the believer will seldom look beyond the latter kind of evidence—his subjective faith implying an objective reality.

The more the evidences of the Bible are scrutinized, the more clearly will it be perceived, that the same harmony which characterizes the works of God, appertains also to his Word.

Thus we may go back to the sublime announcement of the book of Genesis—to the original promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent—to the sacrifices of divine appointment, all typical of the Lamb of God—to the various prophecies which announced the coming, and delineated the characteristics of the Messiah; and then, by all the aids of literature and criticism, examine the history which records the life, and death, and resurrection of Jesus; and though, in the course of our investigation, we meet with thirty various authors, living at various periods of the world, belonging to different classes of society, from kings and legislators to fishermen and tent-makers, representing, also, different orders of mind, uttering themselves in history, in poetry, in biography, in hortatory epistles, now in accents of devotion, and again in tones of fearful prediction—yet in all their productions on the great subject of revealed truth, there is neither confusion nor disagreement. But wonderful as is this harmony which runs through all the various parts of which this book is composed, it were of little account, did not all the communications of this book harmonize with man's spiritual relations—were there not to be discovered in man's breast something which tells us that this wonderful revelation of God's mind and will was imperatively needed, and that this book supplies the mighty void, at once meeting all the wants and woes of our moral nature, and promoting the ends of God's moral government. And thus it is that every man may discover in himself the surest evidences of the Bible—in his mental and moral capacities, so strangely contrasted with his evil desires and earth-born pleasures—in his breathings after immortality, with those vices which so often merge his lofty spirit in the lusts of the flesh—in his occasional though dim conceptions of all that is great and good, true, beautiful, infinite and eternal—in his habitual and humiliating experience of all that is low and

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grovelling—his own ignorance and folly, guilt and misery—ay, his need of mercy, as a sinner against God!

It is, however, but seldom the mind takes in the whole array of the Christian evidences; nor is it necessary to the conviction of revealed truth, as it is no' necessary to count all the indications of design in t.e universe of matter, before we can legitimately refer the world to one common designing mind, or arrive at the being of a God. Much less is it necessary to a full and constant belief, that we should retain all these evidences within the range of mental vision; they are of such a nature that when conviction is once wrought in the mind, it remains long after its power of reasoning, or even its memory of general facts, has been impaired by physical causes. Nor, indeed, is it indispensable to a well-grounded and operative faith, that we should have taken all the points of evidence into view, or even be acquainted with all; and the reason is found in the fact, that the arguments in favour of the Bible are at once numerous and various, adapted to all classes of mind—all conditions of society, so that what may fail to convince one, may satisfy another; and the reverse. With one, it may be the fact that the sacred writers had no motive to deceive; with another, the tenor of their writings. With one, the miracles which Christ wrought, or, more especially, his own resurrection; with another, Paul's conversion; or perhaps the character of Christ will, by itself, serve to convince. It would be a matter of curious, though not unprofitable interest, for any twelve reflective persons to trace the origin of their faith in the Bible; and it is not improbable that in every individual instance some one point has seemed sufficient by itself; perhaps the singular exactness of the Mosaic economy, or the difficulties which attend the supposition that Moses was either an impostor or an enthusiast; perhaps the countless links of connection between the Old and New Testaments, or even the undesigned coincidences between the Pauline Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles; perhaps the fulfilment of a prophecy, the devotional language of a psalm; it may have been some particular doctrine, or by simply pondering some saying that fell from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake—the force with which any particular view may strike the mind, all depending on one's mental training, or prevailing disposition. Hence, to a great degree, the unequal value which is attached to different works on the evidences of Christianity; each reader being predisposed to judge of any work on the subject, according as it may coincide with his peculiar habits of reasoning; or answer objections by which his secret thoughts are most embarrassed.

Even when all the various evidences have been duly pondered, it is difficult to decide which now, among such a multiplicity of points, impresses the mind with the greatest force, or imparts the most effective relief in our occasional moments of doubt; yet, amid all our doubts, there is always some position on which, if we may be allowed the expression, the soul falls back; and from that, as from a first principle intuitively perceived, argues rapidly to a favourable conclusion. This arises from two causes: first, from the fact that it is a subject where every man must, in a good degree, furnish for himself the materials for his own judgment—his judgment being always affected by moral causes; and, secondly, from the fact that the argument in favour of Christianity is *cumulative*—thus affording advantages to minds of unequal degrees of strength and cultivation; and at the same time, defying the consequences of defeat from infidelity on any one point. In this respect, it admits of no parallel with any false system, while challenging to itself all the marks of a heaven-born religion.

He who framed the Bible knew best how to arrange its evidences, so that each might satisfy his own mind in believing, while none could ever feel at ease in rejecting. It is never wise, therefore, to place one kind of evidence in opposition to the other; much less to adopt either of the extremes which have been taken by different writers on the evidences. It is to violate that harmony which characterizes the word as well as the works of God—to disregard the appeal which Christianity itself makes in support of her claims, at once to the miraculous nature of her works, and the spiritual power of her words. Unlike that shield of Numa, which, though it was said to be derived from heaven, was undistinguishable from those fabricated on earth, Christianity appears before us in her own strongly marked and distinctive features, standing on the broad pedestal of facts. With uplifted eyes, she intimates the consciousness of her heavenly origin: and while with one hand she points to works which no man can do, and, with the other, marks out with the accuracy of prescience, the shadows of coming events, we hear a voice breaking from the overshadowing glory, and declaring, that if any man will do her will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

Hence, while Christianity has no cause to shrink from the scrutiny of those who have disciplined their minds to inductive reasonings or metaphysical inquiries, it is within the scope of the feeblest or most uncultivated powers to imbibe its spirit, and abound in its fruits, and rejoice in its promises; while its documentary proofs may triumph over scepticism, a full and firm conviction of its truth can flow only from experience. "Evidences of Christianity," said Coleridge, "I am weary of the word. Make a man feel his want of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of his need of it, and you may safely trust it to its own evidence."

YOUTHFUL SINS.

Sin is the mother of all sorrow, and no sort of sin appears to give a man so much misery and pain as the sins of his youth. The foolish acts he did—the time he wasted—the mistakes he made—the bad company he kept—the harm he did himself, both body and soul—the chances of happiness he threw away—the openings of usefulness he neglected—all these are things that often embitter the conscience of an old man, throw a gloom on the evening of his days, and fill the latter hours of his life with self-reproach and shame.

Some men could tell you of the untimely *loss of health*, brought on by youthful sins. Disease racks

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their limbs with pain, and life is almost a weariness. Their muscular strength is so wasted, that the grasshopper seems a burden.. Their eye has become prematurely dim, and their natural force abated. The sun of their health has gone down while it is yet day, and they mourn to see their flesh and body consumed. Believe me, this is a bitter cup to drink.

Others could give you sad accounts of the *consequences of idleness*. They threw away the golden opportunity for learning. They would not get wisdom, at the time when their minds were most able to receive it, and their memories most ready to retain it. And now it is too late. They have not leisure to sit down and learn. They have no longer the same power, even if they have the leisure. Lost time can never be redeemed. This, too, is a bitter cup to drink.

Others could tell you of grievous *mistakes in judgment*, from which they suffer all their lives long. They would have their own way. They would not take advice. They formed some connection, which has been altogether ruinous to their happiness. They chose some profession, for which they were entirely unsuited. And they see it all now. But their eyes are only open when the mistake cannot be retrieved. Oh! this is also a bitter cup to drink.

Young men, young men, I wish you did but know the comfort of a conscience not burdened with a long list of youthful sins. These are the wounds that pierce the deepest. These are the arrows that drink up a man's spirit. This is the iron that enters into the soul. Be merciful to yourselves. Seek the Lord early, and so you will be spared many a bitter tear.

This is a truth that Job seems to have felt. He says: "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." (Job xiii. 26.) So also his friend Zophar, speaking of the wicked, says: "His bones are full of the sin of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust." (Job xx. 11.)

David also seems to have felt it. He says to the Lord, "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions." (Ps. xxv. 7.)

Go and ask believers now, and I think many a one will tell you much the same. "Oh! that I could live my young days over again," he will most probably say: "Oh that I had but spent the beginning of my life in a better fashion! Oh that I had not laid the foundation of evil habits so strongly in the springtime of my course!"

Young men, I want to save you all this sorrow, if I can. Hell itself is truth known too late. Be wise in time. What youth sows, old age must reap. Give not the precious season of your life to that which will not comfort you in your latter end. Sow to yourselves rather in righteousness; break up your fallow ground, sow not among thorns.

Sin may go lightly from your hand, or run smoothly off your tongue now, but, depend on it, sin and you will meet again by-and-by, however little you may like it. Old wounds will often ache and give pain, long after they are healed, and only a scar remains: so you may find it with your sins. The foot-prints of animals have been found on the surface of rocks, that were once wet sand, thousands of years after the animal that made them has perished, and passed away: so also it may be with your sins.

"Experience," says the proverb, "keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." I want you all to escape the misery of learning in that school. I want you to avoid the wretchedness that youthful sins are sure to entail. . . . . .

Let nothing ever tempt you to become a Sabbath-breaker. I press this on your attention. Make conscience of giving all your Sabbath to God. A spirit of disregard for this holy day is growing up amongst us with fearful rapidity, and not least among young men. Sunday travelling by railways and steam-boats, Sunday visiting, Sunday excursions, are becoming every year more common than they were, and are doing infinite harm to souls.

Young men, be very jealous on this point. Whether you live in town or country, take up a decided line; resolve not to profane your Sabbath. Let not the plausible argument of "needful relaxation for your body"—let not the example of all around you—let not the invitation of companions with whom you may be thrown—let none of these things move you to depart from this settled rule, that God's day shall be given to God.

Once give over caring for the Sabbath, and in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this conclusion are easy and regular. Begin with not honouring God's day, and you will soon not honour God's house;—cease to honour God's house, and you will soon cease to honour God's book;—cease to honour God's book, and by-and-by you will give God no honour at all. Let a man lay the foundation of having *no Sabbath*, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the top-stone of *no God*. It is a remarkable saying of Judge Hale: "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found only a few who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath.

Young men, you may be thrown among companions who forget the honour of the Lord's-day; but resolve, by God's help, that you will always remember to keep it holy. Honour it by a regular attendance at some place where the gospel is preached. Settle down under a faithful ministry, and once settled let your place in church never be empty. Believe me, you will find a special blessing following you:—"If thou call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." (Isa. lviii. 13, 14.) And one thing is very certain, your feelings about the Sabbath will always be a test and criterion of your fitness for heaven. Sabbaths are a foretaste and fragment of heaven. The man who finds them a burden, and not a privilege, may be sure that his heart stands in need of a mighty change.—*Rev. C. Ryle.*

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

(*From Charlotte Elizabeth's "Chapters on Flowers."*)*

It was in dear Ireland, some years ago, that a pious clergyman, in reading a letter from a military correspondent, pronounced a name familiar to me—it was that of one who had been a beloved playmate in my earliest years, of whom I had long lost trace, and who was there represented as having died rejoicing in the Lord. A few questions elicited the fact of his having entered the army; that he had been stationed in Ireland; had married an engaging young lady, and taken her to India; and now, had died in the faith. I soon after learnt that the youthful widow was expected, with her mother, to settle in that very town, where they had no connections, nor could any

* This delightful volume has been published for some years, but we never perused it till lately. The remarkable and affecting narrative which follows, is but one of many such with which the volume abounds.

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one assign a reason for their choice. Months passed away, and I could not ascertain that they were arrived; but one Sunday, long afterwards, on taking my accustomed place at church, I found a stranger beside me in the pew, whose deep weeds, pallid countenance, and bending figure, with the addition of a most distressing cough, increased the interest excited by the lowly humility of her deportment during prayers, and the earnestness of her attention to the preacher. After quitting the church, I asked a friend if he knew who she was; he replied, "The widow of Captain ———, concerning whom you have so often inquired." The next day I went in quest of her, introduced myself as the early friend of her departed husband, and from that time it seemed as though her only earthly enjoyment was to be found in my little study.

Her story was this: she had married while both parties were in total ignorance of the gospel; their mutual attachment was excessive, on her part extravagant. She left the parental roof, and felt no grief at quitting it: she accompanied the regiment, and found every change agreeable, for still it was her privilege to brighten the home of her beloved and affectionate husband. He was an amiable young man, moral and honourable; and while quartered in that town, he had attended the preaching of the gospel, little imagining that the warnings addressed to unawakened sinners could affect one so upright as himself. Yet the word was not lost upon him: the good seed sank into his heart; and soon afterwards it sprang up, beginning to bear fruit to the glory of God.

Theresa's affection was of that kind which is content to do, and to be, whatever will best please its object. With the same willing and happy acquiescence that had before led her into the revelries of the ball-room, did she sit down to read with her husband the Word of God, or kneel beside him in prayer. "The world," she said, "was pleasant to me while he loved it; and when he forsook it, so did I: but with this awful difference, Frederick left the world, because he found its friendship was enmity with God; I turned from it because my world was centred in him." Her husband saw this, and earnestly strove to lead her into acquaintance with herself, as the necessary prelude to her seeking the knowledge of the Lord: but in vain—his opinions were hers in all matters, and therefore in religion; but her heart was totally unchanged.

And here I would pause, to impress upon my readers, particularly the younger portion of them, the necessity for self-examination—constant and close—on this momentous point. Too frequently is the force of human attachment, the power of human influence, mistaken for the effectual working of a divine energy in the soul. A favourite preacher will sometimes lead captive the imagination, or the paramount influence of a beloved object seemingly draw the affections into that track whereon none can truly enter, much less consistently walk, but by the guidance of the Holy Spirit; and what a catalogue of woes, not always to end with the present state of existence, might be exhibited as resulting from this specious self-deception! "We know," saith the apostle, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." The test, when rightly applied, is a sure one; but we cannot guard too vigilantly against that perversion of it to which our deceitful hearts are perpetually prompting us. To love Christ *in* his people, is an evidence of spiritual life; to love Christ *for* his people, is a delusion, by means of which the father of lies seals many to eternal death.

After a few removals, the regiment was ordered to India; and with bitter anguish has my poor friend dwelt on the recollection of that year's events. The family of her husband being people of rank, and wealthy, his outfit was rendered, by his father's generosity, a very superior one. Valuable plate, and everything that taste could devise for affluence to accomplish, was lavished on the young couple; and as Theresa's fondness, in alliance with the pride that was her natural characteristic, pleaded for the display of all that could make her Frederick an object of such respect as this world's envy can bestow; she exerted all her influence to draw him into society which he felt to be most deadening to his spiritual energies, and destructive of the peace which he most coveted. Still his affection for her was so great as to render her persuasions irresistible; and, while the fading of his healthful cheek, and increasing pensiveness of his eye, bespoke the internal conflict, he yielded to the snare so far as to devote many precious hours which might have been profitably spent among God's people, to associates moral and respectable indeed, but very far removed from the ways of godliness.

Frederick concealed from his wife the extent of his sufferings, whilst she thus encouraged the flesh to lust against the Spirit; but she could not be ignorant of it; and that knowledge, as she described it, only added strength to her endeavours. She was conscious of a sort of jealousy, the recollection of which overwhelmed her with horror: in the selfish indulgence of an inordinate attachment, she felt it as a wrong that her husband could love God better than he loved her—she sought to rival the Lord, to win from him the allegiance of a soul that he had betrothed unto himself: and when, in the fiery furnace into which she was shortly afterwards put, all these things were recalled to mind—set in order before her—how fearful were the agonies of her remorseful spirit! If I could display its writhings as she described them to me, the warning might be salutary to some who are, in like manner, provoking the Lord to jealousy, endangering a brother's safety, and braving the storm of divine indignation.

After some months passed in the manner above stated, while Frederick perceptibly drooped more and more, under the struggle which divine grace enabled him to maintain against temptations, too frequently successful, to compromise his Christian simplicity of walk and conversation, he appeared one day to his anxious wife radiant with joy and holy exultation. "Oh, Theresa," he said, "what can I render unto the Lord for his great benefits? I have long been a wretched prayerless outcast, unable to pour out my soul to him. I have pined under the

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sense of banishment—of deserved exile from his presence. I have been forsaking him: and he almost forsook me. But on this happy morning, I have been once more admitted to my Father's throne: I have had such enlargement of spirit, such freedom in prayer, such a blessed assurance of his unchangeable love, that surely, surely, he will not let me wander any more!" She told me that his look and manner quite overpowered her selfish feelings: she was conscious of the deep cruelty of her conduct, in depriving him of such peace, such joy: she even prayed to be kept from a repetition of the offence. Her impressions were, however, then too weak and transient to have endured a trial—the Lord wrought in a way that neither of them had anticipated: and on the very next day she saw her Frederick laid on the bed of dangerous sickness.

He recovered speedily, so far as to appear out of immediate danger; but the medical men pronounced it indispensably necessary that he should return to his native England without delay; and, two years' leave of absence being granted, they embarked; her fond bosom cherishing the confident expectation of his perfect re-establishment. At the Cape they made a short stay; and Frederick appeared so perfectly convalescent, that he seemed beyond the reach of a relapse. Alas! on the very day of their quitting that shore, his malady returned with such overwhelming violence, that before they had gone many leagues of the long homeward voyage, not a hope remained of his reaching England alive.

It was dreadful to see the effort with which that broken-hearted creature nerved herself to tell me the sequel. Her feet placed on the fender for support, knees crushed together, lips strongly compressed, brows—such beautiful brows!—bent into an expression of sternness, and even the hectic of her cheeks fading into ghastly white—all bespoke such mental suffering, that I implored her to spare herself the recital: but in vain.

It appeared, that while Frederick, full of joy, lay dying in his cabin, the fiery darts of Satan were almost all shot into the soul of his distracted wife. She told me that she never suffered him to suspect it—that she wore an aspect of even cheerful resignation—and by so doing, increased his happiness. But, whenever withdrawn from his sight, the tempest would break forth with such maddening violence, that it was astonishing how she could survive the paroxysms. Thoughts of blasphemy, the most appalling, were continually infused into her mind: every creature that enjoyed health and cheerfulness was to her an object of such bitter envy, that she desired their death. And while contrasting the rude hilarity of some men upon the deck, who lived in open scorn of every divine law, only using the name of the Most High in jests or curses, with the wasting anguish that was dissolving the frame of her angelic sufferer in the cabin below—then, impious thoughts, wild charges against the mercy, and even the justice of the Most High, would shoot through her brain, until, loathing them as she did, while totally unable to repress them, she was many a time on the point of flinging herself into the roaring surge beneath.

"And then, to dress my face in smiles, to go back to him, and take his hand, and tell him that the air had refreshed me—to read the Word of that God whom I felt that I was defying—to kneel in prayer, seemingly a sharer in his beautiful aspirations of hope and peace, and joy and thankfulness—you know it not—oh, may you never know it!"

The closing scene was at hand; and while she hung in quiet despair over his pillow, he told her, with a look of sweet sympathy, that the Lord would soon bring her to Himself; but that he saw it needful first to remove the object of her exclusive attachment. "My death will be the means of bringing you to Christ; and Christ's death has opened for us both the way to God. Fear not, my beloved Theresa—only believe. We shall sing a new song together before the throne of the Lamb."

Poor, poor Theresa! A few days more would have brought them to anchor in the English port; and at least she would have been spared the awful solitariness that surrounded her, when, without one outward solace, she sat watching that lifeless clay, extended before her in the calm, still beauty of death. She described herself as having undergone the most extraordinary change, from the moment of his decease. The smothered tempest, under the outbreaking of which she had expected, and even hoped to die, passed away without a single burst. A cold, dull, quiet endurance succeeded: not unmixed with transient gleams of hope, as his parting words again and again passed through her unresisting mind. Yet she was roused, by what I can well suppose must be one of the most heart-rending sounds pertaining to this world of woe—the *plash* that told her when that form, so long and fondly loved, was indeed descending into its watery grave; and the ship rolled on—and even the eye of such love as Theresa's, might never, never catch a trace whereby to discern the spot of his obsequies. Ocean was his tomb: and who should reveal in what chamber of the mighty mausoleum those cherished relics had found rest, until that day when the sea shall give up its dead?

As yet, no real peace had visited the soul of the mourner; the enemy was restrained, that he should no longer inflict on her the torture of his blasphemous suggestions: but grief, corroding grief, ate into the vital principle. She was desolate, and a widow, moving to and fro, looking for some manifestation of that divine love, of which the first breathings were yet hardly perceptible in her soul; yet without any energy of prayer, any confident hope, or such a measure of faith as might enable her to lay hold on one of those promises, whereof she was very certain that her dear husband was enjoying the glorious fulfilment in heaven.

In this wretched state Theresa returned to the home of her widowed mother; but there she could not remain. She pined for the ministry under which her departed husband had first received a blessing, and gave her mother no rest until she consented to remove to that place; where, on the first Sunday after their arrival, we were brought together in the house of prayer.

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Theresa had taken the infection while tending the death-bed of her husband. Consumption, lingering but confirmed, had shown itself before I saw her; grief had bowed her once elegant figure—every lock of hair was concealed beneath the widow's cap, which scarcely surpassed in deadly whiteness the countenance that drooped beneath it.

But let me render thanks to God, that, speedily as the outward form decayed, the growth of spiritual life within was far more rapid. She had found mercy, and I never beheld such intense application of every faculty to the one great work of searching the Scriptures—such fervent importunity for divine teaching—such watchful discrimination in securing the wheat and rejecting the chaff, while listening to the various instructors who proffered their aid to this interesting inquirer. Popery, infidelity, antinomianism, were casting down many wounded in her path; but God had indeed revealed to her the pure doctrines of gospel truth; and beautifully did her growing conformity to Christ evidence that the clearness of her views was not merely an operation of the mind—it was an illumination of the soul.

Yet, though enabled to rejoice in spirit, sometimes with joy unspeakable and full of glory, her earthly sorrow pressed heavily on the heart so early bereft of its idolized treasure. To me alone was the privilege allowed of numbering over with her the little relics of bygone hours, and of gazing on his miniature, where the beautiful features, which seemed never to have lost the noble simplicity of expression that characterized his childhood, recalled many endearing little incidents to my mind, on the recital of which she dwelt with sad delight. One occasion I well remember, when the depth of her feelings was displayed in a singular manner; and this I often think upon, when revelling in the contemplation of my flower-garden at the height of its glory.

She came to me one morning, and found me still in my bed, suffering from a sore throat. A basket of flowers had just arrived from a distant friend, which, moistened by a shower of rain, I dared not then unpack. When she entered, I called out, "Theresa, you are just the person I wanted. I can trust precious flowers in your careful little hands; and you shall arrange them, with all the taste that you are mistress of." She threw a hasty glance on my blooming store, smiled very faintly, then, seating herself beside me, entered into conversation. After a while I reminded her of the flowers: "Presently," was the answer; and she then commenced a long history of her childhood, which was indeed one of extraordinary interest. Hours passed away; and I, seeing the flowers begin to droop, once more asked her if she intended to let them die? She rose with a long sigh; and kneeling down beside a chair, slowly commenced arranging the rich variety before her. I thought she had never looked so touchingly forlorn, as when, with her black garments spreading around, and her pale sorrowful face bent over the glowing heaps of roses, carnations, and every brilliant child of June, she pursued her task, filling several vases with the bouquets thus formed.

She brought me my dinner, and then dressed, and conducted me to my study, where she had placed the flowers with such exquisite taste, that I cried out with delight, "Oh, Theresa! you shall be my florist in ordinary: what a beautiful display you have made!" She seated herself by my side on the sofa, and said, "Now, after this, you are never to doubt that I love you."

"Doubt it, my dear friend! I could not if I tried: but you have given me stronger proofs of it than this, much as your taste and ingenuity are now displayed on my behalf."

"No—I never gave you such a proof before!"

She then burst into tears, and told me that her passion for flowers was as great as even mine: that it was Frederick's daily task, when in India, to go out every morning, and cull the most splendid blossoms of that glowing clime, which he always arranged in her *boudoir*, and upon her beloved piano, with as much care as he bestowed on his military duties. The long voyage had separated her from the world of flowers during his illness; and when, after leaving him in the depths of ocean, she first beheld those smiling remembrancers, such a horror took possession of her poor lacerated mind, that, as she solemnly assured me, she would rather have taken the most noisome reptile into her hand than a rose. Voluntarily, she never entered a garden, because of the almost unconquerable desire that she felt to trample every flower into the earth. She had struggled and prayed against this: it was a species of delirium over which time seemed to have no power; and it was to avoid a task so torturing that she had engaged my attention for hours, in the hope of my forgetting it until after her departure. "When I kneeled down before the chair," said the sweet mourner, "I prayed that the sense of all your love towards me might prevail over my dreadful reluctance; and it did." Then, after a pause, she added, with another burst of tears, I don't think I could have done it, if you had not loved Frederick!"

Not long after this, I was surprised by seeing in her own apartment a single soft white rose in a glass. She pointed it out to me, saying, "I am following up my, or rather your conquest; it is too ungrateful, that because God has seen fit to resume the dearest of all his gifts, I should spurn from me what he yet leaves in my path." I understood the nature of her struggle; and trivial as it may appear to those whose minds are differently constituted, I could appreciate the honesty of her efforts to overcome what too many would have delighted to indulge, as the offspring of feelings that could not perhaps have existed but in a remarkably sensitive and imaginative character. She laboured to bring all into the captivity of willing obedience to Christ: thus yielding strong evidence of a growth in that grace which was preparing her for glory.

I watched for twelve months her progress towards heaven: and greatly did she desire to die, where alone she had truly begun to live; but duty called her elsewhere, to the fulfilment of a painful, though sacred task. She applied her remaining strength

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to the work, and then lay down in peace. Her death-bed was described by a pious minister as presenting a foretaste of heavenly triumph. Her ashes repose beneath the green shamrocks of her native isle: her spirit rejoices in the presence of her redeeming God.

PIOUS WIDOWS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

WHOSE heart does not yearn over the stricken widow and helpless orphans, when the arm on which they leaned is palsied by the stroke of death, especially if she is poor? Who will now be her counsellor and provider? Who will feed, and clothe, and educate her children? Who will pay the rent of her humble dwelling?

These are questions which spontaneously rise in our minds as we go to attend the funeral of her husband. And, certainly, her situation is exceedingly trying. But, if she is "a widow indeed," one who loves God and trusts in his promises, what has she to fear? Who has greater reason than the pious widow to chide the risings of unbelief in the language of the Psalmist, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted in me; hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." She is, you say, left penniless. She has no farm, no home, no money; and with her utmost efforts can earn but little.

But let us see if she and her babes have not something more sure to rely upon than lands, or goods, or stocks, or mortgages: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." (Jer. xlix. 11.) "He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow." (Deut. x. 18.) "Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble: thou wilt prepare their hearts, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear: to judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress." (Psalm x. 17, 18.) "A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation." (Psalm lxviii. 5.) "The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down." (Psalm cxlvi. 9.)

Now, are not these promises and assurances unspeakably better than "thousands of gold and silver?" And does the Bible contain any promises, equally direct and positive, to any other class of persons? Certainly, none like them to the rich or honourable. "Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away;" and when this is not the case, they often drown the possessors and their families "in destruction and perdition." But the promises of God cannot fail. With infinite ease can he raise up friends to the widow and the fatherless, and supply all their need. He can, and he will, if they trust in him. "Hath he said, and will he not do it? Hath he spoken, and will he not make it good?"

What is the testimony of experience and observation on this subject? The appeal may be confidently made to those who have lived longest, and enjoyed the best opportunities for noting the dealings of Providence. It is not pretended that pious widows, who are left poor, and with dependent families, suffer no hardships and privations, for they do, a great many. Sometimes they have to struggle for years; and to any other but an eye of faith, it seems as if God had forgotten his promises; but they have only to "wait patiently for the Lord," and he will not suffer his faithfulness to fail. It was a poor *widow* and her son, let it be remembered, who subsisted so long upon a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruise; and it is often matter of astonishment how widows, with almost no visible means of support, contrive to sustain themselves and their orphans comfortably, till other means are provided by their heavenly Father. The *fact* we know; but till we look at the promises, and even then, it is a mystery. They seem to live upon almost nothing. There is no *miracle* in the case, but there is a special providence. Sceptics may laugh, but "the Lord will provide."

And what becomes of such orphan children, when they are grown, and go out into the world? One in a thousand may become a vagabond, and break his widowed mother's heart; but how few are the instances. We are ready to affirm, and we challenge the investigation, that no class of children are more sober, and moral, and respectable, and prosperous in the world, than the children of widowed mothers who are pious, and who "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Nothing is more common than to see the widow's son, now in easy and thriving circumstances, bringing his mother home to enjoy all that heart could wish for the rest of her days. Straitened as she and they once were, they are much more likely to be kept from evil company and habits, and to make useful members of society, and to become the "children of God," and "heirs of the kingdom," than the sons of the rich.

Let those mothers, then, who are left in desolate widowhood, and who know not what to do with their young and dependent families, take courage. If they have no money, they have the bank of faith to draw upon, which is infinitely better. If they have no surviving kindred to care for them, they have "the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless in his holy habitation." Let them "trust in the Lord, and they shall not want any good thing."—*Rev. Dr Humphrey.*

A TEST OF RATIONALISM.

IN his recently published "Notes of a Tour in Switzerland," Mr Baptist Noel observes that there are states of mind in which nothing but the gospel can afford peace, and illustrates the sentiment by this remarkable anecdote:—"Not long since, a Protestant lady in the south of France, supposing herself to be near death, was seized with deadly terror. It was in vain that her husband sought to console her. They had lived a thoughtless life, and she could not bear to stand before the judgment-seat of God. 'Then let us send for the minister,' said her husband. 'What use is it?' replied the sick person; 'I know what he will say; it avails nothing.' However, the minister was sent for. Being a young rationalist, who had often opposed evangelical doctrine, he endeavoured, when he reached the chamber of sickness, to console her by the memory of her domestic virtues, and by assurance of the boundless mercy of God. But his efforts were utterly vain; all his fine speeches could not silence a reproachful conscience: she felt that the justice of God was in terrible array against her ungodliness, and the very mission of Christ convinced her of unpardonable ingratitude to the Redeemer. The minister was perplexed; all his stores of common-place, heartless palliatives to mental anguish were exhausted, and she wildly told him that she was wretched and undone. What could he say more? At that moment it flashed upon his mind that the evangelical doctrine, which he had so

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often opposed, would silence all her fears; it was precisely what her agonized mind was asking for; it would be to her like water in the scorched desert. He knew the doctrine of justification by grace through faith well, for he had often maligned it: he was familiar with the texts cited by evangelical ministers, for he had employed his powers of criticism to refute their evangelical meaning. 'If he could but speak to her as an evangelical minister, he could hush that awful tempest which he could scarcely bear to witness. But how could he say what he did not believe? how calm even that agony by a lie? At least, he could read those passages supposed to contain evangelical doctrine—there could be nothing wrong in that.' Baffled and perplexed, he directed her to the Word of God for consolation, and read to her such texts as these: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'—'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.'—'As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.'—'Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.'—'Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.'—'There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' No more was wanted; it was light to her perplexed path—it was peace to her anguish—it was life to the dying—it was an instant cure for her despair; and she welcomed the gospel as the flower in the desert welcomes the rain, held fast the consolation, and died rejoicing in faith: a signal instance of the adaptation of the gospel to our moral wants."—*London Baptist Magazine.*

THE INFIDEL'S BIBLE.

ADMIT the Bible to be uninspired—is there nothing to be alarmed or uneasy about after that? Verily, there is more than ever. The book of providence and nature—the infidel's Bible—is a far more terrific volume than the Christian's Bible. The views it presents of the character of God are nothing like so satisfactory. Where is that chapter in it that is headed "Mercy?" In what part does it treat of the forgiveness of sin, and the life everlasting? On what page are its invitations, encouragements, and promises recorded? Where is there a word in it to calm a troubled conscience? How does it extract the sting, and annihilate the horrors of death? What foundation does it discover, on which one may erect the hope of future happiness? It is amazing that any should fly to it for consolation, and, above all, astonishing that any should fly from the Holy Scriptures to it, and imagine they have made a grand escape, when they have shaken off the belief of that only book, which, while it proclaims glory to God, publishes peace on earth, and good will to men. Admit that the infidel does live without care and without concern, he may yet safely be defied to make it appear reasonable. Admit that he dies without anxiety or apprehension. Thus the great metaphysical sceptic of Britain died. But in vain has his admirer and eulogist, the political economist, endeavoured to assign any good reason for it. After all, he has only shown the world that his friend died as the fool dieth.

Some think and even speak contemptuously of the religion of the heart—of Christianity as demanding special control over the affections—as a thing *felt*. It is truly strange. Other subjects touch and take hold of the heart; why should not religion? Patriotism has its seat there; friendship lives among the affections; there the child cherishes his parent, and the parent his child. And may not our God and Saviour have a place and a name there? We feel towards all other beings, and *may* we not, *must* we not, towards Him who both created and redeemed us?

The doctrine of the insufficiency of the Word alone, and without the Spirit, to make the sinner wise unto salvation, is no disparagement of the Bible, and no reflection on its Author; because the defect is not in the book, but the fault is in the mind of the reader. It is not that the object is not sufficiently illuminated—it is that our spiritual vision is clouded by sin. If the human soul were in the right state, the mere teaching of the Word would be sufficient. A treatise on mathematics may be good and plain, though it should not make every man who reads it a good mathematician.—*Nevins.*

NEW THEOLOGY.

NEW discoveries in matters of revealed truth I look not for; and must confess, that whatever is novel, I suspect of being false. Light, I have no doubt, is still to be shed on certain obscure passages of Holy Writ, especially in the fulfilment of prophecy; but that the science of theology should advance, as other sciences do, every year almost becoming more perfect and satisfactory, seems to me impossible. The reason is obvious. Theological truth is not come at as other truth is. It is not the result of any long and laborious induction. It is not built up by any experiment. It is a science of pure revelation; and therefore must have existed, in its perfection, from the date of the revelation. It cannot be affected, as other sciences, by the march of mind; for it is the *human* mind that marches, not the *divine*. Now, theological truth is the expression of this mind, to which there can be no accession of new ideas. If, eighteen hundred years ago, God had made a revelation on the subject of astronomy, the science of astronomy would have been as perfect a science then as it is now. The astronomer of the first century would have held in his hand a complete and unerring treatise on his favourite science; and what more could the astronomer of the nineteenth century have? And why should not the former be as likely to attain to the true meaning as the latter? What I have supposed of the science of astronomy, is of theology strictly and literally true; and, in this respect, it is distinguished from all other sciences.—*Nevins.*

THE YOUNG RULER.

I HAVE sometimes thought, if the young ruler (see Matt. xix. 16–22) had only lived in the nineteenth century, how differently he would have been treated by our ecclesiastical authorities. They would not have sent him away; they are too anxious to make disciples, and too accommodating in their terms. If he had come with the inquiry, "What lack I yet?" to one Church, they would have told him that nothing was wanting but to be of their communion. If he had applied in another quarter, he would have heard this soothing reply to his question, "Why give your-

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self all this anxiety, young man? Why make all this ado? You are all that God requires you to be; there never was a more blameless young man: or, if you do come short in any particular, He is a merciful being—He will certainly overlook your failings: you have nothing to fear—He never made you to be damned." Probably, he might have gone still farther with his question, before he would have received a scriptural answer to it.—*Nevins.*

A GREAT MAN.

No one should desire to be a *great man* in public estimation who is not prepared for great sacrifices. The great man of the public is one who encounters great abuse, great malignity, and is the object of great envy, with its attendant annoyances. Great things are always expected of him, and great disappointment felt if he does not satisfy these extravagant expectations. The pardonable faults of ordinary men are in him great faults, and are greatly blamed. His great celebrity is purchased at a great price, and often at a great sacrifice of social comforts. Every one considers it his privilege to criticise all his movements, and at all times to intrude upon his privacy. In fact, it is a "great annoyance" to be a great idol in any department of greatness; for the capricious multitude, who shout while they place their idol on the highest pinnacle, shout just as loudly when the time comes to hurl it to the ground. To preserve the character of greatness for a number of years is a great achievement, and, so far as the world goes, the finale, under the most propitious circumstances, is a *great funeral!*—*Presbyterian.*

IMPORTANT THINGS FORGOTTEN.

He who digs for wealth, ought to know that every ounce of earth he throws up, is excavated from his own grave; and he, of pallid look, that sits hour after hour studying for the crown of literary distinction, that the very lamp by which he labours for the prize is fed by the precious oil of life, that will soon be all wasted away. And the man that dashes through dust and blood, in the fierce pursuit of military glory, knows well that his struggle is in the field of death, and that *often* it is the cold hand of death that puts the wreath of glory on his brow. Yet is their folly not cured.—*Nevins.*

THE SIKH ORPHAN.

Mr Weitbrecht, of Burdwan, writes: One of the children who died during the year was brought in last January by a poor woman, who said she was a Sikh, and was going to Benares; the child was not her own, but her mother had died. She was going to take her to a rich Mussulman; but the child said, "Take me to a Christian lady." She then inquired for a Padre Sahib, and was directed to the mission-house. On the child being asked if she would like to stay with us, she replied, with joy, "O yes!" The poor woman then kissed her, *lifted up her voice and wept*, and went on her way. The poor child was in a very diseased state; but by much attention and nourishment was kept alive two months, and showed a lively, intelligent disposition. When we began to speak to her of Jesus, and of his love to children, her heart seemed at once drawn to him; and it was beautiful to see the bright smile on her face when any one sat down to talk with her of heavenly things. She learned the Lord's prayer, and prayed sweetly in her own words. One day, when several other children were baptized, we took her to church, and she was baptized by the name of Mary, whom she really resembled in rejoicing to sit at Jesus' feet and hear his word. When she was dying, she asked Mrs Weitbrecht to sit beside her: she told her she would soon be free from pain, and see the dear Saviour whom she loved. Her own simple expressions of trust in him were cheering to our hearts. One of the Christian women came up to her, and said, "Take fast hold on Jesus, my child; he will carry you to heaven." "I do, mother," she replied. Soon after her short life closed.—*Missionary Register.*

A MINISTER'S CHARACTER.

His ministerial character did not denude him of his natural sympathies with all mankind, but rendered them more expansive, and directed them to higher purposes. He was no anchorite or ascetic, but a generous-hearted entertainer. Cheerfulness was in his soul, because it was in good health; and good cheer was upon his table, and gifts in his hand, until he had no more to give. He saw his way through all the paths of life by the lamp of his conscience, which he kept ever well trimmed; and he followed it with a steady eye and a fearless step, onwards to the brink of ruin; but aye as he skirted ruin's brink, the Lord interposed and kept him for new manifestations of his nobleness. And, withal, he was the humblest of men, and found no satisfaction in his good works, or approbation of his own perfection; but had his refuge in the Lord Jesus Christ, where alone he found his peace. And not his peace only, but his pattern; for if we know the life of a disciple, who keeps in all things by the model of Christ, it is the life of Bernard Gilpin, who, like his master, was like a sharp sword against the scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites—who was a place of refuge to the naked and the destitute—who was a shepherd to the flock, and a blessing to the young—food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty—and went about on errands of continual well-doing, and kept constant communion with God, and constant humiliation of himself, and walked with God; and, speaking with a mortal's judgment, may be pronounced perfect in his generation, so far as it is given to any man to be perfect.—*Edward Irving (Preface to Life of Bernard Gilpin).*

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

Many vain intruders often tease me most at such seasons as I most desire to be freed from them; they follow me into the pulpit and meet me at the table. I hope I do not love them or wish to lodge them! Often in my prayers some idle fancy buzzes about me and makes me forget where I am and what I am doing. I compare myself to a man upon his knees before the king pleading for his life, or returning thanks for some great favour: in the midst of his speech he sees a butterfly; he immediately breaks off, leaves his speech unfinished, and runs away to catch the butterfly. Such a man would be thought mad; and my vile thoughts prove that I am not free from spiritual insanity: Is it so with you?—*John Newton.*

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THREE OBJECTIONS TO COMMENCING FAMILY WORSHIP ANSWERED.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

1. *What necessity is there that a family must meet jointly to worship God together? Will it not serve if every one pray for himself in his closet?*

A family is a collective body; as such, it owes a worship to God. It is he that "setteth the solitary in families" (Ps. lxviii. 6); and as their founder, will be vouched by them: "Pour out thy fury upon the families that call not on thy name." (Jer. x. 25.) It holds as to domestic worship, as well as national; for he looks for the one as well as the other. There are family sins, and these are to be confessed by the family, as national sins by the nation. There are family wants, and they require the joint supplications of the family. There are family employments, and these call for the united force of the family to pull down a blessing upon their joint labours for the good of the whole. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." And is it not fit that they who join in the work should join in a prayer for a blessing on their endeavours? There are family mercies that the whole society share in; and is it not meet that they which eat of the same feast should join in the same song of praise to the founder of it? In a word, there are judgments that may affect the whole family; and where all are concerned in the danger, all should lend their help to prevent it: many hands make light work. A rope twisted of many cords is stronger than those very cords if single; and so the prayer of many together is more likely to prevail, because it is likely to be more fervent, than of the same persons severally employed in their closets, though I would not have one to interfere with the other; there is room for both. Polanus tells us of a town in the territory of Berne, in Switzerland, consisting of ninety houses, that was, in the year 1584, destroyed by an earthquake, except the half of one house, where the master of the family was earnestly praying, with his wife and children, to God.

2. *Oh, but I have not abilities and gifts for such a work, and it is better undone than spoiled in the doing.*

No more hadst thou skill and ability for thy trade when thou went first apprentice. Apply thy mind to the work, bind the duty upon thy conscience; search the Scriptures, where matter for prayer is laid up, and rules how to perform the duty; study thy heart, and observe the state of thy family, till the sense of the sins, wants, and daily mercies thereof, which thou hast lodged in thy memory, be left warm on thy spirit; in a word, exercise thyself frequently in secret prayer; be earnest there for the Spirit to assist thee in thy family service, and take heed of driving the Holy Spirit from thee, whose assistance thou prayest for, by sloth, worldliness, pride, or any other course of wickedness. Up and be doing, and thou mayst comfortably expect God will be with thee to assist and accept thee in the work. Moses was sick of the employment to which God called him, and fain would have put it off with this excuse: "I am not eloquent, but slow of speech;" but this objection was soon answered: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I, saith the Lord? Therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." (Exod. iv. 11.) His call was extraordinary, and his assistance was such. Thy call to this duty, as the head of a family, is ordinary, and so thou mayst look for ordinary assistance. Haply thou shalt never have an ability to express thyself as some others; but let not that discourage thee: God looks not at the pomp of words and variety of expression, but the sincerity and devotion of the heart. The key opens the door not because it is gilt, but because it fits the lock. Let but the matter of thy prayer be according to God's mind, and the temple of thy heart humble and fervent, and no fear but thou shalt speed; yea, let thy prayer be old—pray to-day what thou didst yesterday; be but sure to bring new affections with thy old prayer, and thou shalt be received friendly into God's presence, though thou canst not on a sudden put thy requests into a new shape. God will not shut his child out of doors because he comes not every day in a new-fashioned suit.

3. Others there are who object not their own weakness as the reason of their not praying in their families, but *the wickedness of others in their family.* They are confident enough of their

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own gifts, but question others' grace, and whether they may pray with such. There may be such in thy family; but is this a ground to lay aside the worship of God? By this, the worship of God should not only be laid aside in most private houses, but in all our public congregations. If thou mayst not pray in thy family because a wicked person is present, then you must not join in prayer with a public congregation, because thou canst never be assured that they are all godly; nor must the minister pray there, for fear some wicked one should be in the company; and so this part of divine worship must be thrown out of the Church till we can find an assembly made up of true saints; and where such a one ever was, or will be, on this side heaven, no one, I think, is able to tell. Surely the saints in Scripture were not thus scrupulous. How often did Christ himself pray with his disciples, though a Judas was among them? Pray thou in faith, and his unbelief shall not prejudice thy faith, nor his pride thy humility. Thou joinest with him in the duty, but hast no communion with his sin. You may as well say, if a thief in the time of prayer should pick another's pocket, that all the company are guilty of his theft. How much better were it to fear lest thou pray with a wicked heart in thy bosom, than with a wicked person in thy family! Thou art likely neither to hurt thy own soul by praying in his company, nor better his by omitting the duty for his sake. May be, though he be carnal, yet he is outwardly complying; and how knowest thou but thy prayer may pierce his heart, and assist toward his conversion? Such I have heard of, who have had the first sensible impression made upon their hearts in this duty. If he be not only carnal, but a mocker of the worship of God, and a disturber of the duty, better thou shouldst, with Abraham, turn such an Ishmael out of doors, than, for his sake, turn God out by denying him the worship due unto him.

THE DEATH-BED OF CALVIN.

(Chiefly from Henry's Life of Calvin.)

THE life of the great reformer had been a struggle amidst storms; but the storms were driving him into the haven. He could look back with joy and thankfulness on a work that was done. His iron persistence abode to the very last. This was evinced in his friendship, not only for Farel, and Viret, and Beza, but for Melancthon. His resolution was greatly tried by bodily pains, which were so severe as at times almost to deprive him of reason. Thus he writes to the Queen of Navarre, that he was almost dissolved by excruciating distresses which continued for a fortnight. In the midst of these sufferings he was burdened with great public cares. Just then, the fearful league of the Popish states was in progress, and Calvin used every conceivable means to procure protection for the Reformed Churches. He dragged himself from his bed to the desk; and it was marvellous how a spirit so mighty could be retained by so crazy a habitation. Every word, as Beza tells us, even in his most poignant sufferings, showed the joy and power of his soul. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he would often say, "O Lord, how long?" an expression which had been frequent with him, especially when he heard of any sufferings of the brethren. At length he was forced to keep his bed, though he still retained the power of speech. When advised to intermit his labours, his common answer was: "What! would you have my Lord when he comes to find me idle?"

On the 10th of March, 1564, when the council heard of his danger, it was unanimously resolved to commend him to God in prayer. They also sent him his stipend of twenty-five gold pieces, as a help in his illness. But, true to his character, even here, he declined this, saying, that as he could no longer render service, his conscience forbade him to receive emolument.

"When all of us came together, the clergy of town and country, on the 10th of March," says Beza, "we found him out of bed, and sitting by a little table, at which he was accustomed to write or meditate. We were surprised at the shortness of his breath. When he saw us coming, after he had been some time silent, with his head leaning on his hand, as his manner was when musing, he at length spoke, lifting himself up, with a broken voice, but an indescribable cheerfulness of countenance: 'Beloved brethren, I give you great thanks for your tender care towards me. In a fortnight I think I shall meet with you for the last time (meaning the day of the stated fraternal *Censura*), and then the Lord will reveal what he has decreed, and will take me to himself.' On that day, accordingly, he was present. After the censures had been peacefully disposed of, which occupied two hours and a half, he said that some reprieve appeared to be vouchsafed to him of the Lord; and, asking for a French New Testament, he read aloud the notes on the margin, and asked the opinions of the brethren; for he was proposing correction of the annotations. The day following he was not so well. Yet on the 27th, he caused himself to be carried to the door of the Council-house, and ascended the stairs, supported by two attendants, to the assembly-room. He there nominated to the Council a new rector for the Gymnasium, to whom the usual oath was administered. Upon this Calvin rose from a lower place where he had been, and removing his cap, thanked the lords for the kind offices which he had received from them, especially for their kindness during his illness; for he felt that he had 'come hither for the last time.' These words he could scarcely utter, for failure of voice. Then he bade farewell to the lords of Council, who were in tears. The first day of Easter week

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came on (it was the 2d of April); Calvin was very weak, but he wished to celebrate the festival of the resurrection with the Church. He was taken to the house of God in a chair, listened to the whole sermon, received the Lord's supper," continues Beza, "from my hand, and joined with the congregation in the last hymn. It was the song of Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' His voice trembled, but his countenance showed that peace which only the gospel can bestow."

On the 25th of April he was engaged about his last will and testament. He left about 225 crowns, dying a poor man. The instrument is the product of an humble heart; it contains also much paternal affection. The solemnity, moreover, with which he adheres to the legal form is observable and edifying.

The last will and testament of Luther is no less characteristic of the man. "Well known am I," he writes, "in heaven, earth, and hell, and I hold my standing such that I may be fully believed; inasmuch as God, out of his fatherly mercy, hath committed to me, although a corrupt and miserable sinner, the gospel of his Son, and hath caused me to be true and faithful therein, so that many in the world have received it through me, and have known me as the teacher of truth, seeing I have despised the ban of the pope, emperor, princes, and priests, with the hate of all the devils. How then shall it be less than credible, if the witness of my hand stand for it, and if it is said: 'Thus hath written Doctor Martin Luther, God's notary, and the witness of his gospel?'" If we admire the loftiness of Luther, says Henry, we must love the humility of Calvin. "First of all," says the will, "I render thanks to God for that he hath not only had pity on me, his poor creature, drawing me out of the abyss of idolatry wherein I was plunged, and bringing me to the clearness of his gospel, and making me a partaker in the doctrine of salvation, of which I was wholly unworthy, and in continuing his mercy to sustain me, amidst so many sins and infirmities, which well deserved that I should be rejected of him a hundred thousand times; but, what is more, for that he hath so far extended to me his mercy, as to employ me and my labours to bear and proclaim the truth of his gospel. Meanwhile, I protest my wish to live and die in this faith which he hath given me; having no other hope nor refuge but in his gratuitous adoption, in which all my salvation is founded; embracing the grace which he hath given me in our Lord Jesus Christ, and accepting the merit of his death and passion, to the end that by this means all my sins may be buried; and praying him so to wash me and cleanse me by the blood of the great Redeemer, shed for all poor sinners, that I may appear before his face, bearing his image. I further protest, that I have endeavoured, according to the measure of grace which he hath given me, purely to teach his Word, as well in sermons as in writing, and faithfully to expound the Holy Scripture. Yea, also, in all the disputes which I have had with the enemies of the truth, I have used neither craft nor sophistry, but have gone forward frankly to maintain his cause. But alas! the will which I have had, and the zeal (if such it may be called), have been so cold and slothful, that I feel myself a debtor in all, and by all; and were it not for his infinite mercy, all the affection I have had would be but as nothing: yea, the very favours he hath done me would render me more culpable; so that my recourse is to this, that being the Father of mercy, he would be, and show himself to be, the Father of so miserable a sinner."

About this time he was visited by a gentlewoman from France, who had heard him preach the gospel many years before, in her own country, and would gladly now have heard him again. A wealthy nobleman, who had been his fellow-student at the university, and had never seen him since, came also to renew his acquaintance. Calvin exhorted both these persons to abide faithful.

Two days after executing his will, he sent word to the syndics and councillors, that he desired on the next day to meet them in their hall, whither he meant to be carried. The senate thereupon resolved to go to him: which took place on Thursday, April 27, in very solemn circumstances. The lords of the Council thanked him for the service which he had always rendered to their Church, adding the assurance that they would continue to be mindful of his family. Then the dying saint lifted up his feeble voice, and uttered that memorable valediction, which contains the most solemn reiteration of all the truths he had taught. Towards the close, he said, "I well know the character of every one of you, and am sure that ye need the admonition. There is not one, not even the best, to whom somewhat is not lacking. I admonish the elder that they envy not the younger who may be adorned with God's gifts; the younger that they be not puffed up. Beware of personal enmity and all bitterness. In administering justice, I adjure you let there be no thought of favour or of hatred. Let none pervert the right by sleights and chicanery; let none seek to weaken the force of the laws. Finally, I pray you this once, forgive me my weaknesses, which I willingly own and confess, honoured sirs, here before you, as they are known to God and his angels." After this he prayed that the great and good God would more and more endow them with his gifts, and lead them by his Holy Spirit for the welfare of the republic. He extended his hand to each, and dismissed them bathed in tears, as though they had bidden adieu to a father.

On Friday the 28th of April, he called together all the ministers of the Geneva district at his bed-side; and addressed them in a grave and touching discourse, which also is recorded. On the 2d of May, the month in which he died, Calvin learned that his aged friend Farel was about to visit him; (Viret was absent at Lyons.) Calling for ink and paper, he penned these words in Latin, the last which ever proceeded from his prolific pen:—"Fare thee well, best and frankest brother! and since it is God's will that thou shouldst outlive me, live mindful of our inward attachment, which will both be useful to the Church, and bring us abiding fruit in heaven. I would not that thou shouldst weary thyself for me. My breath is weak, and I hourly look for it to leave me altogether. It is enough that I live and die in Christ,

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who is gain to his people, both in life and death. Yet once more, farewell to thee and the brethren! Geneva, May 2, 1564." Notwithstanding this, the venerable man actually came to Geneva; they discoursed, and even supped together, in memory of their long friendship and unity in the work of the Lord. The next day Farel preached in the assembly of the brethren, and then, taking his farewell and parting embrace, he returned to his church at Neufchatel. Not only did he survive Calvin, but as we have elsewhere recorded, he lived to do good service in the wars of the Lord, and at the age of seventy-six hastened to Metz, where he preached the gospel like a youth. The days which followed Farel's departure were spent by Calvin in almost constant prayer; but his voice, from great weakness, had become little else than a sighing whisper. The eye shone like a coal to the last; and when he looked heavenward, one could almost have read in his countenance the zeal and hope of his soul. But his life was well-nigh melted in anguish. Often did he say: "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it!" "I mourn as a dove!" (Isa. xxxviii. 14.) Beza, who watched by his dying bed, relates, that on one occasion he cried out: "Thou crushest me, O Lord! but it is enough for me, that it is thy hand!"

The 19th of May was the regular day for the *Censura*, or inspection of the doctrine and life of the ministers, when they used to meet and enjoy a repast together in token of mutual love—a beautiful custom in both its parts: the Lord's supper was to follow two days later. When Calvin knew that preparations were making for this assemblage, in his large apartment, he summoned all his remaining powers, and caused himself to be carried thither in a chair. "Brethren," said he, "I have come to you for the last time; I shall never sit down with you again." Such was the beginning of the melancholy banquet. Yet he asked a blessing on the food, partook of a morsel, and showed tokens of cheerfulness in his countenance. But his strength was not sufficient for the effort, and he was forced to leave the table, and to be carried back into his chamber. From this place, with a still beaming countenance, he said, "This partition shall not hinder me from being present with you in spirit, even though absent in the body." What he foretold came true; he was confined to his couch from that time; his countenance was little changed, but his body so emaciated that nothing seemed left but the spirit.

On the day of his death, which was May 27th, he seemed to speak more strongly and easily. But it was nature's last effort; for about eight o'clock in the evening, there came on undeniable symptoms of impending death. "Being summoned," says Beza, "for I had gone away for a little, I found him to have breathed his last so gently, that there could have been no convulsion of the hands or feet, nor even any difficult breathing, nor any loss of consciousness, or even voice, until the very last. He looked more like one sleeping than one dead. Thus, with the going down of the sun, this great light was also removed from us."

RONALD THE RICH;

OR, THE IRON COFFER.*

"It would be difficult," said Mr Godfrey, speaking to his family around him, "to fix a precise limit to the fancy and fiction in which an author may rationally indulge, in describing human character; for while the parables of the Holy Scriptures clearly set forth, on the one hand, the lawfulness of imaginary descriptions, the deceit, absurdity, and immorality of many works of fiction, on the other, as plainly declare that prudent restraint is necessary. When fiction is employed to instruct, it is commendable; but, when resorted to for the purposes of deceit and vice, it deserves reprobation. Many imaginary compositions have an excellent tendency. I will give you one instance of this in the following tale:—

RONALD THE RICH; OR, THE IRON COFFER.

If money, houses, and lands, constitute riches, then was Ronald Benson a rich man. Hardly did he himself know the amount of his own wealth. His mansion at Ravenshaw was a goodly one; and nothing could exceed the romantic beauty of the rocky glen through which it was approached. Whether this glen had been improved by human hands to imitate nature, or whether the earth had been rudely torn asunder by some elementary outbreak, it would be hard to say; but there the grey granite, the rocky strata of different hues, and the red sandstone, assumed such fantastic shapes, and were so profusely adorned with moss, creepers, grasses, roots, shrubs, and stunted trees, that the eye of the attentive spectator was spell-bound by the scene. The shaw, or wood, whence the name of Ravenshaw was derived, stood on an elevated point of table-land, surrounded by a landscape of vast circumference, and of surpassing beauty and variety; woods, meadows, streams, uplands and lowlands, rich in verdure, towns by distance reduced to hamlets, noblemen's mansions and peasants' cottages, were so harmoniously mingled, that they presented to the eye a rich mosaic, which became set enduringly in the memory of the lover of nature. Ravenshaw was a lovely spot, like Eden, in the estimation of many; and Ronald Benson, who resided there, and owned most of the property around, was familiarly called Ronald the Rich.

But though Ronald Benson abounded in wealth, he had but a bad name in the neighbourhood, for his was not the heart that devised "liberal things," nor the hand which gave to the needy. No orphan looked to him for protection, and no widow put his name in her prayer; but many, whom his hard-heartedness had oppressed, muttered their maledictions on his head. Have a care, ye rich, who oppress those beneath you; for when the poor curse you in the bitterness of their hearts, their cries are heard even in heaven.

Many rich men are liberal men; their hands, like their hearts, are ever open; they sow their riches freely, and reap an abundant harvest in the respect and thankfulness of those who benefit by their

* From "The Pearl," a beautiful volume, recently published by the Religious Tract Society.

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bounty. They live for others, as well as for themselves; but Ronald Benson lived for himself alone. Lolling in his carriage, banqueting at his table, or reposing on his downy bed, selfishness was his besetting sin.

Andrew Roberts, by hard labour, had saved sufficient money to buy his cottage; but one night it was accidentally burnt to the ground, and Andrew lost his all. A few of his poor neighbours contributed each a trifle for his benefit; but not one farthing was given him by Ronald Benson.

Old Widow Woodward was bedridden, but not friendless; for one kind creature read to her the Word of God, another took her a little nourishment, while a third sent her a piece of money; but did Ronald Benson do any kind act for the widow? Oh no! His heart was absorbed in selfishness. The love of wealth was a leprosy that clung to him, and increased in virulence from day to day.

Alice Lee was as modest and meek-minded as she was deserving; hers were the humbler graces of lowly life. Modesty, industry, and integrity were among her virtues. The ornament of her mother's cottage, she had the good-will of all around her, and the day was not distant when Alan Drew intended to make her his bride; but trouble is the inheritance of all, and Alice was not to go through the world without it. Alan, through sickness, had fallen in arrear with his rent, and Ronald Benson's ill-natured bailiff, who had his eye on Alice Lee, was determined, if possible, to take away his goods, to prevent his being married. Ronald Benson knew this; but did he hinder it? Not he! What did he care for Alan or Alice, so that he secured his rent? His soul was set on selfishness.

Summer came, with its sunshine, flowers, and fruit, as if to teach man, by its abundant gifts, the virtue of generosity; but Ronald remained uninfluenced by one generous emotion. Winter came, with its pinching frost and snow, as if to move man, by a sense of his own wants, to minister to the comforts of the distressed; but not a sixpence did it wring from Ronald's purse. Winter and summer found him ever the same—eating, drinking, and making merry by day, and reposing on his downy couch by night—in his goodly mansion at Ravenshaw. Ronald! Ronald! where was thy love of man? And "whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John iii. 17.)

* * * *

It was eventide; the gloom of night was beginning to prevail, and Ronald Benson was standing alone in a vault in his mansion of Ravenshaw. Before him stood an iron coffer, filled with gold, and strongly banded round with bars of iron. So long had it been since the coffer had been opened, that both lock and key were rusty. The storm was abroad, the loud thunder went to Ronald's heart, and the fierce lightning flash had driven him to the vault for fancied security. Suddenly appeared, standing on the uppermost step of the flight which descended to the vault, the figure of Dugald Guy, who had forced his way to the spot, and who then stood, with a menacing mien, stretching out his hand towards Ronald Benson. Dugald Guy was a wandering mendicant, half beggar and half gipsy, much privileged, and possessing great influence, on account of the freedom and wildness of his speech, and the boldness of his denunciations. "Ronald," said he, "the tempest is seeking thee; the lightning is commissioned to smite, and the thunderbolt is commanded to destroy. The orphan has cried out, and the widow has lifted up her voice against thee. Hark! the whirlwind is at the door!"

The fearful blast that swept round the mansion at Ravenshaw, seemed to demand an entrance; and Ronald trembled, while Dugald Guy proceeded thus:

"Here thou art, with thine iron coffer locked and barred, that it may not be minished; but what will it avail thee? Like Belshazzar, thou hast been weighed in the balances, and found wanting, Wilt thou now give of thy store to Andrew Roberts? or to Widow Woodward? Quick! or thou wilt be too late, for the lightnings are searching for thee."

A fearful flash blazed through the vault; Ronald's knees were loosened, and they smote against each other. As eager to give, as he had before been to withhold, he thrust the key into the lock of the iron coffer, but he had not strength to turn it round. Again the voice of Dugald Guy rang through the vault:—

"To-morrow will thy bailiff seize on the goods of Alan Drew, and Alice Lee will be desolate; but as thine will be the crime, so thine will be the punishment. Ronald the Rich will be a byword among the poor. Wilt thou not, even yet, give of thy gold? The thunderbolt is above thee—it may soon descend on thy head."

Never before did Ravenshaw reverberate a thunderclap so loud as the one which then burst over the building. In an agony, while the clammy perspiration burst from his pallid brow, Ronald wrenched round the key, but in vain, for the coffer was still closed by the bars of iron that passed round it. Harsh was the grating sound of the key, as it turned in the rusty lock; but harsher still, and far more fearful was the sound of the voice of Dugald Guy, crying aloud:—"A moment lost, and the season of retribution will have arrived—Hark!" A dreadful crash was heard, and Ronald knew that a part of the mansion of Ravenshaw had fallen. In the madness of his despair, he caught up a massive iron crowbar, which had been left in the place by some workmen, and lifting it up with both hands above his head, smote with desperate energy upon the coffer-lid, to break it to pieces. The discordant clangour rang through his brain, and he—awoke.

Yes! it was a reality that he was in his own bed—in his own chamber. The vault, the iron coffer, the storm, and Dugald Guy were gone: the past, though fearful, had been only a dream; but it had "ministered to a mind diseased," and melted a heart hardened by selfishness. It had done more than the work of years. Ronald Benson became another man; Andrew Roberts soon built himself a new cottage; Widow Woodward found a friend, who had the will and the means to increase her comforts; and, in a month, Alice Lee was the bride of Alan Drew. Ronald the Rich became Ronald the Generous, and

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lovely Ravenshaw became the abode of peace, contentment, and joy.

"Surely," continued Mr Godfrey, "we may learn a lesson of instruction from the Iron Coffer. To pay attention to every idle dream would be a weakness, but the mind may sometimes gain useful hints by thoughts in "the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men." I fear that in real life it is not often that changes such as described in this tale are produced by mere alarm; yet, if there be a change of a wealthy churl into a liberal man, however it may be produced, many are benefited. We have not the wealth of Ronald of Ravenshaw, but we are all rich in qualities and endowments that may add to the happiness of others. Are we, then, generously using them, or selfishly abusing them? The fearful dream of Ronald may not be ours: we may neither be scared by a storm, nor affrighted by the denunciations of a Dugald Guy; but, if selfishness lock up our hearts, and we neglect to love and serve one another, a time will come when our joints will be loosened with fear, and when our souls will sink within us through consternation. If we are humble enough and wise enough to profit by what we have heard, we shall not have read altogether in vain the tale of Ronald the Rich; or, the Iron Coffer.

BRITAIN'S MISSIONARY CALLING.

THE duties incumbent upon Christians in Great Britain in regard to the heathen are peculiar. To those who are content to confine their thoughts to the narrow limits of our small island, it will doubtless appear otherwise. But let any one in imagination take his stand in the midst of the Atlantic, and look first to Great Britain, and then to the relations she possesses with the rest of the world, civilized and uncivilized, let him note all the tribes of the world waiting for and desiring that intercourse with her merchants, which they monthly or daily receive; and he must feel that, as a nation, a Christian nation, we have been placed by God in a most extraordinary position. The Churches of Germany, Sweden, and the rest of the continent have general missionary duties common to all Churches; ours are peculiar: with them the subject is a chief one; with us it should be regarded as the chief, the foremost, the most imperative which God has given us. Out of all the world he has by his providences selected us to be the one missionary nation, marking his purpose by first giving us his pure gospel, and then bestowing upon us unheard-of means and facilities for communicating it to others. God is as the master, we the workmen. He has sent us into the vineyard; he has put the tool into our hands; he points to the work he would have us do. Shall we wait and delay to do his bidding, till we hear an audible voice from heaven? or has the providence of God no voice for us to hear? For all nations God has appointed some particular work. To other Churches he has portioned out this or that peculiar work: the one especial work he has given to us, is that of being his missionary pioneers.

1. By our commerce we have become the neighbours of every living soul on the face of the globe. Those who sit at home, and who have not journeyed over the wide waters, can have but little idea how large our trade is. The British Channel is alive with our merchantmen; it almost resembles with its crowded shipping, the streets of London with their thousand vehicles. At the island of St. Helena, which is the house of call for those ships only which come round the Cape of Good Hope, no less than 1400 homeward bound vessels, most of which were British, came to an anchor during the last year. The lines of regular traders to America, to the East and West Indies, and to the Australian colonies, are as punctual as our coaches used to be. Two or three hundred British ships trade annually with China; the ports of India are perpetually crowded with them. Those countless islands in the China seas, several of them many times larger than our little home, inhabited by savage nations, and their very names unknown in England, have our ships continually threading their channels, and anchoring in their ports for purposes of trade. There is not a coast nor an island on the habitable globe which does not receive visits from our seamen.

And we at home are living in dependence upon distant, and generally heathen nations. Our clergy ascend the pulpits, with their coats and their gowns dyed with Indigo from Bengal: a large portion of our cotton articles of dress are of material grown in Tinevelly, Bombay, or other parts of India. We cannot pass a day without our tea from China, and our coffee from Arabia, or Ceylon, or Jamaica. Some portion at least of our gay silks, and of our wax candles, comes from China and the China seas; our sealing wax is of Indian lac; our railway cars could not move were it not for the palm oil from the coast of Guinea, which is applied to their wheels; our medicines are gathered in from the four quarters of the globe; we build our houses with foreign timber; we carve our food with knives whose handles remind us of the elephant hunters of Africa or Ceylon, we season our dishes with spices from Travencore or the Malaccas. Bengal rice is sold in our shops. Our whale oils were brought home by men who have lingered among the islands of idolaters. Our manufactories must, many of them, be shut up, and their teeming thousands must starve—many of our Liverpool merchants, and Manchester manufacturers must be content to live in poverty, were it not for the markets where idolaters and Mohammedans traffic, and where they find a ready sale for their English goods. It were monstrous to affirm that all this brings upon us no particular duty; it were infidelity to deny that God, by this gift of extraordinary commerce, and by these close ties of common interest which he has formed between idolatrous nations and us, has given us, in an especial manner, the work to do for him, of carrying the knowledge of salvation to the heathen.

2. But our commerce is not all. God has not only sent us as wanderers over the face of the globe (a means, indeed, sufficient for carrying the gospel every where); but he has placed us and our authority in every quarter of the globe; and given us strongholds in every land, where the British missionaries may take their stand among Pagan natives in perfect security. Our monarch has a dominion on which the sun never sets. She has the keys of the Mediterranean in the possession of Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian islands. She commands the Red Sea, and has an entrance into Arabia, by the possession of the strong post of Aden, at the extreme south point of that continent. The occupation of Singapore and Penang secures to her the command of the China seas.

The absolute authority she maintains over the greater part of Hindustan, and over her large dominions on the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, not only gives to her a sphere for glorifying God among the Gentiles, which might gladden the most

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desponding mind, but they force her subjects into continual intercourse with Egypt, and oblige her to hold a pacific position towards that Mohammedan nation. Within the last year, we have made a fine British settlement in the island of Borneo; we command the Canton river and its commerce, by the island of Hong Kong; far away to the south, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, form subject empires in themselves. British Guiana, with its aboriginal Indians, and its negroes, forms for us a dominion in South America as large as England. The Cape colony in Africa is scarcely smaller; Sierra Leone gives us intercourse with the varied tribes of West Africa; the fairest of the West Indies are ours; and in North America, the Canadas reach backwards into the undiscovered regions where territorial limits are unknown, save by maps and charts. The responsibility which these possessions, in the midst of millions of heathen nations, lay upon us, is tremendous to think upon. Our monarch has more than ten times as many heathen subjects as she has Christians. The honour of our position is very great, the work of it exceedingly laborious, the privileges such as the most gifted might covet; but the responsibility and danger of it are greater still.—*Chapters on Missions in South India.*

MINOR SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NEBAT.

Here is quite an enigma. Nebat is mentioned at least eighteen times, in three different books of the sacred history; and in such associations as one would shrink from as an infamous entail on one's name, yet his life and character are as utterly unknown as if he had never existed! For a man to attain immortal dishonour, would seem to require at least one enormous crime, or one flagitious trait to descend with his name. When Eratostratus could devise no other way of getting his name into history, he set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus. But though Nebat is as immortal as the Bible, not a trace of his life, not a feature of his person or character, not a word that he uttered, not a line that he wrote, is recorded or preserved, in any manner.

The sad but instructive solution of the riddle is—Nebat was the father of an ungodly child. He is an historical monument to illustrate the proverb, "A foolish son is the calamity of his father;" and to show that such "a son" "causeth shame and bringeth reproach" to his parents, even when they may not be alive to feel the stroke, and though they may not, as in Eli's case, have winked at the iniquity. For Nebat was dead before the wickedness of Jeroboam was developed in the form which has confirmed his disgrace; and there is no record that impeaches the parental faithfulness of Zeruah, Nebat's widow. But the dishonoured father is now inseparably linked with the corrupt and corrupting child, simply because of their natural relationship. It was "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," who "lifted up his hand against the king:" it was "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," who "did sin, and made Israel to sin." It is the fate of the house of "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," which is held up as a warning against rebellion and idolatry. The sins of the son became proverbial, but the father's name is part of the proverb. It seals the character of fifteen kings of Israel, that they walked in the ways of the son of Nebat, and those ways at length brought the whole kingdom into captivity and dispersion.

It should certainly have some weight in a parent's mind, that the character of his children will reflect either honour or the contrary on his own name. He may be gone from the world long before this effect is produced; but there is a natural desire in all virtuous hearts to have even their remote descendants, whom they shall never see, receive and transmit an unspotted reputation. In this sense "children's children are the crown of" their ancestors, whether they are alive or dead. What a stimulus should this consideration be to Christian parents, to spare no effort to win the blessing promised to those who train their families in the way they should go! How would it lacerate the heart of a pious father, to imagine that his dear son should ever be a Jeroboam; and that of his infidelity, profaneness, sensuality, or other crimes, it should be recorded that the child of that Christian man sinned, and taught others to sin! Jeroboam's rising by his own industry to a high rank in the service of Solomon, and his final elevation to the throne itself, do not hide his disgrace as a despiser of the religion of his family and nation. So, whatever riches and distinctions our children may attain, nothing should console us for the prospect of their irreligion, so long as labour, example, and prayer can avail to prevent it. But if all these should fail of the desired end, let parents so devote themselves to the service of their Lord and Redeemer, that something more and better shall be remembered of them, than that they had ungodly children.

APELLES.

Who has not heard of the fame of the painter, who was so approved by Alexander the Great, that all other artists were forbidden to draw the monarch's portrait? Apelles! His name is a proverb for celebrity. More than twenty centuries have done honour to his pencil; and our own age unites in the tribute, though all the works of his genius have long since perished.

But where is the fame of the Apelles of the Bible? Who remembers *him*? Yet we have as much to remind us of him as of his Grecian namesake; that is, we have, in either case, only the testimony of former days. We have the mental character of one, and the spiritual character of the other. The painter was approved of Alexander; the believer was "approved in Christ." The prominent mark of the first was his skill—of the other, his faith.

Both were judged according to their works, by the masters to whom they respectively laboured to approve themselves. Alexander looked for accuracy of eye and hand—exactness of imitation—brilliancy of invention. He found these in his Apelles, and accepted him. The painter was also a devoted subject to the king. He was loyal, submissive, watchful of his will, as the eyes of a servant to the hand of a master. The monarch favoured and rewarded him, as he witnessed these marks of his faithfulness.

The Christian Apelles had, in like manner, by his devotion and zeal, his patience and obedience, manifested true attachment to his Lord. He was a proved, a true disciple. Paul was a witness to this, and therefore saluted him among the helpers in Christ Jesus, the beloved in the Lord, and those who laboured much in the Lord. He was seen to be one of those of whom the apostle says, that they who serve Christ in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are acceptable to God, and approved of men; one of those approved ones who are made manifest by their adherence to the truth when divisions and heresies abound; who are approved, not by commending themselves, but by having the marks of those whom the Lord commendeth; and who, by proving themselves in examining their faith, show

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by their holiness, that Christ is in them, and that they are not reprobates.

Let an impartial world decide who is the great Apelles, and of whom it is best to be approved.

PHILEMON.

The letters that one has received, as well as those he has written, will shed light on his history and character. They tell us who his friends were, and let us into the knowledge of many little particulars which show us what the man himself was.

We know no more of Philemon than is to be gathered from a single letter which was addressed to him by an aged friend. But that friend was a Christian, an apostle—Paul himself. It is from incidental expressions in this one short epistle that we learn that Philemon was a believer, that he was hospitable to the saints, and that his reputation for love and faith was such, that Paul could confidently depend upon his performing a certain good action, as soon as it should be suggested to him. This action was not one of mere courtesy or hospitality; not the bestowing of a donation, or the doing of some work for the Church: it was to forgive an injury—to forget a loss—to take the offender, though (according to the common understanding), his own bondman, by the hand as a brother beloved—to receive a fugitive servant in his reformed character, as sincerely as he would have received Paul himself.

That the apostle should write thus to a disciple, with confidence that he had the heart to do even more than he was asking him, is a sufficient monument to Philemon's faith, ignorant as we are of the actual result.

And let us not overlook the fact, that the influence of Paul in this domestic matter was one of Christian friendship only. He might have commanded as an apostle, but he was satisfied with beseeching as a friend. He knew Philemon well enough to be assured that all he wanted was to see his duty, and that he would do this as promptly on the friendly hint, as on the apostolic injunction.

Here is the right kind of obedience—the right principle—the real Christianity. The believer says not, "How can I manage to get along without censure? how far can I indulge my covetousness, ill-will, or revenge, without incurring discipline?" but his heart is so pervaded by the Spirit of Christ, that he is ready to forgive, or to perform any other duty, even though to his own loss, the moment he sees the fit opportunity of doing so.

Such a believer will kindly receive the counsel of a friend, and account it an evidence of friendship, when he brings him to regard a duty which he might have overlooked. That friend, too, will use his influence in the kindest and gentlest manner; and even those who have official authority to "enjoin," will "rather beseech."

Philemon teaches us another lesson. It is sometimes easier to be hospitable to the stranger than to "show piety at home;" to be zealous for foreigners than for one's own household. This Colossian disciple was expected to show his meekness to his servant, and having a Church in his house, he was not to be ashamed of carrying out his professed principles in his deportment to the humblest member of it. To be "the dearly beloved and fellow-labourer" of Paul and Timothy; to exercise "love and faith toward the Lord Jesus, and toward all saints," as a collective Church, may have been no test of Philemon's sincerity. But would he show hospitality to *Onesimus*? Will a master have his servants, as well as strangers, witnesses to his benevolence, in caring for their bodies and souls—witnesses to his religion in his every-day conduct? If he would, he must have that "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," which Paul implored for Philemon, as if that alone could enable him to be and do what he ought.

MICAH.

Not the Morasthite, but the Ephraimite; the man who had his own temple, and consecrated his own priests, and stole his own gods; the man who was an Israelite, yet thought he was surely in the way of a blessing, because he found a Levite to serve in his house of idols;—the man who cried out after the robbers of his shrine, "Ye have taken away my gods which I made, and the priest, and ye are gone away; and what have I more?"

Micah might have been less disconsolate had he foreseen what a host of followers he should have in his faith. It was an irreparable loss to him, indeed, to have all his piety carried off at one load, by five men; but he is worthy of some fame, as among the very first we read of in history, who held to the opinion, now so venerable and popular, that if one have a Levite of the true pedigree, an altar of the true shape, with ephod and teraphim to correspond, he may say, "What need I more?" and that if these should fail, he may cry, "What have I left?"

But we may be Micahs without a hierarchy. We may depend on ministers, sanctuaries, and ordinances in such a way as to overlook the true spiritual object as much as the Ephraimite did. Our zeal may be for the name, the house, the favourite; and if these are taken away, we may feel as if all were gone; or we may so consecrate the emblems and forms of religion, together with its officers, as to make them our machines or hirelings for the performance of our duties, and to cover over our sins by a devout appearance.

The Hebrew Micah might have known, even in his day, that God is a spirit, and that they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth. We know it, as Christians, still more clearly. The greater, therefore, is our guilt than his, if we substitute any doctrines or commandments of men, or any devices of our own minds, for the simplicity and the sincerity of the truth.

MICAH'S PRIESTS.

The first was his own son, consecrated to the office by the hands of his father. Neither of them, indeed, had any affinity with the house of Aaron, but Micah had a double claim to the privilege of choosing and ordaining a priest in his own way. For was it not his own "house of gods"—his private chapel-of-ease—opened in his dwelling, all independent of Shiloh, that required the priest? And were not the molten and graven images, the ephod and teraphim, doubly his—first by his having stolen from his own mother the silver which made and bought them, and then by her giving the shekels back to him again when he confessed the theft? I do not know what turn Matthew Henry has given to the incident, but can imagine his quaint pen fixing here for a *note:* A minister made by man for convenience, is only fit for a house of idols. A man may put his son into the pulpit, but cannot consecrate him; neither can the hands of the presbytery make a man a minister if God has not called him. A stolen priest is worthy of a stolen shrine.

Micah's second priest was the mercenary minister; the man who makes no scruple about the religion, but who must have "a place" somewhere, and can accommodate himself to any. He was a Levite, but

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his story was, "I go to sojourn where I may find a place." For ten shekels and a suit of clothes a-year, and his victuals, the Levite was content to dwell with Micah. The young man was so much nearer the priesthood than Micah's son, as a Levite was nearer to Aaron than an Ephraimite; but he was no priest. The Levite's conscience, however, accommodated itself to his place, and he was satisfied to be consecrated, like his predecessor, by the owner of the idols. He was Micah's priest, not the Lord's.—"Thus and thus dealeth Micah with me, and hath hired me, and I am his priest." Woe to the minister who considers who hires him more than who appointed him!

But the new priest could hardly have earned his first year's wages. A new colony was established in Laish. On their way the emigrants stopped in Micah's neighbourhood. They heard of his cheap priest—a "young" man too! Their argument with him was short—"Is it better for thee to be a priest unto the house of one man, or that thou be a priest unto a tribe and family in Israel?" Mount Ephraim now seemed a small place to the popular Levite. The chaplaincy of a family was a poor field compared with the new city of Dan. Besides, his very images, and ephod, and teraphim, had been forcibly carried out of his temple by the new visitors before he was asked to accompany them to their destination. His stock in trade was gone—his religion was pillaged from him—what could he do but go along? Must he not accommodate himself to his circumstances? So he did; and the children of Dan set up the graven image, and he and his sons were priests to the tribe of Dan until the day of the captivity of the land.

THE SCOTTISH SABBATH.

In the parish of Cromarty there lived, some years ago, a poor half-witted man, who was known by turns as an object of pity and aversion—shunned even by the children as "the clarty man." One Lord's-day he crept into the church, and, seated in its remotest corner, heard the minister discourse of the resurrection of Christ, and the honour due to the day on which our Saviour rose. For the first time Tom seemed to have a heart to feel, and a head to think. The thought came into his mind, that he too must honour Christ's day. The entire week he thought and talked only of the resurrection. When Saturday came and the Sabbath drew nigh, he remembered that it was the preparation for the Sabbath, and spent the evening in cleansing his hut, his clothes, and his person, as they were never cleaned before. Awake and up betimes on the Sabbath morning, he issued forth with the sensations and feelings of a new man. The minister met him as he lingered in the churchyard, no longer "the clarty man," but with shining face and decent garb, so improved in personal appearance, that he could not help exclaiming, "You are unco braw the day, Tom!" "He was braw himsel on this day," replied the now awakened idiot. "Who do you mean?" inquired the minister. "I mean, sir, that Christ was braw in his glorious body on this day." "And have you cleaned yourself in honour of Christ to-day?" "Yes," said Tom. "Saturday night, I was thinking, is like death: for we wash, and clean, and lay out the dead for the resurrection morning; and so I washed and cleaned myself for the morning of Christ's resurrection." The Christian will love to trace in these thoughts of poor Tom the workings of that divine grace that works in every man "after his own order." But all may trace in them the dawn of those sentiments and manners which so "strangely refined" the peasantry of Scotland after the Reformation, that an Englishman (Defoe), visiting Scotland more than a century ago, was amazed to see her poor commonalty issuing from their mud cottages as if they had never known the curse of eating their bread by the sweat of their brow and the labour of their hands.

The thoughts of poor Tom are but the type of those thoughts and musings which, working into the national heart and habits, turned the poorest into the most intelligent and best conditioned people in Europe. Into whatever heart such thoughts entered, their possessor thenceforth lifted up his head as a man and a Christian. One day in seven well spent became the secret of strength and character on the other six days. "The clarty man" of the neighbourhood, in preparing to honour the day of Christ, raised and refined his own being, learned that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and unconsciously promoted the physical health, comfort, and well-being of himself, his family, and his neighbourhood. With the progress of Sabbath habits, rags disappeared from the dress of the Scottish people—those rags that are now fast re-appearing in Scotland. Every man, woman, and even child, had the well-kept Sabbath suit. The poorest of the three kingdoms became the best clothed; and what a thousand modern clothing societies could not now accomplish, the religious sentiments of the nation once made the universal and spontaneous habit of the poorest among the people.

Yet this physical well-being was but the least of the blessings that came in the train of our Scottish Sabbaths. The Sabbath was also the great day of intellectual and moral education—in which the whole man, soul and body, the intellectual and moral, as well as the physical man, were under culture. On that day Scotchmen learned that mind and character make the man, and that education makes the mind, and forms the character. Then sprung up the Scottish saying, "Better unborn than untaught." An education begun on the Sabbath, at church, was prosecuted at home in the bosom of the family, and prolonged to the young in school on each day of the week. Scotchmen, so taught and disciplined, rose in character and intelligence above the stature of other men; and to whatever part of the world they carried their skill and industry, they were rarely seen among the hewers of wood and drawers of water, but, by the law of a superior nature, rose to be the guides and overseers of their fellows.—*Sabbath Alliance Tract.*

THE POWER OF CHRIST'S NAME.

There is a strong recommendatory power in the names which are given to Christ; and any person at all given to reflection must, at times, feel attached by them, and constrained to accept his proffered love. Take those seasons, for example, when the mind is

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oppressed with a conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and painfully impressed with a view of its almost hopeless bondage to sin's corrupting and destructive power. With what surprising freshness and force will such assurances and epithets fall upon the heart, as those which present Christ as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world—as the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness—as the Balm of Gilead, and the Great Physician! Or in those hours when, in deep perplexity and doubt, thick gloom overspreads the scul, and our greatest temporal or spiritual interests become tangled and inexplicable to our wisdom, the mere mention of the name "Counsellor" is the revelation of our help—is like the stream of rays from a light-house thrown upon the storm-tossed sailor's vision. "I am the way, the truth, and the life," says the unerring voice. Our Lord is a Sun and Shield—the True Light—the Sun of Righteousness; and by these figures is revealed to the perplexed mind the very help it needs.

There are times of deep depression and sadness, in perhaps every man's experience, when a sense of desertion by human sympathy, or if not that, at least a persuasion of the utter impotence of the good will and kindly feeling of others, takes possession of the heart. One feels alone in the wide world, and weary of it. Like Hagar in the wilderness, we are forsaken and outcasts. But in the saddest moment of our depression, let it be whispered in our ear that "there is a Friend which sticketh closer than a brother," or that "we have a High Priest which can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and how, in a moment, does the whole flow and hue of our feelings change under the magic influence of a sentence or a word!

Of course we do not exclude, but by all means include, the Holy Spirit operating through scriptural expressions and names of the Saviour, in this sublime and beautiful effect. But we are speaking now of visible means, and their wonderful effects; so wonderful, that often a single word, upon which the mind never, perhaps, paused before, or a name, whose meaning was scarcely ever thought of, becomes in a moment a light hung out from heaven, a sign-post on the way of life, a minister of grace and peace to the soul. Perhaps, were we to inquire minutely into causes and effects in Christian experience, we might find that a single word fitly spoken and heard, is often the means of a conversion, whose joyful consequences reach through eternity. Especially, how often would it appear that the names of Christ are a tower of strength, and a fountain of consolation!—*New York Evangelist.*

A FEARFUL LESSON.

TO RICH FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

"Poor old man," said my companion, "he has seen better days!"

This remark was made in reference to an old man, whose tattered garments, tottering frame, and miserable appearance, indicated an object of charity of the most appealing class.

"You know something of his history, then?" I inquired.

"O yes, I have known him a long time. He built that splendid mansion just opposite us, and was for years its opulent possessor. Retired from business, he supposed himself comfortably situated with a competence for life, but the intemperance, profligacy, and extravagance of a son, too much indulged and pampered, together with his own indiscretion, have brought him to his present condition. He lives now upon charity among the very men who once looked up to him with admiration almost bordering upon envy."

"And his son—what has become of him?"

"I will tell you. For years he was the most elegantly dressed young man in this neighbourhood. Many a time have I seen him leisurely sauntering these streets, or driving furiously over them, a very coxcomb of the first water. He crossed the Atlantic, made the tour of the Continent, and returned a greater fop, and a more lavish spendthrift than before he travelled. Times grew worse, however, with the old man; misfortunes unexpected befell him; his means limited, while the demands of the young man increased. I happened to be in the counting-room of a friend one day, where the old gentleman was settling some business, when the son entered about half intoxicated, and demanded of the father fifty pounds!"

"'I am not able to let you have it,' said the old man; 'times are changed with me, and my means are passing out of my hands.'

"Upon this the son began to swear furiously. He gnashed his teeth in the face of his father, called him an old fool, and other hard names, and swore the money should be given him. As the old man turned aside and wiped the tears from his face, I caught hold of the young man's arm—for I was moved with indignation—and said to him, 'Listen to me. You have been pampered, spoiled, ruined, and in turn you have ruined your father. You now curse him. Remember what I tell you. I shall live yet to hear that you have died in the poor-house. As sure as God lives, no son who curses his father will be permitted to prosper. Your infamy is already doing its work upon you: take care a few years do not miserably wind up your career of folly.'

"I can scarcely tell you why I uttered that prediction of the alms-house, but it came upon me with an irresistible force, and the young man staggered for a time beneath the resoluteness and sternness of my gaze. A moment after he left the counting-room in moody silence.

"I felt a particular and painful interest in watching the history of that young man, as from one degree to another in infamy he plunged deeper and deeper, until he had become a common market-house loafer, and would gamble for pennies upon the unwashed stalls. Presently disease came, and he was taken sure enough to the alms-house. He died there after a somewhat protracted illness. The body was offered to that old man for interment, but he was too poor to have it removed."

"I suppose, then, it was consigned to the Potter's-field," said I.

"No," replied my friend; "he had no burial. His skeleton at this moment hangs upon wires in the medical room—an anatomical preparation!"

Father! Mother! there is no fiction in this story. Have mercy on your children, and by labour and prayer train them in the fear of the Lord!

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HAVE YOU READ YOUR FATHER'S LETTER?

JUDGING by some sermons and tracts, you might fancy that the Bible is a severe and angry book, or, at the very best, it is a book of good advices. This is a mistake. The Bible has many a solemn passage, and it abounds in good advices; but you miss the very best of it if you think that this is all. I shall suppose that a young man has left his home in Scotland or the north of England. He comes to this great London, and in a little while falls in with its worst ways. In the theatre, and the tea-garden, and the tavern parlour he spends all his money, and gets deep in debt; and then he turns ill, and is taken to the hospital. And when there he begins to bethink him of his foolishness: "I wish I once were well again. I wish I once were home again. But 'tis no use wishing. I know that my father's door is shut. They would not take me in. And if once I were able to creep about, they would have me up for debt. It would just be out of the hospital into the jail." And, whilst bemoaning his misery, a letter comes from his father, telling him that he has heard of his wretched plight, and reminding him of the past, and all he had done for his wayward child; and glancing his eye over it, the sick youth crumples it up, and crams it away under his pillow. And by-and-by a comrade comes in, and among other things the invalid tells him, "And here is a letter of good advice just come from my father,"—and that other runs his eye over it, "Good advice, did you say? I think you should rather have said good news. Don't you see, he makes you welcome home again? and in order that you may settle your accounts, and return in peace and comfort, he has appended this draught for twenty pounds." Most people read the Bible carelessly, or with a guilty conscience for the interpreter, and they notice in it nothing but reproofs and good advice. They miss the main thing there. The gospel is good news. It tells us that God is love, and announces to every reader that the door of the Father's house is open, and that this very night he may find a blessed home in the bosom of his God. And as we have all incurred a debt to divine justice, which, throughout eternity we never could pay; and as it needs a righteousness to recommend us to the favour of a holy God—in every Bible there is inclosed a draft on the Saviour's merits, to which the sinner has only to sign his believing name, and the great salvation is his own. By exhibiting the cross of Christ, by directing to that precious blood which cleanses from all sin, and by presenting a perfect righteousness, to every awakened conscience, the Bible comes a benefactor and a friend in need. And, when righty understood, the angelic anthem—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will toward man"—is the cheerful but stately tune to which the gospel goes, and to which in heaven itself they sing it.

And, reader, try to catch that tune. Pray that God would this very night by his own Spirit teach it to you. Fear not to believe too soon, nor to rejoice in Christ Jesus too much. Let the love of God your Saviour tide into all your soul, and, as it makes your feelings happy, so will it make your dispositions new. Peace and joy will keep you from some sins, gratitude and loyalty will preserve you from the rest. No cheerful glass will be needed to raise your spirits then; for a soul exulting in the great salvation forgets its poverty, and remembers its misery no more. No sinful lust nor forbidden joy will inthral you then; for you will have discovered deeper and purer pleasures. And there will be no fear of your growling and cursing through your daily task, or filling with consternation your cowering family; for the peace of God will make you pacific, and, scattering on every side kind looks and friendly feelings, you will come and go a sunshine in the shop, a fire-light in the home.

No; do not sit so sullenly. I am a stranger, but it is the truth of God I tell. In all your life you may never have got a costly gift; but here, at last, is one. It is the gift of God, and therefore it is a gift unspeakable; but accepted as cordially as it is graciously offered, it will make you blessed now, and rich for all eternity. Oh, my dear friend, do not eye it so coldly; suffer it not so tamely to pass away. This night has brought you good news. It has told you of the Saviour's costly purchase and wondrous present. Let it also bring good news to heaven; let it tell that the love of God has broken your heart, and made you sorry and ashamed for all your sins; let it tell that with tears of thankfulness you have surveyed the "unsearchable riches of Christ," and have given yourself to Him who once gave himself for you; let it tell that your history has taken a new turn, and that, breaking off from your worthless companions and evil ways, you have begun in lowliness and love to follow Jesus.—*The Happy Home.*

HINTS TO STUDENTS.

I. COLLEGE DUTIES AND DANGERS.

THE student of divine revelation, during the time of his academical novitiate, should be on his guard against the idolatries of the intellect, and of the objects of intellect which he will find established on every hand; and he must prepare himself for the contempt and cold derision which he will have poured upon the ignorance and fanaticism of those who maintain the self-veiling doctrines of Christ, and endeavour to commend the truth to the concern of all, not to the taste and pride of the learned alone. His very teachers he must guard against, for they are frequently the high priests of the idolatry; and his companions in study, who are often the willing devotees; against the spirit of the public lectures, and of the private conversations. The very atmosphere in which he breathes is often noxious to the Spirit, and if he be not in constant communion with the Word and Spirit of truth, his strength will be prostrated insensibly, and he will come out of his novitiate prepared for any service upon earth, rather than the ministry of Christ.

This frequent hostility of learning and knowledge to the ministry of Christ, makes it the more incumbent upon him, while resting in the enemy's country, to study the spirit and weapons of their opposition, that he may afterwards contend with the great host which they draw after them in every civilised land. And as the bigotry of learning is only to be met by great learning, and pride of knowledge to be defeated by still deeper knowledge, it is as much his part to study profoundly in the schools, as it is his part

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afterwards to study profoundly in the world; not to fly off from the occupations of the university, and hide himself in a corner of knowledge, but expatiate over its sciences with as large and liberal a mind as he is possessed of; guarding himself all the while against pride and vain-glory, and directing himself by a constant eye to truth and well-doing. From the first, he must learn that he cannot go out of the world, but must arm himself to contend with it. The university is his first field, and if he refuse to engage, or find himself unable to contend with the intellectual enemies of the truth which he encounters there, he ought to advance no farther in this service. An ignorant and unlearned minister, who hath refused the opportunity of learning and knowledge, is either a seeker of his own ease, or a lover of darkness; and, in either case, he will be a blemish to the Church of Christ.—*Edward Irving.*

II. EXCELLENT, BUT NOT EFFECTIVE PREACHERS.

There are numbers in every section of the land who have come forth with rich literary attainments from the university and the seminary, and who are adepts in the theory of their profession, and yet, when brought into the field of real service, prove utterly wanting in practical dexterity, and are mere nullities in the Church, because of this defect. They are pious and learned, they possess noble gifts, both natural and acquired, and in the seclusion of the study they can prepare very excellent and weighty sermons; but they can no more produce them with effect before an audience, than the fabled Vulcan could wield the thunderbolts he had forged. In the distance and chilling reserve in which their spirits are wrapt up, they are as widely separated from the regards and sympathies of the busy, breathing, living world, as the hermit in his remote cell, or the lone astronomer on his mountain height. They are not working and every-day men; they have not the power of bringing their thoughts and feelings to bear upon others; and the consequence is, the more private walks of pastoral life are unacceptable, uninteresting, and feeble. One plain unlettered preacher, with his warm heart and glowing utterance, his practical habits, and his intuitive perception of human passions and prejudices, will achieve more for the advancement of Zion, than an army of those slow, torpid book-worms, with the starch of the college yet stiff upon them, with their heads of knowledge and souls of ice, their frigid manners and their sluggish delivery, that lulls like an opiate. It is not by such men that the world is to be roused and shaken. It is not by such men that the crowds of impenitent sinners are to be disturbed in their fatal repose; or the slumbering host of God's elect awakened to glorious deeds, and led on from victory to victory, until the earth alone shall be the limit of its conquests.—*Rev. G. B. Ide.*

I SHOULD GROW IN GRACE.

1. Because it is commanded, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

2. God has furnished the means. His Spirit, his Word, the institutions of his house, the communion of saints, are all helps provided for my spiritual advancement; and if I do not progress, they are so many witnesses staring me in the face, and reproving my delinquency.

3. It is the only way to avoid backsliding. There is no standing still in religion. I am like a boatman rowing against the current—the moment I rest upon my oars, my little bark commences the retrograde. But if I could stand still I would not, for—

4. Religion was never so important to me as it is at the present moment. I never was so much indebted to grace and Providence. I never was so nearly done with earth, and so close to eternity. I never had so few moments to labour for God, and get ready for heaven, as *now*.

5. I need to grow in grace, because my responsibilities are growing. As I advance in life, my duties every day are increasing in number and responsibility, and the sphere of my accountable action enlarging. Nothing can qualify me to fulfil any duty but the grace of God. What, then, is plainer than that, as my responsibilities become more and more enhanced, I must acquire proportional increase of grace to discharge them aright? Without this, I shall certainly make shipwreck of the interests committed to my trust.

Fragments.

Some men (would professors did not) mind this world so much as if it would never have an end; and the world to come so little, as if it would never have a beginning.

Professors need not be so much affected with the goods of this world, for the best is not good enough to make a heaven; nor need they be so much afflicted with the evils of it, for the worst is not bad enough to make a hell.

Saints should, and do (if they do as they should) look upon all the commands of God as easy and pleasant—1. because commanded by God that loves them; 2. because to be obeyed by them that love God.

Seeing God doth all things well, we should think well of all things which God doth.

Sin may be in his heart who is a saint, but his heart (who is a saint) cannot be in sin.

There are many who hold the truth which they are to do, but do not do the truth which they hold; thus holding the truth in unrighteousness, they have the wrath of God revealed from heaven against them, because they received not the love of the truth, which was revealed from heaven to them.

Some men forget to pray, others forget what they have prayed, and others forget that they have prayed; so little of their heart is in duty, and so little impression of duty is in their heart, that all comes to nothing.

They who deserve nothing, have good reason to be content with anything; and they that deserve not anything have no reason to be discontented, though they have nothing.

God sometimes puts his people to a little pain, that he may give them much ease.

'Tis dangerous sinning against conscience, for such are in danger to make (at length) no conscience of sinning.

Most men can easily remember if they have any thing against their brother, that he may right them; but few men care to remember if their brother have anything against them, that they may right him: which is the great command on a great peril. (Matt. v. 23.)

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THE RESURRECTION.*

BY DR GAUSSEN, GENEVA.

"Your bones shall flourish [original, *germinate*] like the grass."—Isa. lxvi. 14.

That is a beautiful thought of the Israelites of our days. When they enter their cemetery to deposit there one of their number, it is said, they bow together three times to the ground; then seizing the grass of the tomb which they are about to open, and casting it behind them, they utter in chorus these words of the prophet: "Thy bones shall flourish like the grass: Oh! my brother, thy bones shall flourish like the grass!"

My brethren, I come here to do something of a similar kind to-day. I take, as it were, handfuls of the grass and flowers with which the spring has covered our fields, and, amidst the concerts of gratitude and joy heard everywhere around us at this season of miracles, I exclaim, Resurrection! Resurrection! I declare to you that your bones, though laid in the very dust, shall flourish like the grass, with the whole of nature, which lives again. I preach to you the resurrection of the just.

Oh! my parishioners and brethren, what a thought! When I come amongst this flock, committed to my tender care, and read in these beloved countenances the expression of a spiritual and immortal nature, I think that all these children of men will soon fall and disappear, as last autumn the leaves of the woods fell and disappeared; and, oh! with what emotion does my whole soul then spring forward to that resurrection which I am charged to announce to you! How sweet, at such a time, the thought that God enables us every year, by the renewal of all the plants, grains, and insects, around us in the country, to cry to all from the midst of these changes, Child of mortality, thou shalt rise again from the dust, and thy bones shall flourish like the grass! Since our Creator has been willing, notwithstanding the death of vanquished nature, each year to show us millions of regenerations in the air, the earth, and the waters, and a boundless power of resurrection which penetrates the depths of the soil, and in a few days covers it with life and beauty, how delightful to say that he does this, because he would reveal to our eyes, attest to our minds, and declare to our consciences, that there will be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust, and that the day is coming when our bones shall flourish like the grass! . . . . .

A few months ago and the earth was a desert of ice; all was silent and lifeless. The plants were dry, their beauty was gone; every where they presented to us only the aspect of death. The trees stript of their foliage, like dry bones, rattled their bare branches against each other; the brooks and torrents were arrested in their course; their motion was suspended; instead of the breath of life which animates everything to-day, the north wind, like the breath of destruction, swept along over that vast cemetery.

Who of us, if custom had not rendered us familiar with the prodigies of spring, would not, at the sight of all that death, have been tempted to exclaim, "Lord, can all these things live again?" And yet what have we seen? From the first days of spring the Almighty has prophesied upon these dry bones; they have appeared to move, to be covered as it were, with the nerves of life. Now they live, they breathe, adorned with verdure and flowers; lo! they seem to stand up, forming an exceeding great army to the praise of God. To-day, motion, progress, joy, life, appear in every place, where but lately we saw nothing but silence, sadness, and death. Has not a spirit of resurrection, a living soul, entered into nature? Has not the Spirit of God, from the four winds, breathed upon these dry bones? Have not myriads of creatures come to life in the air, the earth, and the waters, just as the elect shall come to life on the happy day of the resurrection of the just? What were these flowers everywhere springing from the ground, as from their tombs, fresh as the morning dew, numerous as the sands of the sea, and more beautiful by far than the robe of an emperor in the day of his glory—what were they a few months ago but dull and unsightly roots, or seeds resembling the vile dust which we trample under our foot? But look now: these roots and grains, lately buried, like the human

* Forming part of a discourse preached by Dr Gaussen to his parishioners, while pastor in Santigny, to illustrate the teachings of spring.

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body in the grave, which is only an object of horror—these roots and seeds which were corrupting and decomposing in our furrows before their renovation, are to-day become the ornament of the country and the delight of our eyes. Admire how each succeeding day these miracles of resurrection, so far from ceasing, increase and spread with as much rapidity as splendour—how myriads of plants and insects, by an incomprehensible operation of God, rise continually from the earth to praise, in concert, the Almighty Creator who has delivered them from death, and brought them into the light of our most beautiful days. See how the whole creation, as if raised from a tomb, is penetrated with life, and pulsates with joy. . . . . .

What inexpressible peace truly has the Christian who thus relies upon the promises of God, recalled and confirmed every moment in the scenes of nature! He does not see a plant, a seed, a flower, an insect, an egg, or a blade of grass, which does not repeat to him, "Here thy God once more speaks to thee! Here Jesus calls to thee as to Mary, Thy brother shall rise again; thy bones shall flourish like the grass; thou hast a heritage in thy Father's house; thou shalt not be unclothed, but clothed upon; and if the tabernacle in which thou now lodgest is about to dissolve, thy God is preparing for thee in heaven, a mansion unchangeable and everlasting. God is love. He is thy God, as he was the God of Abraham. He is not the God of the dead, the God of the dust, the God of nothing; and in giving thee faith, he has marked thee for the great day of the resurrection of the just."

Ah! then, if Jesus dwell in your hearts by faith, take courage. Look around you. Everywhere in these smiling fields you behold miracles which cry to you, Resurrection! Resurrection! Do not fear if age or sickness has invaded that mortal frame. Rather transport your vision to that day when the glorious resurrection shall adorn it with celestial beauty and imperishable grace. Yes, redeemed spirit, take off, without regret, that soiled and rent garment with which thou art now burdened, that body exhausted by sickness, and worn out by time; for, on awakening at the sound of the archangel's trumpet, thou shalt find a robe whiter than the snow, more radiant than the light. Thou shalt spring again from the earth, like the sun-flower, the blue-bell, and the clover of Bergerac—like the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley. Thou shalt be transported into the garden of the last Eden, the radiant home of eternal holiness. Then with thy renovated eyes shalt thou contemplate the face of God, with thine ear shalt thou hear the melody of angels, with thy tongue shalt thou sing the happy songs of the resurrection, and with thy hands shalt thou take the cup of deliverance and the palms of glory.

Happy day for the children of God! As soon as Jesus has appeared in the clouds of heaven, they will cast aside the veil that covers them. They will rise from all our cemeteries, from the very tombs beneath this roof, and from those which we have opened hard by, and but yesterday, perhaps, at the gate of this church. They shall flourish like the grass. They shall hear the piercing tramp of God, for the trumpet shall sound. They shall come together to meet the Lord in the air, and then shall they be for ever with the Lord.

Then shalt thou arise from thy grave to meet our common Saviour, O my brother, my wife, my son, my daughter, my father, if in Christ thou hast fallen asleep; and thou, dear little child, whom we have dedicated to thy service! No! no! God will forget none. He, the King of glory, will not forget thee, poor beggar lying at the rich man's door; nor thee, humble publican that didst return in penitence to thy God; nor thee, lowly widow, unknown to men, but well known to Jesus; nor thee, miserable thief, converted on the cross of thy just punishment. Ye shall rise all of you—ye shall flourish like the grass. The Lord your shepherd will give rest to your souls, and wipe away all tears from your eyes. He will clothe you in white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb. He will give you life, yea, more than life—a day of resurrection! day of holiness and felicity! day of consolations ineffable—of hopes eternal!

But in the day of the final judgment there will be a fearful distinction revealed between the righteous and the wicked. "Some shall rise to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Ah! then, let us inquire whether Christ be formed in us the hope of glory, and whether we shall have part in the resurrection of the just.

Alas! we are all of us just on the verge of that great day when all these things shall be decided for us. Every moment some one is descending to the tomb! Eternity, boundless eternity, is so solemn, so near, so inevitable! What a short time it is since I delivered my first sermon on the symbols of the spring!

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Our communion occurred to interrupt the second· and, lo! this morning we are already in the last days of that marvellous, but rapid, season which seemed just begun. Already the sun ceases to increase his daily journey on our horizon; the circle which he has described will begin to decrease this evening at six o'clock, and to-morrow the day will be diminished. A few more weeks and autumn will bring the decrepitude of nature. Soon the death of winter will fall upon the fields and vineyards. A few more years and this audience shall have felt a severer winter, and descended to the grave. Then what of us will remain upon the earth? A few bones, buried and blended, waiting the certain and inevitable day of the resurrection. Oh! then, let us make haste! No more illusion, no more dangerous slumber! Let us haste, let us haste!

Ah! my brethren, how dreadful in that day, after all that God has done for us, to be rejected?

Alas! it will then be with this earth as with a battle-field, when the combatants, after the long efforts of the day, overpowered with fatigue and sleep, may be slumbering among the dead. Next morning, at sunrise, the trumpet of triumph shall sound; victory is won; but to whom does it come? Alas! all do not rise. While some awake, because they have life in them, others do not awake; they are dead—dead for ever; the contest has been fatal to them: they have fallen!

Oh! the appalling ruin! the perdition without remedy, and the frightful despair of those who shall not hear that voice of the Son of man, and that trumpet of the archangel calling the just, and raising them from the tomb that they may go and meet their Saviour. Ineffable misery, to perish, as the captain of Samaria, at the gate of the city, under the feet of the crowd, in the day of the deliverance of the people of God—in the hour when the redeemed, panting for righteousness and eternal consolation, shall ascend with transports of joy, to enter the plains of everlasting blessedness, when, from all places, "having come up out of great tribulation," they shall exclaim, O eternity! eternity! blessed eternity, with all the redeemed—with myriads of angels—with Jesus—with God!

Oh! reunion of the children of God!—day of refreshment and ineffable consolation!—day of resurrection and immortality!

May we, brethren, all find mercy in that day, and may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory throughout all ages, world without end. Amen!

ALEXANDER VINET.*

"THERE is a name in Lausanne" (a name in heaven now), says Dr Alexander, "round which a European reputation is fast gathering. I mean that of Alexander Vinet, a man whose profound philosophy and æsthetic acumen place him on a level with Frederick Schlegel; while, as a writer on theology and Christian ethics, he stands almost without a rival among the present continental divines." Says one of his own countrymen, "Vinet is at once profound and lofty. He is perfectly at home in the regions of abstract thought." "He was a profound thinker," says Dr B. B. Edwards, of Andover, "a man of finely cultivated taste, and of hearty sympathy with all that is good and true." To which he adds, that "in consequence of these rare endowments, he succeeded in making his testimony heard by a class of men who were not disposed to listen to that of any other person."

Alexander Vinet was born on the 17th of June 1797, in the delightful city of Lausanne, capital of the Canton Vaud, one of the richest cantons in Switzerland. It lies towards the north and upper end of the Lake of Geneva, one of the most attractive regions in the world, with the Bernese Alps on the one side, and the Jura mountains on the other, and hallowed, in every part, by the genius or prowess of her sons. He was descended from a highly respectable family, and received a liberal and thorough education. Instructed in the academy or college of his native town, once adorned by the piety and learning of Theodore Beza, he soon distinguished himself by his scholarship and genius. At the early age of twenty, he received an appointment as professor of the French language and literature, in the ancient and celebrated University of Basel (French, Bâle), a fine old city on the banks of the Rhine, once the residence of Œcolampadius, one of the best and most learned men of the Reformation, the frequent resort of Zuinglius and others, who made the old cathedral ring with their fervid eloquence, the chosen dwelling and the burial place of Erasmus, and the present residence of De Wetté, the prince of German rationalists. It was here that Vinet began to attract attention by the extent of his acquirements, and the splendour of his genius. Having devoted much of his time to the study of moral science, he was led to imbibe profound and spiritual views of Christianity, and yielded his heart implicitly to its claims. Like Chalmers, dissatisfied with the cold rationalistic faith, the utilitarian and meagre morality around him, he eagerly embraced the genial and soul-transforming truths of the gospel, and found, by happy experience, that they were the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. As he himself expresses it,

* From Turnbull's "Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland."

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"Love only can comprehend love;" so the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, enabled him to appreciate the "mystery of the cross." This filled his soul with unutterable joy, and nerved his arm for the battle of the Lord.

It was about this time that he returned for a short season to Lausanne, and received ordination as a minister of Christ. Resuming his professorship at Basel, he devoted himself with great assiduity, not merely to the duties of his office, but to the defence of vital Christianity. He preached two series of discourses, both of which were published at Paris, and went through various editions, in which he defends, on philosophical grounds, and in a style of great freshness and originality, the leading principles of the gospel, and commends them to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, with a pathos and eloquence worthy of Chrysostom. At once subtile and profound, they are yet pious and practical, and prove the author not only a great thinker and an eloquent orator, but an honest man and a devout Christian. A native of Switzerland, which is more allied in its spirit and character to Germany than to France, and intimately familiar with classic as well as Italian and German literature, he unites the greatest subtility and depth with all the grace and vivacity which distinguish the genius of France. It is surprising what elasticity and strength, what grace and splendour, the French language assumes under his plastic hand. So much is this the case, that it has been affirmed that no one has used this tongue with such force and beauty since the days of Pascal, by far the greatest genius that France has ever produced. Enthusiastic and poetical, and withal devotedly attached to the scenery of his early home, his language glows with the same lofty grandeur and picturesque beauty as the scenery around Lake Leman.

In 1837 Vinet was appointed by the authorities of the Canton Vaud, Professor of Theology in the Academy of his native town, and continued to discharge the duties of this office with great acceptance for a number of years. He had for his colleagues several able men, among whom was Herzog, author of the Lives of Œcolampadius and Beza. But he resigned his place as a minister of the Established Church, having changed his views as to the union of Church and State. Upon this subject he wrote a volume of great power and eloquence. Notwithstanding this, he was retained as Professor of Theology, though not by the government, the people being unwilling to lose his services in this important position. Subsequently, however, he was compelled to resign his professorship, and, in company with a noble band of self-denying pastors and members of the Established Church, who could not bear the arbitrary impositions of the government, he went forth to found a Free Church amid the hills and vales of the Canton Vaud. Like Chalmers in Scotland, Vinet has been the heart and soul of this movement, and had the satisfaction, before his death, of seeing a Church formed, in which its ministers and members would be free to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, yielding allegiance to none but Jesus Christ. Many tears were shed by the old pastors on leaving their homes and portions of their flocks, and although some faltered and failed, a noble host went out with their weeping families and friends, not knowing whither they went. The conduct of the government, which happens to be radical and infidel, consisting chiefly of associationists, rationalists, and demagogues, has been most atrocious. In the name of liberty, they have not hesitated to persecute these noble spirits, and went so far even as to threaten Vinet with stoning and imprisonment! But Wisdom is justified of her children, and the persecuted ministers and members of the Free Church, with a calm decision and heroic self-sacrifice worthy of the martyrs, preferred to obey God rather than man, and bade defiance to the miserable despots of the mob, who alone claimed to be free!

As a preacher, Vinet was rather solemn and impressive than striking and vehement. His personal appearance was not particularly imposing, though dignified and agreeable. It possessed a peculiar charm to those who knew him intimately, and well corresponded to his calm and lofty genius. He was rather tall, somewhat bony and muscular, but not stout, with a slight stoop in his gait, as if he were meditating some serious or agreeable subject. His complexion was tawny as an Indian's, his mouth firm and benevolent in its expression, eyes dark and lustrous, forehead rather broad than high, though by no means deficient in height, and surmounted by dark clustering hair. The whole aspect of the countenance was honest, benevolent, and intellectual. In looks, he somewhat resembled John Foster, to whose style of thinking and writing many things in his works bear a striking resemblance. His voice was low, his manner calm and deliberate. The flush upon his face and the gleaming of his eye, alone revealed the majestic energy of the indwelling spirit, uttering its profound and oracular thoughts.

In his intercourse with his family and friends he was kind and gentle, and in all his deportment showed himself at once a great and a good man. He was as much distinguished for his simplicity as his dignity of character—his profound humility as his exalted worth. Apparently unconscious of his greatness, as a star is of its light, he shed upon all around him a benignant radiance. In a word, he walked with God. This controlled his character, this shaped his manners. Steeped in holy love, he could not be otherwise than serene and gentle.

While resident at Basel and Lausanne, Vinet made frequent contributions of a critical and philosophical kind to the *Semeur*, and other periodicals. He wrote largely on religious liberty and the rights of conscience, and, indeed, led public opinion upon these, and kindred subjects in the Protestant circles of France and Switzerland. Several of his works were crowned (*couronné*) as the expression is, by the French Society of Christian Morals. He also published a volume of philosophical criticisms, in part derived from those he had contributed to the *Semeur*, in which he discusses with uncommon depth and subtility, but in language of exquisite clearness and force, some of the highest problems in philosophy and morals, and dissects the maxims and theories of

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such men as Montaigne, Voltaire, Rochefoucauld, Jouffroy, Cousin, Quinet, and Lamartine. His fine genius for philosophical speculation, in connection with his strong common sense, and his unwavering faith in the gospel, are here strikingly developed. Perfectly at home in the region of pure abstractions, he yet possesses the power of clear and eloquent expression, "giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." With eagle glance he detects the subtlest fallacies and most aerial fancies of his opponents, and lays down, in brief and expressive phrase, those great and fundamental principles of belief, without which all our speculations are only visions of cloudland. He distinguished clearly between philosophy and religion—between the speculations of the one and the revelations of the other. While conceding all that was due to science, he bowed with reverence before the Word of God. He brought all the spoils of reason to the cross, and kneeling there as an humble suppliant, looked up into the face of the dying Saviour, and exclaimed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." His *heart* understood that work of love, and his *intellect* grew still and reverent. In all his works this element of his character appears predominant. It is the one thing which gave unity to his life and labours. In a word, he was a sincere and humble Christian. His mighty soul was laid, all throbbing with thought and feeling, on the warm bosom of the Son of God. Renouncing his own righteousness, relying upon Christ alone, and consecrating his attainments on the altar of Christian love, he rejoiced in the abounding grace of God, and lay down to die in the calm and blessed hope of a glorious immortality. His decease took place somewhat suddenly, on the 4th of May 1847, before he was quite fifty years of age, at Clarens, near Lausanne, just on the margin of Lake Leman, whither he had been sent by his physicians. It was the death of a Christian, calm and beautiful as the last rays of sunset upon the mountains of his native land.

Vinet's last lecture was on these words of our Saviour: "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, Father, glorify thou me with thine own self." The seriousness, the elevation, the humility, with which he expounded these words, the fervour with which at the close he prayed to God that they might be fulfilled in himself and in his hearers, seemed almost like a presentiment that he was near the end of his course, and that God was about to remove him from the evil to come. His funeral took place on Thursday, May 6. His pupils, claiming the honour of being the bearers, sang at his tomb "a hymn of sorrow and of hope." The Rev. William Monod then made a short address. A pupil "uttered a last adieu to the mortal dust, and said to the glorified spirit, 'Thanks, we shall meet again!'"

"SEEK THE LORD EARLY."

A SERMON AND A STORY FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

DEAR children, that word "*early*" was meant particularly for yourselves. Seeking Jesus Christ early means seeking Jesus Christ when you are quite young; and that is just what I want you all to do.

Little children, the Lord sends a message to you this very day by my mouth. He says he should like you to begin seeking him at once.

Now, do remember all of you, you cannot begin seeking Jesus too soon.

Seeking early is the *safest way*. Children may be young and healthy; but no children are too young and healthy to die. For death is very strong—he can soon make the healthiest of you pine away, and make your rosy cheeks pale and sickly. And death is very cruel—he does not mind whom he takes away out of families, and he will not wait for any one to get ready; he will take you just when he pleases. I think quite as many young persons die as old ones. I see the names of quite as many young people as old on the grave stones. Children, you would not like to die without having sought the Lord at all. Oh! remember, seeking early is the safest way.

And then, besides this, seeking early is the *happiest way*. Surely, if it is pleasant to have Jesus Christ for a friend, the sooner you have him for a friend the better. You cannot think how happily a child's life goes on when his ways please the Lord. Everything seems bright and cheerful; lessons seem more easy, and play seems more pleasant; friends seem more kind, and trouble seems less troublesome; and everything in life seems more smooth. Dear children, I want you to enjoy all this. Then make haste and delay not to seek the Lord.

And, last of all, seeking early is the *easiest way*. When you and I have got a great deal of work to do, you know there is nothing like beginning in good time. Now this is just what you should do about your souls; you should begin in good time to seek Him who alone can save them. People that have got work to do that must be finished before dark, take care to get up early in the morning. So should you do, dear children, in working about your souls. You should seek the Lord in the morning of life, and get your work done before the night of death cometh, when none can work. Every year you put it off you will find it harder work, more to be done, and less time to do it. Every year you will find your hearts more stubborn—more unwilling to do what is right. Now they are like young trees, so soft and tender, that by the Lord's help you may bend them any way. In a few years they will be like strong thick trees, so tough and well-rooted, that nothing but a mighty wind can shake them. Dear children, begin to seek the Lord at once. I want you to have as few difficulties as possible in your journey to heaven.

Consider these things—consider these things well; and begin early to seek the Lord. It is the safest way, the happiest way, the easiest way. Try to be like Obadiah, who feared the Lord from his youth. Try to be like our blessed Lord Jesus Christ himself, who grew up "in favour with God and man."

Think of the day when Jesus Christ shall come again to this world. He means to come again in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. He will come very suddenly, in an hour when no man thinketh—like a thief in the night. He will gather toge-

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ther all who love him, and take them home to his Father's house, to be for ever happy. He will leave behind all the idle and wicked, and unbelieving persons who have not sought him, to be wretched and miserable for ever. Dear children, Jesus Christ might come very soon—we do not know how soon. How sad it would then be to see others taken up to heaven, and ourselves left behind! How dreadful to feel, "I might have been taken too, but I would not seek the Lord!"

Think, too, of the great day of judgment, when all of us shall stand before God, and give account of our works. Some of the people who are saved will say then, "I never began to seek Jesus Christ till I was forty years old, and I wasted away more than half my life: others will say, "I never began to seek him till I was twenty, and I wasted many years of my life." But some will be able to say, "I sought the Lord when I was quite young—I can hardly remember the time when I did not try to love him."

Dear children, how pleasant it will be for those people to think this! How sweet to feel that they gave the first days of their lives as well as the last to Jesus Christ! How glorious they will appear who have loved their Saviour in the beginning of their time, as well as in the end! The Lord grant that many of you may be found among them! Oh! seek the Lord early—seek him while he may be found.

And now, dear children, it is time for me to leave off and let you go. Perhaps I shall never see you all together again in this world; indeed, I am almost sure I shall not—but we shall all meet at the last day.

Let me tell you before you go, who was the happiest child I ever saw.

She was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a coach. We were both going on a journey to London, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never been able to see at all. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives—but still she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friends or relations to take care of her on the journey, and be good to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said, when she got into the coach, "Tell me how many people there are in the coach: I am quite blind and can see nothing?" A gentleman asked her, "If she was not afraid?" "No," she said, "I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her;—she had sought Jesus Christ, and she had found him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon saw she knew a great deal of it. She went to a school where the mistress used to read the Bible to her; and was a good girl, and had remembered what her mistress had read.

Dear children, you cannot think how many things in the Bible this poor little blind girl knew. I only wish that every grown-up person in England knew as much as she did. But I must try and tell you some of them.

She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and how it was to be seen everywhere now. "Oh!" she said, "there are no really good people. The very best people in the world have many sins every day, and I am sure we all of us waste a great deal of time, if we do nothing else wrong. Oh! we are all such sinners! there is nobody who has not sinned a great many sins."

And then she talked about Jesus Christ. She told me about the agony in the garden of Gethsemane—about his sweating drops of blood—about the soldiers nailing him to the cross—about the spear piercing his side, and blood and water coming out. "Oh!" she said, "how very good of him to die for us—and such a cruel death! how good he was to suffer so for our sins!"

And then she talked about wicked people. She told me she was afraid there were a great many in the world, and it made her very unhappy to see how many of her school-fellows and acquaintances went on. "But," she said, "I know the reason why they are so wicked; it is because they do not try to be good—they do not wish to be good—they do not ask Jesus to make them good."

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She told me she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters she was most fond of were the three last chapters of the book of Revelation. I had got a Bible with me, and I took it out and read these chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done, she began to talk about heaven. "Think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there. There will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ will be there, for it says, 'The Lamb is the light thereof,' and we shall always be with him; and, besides this, there shall be no night there; 'they will need no candle nor light of the sun.'"

Dear children, just think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking pleasure in talking of Jesus Christ. Think of her rejoicing in the account of heaven, where there shall be no sorrow nor night.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she was?

You are not blind, you have eyes, and can run about and see everything, and go where you like, and read as much as you please to yourselves. But are you as happy as this poor little blind girl?

Oh! if you wish to be happy in this world, remember my advice to-day—do as the little blind girl did—"Love Jesus Christ, and he will love you—seek him early, and you shall find him."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

PERVERSITY.

It would be strange if some were serious—the circumstances in which they voluntarily put themselves are so unfavourable. It would be strange if they were saved, since they do so much not to be. Many act as if their grand anxiety were, "What must we do *not* to be saved."—*Nevins.*

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HYMN FOR MARINERS IN ALL WEATHERS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Now weigh the anchor, hoist the sail,
Launch out upon the pathless deep,
Resolved, however veers the gale,
The destined port in mind to keep.
Through all the dangers of the way,
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

When tempests mingle sea and sky,
And winds, like lions, rage and rend,
Ships o'er the mountain waters fly,
Or down unfathomed depths descend,
Though skill avail not, strength decay,
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

If lightning, from embattled clouds,
Strike, or a spark in secret nurs'd,
From stem to stern, o'er masts and shrouds,
Like doomsday's conflagration, burst—
Amidst the fire thy power display;
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

Through yielding planks should ocean urge
Rude entrance, flooding all below,
Speak, lest we founder in the surge,
"Thus far, no farther shall ye go;
Here, ye proud waves, your fury stay:"
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

With cordage snapt, and canvass riven;
Through straits thick-strewn with rock and shoal;
Along some gulf-stream darkly driven;
Fast wedged 'midst icebergs at the Pole,
Or on low breakers cast away—
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

Save, or we perish—calms or storms,
By day, by night, at home, afar,
Death walks the wave in all its forms,
And shoots his darts from every star.
Want, pain, and woe, man's pathway lay:
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

TEA-MEETINGS AND SOIREES.

THERE are few things among modern customs which more need the vigilance, caution, and supervision of Christian pastors and the Churches, than these religio-convivial entertainments. There can be no harm in the abstract idea of Christians eating and drinking together, especially when the elements of the feast are nothing more expensive, inebriating, or epicurean, than tea, and bread and butter, or cakes. There can be little doubt that the primitive Christians had their social meals, and that to these *agapæ*, or love feasts, as they were called, Jude refers, where he speaks of some who were "spots upon your feasts of charity." Out of this custom of having meals together, which were made appendages of the Lord's supper, grew the corruptions mentioned in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The practice of eating and drinking together for purposes of unity and charity still continued in the early Churches, till it was so abused to carnal purposes as to call for ecclesiastical interference, and by the council of Laodicea, in the fourth century, it was forbidden to eat and drink, or spread tables in the house of God.

There is little fear, it may be presumed, of the modern practice of tea-meetings ever being abused in such manner as this; yet it becomes us to recollect that all corruptions were at one time only as a grain of mustard seed, which, sown in a congenial soil, advanced, after the first insidious germination, with rapid growth to unsuspected strength and stature. It is not, however, to what these entertainments may become, should the tea-meeting be exchanged for a supper, that I now allude, but to what they are already. I have been present at some, in which not only my taste as a man, but my sensibilities as a Christian, have been somewhat offended. I have seen the house of God turned into what had all the air of a place of public amusement. I have beheld grave ministers, and deacons, and members, of the Christian Church, mingled up with professors, and non-professors, of religion, young men and women, boys and girls, in all the noisy buzz, and perhaps sometimes approaching to obstreperous mirth, at one of these meetings. I have witnessed young women of the working classes, dressed up as ladies for the occasion, flirting about with their *beaux* of the other sex; in short, all was glee and merriment, and hilarity, and this, perhaps, in connection with some religious object—the anniversary of opening a chapel for God's worship, or the celebration of a minister's settlement with his flock. Probably it will be said by some, this is caricature. I am conscious it does not exceed the truth, and I might appeal to many of my brethren who have witnessed and lamented the same things.

To come to what is no less fashionable, but perhaps somewhat less injurious to the spirit of religion, than these things, I mean the *soirées* of the present day; these also require some caution in their management, when held in connection with religion, lest they degenerate into a species of worldly amusement, the tendency of which will be to depress the tone of piety, and to destroy the seriousness of mind with which it ought ever to be regarded. Now I know that it is difficult to prove logically that these things are wrong, and I do not mean to assert that they are—by no means; but as they are the increasing custom of the day, and are liable to be abused, either by being too frequent, or by being held in a spirit of worldliness, I think the Church of Christ—and for them I write—should be put upon their guard, and called to a spirit of holy vigilance. I know that the social, the cheerful, and even the tasteful, are sanctioned by religion, than which nothing is *more* social, cheerful, and tasteful; and heaven is full of all these attributes. But then, religion is at the same time no less characterized by solemnity, sanctity, and deep seriousness, than it is by joy. It is that which connects the soul with God, with salvation, with heaven, and with eternity; it is the conflict of a soul fighting the great fight of faith, and laying hold of eternal life—the agony of a heaven-born spirit, reaching after celestial bliss—the training of an immortal mind for the beatific vision

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of God and the Lamb, and, therefore, with which all our pursuits and our pleasures too, should be in strict and constant harmony. When we affirm, as we most truly may, that

> "Religion never was design'd
> To make our pleasures less,"

we should, at the same time, recollect that it puts aside many of the pleasures of the world as beneath our notice, if not injurious to our character, by others so incomparably superior, as to dispose us, by a natural process, to reject the drop for the sake of the fountain, and to lay aside the taper when we see the sun. We have only to consider what religion is, what it calls to, and what it requires of us, and leads us to, and is intended to prepare us for, to see at once, and to feel as by holy instinct, what kind of pleasures it should lead us to seek, and what to refuse. It will probably be asked, whether I would suppress all these modern usages of tea-meetings, *soirées*, and social entertainments. I reply, Certainly not. They may unite much instruction and much spiritual improvement, with as much innocent social enjoyment. But then I would watch them, with an entire conviction that they may by possibility come to what is harmful. I would limit their growth, that they do not become too frequent, and too trivial; and I would, where religion is in any form their object, take care that they be conducted in a religious spirit. I would let religion, with all her cheerfulness, but yet with all her seriousness and sanctity, preside over the scene, and diffuse her blessed influence through every soul. If, as is usually the case, there are non-professors and unconverted persons present, I would let them see how happy Christians are, not indeed by transferring the pleasures of the world into the social circle of the redeemed, but by drawing down the pleasures of heaven into the Church on earth. The way to win the ungodly to religion, is not by showing them that their pleasures are ours, but that ours are infinitely superior to any which they know. A Christian ought to be, and would be, if he understood his privileges, the very type of bliss in himself, and an index pointing out the way of happiness to others.—*James' Church in Earnest.*

PERSONAL EFFORT FOR THE CONVERSION OF MEN.

THE prophet speaks of a time when "they shall teach *no more* every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know him;" and saying that at that time they shall do this *no more*, is equivalent to saying that they will have done it before that time. As to the state of universal light and holiness, of which the prophet speaks, when we consider the greatness of the work of bringing it in, and the obstacles in the way, it seems beyond all reasonable hope. But if we could see all Christians teaching every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, "Know the Lord," and thus see Christianity working as the little leaven hid in three measures of meal till the whole were leavened; if we could see the Church animated with the life of Christ, and full of the Holy Ghost, and each individual in it burning with desire to be an instrument of salvation to his neighbour, the seeming impossibility of that glorious revolution would vanish. Nothing is wanting in order to a speedy conversion of the world so much as that each Christian shall fill his heart with the Spirit of Christ, and then fill the sphere of his influence with such personal efforts for the salvation of others as that Spirit would prompt.

We are well aware that there is great difficulty in enlisting Christians in this form of labour, because most have the habit of feeling that it is the most difficult of all duties. But what makes it difficult? Let each Christian put this question to his own mind, why it is that he has not the aptitude of mind to make this duty easy and profitable; why he does not find himself inclined to seek, and even to make occasions of introducing, the themes of salvation in the ordinary intercourse of life; and his conscience will tell him that it is the feeble tone of his piety, the frailty of his faith, and the dimness of his perception of eternal realities. He knows, that if he were leading a life of intimate communion with God, his heart would be open and his tongue would be loosed. It is not for want of fitting opportunities; it is not for want of intellectual capacity to improve them; it is not for want of open ears and susceptible hearts; but it is for want of a resolute purpose in our own minds. And our lack of resolution is occasioned by our lack of living communion with God, and of an abiding sense of eternal realities.

The present position of the Church demands a vigorous and universal performance of this duty. Other branches of evangelical labour are in advance of this. We are doing the missionary work abroad with more vigour than at home. We are giving more of our money than our personal labour for the conversion of men. We preach the gospel more by proxies than by our own mouths. We are sending messengers to the distant heathen, while we are neglecting to say every man to his neighbour, and every man to his brother, "Know the Lord." We spend our thousands to work the religious press and throw the light of salvation over the world on the printed page, while we fail to go to our friends and neighbours, and say, "Come with us, and we will do you good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

Yet the providence of God is going before us, and tempting us onward in this work, by showing us rich results from the little that is done in it. The work of colportage, which is only a more systematic form of doing this work than can be expected of those not exclusively devoted to it, is displaying its fruit in clusters, and showing what may be done with common minds and burning hearts; and what wide and powerful impressions would be made, were Christians thus teaching every man his neighbour. In the details, as they have been given, of this work, we learn the value of a single word spoken in the spirit of Christ. We see how God delights to attach his blessing to his own word, so inserted into the ordinary intercourse of neighbourly kindness. Here are verified the words of that master of sentences, who said, "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in net-work of silver."

LABOUR AND POVERTY.

BOTH BY CHRIST DIGNIFIED.

IT should be interesting to working men to remember the lot in human life which the Saviour selected. He had his choice. He might have chosen for his residence a mansion or a palace; but he chose for his domicile, so long as he had one, the cottage of a carpenter. He cast his earthly lot alongside of the labouring

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man; and besides the intentional lowlihood, there were other ends it answered.

It lent new dignity to labour. Some silly people feel it a disgrace to work; they blush to be detected in an act of industry. They fancy that it is dignity to have nothing to do, and a token of refinement to be able to do nothing. They forget that it is easy to be useless, and that it needs no talent to cumber the ground. But the Lord Jesus knew that it is best for the world when all are workers, and he conformed to the good rule of Palestine, which required every citizen to pursue some employment. And instead of selecting a brilliant occupation, he gave himself to one humble and common-place, that we might learn how possible it is to do extraordinary good in a very unconspicuous station.

And by this selection he left an example to working men. Rough work is no reason for rude manners, or a vulgar mind. Never did there traverse the globe a presence so pure, and a fascination so divine, as moved about in the person of the "carpenter's son." So gentle in his dignity—so awful in his meekness—so winsome in his lovingness—so dexterous in diffusing happiness—so delicate in healing inward hurts—so gracious in forestalling wishes!—no rules of etiquette, no polish of society, can ever yield anew the same majestic suavity. Amid the daily drudgery, his soul was often swelling with its wondrous purpose; and whilst shaping for the boors of Galilee their implements of industry, his spirit was commercing with the sky. They are not little occupations, but little thoughts, and little notions, which make the little man; and the grandeur of mien, and the engaging manners which emerged from that Nazarene workshop, are a lesson to those who handle the hammer, the spade, or the shuttle. But far more—the sanctity. In a town of bad repute—forced into the company of ruffians and blasphemers—all the uncongenial fellowship showed him the more conspicuously "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." And if you complain that you are shut up to the society of loose and low-minded men—if constrained to listen to words ribald and profane, or to witness coarse debauchery—remember that it was in the guise of a labouring man that the Saviour fought the world's corruption, and overcame. And if like to be worsted, cry for help to Him who, amongst his other memories of earth, remembers Galilee—who, now that he has done with the carpenter's shop for ever, has not forgotten the surly neighbours, and the abandoned town; and whose solitary example destroyed the proverb, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

And by choosing this humble lot, the Saviour learned to sympathize with penury. Whatever wealthy bards may sing of the sweets of poverty, it is a painful thing to be very poor. To be a poor man's child, and look through the rails of the playground, and envy richer boys for the sake of their many books, and yet be doomed to ignorance; to be apprenticed to some harsh stranger, and feel for ever banished from a mother's tenderness and a sister's love; to work when very weary;—to work when the heart is sick and the head is sore; to see a wife or a darling child wasting away, and not be able to get the best advice; to hope that better food or purer air might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe; to be obliged to let her die; to come home from the daily task some evening, and see her sinking; to sit up all night, in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them; to have no mourners at the funeral, or even carry on your own shoulder through the merry streets the light deal coffin; to see huddled into a promiscuous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone; some bitter winter or some costly spring to barter for food the clock or the curious cupboard, or the "Henry's Commentary," on which you prided yourself as the heir-loom of a frugal family, and never be able to redeem it; to feel that you are getting old, nothing laid aside, and present earnings scarce sufficient; to change the parlour floor for the top storey, and the top storey for a single attic, and wonder what change will be the next—these and a thousand privations are the pains of poverty. And in the days when the world's Redeemer occupied the poor man's home, he was familiar with sights the parallels of these. He noted them. He entered into them. He shared them. Even at the time he did somewhat to relieve them. It was in such a scene that he let forth the first glimpse of his glory. The scanty store of wine had failed at a marriage-feast, and to relieve the embarrassment of his humble entertainers, he created a new supply. And it was in a similar scene that the second of his healing miracles was wrought, and his entrance to Simon's fishing-hut was signalized by restoring from a fever his sick mother-in-law. And, not to dwell on the miracles of mercy, which restored to the widow of Nain her only son, and to the sisters of Bethany their only brother, it is worth while to notice how many of his wonders were presents to the poor. A weary boatman has swept the waves all night and captured not a single fin. Jesus bids him drop the net in a particular spot, and instantly it welters with a silvery spoil. Again and again the eager throng hangs round him till the sun is setting, and it is discovered that there are only a few small loaves among all the fainting thousands; but he speaks the word, and as little loaves bulk out an endless banquet, the famished villagers rejoice in the rare repast. And though he did not grudge his cures to centurions and rulers of synagogues, they were usually the poor and despised who craved and got the largest share; the woman who had spent on physicians all that she had; the impotent man at Bethesda; the Samaritan lepers; and Bartimeus the blind beggar. And thus would the kind Redeemer teach us, that if there are always to be poor on earth, there will always be the poor man's friend in heaven. He would teach those sons of toil who are his true disciples, that in all their afflictions he is afflicted; that he knows their frame and feels their sorrow. And should these lines be read by one who is indigent in spite of all his industry, let him remember how it fared with

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the world's best benefactor when here below—let him remember that the Saviour himself had once nowhere to lay his head, and asking for a cup of cold water, could scarcely obtain it. But now that he has all power in heaven and earth, that Saviour is as tender as ever; and to you, oh children of want and woe! he says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*The Happy Home.**

OUR BOY.

We had a child, a blue-eyed boy,
Born on a bright May morn;
A thousand phantasies were ours
The day that child was born.
His eye was joyous even then;
His lip learned music soon;
We fancied him a full-grown man
Before the end of June!

Years blessed him with all joy and grace,
Oh, how we loved that boy!
His laugh was like a voice in dreams,
So musical with joy.
His glorious hair hung gaily back,
Shading a forehead bold;
We wondered how that brow would look
When our brave boy grew old.

Grew old! Yes, we had pictured him
A worn and weary one,
A good old man with locks of grey,
Whose work of life was done;
And when we had been sleeping years,
Calmly and solemnly,
We fancied then our gentle son
An honoured man would be!

'Twas the third summer; he was sad
One August afternoon,
And much we wondered that the boy
Had left his play so soon;
But as he laid him in *her* arms
Where he was alway blest,
We fancied he was weary, and
So laid him down to rest.

He slept and woke, but now his eye
Gleamed with a fitful light;
And while his soul seemed full of day,
Our souls were full of night.
For he was joyous while our hearts
Were beating heavily;
He spoke of rest, of calm, deep rest—
We knew our boy would die.

A while he lingered at the point
Where the two pathways part,
As half uncertain which to hear,
His FATHER or his heart:
This called him back, to walk with us
The weary, rugged road;
That to take rest upon the arm
Of our ascended God.

He turned to us, as if to join
Our company once more,
And with the joy of loving ones
Our hearts were running o'er.
He smiled—a holy, godly smile;
He spoke—one heavenly tone;
And reached his tiny arms to us:
One clasp—and he was gone!

Long by the matchless clay we watched;
That clay was all he left;
Nor till the morning came could we
Believe we were bereft.
Yet once again our fancies had
Free rein to wander given:
We fancied now our dove-eyed boy
Grown to a saint in heaven.

We often talk of him and weep,
My gentle wife and I,
But know that for our blue-eyed boy
'Twas blessedness to die.
We fancy now those faint sad smiles,
So frequent in his play,
Have burst into an angel's wings
And borne our boy away!

ANON.

* A series of inimitable tracts published in London.

THE INFIDEL AND DYING CHILD.

IN "Charms and Counter Charms," a book of interest and often of power, the following passage occurs. Euston Hastings, the father, *is an Infidel*:—

The child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed, and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone watching with a tightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Euston Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma?—Eve want mamma to say, 'Our Father!'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother, to lisp her evening prayer, or since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly-murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, "To say, 'Our Father.'"

"Mamma is asleep," he said: "When she awakes I will call her."

"No, no, papa; Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No; don't wake poor mamma; papa, say 'Our Father' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling," he added, finding that though the hands were

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clasped, and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No; Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so much; papa, kneel down and say, 'Our Father,' like mamma did last night; won't you papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to those hallowed words of prayer. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import—its recognition of God's sovereignty—its surrender of all things to him. He *understood* it, we say; but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "Thy will be done on earth, even as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed, "Papa, papa, see there!—up there, papa!"

Her own eyes were fixed upward on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again. "Take Eve!"

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured in broken tones, "Papa come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa—."

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly-smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him for ever.

And yet not for ever. He straightway sought the Lord, and has now followed her to glory.

DEATH IN A RAIL CAR.

(From a Foreign Paper.)

On Friday the 18th instant, at one o'clock, I stepped on board the boat for ——

I had been five weeks absent from my home. The prospect of reaching it, and joining my family within the short space of six hours, was cheering. But while a glow of pleasure was produced by the anticipation of meeting dear friends, a tinge of sadness chastened the enjoyment. The reflection that life is uncertain could not be repressed. The first thing attracting my attention, on approaching my home, *might be* the crape on the door knob. The first greeting that should fall on my ears, *might be* sobs of grief.

A crowd of persons were waiting near the baggage cars. A young man of fine athletic frame was discharging the office of conductor. "That square black trunk is mine," said I. He seized it, gave me the "check," and prosecuted his labours with vigorous activity. I marked his countenance. It was peculiar. It had a smile for every one, and beamed with the animation of perfect health. As we pushed out into the bay the wind rose. Thick black clouds came up from the west, and in a few minutes we were enveloped in a fierce tempest. A voice addressed me. It was that of the young man, the conductor. "Beautiful!" said he, "would it not make a fine picture?" The storm was quickly past. The boat reached its destination. We were all proceeding in a throng to the cars. Again the conductor's voice was heard. "Car A, gentlemen, car A," he exclaimed; then addressing himself to me and my friend, as we came up, he said, in a lower tone, "Your car, B, is farther down." We passed on, and took our seats. In a few moments we were all ready. The engine commenced its labour, and we were borne on as if by enchantment. The door opened. That same pleasant countenance again made its appearance. He walked backwards through the car, addressing every seat, "See your tickets, gentlemen; see your tickets, if you please."

A pleasant breeze was created by the motion of the train. The company was a remarkably quiet one. Conversation proceeded in a gentle flow. On we went with a smooth and rapid motion. At length our speed was slackened. We stopped. It was not a place for leaving and receiving passengers. It was not a station for taking wood and water. Inquiry is made. What is the matter? Has anything happened? Yes: a life has been lost. That young man the conductor, the only one that had spoken to every passenger, and looked upon every face with a smile, had stood upon the roof of one of the cars. He turned to look back, beckoning with his hand, and saying something to some persons standing on the space between the cars. What he said was not heard distinctly. Perhaps it was a word of caution to them respecting the danger of their position. While thus employed, he was carried violently against a bridge, and in one moment he was thrown upon the platform below in the struggles of death. His garments and the whole platform were deluged with blood.

The impression made upon that company of travellers was irresistible. Such reflections as these seemed legible on every countenance: What a poor, frail being, is man! Youth, health, and vigour, afford no security for the continuance of life. Why am I spared? Surely it is a good thing to be prepared to die. Yet we are hindered but ten minutes. Thus moves the world, thought I. I, too, shall depart, and the generation with which I am passing on in company will barely pause, and then pass on without me. Some, perhaps all, went farther—Where is that young man? Here lies his body—

> "But, O the soul! *that* never dies;
> Soon as it leaves the clay,
> Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
> And track its wondrous way.

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Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts triumphant there:
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair."

Perhaps some of that company may be indebted to that solemn and striking providence as the means of leading them to prepare for a better world. But whatever may be the effect on others, I think there is one who will never forget the impressions made by that death in a rail car.

HOW TO MAKE SERMONS.

I WAS once a pastor, and, as I well remember, sometimes found it hard to make my weekly preparation for the pulpit—so often did the Sabbath return. One difficulty was, to adapt my discourses to the circumstances and spiritual wants of the people, so as to "give them their portion of meat in due season." Sometimes I would sit anxiously musing in my study for hours together, without being able, after all, to satisfy myself. But there was one expedient which hardly ever failed of furnishing me with a suitable topic, and which I venture to recommend to my younger brethren.

Instead of sitting half a day at your desk, in fruitless cogitations, take your hat and go out as a pastor among the people. They will be glad to see you, and in nine cases out of ten you will in an hour or two get a better subject for the next Sabbath, than you would have done in your study. One would hardly expect beforehand, to find the best sermons among the poor and unlettered members of the church. What do *they* know about making sermons? But they know what their own experience, spiritual wants, and conflicts are, and in the course of conversation, rich practical trains of thought will be suggested to your mind, which you would have got nowhere else; and you will find no difficulty in making, out of these materials, some of the most profitable sermons that you ever preach. Try it, try it often, and tell me if you think I overrate the advantages of pastoral intercourse in your pulpit preparations.

I know by experience how difficult it is for a minister of a large congregation to find time for as much pastoral visiting as is generally required and expected. None but a pastor himself *knows*. But where is the pastor who would wish to be excused from this intercourse with his flock—who would not be glad to have more of it, if he could. The advantages are manifold. I do not see how any pastor can keep his own mind in a suitable frame for the discharge of his sacred duties without it; and still less do I understand how he can in any other way keep himself so acquainted with the spiritual state and wants of his church and congregation as to make his public ministrations in the highest degree interesting and profitable. The sermons which he makes as he goes from house to house among all classes of his people—the aged, the invalid, the poor, the afflicted, the ignorant, as well as others—may not be so able or so eloquent in the popular sense of the term, but they will often be more interesting and useful, because of their more timely adaptation; just as a stroke that "hits the nail on the head," is more effective, than a vastly heavier blow that falls somewhere near it. If any of my sermons were ever blessed to my church and congregation when I was a pastor, none, I believe, were more so, than those which came to me in my pastoral intercourse; and I can now see how I might have been relieved and benefited more myself, and profited my people more, by laying them under larger contributions for my weekly preparations. Were this the only advantage of such pastoral labours as a minister can find time for, it would richly repay him. He must have time in his study—time to "bring out of his treasure things new and old." This I earnestly insist on; and I beseech his people not to be unreasonable in their demand for pastoral attentions. He cannot bring "beaten oil into the sanctuary," unless you give him time to beat it. But if he had *all* his time for study, and no pastoral labours to perform, his preaching, however able in other respects, would not be so profitable as it is under the divine arrangement of coupling pastoral intercourse with it; because it would not have so much unction, nor be so well adapted to meet the religious wants of the church and congregation.—*N. Y. Observer.*

POOR, AGED, AND FEEBLE, YET HAPPY.

ARE there persons in the world who answer this description? Yes; but they are hidden from the world's gaze, for they dwell in obscurity; yet, if you become a tract visitor, you may find them, and experience in so doing enjoyment far more delightful than any that can be found in the saloons of worldly pleasure. The following description is furnished by a pious lady who accompanied a tract visitor in one of her walks, and who is now herself engaged in the same blessed employ. "We passed through an alley to a back building, and ascending to the second story, we found, in poverty and obscurity, a venerable woman who greeted my friend with expressions of the tenderest gratitude for her Christian sympathy and attention. We seated ourselves and commenced conversing with her; and it seemed to afford her exquisite pleasure to bear witness to the faithfulness of her God and Saviour during the many, many long years in which she had followed him. She seemed to be indeed in the strait and narrow path, ripe for heaven, waiting with holy resignation and looking forward with delightful expectation, to be gathered unto the joy of her Lord. We kneeled together at the throne of grace; and judging from my own feelings, it was upon holy ground, and we had a foretaste of heaven. When we were parting, the aged saint blessed us with much fervour, and I could not but thank God that in union with Christ and experience of his faithfulness, there is a source of happiness that more than counterbalances all the privations and sorrows of life."

COMFORT.

WHAT need a child fear though the whole house be full of rods, seeing not one of them can move without the father's hand?—*Dodd.*

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HEARKEN TO GOD'S AMBASSADORS.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

Are ministers ambassadors? This shows the gospel ministry to be an office peculiar to some, not a work common to all. An ambassador, we know, is one that hath his commission and credential letters from his prince to show for his employment. It is not a man's skill in state affairs that makes him an ambassador, nor ability in the law that makes a man a magistrate, but their call to these places; neither do gifts make a man a minister, but his mission: "How can they preach, except they be sent?" The rules which the Spirit of God gave about the minister's admission into his function were all to no purpose, if it lay open to every man's own choice to make him a preacher: "Lay hands suddenly on no man" (1 Tim. v. 22); that is, admit none to the ministry without good proof and trial; but why should any be set apart for that which every one may do?

Be persuaded, in the fear of God, to hearken to the message these ambassadors bring. What mean you to do in the business they come to treat about? Will you be friends with God, or not?—take Christ by faith into your embraces, or resolve to have none of him? We are but ambassadors: back again we must go to our Master that sent us, and give an account of what has become of our negotiation. Shall we go and say, "Lord, we have been with the men thou sent us to, and thy message was delivered by us according to our instructions; we told them that ruin and damnation would come upon them, if they did not repent and turn; we laid both life and death before them, and spared not to reveal the whole counsel of God; but they believed not a word we spake; we were to them as those that mocked, or told what we had dreamed in the night, and not the words of truth and faithfulness." God forbid that this should be the report which, at their return, they make to God of their negotiation! But the more to affect you with the importance of their message, consider,

First, The wonderful love of God in sending you these ambassadors. It is not a prince that sends to one of his own rank, but a God to his rebel creature, against whom he might have sent an army of judgments to destroy him. It is not against rebels that are intrenched in some place of strength, or in the field with a force wherewith you are able to resist his power; but to his prisoners, fettered and manacled, to you that have your traitorous heads on the block. It is not any need that he hath of your life that makes him desire your salvation. A prince sometimes saves his rebellious subjects, because he needs their hands to fight for him, and weakens himself by shedding their blood; but God can ruin you, and not wrong himself; if you perish, it is without his damage. In Luke vii. 30, the Pharisees are said to reject the counsel of God against themselves.

Secondly, Consider what an intolerable affront is given to the Majesty of heaven by rejecting his grace. Princes' requests are commands. Who dare deny a king what he asks? And darest thou stand against thy Maker? It is charged upon no less than a king, as an act of insufferable pride, "that he did evil in the sight of the Lord his God, and humbled not himself before Jeremiah the prophet, speaking from the mouth of the Lord." (2 Chron. xxxvi. 12.) But what! must a king come down from his throne, and humble himself before a poor prophet, that was his own subject? Yes; when he represents the person of that King to whom he was himself a subject, God will have him tremble and bow—not to Jeremiah, but to "Jeremiah speaking from the mouth of the Lord." Oh! consider this, ye that think it childish and simple to weep at a sermon, to humble yourselves at the reproof of a minister: your carriage under the Word preached declares what your thoughts of God himself are. When Nahash slighted David's ambassadors, and abused them, the king took the scorn upon himself. "I will publish the name of the Lord," saith Moses; "ascribe ye greatness unto our God." (Deut. xxxii. 3.) How should they ascribe greatness to God while Moses is preaching to them? Surely he means by their humble attendance on, and ready obedience to, the word he delivered in God's name.

Thirdly, Consider how much the heart of God is engaged in the message his ambassadors bring. When a prince sends an ambassador about a negotiation, the success of which he passionately desires, and from which he promiseth himself much honour, and he

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meets with opposition, he is greatly provoked. There is nothing that God sets his heart more upon than the exaltation of Christ, and his grace through him, in the salvation of poor sinners: this, therefore, is called "his counsel" (Heb. vi. 17); "The pleasure of the Lord." (Isa. liii. 10.) Abraham's servant knew how much his master desired a wife for his son and heir from among his kindred, and therefore presseth Laban with this, as the weightiest argument of all others—"If ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; if not, tell me:" as if he had said, "By this, the truth of your love to my master will be seen." So here, if ye will indeed deal kindly with God, tell his ambassadors so, by your complying with them in that which he so affectionately desires. This the Lord Jesus, when on earth, called his Father's business, which must be done, whatever comes of it. (Luke ii. 49.) "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He knew he had never come hither but for the despatch of this, and could not look his Father in the face when he went back, except this was finished; therefore, as this went on, and the work of the gospel made progress, or met with any stoppage in the hearts of men, he mourned or rejoiced; when it was rejected, we find him grieved for the hardness of their hearts. When his disciples made report how victoriously the chariot of the gospel ran, "In that hour he rejoiced in spirit." (Luke x. 21.) When he was taking his leave of the world, his thoughts were at work how the gospel should be carried on, and the salvation of souls suffer no prejudice by his departure; he, therefore, empowered his apostles for the work: "All power is given me; go, preach the gospel to all nations." Yea, now in heaven, he is waiting for the success of it, and listening how his servants succeed in their errand. Now, what a prodigious sin is it, by thy impenitency, to withstand God in his main design! Do you indeed deal kindly with our Master, whose embassy we bring?

Fourthly, Consider the weight and importance of the message these ambassadors bring unto you. It is not a slight errand we come about. "I have set before you this day life and good, and death and evil." (Deut. xxx. 15.) "Hear, and your souls shall live." (Isa. lv. 3.) "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.) We come not to entice you with the favour of an earthly prince, who may promise honours to-day, and lose his own crown to-morrow. We bait not our hook with the world's treasures or pleasures, but bring you news of a heaven that shall as surely be yours, as you are now on earth, if you accept the offer. We scare you not with the displeasure of a mortal man, whose breath is in his nostrils; nor with the momentary torment of rack or gibbet, which continues hardly long enough to be felt, but with the never-dying wrath of the ever-living God; and what we either promise or threaten in God's name, he stands ready and resolved to perform; he "confirmeth the word of his servants, and performeth the counsel of his messengers." (Isa. xliv. 26.)

Fifthly, Consider on what terms the gospel and its messengers stay among you. There is a time when God calls his ambassadors home, and will treat no longer with a people; and that must needs be a sad day, for when they go, then judgments and plagues come: if the treaty ends, it will not be long before the war begins. Elisha died, "and the bands of the Moabites invaded the land." (2 Kings xiii. 20.) The prophet once gone, then the enemy comes. The angel plucks Lot out of Sodom, and how long had they fair weather after? The Jews put away the gospel from them by their impenitency, which made the apostles turn to the Gentiles. (Acts xiii. 46.) But did they not thereby call for their own ruin and destruction, which presently came flying on the Roman eagle's wings to them? They judged themselves unworthy of eternal life, and God thought them unworthy also to have a temporal. If once God calls home his ambassadors, it is no easy matter to bring them back, and get the treaty set on foot again. God can least endure to be slighted in that which he makes account of as one of the highest ways he can express his favour to a people. Better no ambassadors had come, than to come and go without effecting what they came for: "They shall know," saith God, "that there hath been a prophet among them" (Ezek. ii. 5); that is, they shall know it to their cost: God will be paid for his ministers' pains. Ministers die, or are removed from their people, and glad they are to get rid of them; but they have not done with them till they have reckoned with God.

MISSION TO OLD CALABAR.

THE following account of the Mission of the United Presbyterian Church begun at Old Calabar, west coast of Central Africa, on the 8th of April 1846, was given by the Rev. Andrew Sommerville, mission

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secretary of said Church, at the monthly breakfast of the Edinburgh Section of the Evangelical Alliance, and appeared in *Evangelical Christendom* for October:—

In submitting a brief account of the Old Calabar mission, I shall speak of the locality and the population, of the religious belief and customs of the people, and of the operations of our missionaries.

I. THE LOCALITY AND THE POPULATION.—Old Calabar lies in the Bight of Biafra, near the sixth degree of north latitude, and between the eighth and ninth degrees of east longitude. The coast there runs east and west. Standing opposite the Old Calabar Frith, you look directly north. On the right hand are the Cameroon Mountains, rising to the height of 13,000 feet; and farther to the right, at the distance of sixty miles, is the elevated and beautiful island of Fernando Po; and on the left is an extensive level district, over which a dense mist is often seen resting; that is, the long-sought delta of the Niger, a vast morass, extending 200 miles along the sea shore, and upwards of 250 miles inland, channelled by numerous streams—the mouths of that celebrated river, covered with mangrove and palm-oil trees, and inhabited by fierce and savage tribes, many of whom are cannibals. Sail up the Old Calabar frith, a distance of fifty miles, and you see two large rivers flowing into it. The one on the left hand is the Cross River, so called because it was supposed to communicate with the Niger, and to be one of its mouths; but it was explored by Captain Becroft, in 1842, a distance of 175 miles, and was found to be an independent stream, more than a mile in breadth, with a depth of from six to seven fathoms, flowing from the east—a region yet unexplored by Europeans—and having its banks studded with towns and villages. Enter the river on the right hand, which is the Old Calabar River, fully three-fourths of a mile in width, and after ascending it about eight miles, and passing a jutting headland, you see upon the right bank a cluster of towns. These are Duke Town, Henshaw Town, Old Town, and seven miles up the river, on the left bank, Creek Town, the principal towns of Old Calabar, and the seat of our mission.

These towns, with the country villages, contain a population of 60,000 or 70,000, subject to the sway of the king of Old Calabar, and are accessible to our missionaries. Each town has its king or headman; but the chief authority is vested in Eyo Honesty, of Creek Town, a man of remarkable sagacity, intelligence, and integrity, who is more proud of his justly bestowed title of *honesty*, than he would be of any name that could be given. The population is divided into two classes, freemen and slaves—the latter being the great majority. These are either employed on the provision grounds, which are at some distance from the towns, or in the operations of trade. The freemen are all engaged in trade, and are mainly dependent upon it for their support and influence. Even the king, who has no revenue from his subjects, carries on trade to a great extent, is of active business habits, keeps regular accounts, and owes all his power to the weight of his character, and the wealth which he has acquired from trading. The slaves are generally treated with kindness; and there seems to be a process of internal emancipation, the children of the third generation generally becoming free. It is a happy circumstance that persons have ceased to be exported as slaves from this district for a considerable number of years. That horrid traffic is totally suppressed in the Bight of Biafra. This result is to be ascribed to the beneficial influence of a growing trade, and to the treaties made with the chiefs by the British Government. The trade which is carried on at Old Calabar, and which is entirely in the hands of merchants in Liverpool, is chiefly in palm oil. The palm oil is brought from the interior, and is exchanged for British goods. The humanizing influence of legitimate commerce is becoming every year more obvious. Not only has it enlarged the views of the people, and to a certain degree improved their manners; not only has it enabled them to have comfortable houses, and to furnish them, in many instances, with costly articles of European manufacture; but it has taught them that it is for their interest to live at peace with their neighbours. A striking instance of this occurred only a few months ago. Eyamba, the late king of Old Calabar, who died in May 1847, was engaged in war with the people of Omun, a powerful tribe on the Cross River. This war had the effect of diminishing the quantity of oil that could be obtained from the interior, and was thus injurious to both parties. Consequently, as soon as King Eyo was firmly established in the government, he fitted out a large expedition, sufficient, if necessary, to demonstrate his power, and to show that he did not seek peace from a sense of weakness; but he put on board his war canoes a great quantity of valuable goods, intended as a present to the enemy, and sent before him the Canoe of Peace, decked with palm branches. The result was, that in a short time matters were satisfactorily adjusted, and a cordial peace established.

The mode of government at Old Calabar is, in the case of freemen, by common consultation and agreement. They meet together in the *palaver*-house, talk over the matter, and no measure can become law that has not a majority of votes. The great difficulty which they feel is to keep in subjection their numerous slaves. This seems to be managed chiefly by the aid of superstition. They have a secret institution, called Egbo, of which the king is chief or grand-master, the main design of which seems to be to awe into submission the common people. The initiated alone have a right to the privileges of Egbo, are present at the meetings of the order, and are acquainted with its mysteries. Egbo is supposed to be a supernatural being, who resides in the bush, and who comes forth only on special occasions, and when his services are needed. He is brought into town carefully concealed and guarded, attended by persons fantastically dressed, and is led in procession, preceded by the Egbo drum and rude music, to the palaver-house, into which none but the initiated are permitted to go. The Egbo man, or the servant of Egbo, arrayed in the strangest costume, runs, on Egbo days, through the streets of the town, brandishing a large whip, and inflicting severe flagellations on all the non-initiated, especially females, that come within his reach. The terror which this mysterious being inspires is very great; so much so, that the sound of the Egbo drum will make the scholars in the school to tremble. This strange personage figures in all their processions, masquerades, and numerous public ceremonies; and, on certain days, called *brass* Egbo, when a yellow flag is seen floating on the king's house, none but a few privileged gentlemen are allowed to walk the streets. The town is as quiet as if it were destitute of inhabitants. It is a singular circumstance, that though our missionaries have been there for two years, and have been in daily and most friendly intercourse with the kings and chiefs, yet they have not been able to penetrate the mystery of Egbo, nor to find an individual that would disclose its secrets. This remarkable fidelity to their engagements is a feature honourable to the people, and shows that they have moral elements that may be moulded into a noble and energetic character. It is

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a gratifying fact, in connection with this subject, that, by express Egbo law, the person of a white man is inviolable; and thus, by the kind overruling of Divine Providence, this mysterious institution throws a shield of safety around our countrymen.

II. THE RELIGIOUS BELIEF AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.—They believe in the existence of God and of the devil, in a future state, and in the immortality of the soul; but their ideas on these subjects are dim and confused, and have, by the wickedness of the heart, and the malignant teaching of Satan, been framed into a system of superstition, dark, cruel, and sanguinary. They are a people embedded in superstition, a great part of whose time is occupied in the observance of senseless and most destructive rites. It is rather curious that they regard one day of the week as a Sabbath, that they all practise circumcision, that on festival days they sprinkle the blood of the Egbo goat, and that they make a covenant of friendship between parties that were at variance, by putting on them the blood of a slain goat, mixed with certain ingredients—things which indicate the remains of the patriarchal religion. Their personal worship, so far as it has been ascertained, may be divided into two parts—that which is observed within the house, and that which takes place in the court-yard. The worship within the house consists in adoring a human skull, stuck upon the top of a stick, around the handle of which a bunch of feathers is tied. This disgusting object—their domestic idol—is said to exist in every house in Old Calabar. The worship in the court-yard is of this kind: In the middle of the yard there is a bason of water placed at the foot of a small tree, which is planted for the purpose. This bason is never emptied of its contents, but is once a-week filled with a fresh supply of water; and on the day when this is done, the second day of the week, called God's day, they "offer a fowl, or some other small thing of that sort, which is tied by the foot to the tree," and then they "pray to *Abasi Ebum*, the great God, but without confession of sin, and solely for temporal benefits." The bason of dirty water, the dead fowl, and the small bush, are seen in the court-yard; but their acts of worship are so brief that our missionaries have never beheld them engaged in them. Happily, these things are not to be found in King Eyo's yard; "he prays," he himself says, "in his heart at all times." A prevalent and dreadful custom is connected with their belief in magical or supernatural influence. They believe that one person can so exert an evil influence upon another as to cause his death. This custom has two parts. The first leads them, when unwell, to consult the *juju*, or religious man, a sort of professional necromancer, who, after performing strange ceremonies with an appropriate apparatus of bones, teeth, and bits of snakes' skins, gives his opinion on the case—either enjoining the invalid to sacrifice an animal, or accusing some person of being the cause of his malady. The second leads them to subject the accused to a process of public judicial trial. The death of persons of rank is usually ascribed to this evil influence. Suspicion falls upon certain parties, and these are obliged in a public manner to vindicate themselves, by drinking water into which a poison nut has been infused—the opinion being that the innocent escape, and that the guilty only die. But the truth is, it is a fatal draught, terminating invariably in death, except when the stomach of the person rejects it. It is fearful to think to what an extent this custom prevails, and how numerous are its victims. The journals of our missionaries abound with most affecting details of its deadly operation. One specimen may be given from a journal kept by a native chief. When Duke Ephraim died, in 1834, the principal people were summoned to the palaver-house for the purpose of inquiring into the cause of his death. Suspicion fell upon fifteen persons, whose names are mentioned, and these were obliged to *chop nut*, as it is called—to drink the poisoned water—and opposite each name, with one exception, is marked the word *dead;* and, next morning, five wives of the deceased were made to undergo the same ordeal, and the record says, "*all dead;*" and so, Mr Waddell adds, "the entries go on from day to day, like a registry of executions—a regular record of cold-blooded murders, daily committed."

But the most desolating and sanguinary of all their customs is the practice of sacrificing human victims, for the benefit of deceased persons of rank. This horrid custom arises from the belief that the future world corresponds to the present—that the same wants are felt, the same relationships sustained, and the same pursuits followed; and, therefore, that the station and happiness of a person depend upon the number of followers and slaves that are killed and sent after him. The effect of this belief is, that in proportion to the dignity of the departed, the rank and power of the survivors, and the warmth of affection which they cherish for the deceased, is the number of victims that are seized and immolated. Acquaintances also testify their respect for the dead, and sympathy with the sorrowing relations, by destroying a few of their slaves. The agents in this wholesale system of murder are the nearest relations of the deceased, who evince their affection and their grief by exerting themselves to catch by force, by stratagem, and by all manner of ways, and destroy as many of their fellow-creatures as they can. It is a season of terror. The slaves, from whose ranks the victims are usually taken, flee to the bush for shelter, the doors of the houses are fastened, and every one is afraid to go abroad. And when it is considered that the funeral ceremonies continue for four months, and that at the beginning, and especially at the close of this period, when the grand carnival, or make-devil, as they call it, takes place, great exertions are made to obtain victims, it will at once be obvious that this is a practice which spreads terror and mourning through every part of the community. It prevails in the greater part of western Central Africa, and is drenching the land with blood. Mr Bowditch, who resided for some time as British consul at Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, states that when the mother of the king of that country died, upwards of 3,000 victims were slain to do her honour. Even at Old Calabar, though the custom is less bloody than it was, several sad scenes have occurred within these two years. There is reason to fear that no person of note dies whose grave is not washed with human blood. In 1846, when a nephew of King Eyamba died, at least 100 victims were destroyed; and when Eyamba himself died, in May 1847, as many, including thirty of his wives, and some of the school children, were cut off. Most harrowing accounts of these butcheries are given in the journals of the mission. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the number of victims which this one custom, this engine of the grand arch-murderer, operating daily, and over so great an extent of country, destroys annually in Central Africa; and surely, now that missionaries have removed the veil that shrouded these atrocities, and have held them up to the view of the Christian Church, the friends of Jesus will hasten to stop the effusion of blood, and to heal the wounds of that most miserable land. It is a gratifying circumstance that at Old Calabar the people have become ashamed of this practice, and do it only in secret. The remonstrances of English captains,

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of British officers, and of the missionaries, have weakened its power. King Eyo has put it down in Creek Town, and is labouring prudently to abolish it in his whole dominions, and within these few months the kings and chiefs have, in compliance with the request of the British Government, publicly signed a bond to abandon it altogether; so that there is reason to anticipate that there it will soon cease to devour. I have said that the funeral rites last for four months. During this period the person is said to be sick only, not dead; and if he be a king, none is chosen to fill his place. The last two weeks are devoted to public mourning, when terrible cries and lamentations are heard, volleys of musketry are fired, and public processions, dances, and masquerades, take place, in which all the wealth and splendour of the town are displayed. At the beginning of the four months a devil-house, as it is styled, is built—a small structure, open at one end—in which are exposed cloths, domestic utensils, and food, intended as an offering to the evil spirit. Surely, when all these things are considered, we may say, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," and "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils."

III. THE OPERATIONS OF THE MISSIONARIES.—*1st, Building Operations.* Their first work, after being kindly welcomed by the chiefs, in April 1846, was to erect mission premises. They have put up three comfortable frame-wooden houses at Duke Town, Creek Town, and Old Town. To avoid as much as possible the destructive malaria which prevails in that part of Africa, these are built on elevated and airy spots, exposed to the sea breeze. The station at Duke Town was a small hill, overlooking the river, about 300 feet high, surmounted by a devil-house, and clothed with wood, filled with human skeletons. It was literally a Golgotha—a place of skulls—a scene where Satan had his seat. But the wood has been cut down, the skeletons have been removed, and the devil-house has been swept away, and in its stead has been erected a house for the worship of the living and true God—a symbol, we trust, that Christ, who came to destroy the works of the devil, will soon cast out Satan from Africa, and reign over that long-neglected continent as the King of righteousness and of salvation. *2d, Preaching the Gospel.*—It was an unforeseen, but favourable circumstance, that the chiefs can speak, and not a few of them write, an imperfect English. This enabled the missionaries at the very outset to hold intelligible intercourse with them, and to instruct them in the truths of God's Word. They have held personal converse with very many, and on Sabbath they have got the inhabitants collected in the king's court-yard, and, by the king acting as interpreter, have preached to them the leading doctrines of the gospel. They have embraced these opportunities to show them very faithfully the contrariety of their customs to the will of God, and have diffused a considerable amount of precious truth. Still it is manifest that they will not obtain intelligent access to the minds of the common people, nor succeed in thoroughly interesting their feelings, till they are able to address them in their own language—a qualification which they are exerting themselves to gain. *3d, School Instruction.*—The young are desirous to obtain an English education—reading, writing, and arithmetic—in order that they may be fitted for trade; and the king and all classes warmly encourage the schools. There are upwards of 200 children under instruction, male and female—the children of all classes, those of the king and of the meanest slave, sitting on the same benches, and learning the same lessons. The pupils display good abilities, are making gratifying progress, and, being now clothed by the gifts of Christian benevolence, are already evincing a sense of decency and order. Some of them can read and write pretty well; and, in addition to the Sabbath-school, a few of them attend worship daily in the mission-house, and take their turn in reading the Scriptures. The schools are the hope of the mission, the places where the huge and cruel fabric of superstition, that has stood untouched for centuries, is to be undermined and destroyed. Hundreds of well instructed young persons, with Bibles in their hands, must soon revolutionize the customs of the country.

We are unable, as yet, to report any cases of obvious conversion; but there are symptoms of good having been done. Full freedom and encouragement, especially at Creek Town, have been granted for carrying on the work of instruction and education. The views of the leading men are being gradually enlarged and improved. The seed of life is being actively sown, and it is for praying Christians at home to secure its growth. The people generally have been taught the evils of their heathen customs; and some, it is said, are beginning to pray in the name of Jesus. Creek Town is alleged to be more quiet and orderly than it was wont to be. King Eyo, who manifests considerable interest in religious things, and who often speaks about them to his native gentlemen, has commanded his people to work on the Calabar Sunday, and to rest on the Christian Sabbath. His eldest son, a promising youth of twenty, seems much concerned about knowing and doing the will of God. It is said, that when he goes into the country to buy oil, he refuses, notwithstanding the scorn of some of the chiefs, to traffic on the Lord's-day, devoting this period to rest, and the reading of the Bible; and as it was alleged that this would interfere with the success of his business, he earnestly besought God to send him twice the number of sellers on the Monday—a petition which, he affirms, the Lord has kindly and visibly answered.

I conclude this brief account with two remarks. The first is, that this has been regarded as a trial mission—an attempt to see if Europeans, acclimated in the West Indies, can endure the terrible climate of Central Africa. The trial hitherto has been encouraging. Our missionaries last season remained at the post of duty, even during the season of the smokes—the most dreaded period of the year. It is to be hoped, therefore, that as proper precautions are likely to preserve health even in that land, the Churches of Christ will hasten to send forth to that hitherto neglected but interesting region, the messengers of mercy in large and increasing numbers. British Christians owe a vast debt to Africa, and it is full time that they were taking measures to pay it. The second remark is, that Old Calabar possesses peculiar importance, as being the key to the extensive regions of Central Africa. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that the valleys of the Niger, having a course of at least 2,400 miles, of the Tchadda, the Cross River, and of their tributaries, are inhabited by between twenty and thirty millions of human beings, who have never heard of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. There is no place on the coast where Europeans can live, that offers so free and easy access to these countries as Old Calabar. One part of the Cross River is within forty miles of the Tchadda, the largest tributary of the Niger; and thus, from the seat of our mission, a pathway may easily be opened to all the regions of Central Africa, without going through the pestilential delta of the Niger. Let us then unite in the aspiration, "Lord bless this mission; raise up agents at Old Calabar to carry the gospel to their countrymen; and may the

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time soon come when the glad tidings of salvation shall run up these mighty streams, and be welcomed with joy by the numerous millions waiting on their banks."

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and oh! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shrouded in the solemn night,
Till like a story well-nigh told
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old—this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an under-tone
Of sadness, not by right their own;
And spring's sweet pow'r in vain unfold
Its rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old—I shall not care
To deck with flow'rs my faded hair;
'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine—
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me nought—when I am old.

When I am old—my friends will be
Old and infirm and bow'd, like me;
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God;
The old church bell will long have toll'd
Above their rest—when I am old.

When I am old—I'd *rather* bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth—
'Twill be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me—when I am old!

When I am old!—oh! how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,
To picture, in prophetic rhyme,
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time—
So distant, that it seems o'er bold
Even to *say*—"When I am old!"

When I am old!—Perhaps, ere then,
I shall be miss'd from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound;
My name by stranger hands enroll'd
Among the dead—*ere* I am old!

Ere I am old!—That time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free—
Life has a thousand charms for me—
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—oh! let me give
My life to learning *how to live!*
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthen'd days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

Episcopal Recorder.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.*

One of the noblest characters in our legal history is Sir Matthew Hale. His father was a lawyer, but abandoned his practice, because he could not reconcile it with truth and rectitude. It was the greater glory of the son that he rose to the highest honours of the same profession, and took truth and rectitude with him. Some may feel that his character wants the main ingredient of heroism. They may think that, living in the most exciting conjuncture of the English constitution, he should have thrown himself, heart and soul, into one of the great parties which divided the realm, and come down to us with Hampden, and Pym, and the other champions of freedom, or with Prince Rupert, and Ormond, and the other chivalrous adherents of the ancient dynasty. But much as we like out-and-out enthusiasm, we must not forget that zeal for principle is a greater thing than zeal for party, and that his is, after all, the most heroic nature, who, amid present truth or present duty, clings to that eternal truth and duty which overtops all time and regulates all conjunctures. In his classical reading he fell in with the "Life of Pomponius Atticus." He was struck by that prudence, as brave as it was patriotic, which carried a public character through the sanguinary times of Marius and Sylla, not only scathless himself, but strong for the good of others. He scripturalized his Roman model, and became himself a Christian Atticus. His one rule was to engage in no faction, and his other was to favour and succour the lowest. When the king was carrying it with a high hand over the rights of the subject, Hale signed the Solemn League and Covenant; but when the vanquished monarch was brought to his trial, Hale appeared at the bar as his counsel. When the royal cause was ruined, Hale stood forth as the protector of its routed adherents; and when monarchy and prelacy created once more a double despotism, Hale was the mediator between them and the down-trodden Republicans and Puritans. Careless of wealth—refusing fees for unrighteous causes, and in doubtful matters urging arbitration—contemptuous of pomp or show—preferring to a royal audience a quiet evening with Richard Baxter in his humble house at Acton—and, averse to power, thrust into parliament against his will, and shunning the ermine more eagerly than most have sought it, he seemed to stand aloof from contemporary influence and human frailty with a sort of angelic isolation. The secret of his purity was his religious principle. His tender conscience was enlightened, and his powerful will was guided by the wisdom from above; and as soon as he was convinced that a given action was right or wrong, his resolution was a rock. When at Oxford he began his studies with every prospect of distinction, but having gone to witness some plays, he became so enamoured of the stage that he could apply his mind to nothing else. In the midst of a brilliant career, he found himself suddenly spell-

* Forming *part* of a characteristic paper in the *English Presbyterian Messenger*, entitled "Piety and the Legal Profession."

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bound; and, indignant at his own infatuation, he formed a resolution that he would never enter a theatre again—a resolution which all the dramatic glories of London never tempted the young barrister to break. And it was at the same time that he witnessed a spectacle which fairly scared him from convivial compliances all the rest of his life. He was present at a college party where one of his companions drank till he dropped down apparently dead; and shocked at the occurrence, the gownsman retired to the next room, and made a vow that he would never drink another health again. And, no doubt, the clear head and the ample leisure secured by his abstinence from the theatre and the tavern were a mighty help to the legal erudition and business application which saw him at last Chief-Justice of England. And so was a third habit, which had an origin equally emphatic, and was maintained with the same scrupulous tenacity. Many are already acquainted with the memorable testimony regarding the Sabbath, which he bequeathed to his children: "I have, by long and sound experience, found that the due observance of this day hath been of singular comfort and advantage to me; and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it to us; and as it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to him, so I have found that a due observation of this day hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the weak that hath been so begun hath been blessed and prosperous to me; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful, and unhappy to my own secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes in my own employments the week following, by the manner of my passing this day. And this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience." To this testimony the instructive fact may be added, that for thirty-six years together he was never one Lord's-day absent from the sanctuary. The circumstance in which his strict Sabbath-keeping took its rise occurred when he was very young. A relative had died at London, when he was at home in Gloucestershire, and posting to town in order to look after some affairs of business, one horse fell lame, another died, and everything fell out so contrary that he took it as a divine rebuke, and never more sought business or pleasure on God's holy day.

And here let us throw in two remarks of some practical import.—1. Those characters are usually the most clear and consistent which date from a decisive beginning. Like the stream which has no definite source, but somehow flows and filters from a swampy level, the religion which has no specific period for its commencement, but has somehow oozed and augmented out of many influences, may for a long track bear an earthly tincture on its bosom, and look half human, half divine; while the rill that leaps directly from a gushing well, or from such a stony rift as the prophet's rod once clave, hies pearly and pellucid on its instant way. And as with religion entire, so with its individual graces. Those are usually the most explicit and impressive which can recall a marked beginning—the scrupulous honesty which ever since some signal occasion is terrified to be intrusted with another's property; the truthful accuracy which has learned by some striking experience to let the yea be yea, and the nay be nay; the severe self-control which, ever since some rash-spoken hour, has remembered, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." It gave a distinctness and decision quite unique to the character of Sir Matthew Hale—it gave a precision and prominence to his characteristic excellencies, that they had a marked commencement, and from the very first pitched high. It was not only that he was sober, but so sober that, since the awful day when a besotted companion dropped senseless beside him, he had never drank a health nor joined a convivial meeting. It was not only that he was opposed to theatrical amusements, but so weaned from them, that since he was a student he had never entered a playhouse. And it was not only that he was an observer of the Sabbath, but so strict in its observance, that during all his arduous life he had never travelled nor transacted worldly business on that day. 2. And, therefore, it is our next remark, that those who slight providential warnings, miss the best opportunity for achieving a new character, and starting on a career of excellence in the noblest style. In his gracious solicitude for the conversion of sinners, and for the correction of evil habits, it is not only the precept in his Word, but the opportunity in his providence, which God gives us. You have long had the conviction in your mind that a certain course was wrong; but still it was a *course*, and you could not easily stop it, till at last God stopped it for you. He changed the scene. He sent you to a new place of sojourn, or he laid you on a bed of sickness; or, by death, or some other disaster, he saddened and solemnized your mind; or, by some terrible lesson, he wrote, as with a finger of lightning, the guilt of your conduct; or, by some moral suasion, some book or friendly remonstrance, he drew your heart for a season away from it. He made a breach. He just gave such a vantage as a tender conscience would hail, and such as in the case before us, secured the triumph of virtue. But did you improve it? Did you seek strength from the Saviour; and from that propitious and critical moment did your history take a new and decisive turn? The comparison has been used a thousand times, in which the progress of vice or the vicious man is likened to the progress of a stone down a hill. First slowly turning over and over, and gently rolling on the sward, an infant's hand might halt it; but presently it spins in haste, and bounds from bank to brae, and as it spurns, and vaults, and flies, nought shall hinder it till it spread in smoking fragments on the plain. At the outset of an idle or flagitious career, at the commencement of a dishonest or dissolute course, an interposition comparatively feeble may be a sufficient arrest, and the transgressor may be saved in time. But if the habit be confirmed—if the sin have gathered strength by going—there is no power short of Omnipotence which can stop the downward flight. Yet, as gracious as he is mighty,

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God often interferes, and, like a stone suspended in mid-air, charmed into neutrality, so that you may turn it either way, he lays a momentary arrest on the besetting sin, and gives the sinner a propitious pause, an eventful moment, when, if he choose, he may turn and live. Happy they who know this time of mercy, and seeking pardon in a Saviour's merits, break off the sin whilst Providence has stopped its speed!

Though every one knew that the regulating power of his heart and life was real religion, Sir Matthew was an old man, or, rather, he had left the world, before it was known how profound his piety was. Such was his sense of God's majesty, and so exalted the idea which he entertained of the gospel, that he had long practised religion before he ventured to profess it; and though his "Contemplations on Christ Crucified," and kindred subjects were anonymously published during his life, it is in his "Counsels to his Children," and in a touching little volume of "Advice to my Grandchildren," lately brought to light, that we see the whole of his fatherly and affectionate heart, and learn how tender was his conscience, and how pervasive his piety. And let it here be remembered that it was the God-fearing uprightness of this chief-justice which gave the finishing stroke to judicial venality, and contributed more than anything else to encircle the British tribunal with the most august of its attributes—its non-respect of persons. It was Cromwell who first made him a judge; but finding that in a trial in which the Protector was more than ordinarily interested, he had himself returned the jury, instead of the sheriff, Hale quoted the statute, and dismissing the jury, refused to try the case. And when he returned to London, the Protector was so far nettled, that he told him, "You are not fit to be a judge;" and Hale answered "That is very true." Perhaps profiting by the experience of his predecessor, it does not seem that Charles II. ever tampered with this incorruptible dispenser of justice; but some of his courtiers tried it. One day a noble duke entered his study, and told him that, having a case which would shortly come on before his lordship, he had just stepped in to explain it a little beforehand. But Hale at once stopped him: "You deal not fairly to come to my chamber about such affairs; for I never receive any information about causes except in open court." His grace went away in a passion, and told the king; but the merry monarch bade him content himself that he had got off so easily, for "I verily believe he would have used myself no better, had I gone to solicit him about any of my own causes." Many are familiar with the story, how, when a case was called at the assizes, he asked, "Is not that the person who sent me the venison?" and would not let the trial proceed till he had paid for the present. And some may think that in this and other instances recorded, he showed a squeamish or ostentatious incorruptibility; but it must be remembered that in the outset of any reformation, nothing can be done without glaring instances. There was no need for the citizens of Edinburgh to fling into the North Loch their wooden tutelary, St Giles; but still the sight of the floating saint had a wonderful effect in hastening the downfall of graven images. And, perhaps, there was no need for Solomon to propose a division of the disputed infant. He might possibly have found other evidence as to its real maternity; but the bold stroke, and its quaint sagacity, were the very thing to awaken popular plaudits, and encircle with oracular awe the judgment-seat of Solomon. And it may be, that there was no necessity in open court to pay a hospitable squire for his gift of venison, or to refund a wealthy cathedral chapter for its customary largess of sugar-loaves; but the punctiliousness and publicity of the act gave it all its power. And, whilst it brought into black relief the venality of Jeffreys, and the meanness of Scroggs, it closed the system, and every subsequent occupant of the English bench has found a model in the pure and high-minded conduct of Lord Chief-Justice Hale.

A Missionary Address to Children.

PART I.

WHAT DOES THE MISSIONARY BOX SAY?

THERE is your missionary box standing on the chimney-piece. It has got the middle place among the flowers and ornaments. You have another like it, only larger, at your Sabbath school. It is placed by the door that you may see it every time you enter. Well, did you ever listen, when you were going into the school, or sitting by the fire, to *what the box said to you?* "Why, you do not mean to say that the box *speaks*, do you?" Yes; it speaks, indeed, and says a great many things too. It does not require a *mouth* to speak. Many things speak to us without mouths. There is the *old castle*, which you like so much to go and see when you get a holiday. I am sure it tells you many things. Did you not feel, the last time you were there, when you looked into the dark gloomy *dungeon*, as if it told you how dreadful must have been the lot of the poor men who used to be shut up in that miserable place? The very thought of it made you shudder. You remember also noticing one part of the walls very much battered; which was done by the cannon of an enemy, who besieged the castle at one time. When you looked at these marks, you could scarce help fancying that you saw the soldiers round the castle firing away with their cannon. It was the scars on the old walls that made you think of them. As you went home from the castle, too, perhaps you thought you would go through the *church-yard*. You saw the old grave-digger at work, and you had a little curiosity to look into the grave. You stood by seeing him cast out the earth, and going down deeper and deeper. He came upon some bones, and threw them up too—arm and leg bones, and ribs. Then came the skull. When he cast it up it rolled down the heap of earth until it stopped at the bottom, with the great empty holes, where the eyes once were, staring you right in the face. You could not bear to look at it. It seemed to say to you in a solemn voice, "You will just be like me some day, and your bones be cast out of a grave, as mine are, by a grave-digger." You ran out of the church-yard,

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trying to banish the thought from your mind, and be as light-hearted as before. But just as you were jumping over the style, your eye lighted upon a *head-stone*, standing near the wall. You stopped and looked at it for a while, and then walked slowly away. You felt very serious and thoughtful. What made you so? Ah! it was something the *stone* had told you. It was one of your school companions who was buried there. Many a happy day you and he had had playing together. But death came and took him away. You went along thinking about him, and thinking how soon you also might die, and a head-stone be placed over you. It was the stone in the churchyard that called up these thoughts. And you know the *old blind man*, who sits by the cross in your town, seeking alms, does not need to speak. As he sits there, with his hat in his hand, the cold wind blowing upon his bald head the while, every one who passes feels as if his *blind eyes* cried, "Take pity upon the poor blind man."

You see, then, how many things speak to us, and you will easily remember a great many more. "Well," you say, "tell us now *what the missionary box says.*" It tells you many useful lessons, and you might learn them for yourselves, if you would look at it, and listen, and think. Let us go to it. There it is, with the hole in the top for dropping in the money, and the name, printed in large letters on the side of it, "Missionary Box." Now, you must stand still and think about it, and hear. The reason why you never heard what it said before was, you paid no attention to it. May God make us attend to what it says, for they are important things indeed which it tells us. Let us listen, then.

THE BOX SPEAKS!

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

"*God has had pity upon poor lost sinners.*"

He has not left them to perish in their sins. He has not cast them away like the devil and his angels. They deserved *hell*, and He might have cast them all into that lake of fire, but He took pity upon them. They were lost and undone, and could not save themselves; and he sent his Son Jesus to save them. He sent him from heaven to earth, that he might get sinners from earth to heaven. He sent him to *die*, that sinners might *live*.

"*Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has died for sinners.*"

When his Father sent him to save sinners, he did not draw back. He also pitied poor lost sinners, and was glad to come and save them. He came into this world, then, on this errand of mercy. He came as a little child, and he lived until he grew a boy, then a youth, then a man. For thirty-three years he was in the world. And all this time he was doing that by which sinners might be saved. It took all this time, for he had much to do for them, and all must be done. They could not have made up any deficiencies. Jesus loved God's holy law, and in the room and stead of sinners, he did all that it required of them. But they had broken it, and it demanded their *death*. If Jesus, then, takes *their* place, he must *die;* and so he did. It was an awful day that, when God the Father turned against his own Son, and not only gave him into the hands of devils and wicked men, to do what they would with him, but also drew his great sword of justice, and smote him with his own hand! Ah! it was an awful day—Jesus trembled sore, and was in great agony. But he did not draw back. He loved poor sinners, and he was willing to *die* for them, that they might be allowed to live. They laid Jesus in the grave, and they thought all was over with him now. But the Father raised him from the dead, and took him to himself again. The Lord Jesus, who loves sinners so well, is risen indeed! He is at the right hand of God in heaven now.

"*Poor sinners may now be saved.*"

The door is open, and all are welcome. God invites all to come and be saved. He sends out his servants to tell them to come, for all things are ready. The blood of Jesus is ready to cleanse them. The Spirit of Jesus is ready to give them new hearts. The righteousness of Jesus is ready to clothe them. *All* things are ready! all that they need to deliver them from their wretched state—to bring them back to God—to the enjoyment of peace with him—all that they need to make them truly happy for ever. All may now be saved—whosoever will—sinners of all nations, and all times, and all colours—young sinners and old sinners—poor sinners and rich sinners—all may come, even the very chief of sinners, and be saved. The blessed God will forgive, and bless, and save them all, for his dear Son's sake.

Now all these things the missionary box tells us, and truly they are good news. Oh! forget them not. Think of what it says about the love of God and of Christ. Think how you may be saved; and resolve *at once* to go to God for pardon and salvation through Jesus. If you do this, you will like to listen again to the missionary box. It has other things to tell us, and it is chiefly about them that it speaks. Then look at it and listen.

THE BOX SPEAKS AGAIN!

"*Many poor sinners do not know about Christ and salvation.*"

Christ has died for sinners, and opened the door of salvation; but they have never heard these glad tidings. Their minds are dark as midnight. They know not how they may obtain peace with God. When their consciences tell them how sinful they have been—when their guilt presses, like a heavy burden, upon their hearts, so that they are fearful and sad, they do not know of that blessed Saviour, who calls upon all who are weary and heavy laden to come to him, and he will give them rest. They do not know of his shed blood, or of his glorious righteousness, or of his renewing Spirit. They know about none of these things. They do not feel happy, and they know not where happiness is to be found. So ignorant are they, that some of them pray to pieces of wood and stone—idols they have made with their own hands. Others pray to beasts of the field, birds of the air, and fish of the sea. Others worship the sun, the moon, and stars. They cry to these things to save them! Ah! they do not know that God alone can hear prayer—that the blood of Jesus alone can wash away their sins.

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"*Have pity upon the poor heathen, who do not know about Christ.*"

Send Bibles to them—send missionaries to preach the glad tidings of salvation to them, and to teach them to read God's Word. O let them not be ignorant of these things! Help forward in this good work. Many missionaries are now far away among the heathen, telling them about Jesus. Help to support these good men. Help to send out more of them, so that the light of the gospel may arise in those places where all are yet dark. *Take pity upon the poor heathen.* Give us something that we may send the glorious gospel to them, that they may no longer be ignorant of the way by which they may be saved.

These are the things which the missionary box says. Come, then, to Jesus yourself. Get him to be *your* Saviour. Try, like Andrew and Philip (John I. 40–45), to get others to come too. Think of the miserable state of the poor heathen. Ask what you can do for them. Perhaps you cannot go to them yourself; but can you not give something to help others to go? Listen to what the missionary box says. Do what it says, and you will feel happy yourself, and, by God's blessing, you will make others happy too.

LUTHER'S BOLDNESS AND TRUST.

I WILL act to the utmost of the strength that the Lord shall give me, and, with God's help, never will I fear anything.....

As for those who threaten me, I have nothing to say to them in reply, unless it be in the words of Reuchlin, "The poor man has nothing to fear, for he has nothing to lose." I have no property and no money, and I ask for none. There remains nothing but this wretched body, weakened by so many trials; let them destroy it, by foul means or by fair, for the glory of God! They may thus abridge, by a few hours, the natural term of this life. Enough for me to have a precious Redeemer—a mighty High Priest—Jesus Christ, my Lord. I will praise him as long as I have a breath of life. If none choose to praise him along with me, what matters it to me?.....

I have met with pusillanimous persons, who would persuade me not to repair to Augsburg; but I am resolved to go there. May the Lord's will be done! Jesus reigns even at Augsburg, and in the midst of his enemies. Let Christ live; let Luther die, and every sinner, according as it is written! Let the God of my salvation be exalted! Comfort yourself well—persevere—be stedfast; for we must be reproved either by men or by God; but God is true, and man a liar.....

The Lord lives and reigns; to his safe keeping I commend myself, and I doubt not that, in answer to the prayers of some godly souls, he will send me help. I think I can feel that I am prayed for.....

I cannot retire from the contest. I commit the whole affair to God, giving my bark to the winds and waves. It is the Lord's war.....

My bark floats hither and thither at the mercy of the winds and waves; hope and fear prevail by times; but what does it matter? The Lord reigns, so evidently that he may be felt.....

All that I ask of Christ for myself is, that I may be able to support the evils that await me with the courage of a man. I am a vessel of clay in his hands; let him break me or strengthen me as it pleases him.....

I know not what will be the result, nor do I care to know, assured, as I am, that He who sitteth in the heavens hath foreseen from all eternity the commencement, the continuation, and the end of this affair. Wherever the blow may reach me, I am without fear. Not a leaf falls from a tree without the will of our Father. How much less can we? It is a small matter to die for the Word; for that Word, which became incarnate for our sake, died itself first. If we die with it, we shall rise with it; and passing through what it passed through, we shall arrive where it has arrived, and shall dwell with it throughout eternity.....

Let my books be destroyed. I wish for nothing more; for my only wish has been to lead souls to the Bible, after coming to which, they may forsake my writings, one and all. Great God! had we but the knowledge of Scripture, what need would there be for my books? By the grace of God I am free, and bulls neither comfort nor terrify me. My strength and consolation are placed where neither men nor devils can reach them.

PRACTICAL PASSAGES FROM LUTHER.

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

To know Jesus Christ is to comprehend what the apostle says: "*Christ has of God been made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*" Now, thou understandest this, if thou dost own that all thy wisdom is a condemnable folly, thy righteousness condemnable iniquity, thy sanctification condemnable defilement, thy redemption a miserable condemnation—if thou dost feel that verily in the sight of God and of all creatures thou art a fool, a sinner, an impious person, a condemned man—and if thou dost show, not only by words, but also from the bottom of thine heart, and by thy works, that there remaineth no solace for thee, and no salvation unless in Jesus Christ. To believe, is nothing but to eat this bread from heaven.....

It is impossible that a man can be a Christian without having Christ; and if he have Christ, he has at the same time all that is Christ's. What gives peace to our conscience is, that through faith our sins are no longer ours, but Christ's, on whom God has laid them all; and that, on the other hand, all Christ's righteousness is ours, God having bestowed it on us. Christ lays his hands on us, and we are healed. He casts his mantle over us, and we are covered; for he is the glorious Saviour—blessed evermore.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Learn to know Christ, and Christ crucified. Learn to sing to him a new song, to despair of thyself, and to say to him: "Thou, Lord Jesus, thou art my righteousness, and I, I am thy sin. Thou hast taken what was mine, and thou hast given me what is thine. What thou wast not, that thou hast become, in order that I may become what I was not!" Beware of pretending to such a degree of purity, as to cease regarding thyself a sinner; for it is only in sinners that Christ dwells. He came down from heaven, where he dwelt in the righteous, in order that he might dwell also in sinners. Carefully meditate on this love of Christ, and thou shalt then derive from it the sweets of ineffable consolation. Could our works and our afflictions procure for us peace of conscience, why should Christ have died? Thou shalt find peace only in him, by despairing of thyself and thy works, and by learning with what love he opens his arms to receive thee, taking thy sins upon him, and giving thee all his righteousness....

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Christ gave himself for our sins. It was not silver or gold that he gave for us; it was not a man—no, nor all the angels: it was himself, out of whom there is nothing great. And this incomparable treasure he gave for our sins! Where now are they who proudly vaunt the power of their will? Where are the lessons of moral philosophy? Where are the power and the force of the law? Seeing our sins are so great that nothing can remove them, if it be not this measure of ransom, shall we still pretend to obtain righteousness by the virtue of our will—by the power of the law—by the doctrines of men? What would we be at, with all these artifices and all these illusions? Ah! we would cover our iniquities with a delusive righteousness, and we would make ourselves such hypocrites as nothing in the universe could ever save.

TRUE PEACE.

You want peace, but it is the peace of the world, not that of Christ. Know you not, then, that our God has placed his peace in the midst of war? That man has not peace whom nobody troubles. But he who, though molested by all men, and by all things belonging to this life, endures all calmly and joyfully, that man possesses true peace. You say with Israel, "Peace, peace!" and there is no peace. Say rather with Christ, "The cross, the cross!" and there will be no cross. For the cross ceases to be the cross as soon as one can affectionately say, "No wood like thine!".....

BE CONTENT.

I WILL not care what I have, whether much or little. If little, my account shall be less: if more, I shall do the more good, and receive the more glory.—BISHOP HALL.

We look only on those above us, which strains our hearts in pursuit, and puts all our faculties painfully on the stretch: whereas, if we looked on those below us too, it would abate our ferment, remit our painful attention, and inspire quite new sentiments of our own state.—YOUNG.

Who lives to nature never can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.—YOUNG.

An African has no right to complain that he was not born a Briton; nor a porter that he was not born a prince; nor Saphronius and I, that we were not made prophets and apostles. If God has furnished all men with such natural powers, as, being improved in the best manner, would lead them to virtue, religion, and happiness, surely his creatures may give him leave to make so much distinction between them, as to set some of them in a plainer and easier road to happiness than he has others: and it is shameful ingratitude for us in Christian countries to complain of our bountiful Creator, who has afforded us such peculiar favours, and made our way to heaven plainest of all.—DR WATTS.

Be thine own home, and in thyself dwell—
Inn anywhere;
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy pac'd) this snail:
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.
DONNE.

It is true in matter of estate, as of our garments, not that which is largest, but that which fits us best, is best for us. "Be content with such things as *ye have.*"—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

WHENCE IT COMES.

ON God's blessing all depends: I hold to that truth firmly; I know it, and have experienced it. In the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, a heavy curse was on us, and everything miscarried. In the years 1813 and 1814, God's blessing returned, and everything succeeded. Even the errors then committed, the repulses we experienced, the mistakes that occurred, fell out, through a marvellous combination of fortuitous circumstances, to our advantage, and led to the most unexpected and favourable results, so much so, that we were surprised and astounded.

The important victory at Culm, so beneficial in its consequences, common report — indeed, historical works—have attributed to my insight and orders; but the truth is quite otherwise. My ally, the Emperor Alexander, and myself, had taken our stand, on the day of battle, on the castle hill near Toplitz, whence we could survey the whole field of conflict. The balance fluctuated, indeed was inclining towards the French; when at mid-day, at the very decisive moment, General Von Kleist, appeared on the heights of Nollendorf, with his corps, which insured us the victory. His arrival was by no means part of an arranged plan, but a providential circumstance; for in reality, he was in full flight from the unfortunate affair near Dresden, followed by the French, and had chosen the route through Bohemia for his retreat towards Silesia: that it was which brought him to the right spot at the right moment. We knew nothing of him, nor he of us; nothing was agreed upon. That he did not make his appearance earlier, nor later, nor more to the left, nor more to the right, but at the eventful hour, in the right place for deciding the battle, was help and salvation from God. My thankfulness and joy were therefore more inwardly pure; and I do not feel inclined to have such sensations disturbed and spoiled by having attributed to me that which I had no part in: to God be the honour and praise!—FREDERICK WILLIAM III. *of Prussia.*

FRAGMENTS FROM NEVINS.

REASON—ITS PROPER PLACE.

SOME say their *reason* declares certain doctrines of revelation to be untrue, and that is enough. Your reason! And what, pray, is your reason? How much is its dictum worth? What weighs your reason in the great scale of minds? Who made it a judge of what its Maker ought to reveal, and ought to be, and ought to do; and to affirm that this may be true, and that may not be true? Do you say that God enkindled this light within you? True; but he meant it to illuminate its own little sphere, and not to boast itself a sun, and plant itself in the heavens, in its Maker's place and stead.

WORSE THAN THE DEVIL.

The wicked of earth have at last, in one thing, outdone their elder brethren of the darker world. The devil has an utter enmity to religion; but man, worse herein than he, has a sovereign contempt for it. The devil hates godliness; but it is not in him to laugh at it. His remembrance of heaven has not so faded

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away. It is left unto men alone to make game of prayer, and to mock praise, and to have a laugh out of the character of him who fears God.

BOTH WORLDS LOST.

How absurd the conduct of the mere professor. He takes great pains, and gets nothing for it but greater guilt and heavier condemnation. He has too much conscience to neglect religion entirely, and too little to make thorough work of it; and thus he loses both worlds. Religion does not, and the world cannot, make him happy; and all this happens in consequence of his trying to be, what he never can be—a lover of this world, and a lover of God too.

REJECTION OF CHRIST.

The song of joy from heaven has never been answered by a general shout of gratitude from earth. Only a few faint voices, from the low places of the earth, have responded to the loud concert of the angels.

WHAT IF THE WORLD HAD BEEN LOST?

Who would have missed it? Celestial spirits would have praised the justice that condemned it. But the conception of redeeming mercy was infinitely above them. A lost world saved!—'tis a thought high as heaven! A rebel world restored!—'tis deep as hell! A God was as necessary to the contrivance as to the execution of the plan of redemption. To the wonder of creation, God came to consummate it. It is well that the bliss of the redeemed will never end; for in this one mystery of redemption there is food enough to serve all heaven eternally.

FAITH AND REASON.

Faith is not contrary to reason, any more than John the Baptist was contrary to Christ—than the morning star is contrary to the sun. They go together, so far as reason can go at all—as the elder and younger prophet, until, one being left gazing up, the other mounts a chariot of fire, and ascends into the third heaven.

ERROR RENDERED PALATABLE BY THE ADMIXTURE OF TRUTH.

——— That hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true, to vent more lies.
MILTON.

THIS is the simple principle upon which Popery has constructed her delusions, and entraps her victims. Naked falsehood is too revolting to obtain any admirers.—*Anon.*

Satan, the father of lies, can declare the most important truths when it will serve his purpose; and if he were permitted, he could do more mischief by ingeniously connecting the doctrines of the gospel with pernicious errors and immoral practices, than by every species of superstition, persecution, and infidelity. Much he actually effects in this way, by means of Antinomian, enthusiastical, and scandalous preachers; who, being confounded with the real servants of Christ, bring them also into contempt and abhorrence in the estimation of superficial observers. We must therefore strenuously disclaim such coalitions.—*Rev. T. Scott.*

ERROR OF EXTREMES.

IF you discover an error to an injudicious man, he reeleth into the contrary error, and it is hard to stop him in the middle verity.—*Baxter.*

DETRACTION.

DETRACTION is that killing, poisonous arrow, drawn out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying about and doing execution in the dark; against which no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security; it is a weapon formed in hell, and formed by that prime artificer and engineer, the devil; and none but that great God, who knows all things and can do all things, can protect the best of men against it.—*South.*

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

ON the Sabbath which followed the death of Charles II., James II. attended mass in the chapel of St James. The Duke of Norfolk, a Protestant nobleman, whose office it was to bear the sword of state, stopped short when he came to the door of the chapel, as declining to proceed. James was obviously disconcerted. "My Lord," he said, "your father would have gone farther." "Your majesty's father," said the Duke, "would not have gone so far."

FASHION AND DISSIPATION.

WHO are half so much the slaves of the world as the gay and the dissipated? Those who work for time, have at least their hours of rest; those who labour for subsistence, are at liberty when subsistence is procured; but those who toil to please the vain and the idle, undertake a task which can never be finished, however scrupulously all private peace and all internal comfort may be sacrificed in reality to the folly of saving appearances.—*Cecilia.*

A GARDEN.

SIR WILLIAM WALLER, one of Cromwell's generals, and by far the best specimen of them, says, in his "Meditations," that a man's best walk in his garden is Enoch's walk, for *Enoch walked with God;* obviously meaning, that *he* would have the purest enjoyment there who could learn to look through such an earthly pleasure to the highest delights of the heavenly paradise.

I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden to be one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable habit of mind.—*Spectator.*

WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

As to amusements — I mean what the world call such—we have none: the place, indeed, swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professed business of almost all the genteel inhabitants of Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them, or to be accessories to this way of murdering our time; and, by so doing, have acquired the name of Methodists.—*Cowper.*

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THE SABBATH—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born on the seventh day. The heavens and the earth had been all finished, and looked fresh as they came from the Creator's hand. "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." He then called me into being, and chose me as his own day. When I first dawned on the new world, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Creation wore a smile of congratulation. The sun shone forth with a serener radiance; the winds whispered peace; the ocean stilled the noise of its waves, and sang a solemn anthem; the little hills clapped their hands; the beasts of the field lay in repose; man, their proprietor, and the high priest of this lower sanctuary, came forth with a smile to welcome me; and the Maker himself, after his six days' labour, "rested and was refreshed."

I had not been long in existence when sin entered this fair and blessed abode. Man fell, and was banished from paradise; and I felt as if my glory had departed, for I was one of the sacraments of Eden, meant to seal the primeval covenant; and, the life having been forfeited, I seemed to be left behind, the empty symbol of a peace which man was to know no longer. But I heard the first promise which spoke hope to a ruined world; and even then did I feel a presentiment that, when the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent, there would be a new creation, in which I should undergo some change of form, and that the Son of God would provide a more glorious rest, of which I should be the herald and the harbinger.

Years rolled on, and among those who "called on the name of the Lord," I was still respected and loved for the sake of the old creation, of which I reminded them; but wickedness soon gained the ascendency, and it became necessary to wash away the universal pollution by the awful baptism of the flood. Even during this visitation, which confounded day and night, the righteous Noah, perfect in his generation, was not deficient in my observance. Every seventh day did he look for a cessation of the judgment; nor were his expectations disappointed, for on that day "the dove with the olive branch in her mouth," the emblem of my peace and purity, returned to the ark to tell that the waters were stayed.

Ages rolled on, and still men continued to measure their time by my weeks, as well as by the sun's years and the moon's months; and ever and anon would God put a mark of honour on me, to distinguish me from other days. The manna in the wilderness would not fall from heaven when I came round; but a double portion fell on the previous day, teaching men that on the seventh day they should not do any work, and that no man would ultimately suffer any loss by honouring me. And then, when the law was delivered from Sinai, amidst thunderings and lightnings, did God formally remind men of their duty to me, saying, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." He set me like a diadem in the midst of his holy law; and he fenced me round with awful sanctions; and he affectionately recalled to the remembrance of mankind the blessed day of my birth, when he rested from his works, and first hallowed me as his own.

Long did I receive the homage of God's ancient Church, and many were the scenes which I witnessed during her eventful history. I saw the walls of Jericho, after being encompassed six days, fall to the ground, overturned by an unseen hand on my seventh. And then how greatly did the good old saints of that Church rejoice in me! How did David long for me in the wilderness of Judah! how glad was he when they said to him, "This is the day which the Lord hath made:" "Let us go into the house of the Lord." Still, though there were many who, like him, "called the Sabbath of the Lord a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honourable," and even the sons of the stranger would "keep their feet from polluting" me, I was often grievously profaned; and sad was the retribution. God's people were driven into strange lands, where their heathen "adversaries did mock at their Sabbaths," and "the Lord caused the Sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion." These chastisements produced, indeed, a wholesome reaction: so that when, on their return from captivity, their heathen neighbours would have allured them into forgetfulness of my sanctity, the patriotic Nehemiah put a stop to the evil, saying to them, "What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath-day? Did not our fathers thus, and did not the Lord bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath?"

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Such, however, is the weakness and perversity of man, that even the strictness thus introduced in the outward observance of my rest was abused, the letter of the law was substituted for its spirit, and a race of hypocrites, strangers to the holiness of my nature, thought to atone for a life of sin by a rigid abstinence on the Sabbath from all manual employment, and even from works of necessity and mercy. But a brighter era was awaiting me. "What the law" of the Sabbath "could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his Son, condemned sin in the flesh, that henceforth men should serve him in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." The Prince of peace did not come to destroy the Day of peace. He himself kept it with scrupulous care; but he taught that it should be observed "in spirit and in truth." He showed that works of mercy, so far from being violations of the Sabbath, were really fulfilling its design. He rescued me from the dust and rubbish of rabbinical doctrine, and placed me, like the institution of marriage, on my original basis, far above the ceremonies of the Mosaic law, and the traditions of men.

And now I felt myself approaching the zenith of my glory, when the transformation I had anticipated after the entrance of sin was awaiting me. The Son of God expired on the cross, and I, as the seventh day, expired with him; he was buried, and I was buried with him; but he rose again on the first day of the week, and I rose with him—a new, a spiritual, a Christian Sabbath.

He himself, my original Creator, and now my Regenerator, was the first to honour me in my Christian character. He chose me as the day on which, during his sojourn on earth after his resurrection, he would meet with his disciples, and bless them. And ever after did the Christians meet together for worship on that day on which Christ had met with them. It was on this, my new day, that the disciples were met, "when the day of Pentecost was fully come," and when, the Spirit descending on them in his miraculous gifts, they began to preach with new tongues; "and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls." It was on the same day, now called "The Lord's-day," that John was "in the Spirit," and beheld the wonders recorded in the Revelation. And ever since has the Church honoured me as the Christian Sabbath. Many are the solemn scenes I have witnessed since my new career began. I have been celebrated in the catacombs of Rome, when such was the rage of their heathen persecutors, that Christians were compelled to meet under ground, among the sepulchres of the dead. I have witnessed the rise of Antichrist; and, during the gloomy period of the dark ages, was buried under a multitude of saints' days and holidays, which usurped my place without fulfilling my purposes. On the bleak mountains of Piedmont I nursed a race of hardy confessors, who acknowledged my exclusive claims to sanctity. And, at the era of the blessed Reformation, I rose from the dust again, the honoured day of the Lord. Wherever true religion has flourished, there have I received my due meed of observance. But of all the nations of Christendom, none have shown me so much veneration as Scotland. From the earliest times she has honoured me above all others, and to this day is she my favourite home. Much has she done for me; her fathers have suffered for their allegiance to me, and on my sacred day, in the hour of trial, have they sought the wild heath and mountain glen, there to enjoy uninterrupted my sacred hours, in the service of their God. Much has she done for me, but more have I done for her. How many a sweet and solemn meeting has by me been consecrated and blessed! How many souls have I helped forward on their Christian course! How many have dated from me their first acquaintance with the Saviour—their first heaven-born hope—their first heaven-taught prayer! And how shall I speak of other boons! I have smoothed the wrinkled brow of care. I have washed the sweat from the face of toil, and wiped the tear from the eye of sorrow. I have nerved the hardy husbandman with a devotion unequalled in any other clime for depth of feeling and intelligence. I have nurtured the mountaineer into a steadiness of principle which bids defiance to change of clime, and distinguishes him wherever he may wander. And now, am I to be trampled under foot by a crowd of strangers, pouring into my peaceful abode from a land where my rights have never been fully recognised, nor my holiness revered, because it pleases them to travel, and because it pleases a few, for the sake of gain, to give them the means of travelling, on the Lord's own day! God forbid. I throw myself for protection on the hearts I have formed for myself, and on the reverence which I have inspired. Long may my beloved land maintain her allegiance, in the face of all opposition; and may the blessing of the Sabbath rest on her sons and daughters for ever!

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THE PROTESTANT CHURCH OF FRANCE.*

WHERE, among the Churches of the Reformation on the Continent, is there another whose history possesses so thrilling an interest as that which belongs to the Reformed Church of France? The eldest daughter of the Reformation, as D'Aubigné has shown, if we regard only dates, the French Protestant Church would, on that ground alone, powerfully rivet our interest. France did not borrow her Protestantism from Germany or Switzerland—it sprung up in her own soil. The Reformation there was a separate and independent movement, and took precedence, in point of time, of that of the neighbouring countries, though, from various causes, the effects that followed have been less durable. France was the first country to receive the light that broke on Europe in the beginning of the sixteenth century—the first to feel the influence of that fresh breath that then began to reanimate the world. Before the Doctor of Wittemberg had roused the cities of Germany, or the Reformer of Zurich had begun to dispel the thick darkness that filled the Swiss valleys, Lefevre was disseminating the vital truths of the New Testament in Paris; and from the school of the Doctor of Etaples proceeded some who were afterwards among the most distinguished champions of the Reformation. Francis I. and Margaret of Valois, both of whom figure in the foreground of the Reformation, became the instruments in moulding the future destinies of Protestantism in their country. Those doctrines which Lefevre had taught in the university, Margaret, by the graces of her manner, the endowments of her genius, the purity of her morals, and, above all, the influence of her station, was the means of introducing into the court. Many of the courtiers and nobles were induced to listen to the new doctrines, and afterwards warmly to espouse them; and thus the infant Protestant Church of France found numerous and powerful protectors. Its growth, amazingly rapid, soon gave it unrivalled distinction, as regarded the rank and number of its adherents; nor was it less distinguished by the purity of its creed. In 1559 the French Protestant Church was regularly organized. In that year its General Assembly met for the first time, and drew up a confession of faith and canons of discipline. These documents embodied the sentiments of the Church, uninfluenced by any dictation on the part of the State. They accorded with the scheme of doctrine and the form of government revealed in the New Testament; and they were in perfect harmony with the confessions of the other Protestant Churches, especially that of Scotland, between the old Scots Confession of which and the Articles of Faith passed by the first General Assembly of the French Church there exists a close and striking agreement. The success of the Reformation in France, for some years afterwards, was truly marvellous; and though secondary causes may be assigned—such as the countenance its doctrines received from nobles and men of influence, and, above all, from Margaret of Valois—the peculiar susceptibility of the French people, and the chivalrous courage with which they range themselves on the side of whatever appears to be true—a quality that often betrays them into the support of what is merely plausible—yet the extraordinary progress of the French Protestant Church at that period can be fully explained only on the supposition of a direct influence acting on the nation, and a special blessing resting on it from on high. In 1571, only twelve years from the meeting of its first Assembly—an Assembly which counted only eleven ministers—the Protestant Church of France had reached a pitch of greatness that could scarce be credited, especially when we think that it was attained in so short a time, and in the face of a hostile court, were it not authenticated by historians of unquestionable veracity. This was the era of its most flourishing condition. "At the Synod or General Assembly of Rochelle, in 1571," says Mr Lorimer, in his "Historical Sketch of the Protestant Church of France," "the celebrated Theodore Beza presided as moderator, and the Queen of Navarre, the Prince of Navarre, Henry de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, Prince Lewis, Count of Nassau, and Count de Coligny, Admiral of France, and other lords and gentlemen, were present. So rapid had been the diffusion of the gospel, under the outpouring of the Spirit, that Beza could count 2150 churches in connection with the Protestant Church of France—and the churches were not small or insignificant in point of strength. In some there were ten thousand members. The Church of Orleans had seven hundred communicants; and the ministers in such churches were proportionally numerous: two ministers to a church was common, and that of Orleans had five. At this period there were three hundred and five pastors in the one province of Normandy, and in Provence there were sixty. All this betokens wonderful growth." What would not a Church which in twenty years had reached such a height of prosperity have become in a hundred? At the same rate of progress, not France only, but Europe, would have been converted to Protestantism. With the resources, power, and genius of the leading kingdom of the Continent at its command, what might not the French Protestant Church have accomplished? Nothing would have been too great to attempt—nothing too difficult to achieve. So glorious a light, kindled in the midst of Europe, would speedily have dispelled the darkness of surrounding superstition, whether Papal or Pagan. The world itself would have been saved, had French Protestantism continued to grow as it grew during these twelve years. But, alas! no sooner had this goodly tree begun to cover France with its boughs, than it was felled to the earth by the axe of persecution, leaving, however its roots in the soil, to vegetate and send forth fresh stems whenever a more genial spring should return.

We have mentioned the service rendered to the early Protestantism of France by Margaret of Valois, afterwards Queen of Navarre. Happy had it been for himself, and happy for his country, had Francis I. followed the example of his sister Margaret. Had the monarch thrown his influence into the scale, the Protestantism of the country, which had already attained a nearly equal weight with its Popery, would have henceforward been the preponderating element. This would have introduced into France, what it still lacks, a religion founded on the Bible; it would have imparted to the country those elements which form the strength and greatness of kingdoms, and would have saved the nation from those enormous crimes and frightful sufferings which have marked its subsequent history. It was now the crisis with France. The destiny of centuries hung upon the decision of the king. According as he should become the friend or the enemy of Protestantism, so should it fare with his throne, his family, and his kingdom. Unbounded glory, greater even than the ambition of Francis had dared to imagine, awaited the one resolve; unbounded disaster and ruin were to follow the other. Should France open her gates to the gospel, she would become the instructor of the world by her virtues; should she close them against it, she would become the beacon to warn it by her sufferings—the angel to bless mankind in the one case, the fiend to

* This vivid and eloquent sketch appeared recently in the *Witness* Newspaper.

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torment them in the other. Francis' resolution was taken, and to this hour France mourns the consequences. The young king, with many of the rare endowments of mind and body which imparted so winning a grace to his sister Margaret, began to hate the doctrines and teachers of the Reformed faith as intensely as his sister had learned to love them. So far did Francis carry his hostility to the reform, that he sometimes assisted in person at the burning of Protestants; and after officiating at one of these exhibitions, he is reported to have said, that should the one of his hands become tainted with heresy, he would employ the other in cutting it off; or should his own sons join the Huguenots, nothing would save them from the flames. Most probably the Protestant Church would have felt the heavier displeasure of the monarch, had not his wars with his great rival Charles so engrossed his mind, that he had little leisure to oppress his Protestant subjects. The troubles that occupied the court and agitated the kingdom, afforded a shelter to the infant Protestantism of France, without which it never could have reached that height of prosperity to which it so rapidly attained.

We have noticed the General Assembly of Rochelle, of which the illustrious Beza filled the chair, and princes of the blood, and the flower of the nobility, assisted at the deliberations. Before that Assembly met Francis had breathed his last, and his throne was occupied by Charles IX. This young prince, under the government of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, a woman bold, perfidious, and cruel, began to display a fiercer hatred of the Reformed faith than that by which Francis had been animated. But a year elapsed from the meeting of the Assembly at Rochelle till the Protestant Church was overtaken by the horrors of the Bartholomew massacre. The annals of human wickedness—the annals even of Papal wickedness—do not furnish another such tragedy. For months nothing but assassination reigned throughout all the departments of France. Seventy thousand Huguenots, including the flower of the Protestants, were massacred. This inflicted on the Protestantism of that kingdom a blow which it has never recovered. The numbers of its adherents were thinned, their spirit was broken, the meetings of Synod were suspended, the Protestants were subjected to the most arbitrary restrictions in the exercise of their worship, and their churches dwindled down from the number of two thousand to seven hundred. At last, impelled by the severity of their sufferings, the Protestants took up arms. The amount of suffering, and the expenditure of blood and treasure, for the purpose of crushing the Huguenots, which were crowded into the short interval between the massacre of St Bartholomew and the edict of Nantz, defy enumeration. We must group the crimes and disasters of the period. It has been calculated that between the two events indicated, there were in France not fewer than nine civil wars, four pitched battles, three hundred engagements, several hundred towns besieged, a million of lives destroyed, and upwards of a million of livres wasted. The resistance of the Protestants was so far successful, that it led to the granting of the edict of Nantz, by which they were secured in the free exercise of their religion, all offices of profit, emolument, and honour, were thrown open to them, and they were vested in the complete control of the education of their children. The edict, inadequate though it was as a measure of civil and religious liberty, was hailed with unbounded joy by the Protestants. But the respite was short, for soon the persecution was rekindled; and ultimately, in 1685, to the eternal infamy of the Bourbon throne, the edict itself was revoked. This measure, which was as cruel as it was perfidious, was rendered still more oppressive by the unexampled inflictions and horrors with which it was enforced. The dungeons and galleys were crowded with Protestants; and those accounted themselves happy to whom death brought a release from suffering. Dreadful penalties were denounced against such as should attempt to flee from their country; guards were posted at all the avenues of the kingdom: nevertheless thousands managed to escape; and the spectacle presented by the frontier of France was such as the shore presents after a storm. Crowds of naked and trembling fugitives, the wrecks of the tempest, appeared at the gates of Geneva, Germany, Holland, and even Britain. On no morning for a long period did the Swiss frontier towns open their city-gates, but a new company stood without, waiting with tears of joy and sorrow to be admitted. It is hard to say whether France or Protestantism suffered most from this great crime. Providence marked its displeasure by the calamities that immediately after began to cloud the reign of Louis XIV., which, up till that time, had been one of unusual brilliancy; and also by the growing embarrassments and disasters of the kingdom. From the revocation of the edict of Nantz are we to trace that increasing exhaustion of the state, that profligacy of manners, and that atheism of creed, which a century after came to a head in the French Revolution—a revolution which, notwithstanding all the horrors with which it has visited the world, has neither exhausted itself, nor accomplished its mission; and, accordingly, it has burst out anew, on a wider base, and with fewer obstructions to control or arrest it; and will now, there is little doubt, finish what it formerly began, and cease only when it has converted the various Popish countries of Europe into monuments of vengeance—inflicting on each a measure of punishment proportioned to the degree in which they have enacted the part of persecutors, assigning to France, doubtless, a distinguished pre-eminence in suffering, as to her belongs a distinguished pre-eminence in guilt; for, of all the countries of Europe, France has persecuted on the largest scale, and for the longest period, and her persecution has been signalized by the most revolting cruelties and the most infamous perfidies. She began this fatal course under Francis I.; she persevered in it, with few exceptions scarcely deserving of notice, during the reigns of his successors; and she continued in it till the Revolution had inaugurated itself, by erecting its scaffold at the gate of the Tuileries, and moistening it with royal blood.

A single sentence almost will suffice to trace the history of French Protestantism from the reign of Louis XIV. to the era of the Revolution. The toleration that was withdrawn at the revocation of the Nantz edict was not restored for a century, and then, not by the king or the parliament—for by that time both had been abolished—but by the convention. We can trace the French Protestant Church during this period only by her sufferings. If the number of the Protestants was very little affected by the rigour of the persecution, they suffered a melancholy decline in the integrity of their profession and the purity of their manners. The courts being suppressed, it became impossible either to purge out heresies or to punish scandals. The ministers being banished, or prohibited, under pain of death, from preaching, no regular instruction could be supplied, and the inevitable consequence ensued—the Protestants came to be but indifferently informed on the subject of their own creed; and many who had resisted the grosser superstitions of Popery, yielded to the more insidious attacks of the infidel encyclopædists. Such, gene-

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rally, was the condition in which the French Protestants were found when the Revolution arrived. They had lost the zeal, the knowledge, the purity, of their fathers; some had even renounced the faith, and embraced infidelity. When Gobet, the Archbishop of Paris, appeared at the bar of the convention, attended by several of his clergy, to abjure his Christianity, a Protestant minister appeared in his train. Under Napoleon, however, the French Protestant Church received a measure of liberty such as she had not enjoyed for a century. In 1802 she was recognised by the state; and a code of laws, professedly founded on the acts of her ancient Synod, was drawn up and ratified by Napoleon, then First Consul. Ample toleration was extended to her worship; churches were provided for its celebration; grants were made, in several instances, for the support of her ministers; and such academies and universities as had been wrested from her at the revocation of the edict of Nantz were given back. But her low spiritual condition prevented her fully availing herself of these advantages, and they were counterbalanced in a great degree by the thoroughly Erastian character of the constitution she was then placed under. The appointment of her ministers was vested in the government, which determined also their number, the question of their resignation, and the doctrines they were to teach. Her Synod was revived, but could not meet without the permission of the government, to which all its decisions were to be submitted for ratification. What a melancholy decline must the once famous Protestant Church of France have undergone before she accepted a constitution like this!

Such is the sad story of the French Protestant Church. In blood ought that history to be written. She has submitted to every variety of distress, encountered every variety of danger, and endured all kinds of suffering and death. She has been overtaken by proscription, and banishment, and slavery—by hunger, and nakedness, and thirst. She has come through wars, battles, sieges, massacres, and assassinations. She has been forced to dwell in woods, in wildernesses, in caverns, and in mountains. She has been assailed by the intrigues of courts, by the perfidy of princes, who have held it no crime to violate the most solemn treaties entered into with her, and by the fury of armies. She has languished in dungeons, agonized on racks, bled on scaffolds, and expired amid flames. The rivers of France have been reddened with her blood, and its provinces covered with the corpses of her slain. All this the French Protestant Church has endured, and all this has that Church survived. Is there a greater miracle in history? What a proof of the indestructible and immortal nature of truth! Where is the society of merely human origin that has endured sufferings as prolonged and dreadful, and yet exists? Do the annals of the world furnish an example of a school of philosophy, or a system of idolatry, or a political party, that has endured a tithe of what the French Protestant Church has endured, without being annihilated? Surely that Church shall yet reap what she has sowed, and have rest for all her suffering. It cannot be that the mummeries of Popery should always be enacted, or the blasphemies of atheism continue to be propagated, on the soil that contains so much martyr-blood. We may confidently predict, from what we know of the divine government, that the brightest period in the career of the French Protestant Church is yet to come. We accept the recent meeting of her Synod as a token of this. The throne of St Louis is in the dust, and the empire of Charlemagne is broken in pieces; but the same shock which has prostrated them has only opened her tomb. She was not dead, but slept.

A Missionary Address to Children.

PART II.

OBJECTIONS TO DOING WHAT THE MISSIONARY BOX SAYS ANSWERED.

Some children do not wish to do what the missionary box says. They want to keep their money to themselves. They, therefore, have a great many objections to make to giving anything. They try to hide their unwillingness by these objections. But let us hear them, and see what they are worth.

1. Some one says, "*What business have I to give?*" It is your *duty*. It is mine also. It is the duty of all who know about salvation to make it known to others. *It is a duty we owe to God.* We are God's. He made us. He preserves us in life. All that we have is his. We are bound, therefore, to do what he tells us—to love what he loves—to live for his glory. He tells us, who know about Christ, to tell others about him. (Rev. xxii. 17.) He loves to tell sinners about Jesus, and we should love to tell them too. When sinners come to Christ for salvation God is glorified; we should seek, therefore, to get them to come.

It is a duty we owe to our fellow-creatures. Long ago when our country was exposed to the inroads of enemies, the people on the borders, when they saw them coming, kindled large fires on the tops of the highest hills, to give warning to those farther up the country of their approach. They, when they saw the fire, kindled fires too. And thus the warning spread over the land; and the soldiers buckled on their armour to defend their country. Now, suppose that those whose duty it was to kindle the beacons had not done so, the result would have been, that the enemy would have come upon the people unprepared, and they would have fallen before them. So with us. We have heard of the dangers to which our fellow-men are exposed. We have heard of the great enemy, *Satan*. We have heard of *hell*. And we have heard of *Jesus Christ* the *Saviour*. It is our duty, therefore, to them who have not heard, to kindle a fire, that, blazing up, it may warn them to flee from the coming wrath, to Jesus for salvation. You have business then. It is your duty to tell all you can yourselves, and to give all you can to get it told to the poor heathen.

2. But others say, "*What use is there in our giving? We have so little that it is not worth while.*" You have nothing almost; only a halfpenny now and then, and you think it would do no good. That is just the excuse of a great many older people too. They forget that we are called to give what we *can*, whether it is great or small. God only asks what he knows we have, not what we have not. But you are wrong in thinking it is so small that there is no use giving it. A great many small sums will make a large sum. A number of pennies will make a pound. You have noticed, in a rainy day, the drops of water upon the glass of your windows, and have felt interested in watching them chasing each other down the pane. These drops were but very little things indeed. And you have stood sometimes by the brink of a large river, and looked upon the water as it flowed rapidly by. On, on it went. It had been flowing in that

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way before you came, and it would flow after you had gone. You could not help thinking, "What a quantity of water! Where does it all come from?" Why, it is just made up of tiny little drops like those you saw trickling down the glass. A great many drops united make up that large flowing river. Now, if you, and all the children who know about Jesus, would give what little you can to this good purpose, you would wonder what a large sum it would make. You would not say again, "It is no use my giving, the sum is so small."

3. Others say, "*I fear it will do no good sending the gospel to the heathen.* They will not receive it. They are too much in love with their idols. They will not cast them aside. Many of them are so cruel, too, they will perhaps kill the missionaries, as they did *Williams.*" Let us do *our duty*, and leave the rest to God. All things are possible with him. He *can* convert them. He has *done* it. Many a *bonfire* has been made of idols already, and many more would be made, if the poor heathen were but told about the true God, and about Christ.

4. Some one, perhaps, will say, "*What will I get by giving?*" You love your money. You know it would buy you toys and sweetmeats; and you don't like to part with it. What will you get! You will get happiness—*the happiness of doing good.* You will find that to be a real pleasure. Indeed, you know something of it already. Did you not feel far happier that day in giving the poor woman, with the sickly child, the penny to buy some bread, than if you had bought marbles or barley-sugar with it for yourself? *God also will reward you.* When we give to his cause we only do what is our *duty.* We deserve nothing from him for doing it. What we give is not ours, but his. But still he has promised to reward us if we cheerfully give all we can, to serve Jesus. If we give to make others happy, we shall be made happy ourselves. If we remember God, he will not forget us.

Turn not away, then, when the missionary box speaks to you. Think of what it says. Think of your own need of Christ. Flee to him to save you. Think of the poor heathen. Ask what you can give to the box to tell them about Jesus. I shall be glad if you say, "Well, I *will* give what I can." But I would like you to give in a *right* way.

"*How should we give?*"

Give cheerfully. God loves a cheerful giver. He does not like that which is given with a grudge.

Give from right motives. God looks upon the heart. He is not pleased with that which is given merely to please your parents, or minister, or teacher.

Pray when you give. When you drop your penny into the box, say, "Lord, bless that penny, make it do good to some soul."

Give in faith. The farmer sows in faith. When he casts the seed into the ground he expects to reap a crop. When we sow the seed of the gospel, we should believe that God will send a crop of salvation to many. What a happy thought it is to think of God blessing your little sum to the delivering of some lost one from sin and Satan!

May the Lord lead you to *love Him*, and to *live to Him.* Amen.

SABBATH MEDITATIONS

OF A SICK PASTOR.

ANOTHER Sabbath still upon my bed,
A weary exile from the house of prayer,
I hear the tolling bell its echoes spread
For men to worship—would that I were there!

I seem to see them wend their cheerful way,
By all the paths their fathers trod of yore;
Matron and maid, the youth and old man grey,
Now disappear within that ancient door.

"How amiable thy tabernacles are,
O Lord of Hosts"—th' anointed shepherd sings;
And why so sweet the strain?—*'twas when afar*
From Salem's towers and Zion's sacred springs.

Hark! from within those long-accustomed walls
The swelling song of praise comes even here;
How sweetly slow the solemn cadence falls,
And lingers softly on my listening ear!

Hushed is the song—before the throne divine
An hundred hearts their various errands spread;
Nor least in fervour that in which they join
For blessings on their absent pastor's head.

And now another rises in his place,
To break unto their souls the living bread;
It little matters though a stranger face,
If he who speaks speaks but in *Jesus'* stead.

Yes! Saviour, speak to all thy chosen flock
This day assembled in their sacred fold;
Quench thou their thirst with water from the rock,
Fill them with all of grace their hearts can hold.

"How mercies brighten as they take their flight!"—
Alas! that I should say, the time has been
I have not welcomed Sabbaths as I might;
And in my punishment I read my sin.

E'en now let us anticipate the day
When songs divine shall be our blest employ—
When sorrow, sighing, tears, shall flee away,
And on our heads be everlasting joy.

In that blest temple of the upper sky,
Where God's own glory is the lofty dome,
No sick-bed Sabbaths shall his children try—
None shall be wanting, and none "left at home!"

—*New York Observer.*

THE LIST OF NAMES.

A GENTLEMAN who was making a tour through several parts of the country, on a mission of benevolence, on his arrival in a certain town, was, upon inquiry, immediately directed to the house of Mr W——, a man who was eminently distinguished in the neighbourhood in which he lived; but it was neither for his affluence, his style of living, his party spirit, his conviviality, his connoisseurship, nor his literary taste, that he was distinguished: to none of these things he paid any particular attention, and to some of them he was decidedly averse. But if any stranger in distress, or any one engaged in a good work and labour of love, came to that place, inquiring, according to the apostolic custom, "who in it was worthy," Mr

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W—— was the name that instantly occurred to whoever of his townsfolk chanced to be applied to. And as he was not in the least busy and officious in his benevolence, and as he exercised his judgment and discrimination in every case that was presented to his notice, he was as much respected and esteemed as he was beloved by his neighbours.

The stranger who was now directed to his door introduced himself to Mr and Mrs W——, and to a young lady who happened to be on a visit of a few days at their house. Having explained the nature of his business, and solicited their advice and co-operation, the stranger requested Mr W—— to furnish him with a list of names of such of the inhabitants, especially of the young people of the place, as would be most likely to enter into his views, and exert themselves in the cause. Mr W—— immediately took out his pencil, and set down two or three names at the top of a sheet of paper, without a moment's hesitation. Having so done, he began to rub his forehead, and put himself in the attitude of recollection.

"I fear, sir," said he, "we shall find some difficulty in filling up our list. There is a good number of young people here, but ——, my dear" (addressing his wife), "what do you think the Misses J—— would say to such an application?"

Mrs W.—There can be no harm in putting down their names: as a *new thing* I think they would be very likely to take it up.

Stranger.—Alas! madam, we find *Miss J——s* go where we will: the difficulty is to meet with those who are willing to plod and fag in a good cause, when the novelty and *éclat* are gone by. However, we may be thankful that there are so many, and I trust the number is increasing, of those "hidden ones," who are willing to labour on, without noise and without praise.

Mrs W.—And there are Mrs and Miss P——.

Mr W.—Yes; I was thinking of them; but we must try and get one or two of the *great folks* to sanction us first, otherwise they would, I fear, be shy of the application.

Stranger (*smiling*).—The old story again! we meet with many of those *Mistresses* and *Misses* who can only venture to do good in good company, or with their own party.

Mr W.—What do you say to Mrs F—— and her daughters?

Mrs W.—We must let them have all the management, and all the credit too, or they will not move a finger for us.

Stranger (*laughing*).—As to the credit, they shall be perfectly welcome to that; and as to the management, we find ways of humouring weak persons of this description, by giving them some office, or a little apparent distinction in the business, without much inconvenience to the cause. But really, sir, these good people in your town seem all to be old acquaintances of mine.

Mr W.—Yes, sir; as face answereth to face—

Mrs W.—I was thinking of all the G——s.

Mr W.—So was I; but the worst of it is, they will never join in it if the J——s do; it would set them against the thing at once; however, we can call on *them* first.

Stranger (*smiling again*).—But then will not these *J——s* make the same objection to the *G——s*.

Mr W.—I think they have rather more sense; they would, at any rate, be ashamed of allowing such an objection. What think you, my dear, of Miss L——?

Mrs W.—I am afraid she is too indolent.

Stranger.—Never mind: who knows but if we can prevail with her to taste the pleasures of useful activity, she may become at least *less* indolent? Let us have her name.

Mrs W.—Would it be worth while to call at the T——s?

Mr W.—They are immersed in business; and seem to take an interest in nothing else: to oblige *us* they would probably do a little towards it; but it is disagreeable enough to apply in these cases.

Stranger.—How great a mistake do those thrifty persons make, in supposing that the time or money they might devote, with a willing mind, to the cause of God, and for the good of their fellow-creatures, would be lost to their families!

Mr W.—So far from it, sir, that I am firmly of opinion, from the observations I have made, that what persons thus grudgingly withhold, either of money or time, is taken from them by losses in trade, or in some other way, even seven-fold.

Stranger.—I believe it, sir. Providence well knows how to manage this. And I also believe that those who, influenced by another spirit, exert themselves to their power, and even beyond their power, often have it made up to them a hundred-fold.

Mrs W.—Well, but there is our friend, Miss D——.

Mr W.—Miss D——, I am afraid, will have nothing to say to us. This lady, sir, sees so many bad motives in herself, and in every body else, that she is afraid of doing right for fear of doing wrong.

Stranger.—It is well that this error is not so common as the rest. Bad motives we have in plenty, it is true! Even the apostles of our Lord knew not, on some occasions, "what manner of spirit they were of;" yet, as He who *did* know, did not consider that a sufficient reason for discharging them from his service, so neither can such apprehensions form any excuse for our own negligence, nor for despising the exertions of others.

Mrs W.—Well, let us hope, sir, when you go round amongst our good neighbours, you will find things better than we have given you reason to expect; ours has really been an unpleasant task this evening; I trust we have not quite forgotten that charity which "hopeth all things."

Mr W.—There is, indeed, much danger of doing so, whenever it is necessary to allude to the failings of others. What a consolation it is that He who sees all our bad motives, and knows our manifold infirmities, sees also what sincerity we have, even when our fellow-creatures may doubt its existence!

Stranger.—It is indeed a tranquillizing thought in this hard-judging world; and we may truly exclaim in this respect, as David did on a different occasion —"Let me fall into the hands of the Lord, and *not* into the hands of man!"

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Mrs W.—Yes; milder are the chastisements of our heavenly Father than the tender mercies of our fellow-creatures.

Stranger.—But what have you to tell me of these names at the top of your list—are there none of these *ifs* and *buts* about them?

Mr W.—They are good girls, sir; I have only to say that they will do all that modest, prudent, well-directed piety and zeal can do, and that, without any attempt to be busy or to make themselves conspicuous. Indeed, they will give you more information and better advice than I can; and we cannot do better than go and make them acquainted with the business.

As soon as the gentlemen were withdrawn, the young lady, who had remained a silent auditor of the above conversation, said to Mrs W——,

"I have been wondering all this time whether, if I had lived in this town, *my* name would have been set down; and if it had, *what account would have followed.*"

Mrs W.—That was a question well worth asking, my dear; but it would require much thought, and very close dealing with yourself, to answer it faithfully.

Young Lady.—I know that, ma'am; however, one thing I can tell without any trouble at all, and that is, that I should *not* have been classed with those good girls whose names were set down first. How happy, how enviable such people are!

Mrs W.—They are indeed the very happiest people upon earth.

Young Lady.—And indeed, indeed, ma'am, so far from being at all like them, I felt, while you and Mr W—— were describing the others, as though I myself were being mentioned in almost every instance; I feel as if I had nearly all their faults put together.

Mrs W.—Well, but you have one advantage at least, which perhaps several of those persons do not possess, and which, if you are but willing to avail yourself of it, will greatly assist you in avoiding these faults; I mean your being conscious of them.

Young Lady.—But how highly favoured some people are, who seem to have none of these troublesome faults in their way, but do good naturally, as it were!

Mrs W.—My dear, I have never met with such a person in my life; nor have you. It is a delusion which flatters our indolence, and which is too often allowed to silence conscience, to suppose that characters eminently good and useful are so by nature and inclination, without very much trouble or self-denial; and that our own failings are so constitutional that we are more to be pitied than blamed for them.

Young Lady.—And yet surely, ma'am, there is a difference in our natural propensities?

Mrs W.—Doubtless; but not so great and influential a difference as the indolent and desponding are willing to suppose. Never do we read in the Bible, or elsewhere, of any who have glided easily and softly to heaven, borne on the tide of their own amiable dispositions. No; we must all row against the stream, and that perpetually, or our course will be retrograde.

Young Lady.—Well, but now there are these B——s and C——s?

Mrs W.—Well, and do you really suppose that those excellent girls have no conflicts with their own hearts?—Do you think they have had no selfishness, no vanity, no indolence, no pride, no pique, or prejudice, or love of the world to contend with, however naturally amiable they may be? Yes; they would tell you that they have felt and do feel all this; and that while they live they shall have to maintain the difficult and trying conflict. This *warfare*, indeed, forms the grand and wide distinction between characters; and the question we should be incessantly putting to our own consciences is—Are we *fighting*, or are we *yielding*?

Young Lady.—But do not good people sometimes yield to temptation, while those who are not real Christians sometimes resist it?

Mrs W.—Occasionally both these things may happen, but not generally. Those who are the sincere followers of Christ do prevailingly follow him and keep his commandments; whilst others, who through the remonstrances of conscience and the restraints of education, may resist some sins, yet *do not habitually practise self-denial.*

Young Lady.—Ah! I know they do not!—it seems impossible!

Mrs W.—They fancy it impossible, because they feel it to be difficult; and because they don't like the trouble. Depend upon it, my dear girl, the real cause of such despondency concerning one's own character is a secret unwillingness to undergo a change; and thus the fatal delusion is willingly indulged, that the attainments which some make in holiness and usefulness are not to be expected in *our own* case.

Young Lady.—Well, but do you really think it possible that I, for instance, should ever become so active, and useful, and excellent, as those young people?

Mrs W.—If you *really* wish it, my dear, you will ask it fervently, and endeavour perseveringly, and then you will obtain the same grace and strength as they. But if you wish it faintly, you will ask languidly and endeavour lazily, and then you will *not* obtain.

Young Lady.—Ah! that is the very thing!—how am I to feel those sincere and earnest desires?

Mrs W.—You must begin at the beginning—that is, with a determination to save your own soul—to take no rest or satisfaction in other things till you have hope in Christ. Yes, the charity must begin at home; and when once it has been said to you, "Thy sins, which were many, are forgiven," then the language of your grateful heart will be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and a course of active duty and obedience, with all its difficulties, will be pleasant, and *comparatively* easy.

Young Lady.—I am sure I wish that were my happy state.

Mrs W.—You wish it, perhaps, just as the young ruler did. He desired to obtain eternal life; he could not bear the idea (and who can bear it?) of everlasting destruction. But he wanted so very much to enjoy this world first, that he went away sorrowful, in the miserable bondage of an earthly mind and an

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evil conscience, rather than make the sacrifice and become free indeed.

Young Lady.—And what *could he do*, if he had not strength of mind enough?

Mrs W.—"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." Had he never read that promise? could not he, then, have asked for it? Yes; but the thing was, he was afraid of the consequences; *he did not like* to give up the love of the world.

Young Lady.—Well, I often fear that will be my case.

Mrs W.—Beware, my dear friend, how you suffer your mind to consent to such a possibility! Do you know what you mean? do you consider what it implies? can you think for one moment of *eternity*, and say No? No; the delusion is this, you indulge an indistinct hope that you shall be saved, *somehow*, at last; that though you cannot expect a *high* seat in heaven, yet that you shall *just be admitted*—that God will never suffer anything so tremendous to befall *you* as eternal ruin. Because you cannot bear to think of it, you imagine He will not execute his own threatenings. You think he is too merciful.

Young Lady.—And is He not merciful?

Mrs W.—Yes; and so does He abound in mercy that He suffers these tremendous threatenings to be ever thundering around us, to warn us of our danger, at the same time that He is inviting and beseeching us to become reconciled to himself: but it must be on his own conditions; and if we will not submit to them, we *must* abide the miserable, the intolerable consequences!

Young Lady.—I wish I *could* submit to them.

Mrs W.—These desponding, fretful wishes, believe it, my dear, *will never do*—they leave you just where they found you, unholy and unhappy. Say rather, "I *must*, I *will*, lay hold on eternal life!" It is not presumption, nor will God be displeased with such resolute language; because this is the very good he offers you, and your greatest sin is unwillingness to accept it. But do not be discouraged by *difficulties:* these you must meet with, otherwise the kingdom of heaven need not "suffer violence, nor require to be taken by force." Remember, "they that *overcome*, and they only, shall inherit all things." There is no promise to the inactive; if we are not fighting we shall never conquer; and, remember, in this conflict it is *conquer or die!*—*Contributions of Q. Q., by* JANE TAYLOR.

THE LAST END WORSE THAN THE FIRST.

LET all that make a profession of religion beware of a returning, re-entering devil. As you value the honour of your profession here, or the salvation of your souls hereafter—as you would not split upon the rock of apostasy while living, nor sink into the bottomless gulf of perdition when you come to die—oh! dread and guard against the re-entry of this unclean spirit! Relapses of all things are most dangerous; they are oftentimes more fatal than the first malady; and, therefore, as you have any respect either to your present comfort or future happiness, take heed of relapsing into the possession of this vile adversary again. Beware of giving any advantage to him to return and re-enter, either by your dead formality or negligent remissness; and when he attempts a re-entrance, beware of giving any entertainment to him, by hearkening to his temptations, or running into any of his snares:—

1. A re-entering devil will be a tyrannical devil. He is tyrant enough at all times, but he is never more so than when he gets possession again, after he has been for some time out. Thou wast slave enough before Christ made any essays towards recovery; but thou wilt be ten times more a slave if once he make his re-entry upon thee.

2. A re-entering devil is an encroaching devil. You may think to set bounds to yourselves, that thus far you will go and no farther; but it is a great mistake: who can set limits to a boundless enemy? God, indeed, can; but when God has given up, who is there besides? He knows no modesty nor measure; every inch of ground he gains, every sin and folly he runs the soul into, is but an introduction to greater enormities; thou art not so vile yet, but thou shalt be more vile.

3. A re-entering devil will be a very vigilant devil. If he any way failed in his vigilance before, when Christ first came to make his attacks upon the soul, he will surely double his diligence now. Not a reproof or advice shall be given you, but he will be upon his watch to stifle it; not a conviction shall be dropped into your conscience, but he will be at hand to murder it. If you go to an ordinance, he will take care you shall either have no advantage by it, or the advantage shall quickly be lost. If you fall into any affliction, which might tend to your awakening, he will take care it shall rather harden than soften you; it shall make you worse rather than any better.

4. *Lastly*, A re-entering devil will be a retentive devil. He will hold what he has got, and will not easily lose it again: he will hold the faster now, by how much he was in danger of losing his hold before. Possibly it may be too rash to say, that none are ever recovered out of his hands after the second possession; but this may be safely said, that few escape his hold again. And dost not thou dread the thought, and much more the experience, of such an issue as this, that after all thy means and advantages, thy praying and profession, thy seeming hopefulness and specious appearance, thou shouldst fall back again into these terrible hands, without any prospect of recovery? Oh! dread, dread, then, the re-entry of this unclean spirit, lest he come in with more strength and company than he did before; and so make the last state far worse than the first!—*Whitaker.*

THE SELF-DOOMED.

NOT many years since an eminent London clergyman observed, among his regular auditors, a young man whose appearance excited in him an unwonted interest. He took pains to learn the young stranger's history, and found that he was the son of pious parents, and had been trained to respect the ordinances of religion. A devout mother had added to her prayers for his salvation the frequent precept, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

At length the young man was missed from his accustomed place in the sanctuary. The watchful eye of the pastor sought for him in vain. He had met with a company of witty and engaging sceptics, who had persuaded him to abandon the house of God for the more "manly" entertainments of their infidel club-room, where the ribaldries of Paine were rendered more palatable by the lively jest and the exhi-

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larating glass. His conscience stung him, but their merry laugh soon drowned the troublesome remonstrance. He proved an apt scholar in the ways of sin. His Sabbath instructions soon prepared him for the haunts of revelry, and those chambers which lie hard by the doors of hell. A short career of reckless dissipation did its work of ruin on his slight and delicate frame.

His former pastor, who had well-nigh forgotten him, was one day surprised by an invitation to visit the unhappy youth on a dying bed. He found him sinking rapidly, and sinking without hope. As the man of God approached the bedside, the young man hid his face in the clothes, and refused to speak to him. Finding it impossible to draw a word from the wretched victim of remorse who was just about entering eternity in such a state of sullen despair, the pastor offered a fervent prayer and turned away. He reached the door. His hand was on the latch; when the young man suddenly rose in the bed, and beckoned him to return. He went back and leaned his head over the bed to receive the message. The young man threw his arms about him, and drawing his head close to his own lips, whispered in convulsive accents—"I'M DAMNED!" and then sank back silent upon his pillow. The heart-wrung pastor pled with him, but in vain. Having pronounced his own awful doom, his lips refused to speak again; and, before the clock struck the hour of midnight, his unhappy soul was in another world!

Young man! as you read the appalling narrative of that poor profligate's wretched doom, you may be reading your own! His history may be yours. If your feet have forsaken the house of God—if you have been seen in the seat of the scorner—if you have returned home at the midnight hour from the card-table, or the drinking circle—you have good cause to tremble. Persist in your course of self-destruction, and you may meet that young man in the world of despair. Partners in misery, you may to all eternity curse yourselves as the authors of your own ruin.

A LAWFUL DISCONTENT.

THOUGH in every condition we must be content, yet we are not to content ourselves with a little grace. Grace is the best blessing. Though we should be contented with a competency of estate, yet not with a competency of grace. It was the end of Christ's ascension to heaven, to give gifts; and the end of those gifts, that we may grow up into him who is the Head, Christ; Eph. iv. 15, where the apostle distinguisheth between our being in Christ and our growing in him—our ingrafting, and our flourishing. Be not content with a small portion of religion.

It is not enough that there be life, but there must be fruit. Barrenness in the law was accounted a curse. The farther we are from fruit, the nearer we are to cursing. (Heb. vi. 8.) It is a sad thing when men are fruitful only in the unfruitful works of darkness. Be not content with a drachm or two of grace. Oh! covet more grace—never think thou hast enough: we are told to covet the best things. (1 Cor. xii. 31.) It is a heavenly ambition when we desire to be high in God's favour—a blessed contention, when all the strife is, who shall be most holy. St Paul, though he was content with a little of the world, yet not with a little grace—he reached forward, and pressed "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. iii. 13, 14.) A true Christian is a wonder—he is the most contented, and yet the least satisfied: he is contented with a morsel of bread, and a little water in the cruse, yet never satisfied with grace; he pants and breathes after more. This is his prayer, "Lord, more conformity *to* Christ, more communion *with* Christ." He would fain have Christ's image more lively pictured upon his soul. True grace is always progressive: as the saints are called lamps and stars in regard of their light, so "trees of righteousness" for their growth (Isa. lxi. 3); they are indeed like the tree of life, bringing forth several sorts of fruit. —*Watson.*

A HELP TO CONTENTMENT.

GET much of heaven into your heart. Spiritual things satisfy. The more of heaven is in us, the less of earth will content us. He that hath once tasted the love of God (Ps. lxiii. 5), his thirst is much quenched toward sublunary things; the joys of God's Spirit are heart-filling and heart-cheering joys; he that hath these hath heaven begun in him (Rom xiv. 17); and shall we not be content to be in heaven? Oh! get a sublime heart; seek the things that are above (Col. iii. 1); fly aloft in your affections; thirst after the graces and comforts of the Spirit: the eagle that flies above in the air, fears not the stinging of the serpent; the serpent creeps on his belly, and stings only such creatures as go upon the earth. Discontent is a serpent that stings only an earthly heart; a heavenly soul, that, with the eagle, flies aloft, finds abundantly enough in God to give contentment, and is not stung with the cares and disquiets of the world.—*Ibid.*

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

THOMAS SCOTT, the commentator, entered the ministry in the Church of England, as too many have done, without piety. He was even radically unsound in doctrine—holding Unitarian sentiments. He was proud and self-sufficient, and held in sovereign contempt those who, on account of their zeal, were called, by way of reproach, Methodists. He declaimed against them from the pulpit, as persons full of bigotry, enthusiasm, and spiritual pride; laid heavy things to their charge, and endeavoured to prove the doctrines he supposed them to hold—for he had not read their writings—to be dishonouring to God and destructive to morality.

Two of his parishioners, a man and his wife, became sick, and were at the point of death. Not being sent for, he paid no attention to them, till one evening after the woman had died, he heard that the Rev. John Newton, who resided not far from him, had visited them several times. "Immediately," says Scott, "my conscience reproached me with being shamefully negligent, in sitting at home within a few doors of dying persons, my general hearers, and never going to visit them. Directly it occurred to me, that whatever contempt I might have for Mr Newton's doctrines, I must acknowledge his practice to be more consistent with the ministerial character than my own. He must have more zeal and love for souls than I had, or he would not have walked so far

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to visit and supply my lack of care to those who, as far as I was concerned, might have been left to perish in their sins. This reflection affected me so much, that without delay, and very earnestly, yea, with tears, I besought the Lord to forgive my past neglect; and I resolved thenceforth to be more attentive to this duty; which resolution, though at first formed in ignorant dependence on my own strength, I have, by divine grace, been enabled hitherto to keep." Under God, this circumstance was the means of turning the mind and heart of Scott to the truth, and the result was his conversion. From these facts we may learn several important lessons:—

1. That the most effective appeal to the minds of unconverted men is the faithful discharge of Christian duties, especially to the afflicted. We preach most powerfully by *example*.

2. That Christians, when in the quiet discharge of their duties, know not how much good they may be doing. Little did the pious Newton, when visiting that afflicted family, imagine that, besides the good he was doing to them, his example would become the means of converting a learned but unconverted minister, who would not only preach the gospel faithfully, but would write one of the most useful Commentaries on the Scriptures!

3. Eminent piety and active zeal may enable us to exert a powerful influence over persons of superior talents and learning. Scott was in these latter respects superior to Newton, and yet Newton was the instrument used by God to effect his conversion.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

HARK! how the angels, as they fly,
Sing through the regions of the sky,
Bearing an infant in their arms,
Securely freed from sin's alarms.

Welcome, dear babe, to Jesus' breast,
For ever there in joy to rest!
Welcome to Jesus' courts above,
To sing thy great Redeemer's love!

We left the heavens and flew to earth,
To watch thee at thy mortal birth;
Obedient to thy Saviour's will,
We stayed to love and guard thee still!

When the resistless call of death
Bade thee resign thy infant breath;
When parents wept, and thou didst smile,
We were thy guardians all the while.

Now with the lightning's speed we bear
The child committed to our care;
With anthems such as angels sing,
We fly to bear thee to our King.

Thus sweetly borne, he flies to rest;
We know 'tis well—nay, more, 'tis best.
When we our pilgrim's path have trod,
O may we find him with our God!

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?

IN connection with the important subject of preparation for death (for we have all to die, and the sooner we distinctly understand what it requires to do so, honourably and safely, the better), allow me to mention a wise and equitable arrangement of your temporal affairs. Have you made your will? There is an admirable tract with this title; I wish it were better known and more generally read. He who has property that will survive him, and a family possessing indisputable claims on his remembrance, ought not to give sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, till he has made such a testamentary disposition of his estate as shall be to the honour of his Christian character, and save his family from contention, litigation, and strife, in the event of his removal. This is assuredly one part of the duty included in the command—"Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." Oh! how much misery and mischief have ensued—what fearful sums of money have been squandered in suits of law and equity—what scandal has been brought upon the Christian name, by the neglect of this duty, or the performance of it in an unjust and partial manner. A man may be unjust in doing this, as well as in doing it improperly. A man may make a disposition of his estate under the influence of anger, of caprice, of partiality, of revenge, which every principle of uprightness and integrity would condemn. Under the influence of malignant passions and malevolent feelings, the last act of his life may savour of revenge; or, the victim of a ruinous procrastination, he may die, and leave all in disarrangement and confusion. Do not accuse me, then, of obtruding unseasonably a topic irrelevant to the solemn purpose for which we are now assembled. It belongs to that practical godliness, that evangelical morality, that pure and undefiled religion, in the exemplification of which it behoves a Christian man, not only to live, but to die. Happy, indeed, shall I be, if all whom it may concern should lay the suggestion seriously to heart, and many a future widow, and many an orphan child, may have cause to acknowledge, with gratitude, the admonition thus suitably given."—*Dr Raffles, in his Sermon on the Death of Dr Hamilton of Leeds.*

A TEST.

ONE blessed sign of love is to entertain good thoughts of God. He that loves his friend, construes what his friend doth in the best sense. "Love thinketh no evil." (1 Cor. xiii. 5.) Malice interprets all in the worst sense; love interprets all in the best sense: it is an excellent commentator upon providence; it thinks no evil. He that loves God has a good opinion of God; though he afflicts sharply, the soul takes all well. This is the language of a gracious spirit: "My God sees what a hard heart I have, therefore he drives in one wedge of affliction after another, to break my heart: he knows how full I am of bad humours, how sick of a pleurisy, therefore he lets blood, to save my life; this severe dispensation is either to mortify some corruption, or to exercise some grace: how good is God, that will not let me alone in my sins, but smites my body to save my soul!"

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THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

THERE are minds so delicately strung, that they cannot escape the most distressing attacks of melancholy. Friendship, philosophy, and even religion, as it exists in imperfect man, cannot oppose a complete barrier to its influence. With those who feel it most, as in the case of Cowper, there is united often some of the most delicate and lovely traits of character—a warm-hearted philanthropy—a humanity that would not "needlessly set foot on a worm"—a general pleasantness of manner—an exquisite humour—a disposition, when themselves, to find pleasure in a flower, with a pet rabbit, with children in the quiet walks of nature, and above all, in sweet communion with God. But you cannot argue against nerves; you cannot heal the maladies of the body by moral influence; you cannot guard the sufferer who has such a temperament from the sorrows which may thus find their way to the soul. The best of men have occasionally groaned under this pressure. It made Job "weary of his life;" and that pensive, tender-hearted prophet, who seems to have been made to weep, says: "When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint within me." It is not fancy; it is not imagination; it is not that such persons are worse than others; it is not that they have no true piety, no amiable traits, no cheerful hours—it is to be traced often, perhaps always, to something else than moral causes; and the blame of it should not be thrown upon religion, nor should those who are thus afflicted suppose that they have no religion.

"'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand, thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels—
No cure for such till God, who makes them, heals."

If there is a soul that should meet with sympathy on earth, it is such a soul; if there is one that does meet with sympathy in heaven in its sufferings, it may be presumed to be such a one.—*Barnes.*

NOT ENOUGH.

DELIVERANCE out of trouble is not enough to evidence or make a man happy. It is not said, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and *deliverest* him out of trouble;" but, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest and teachest." A man may get rid of the affliction, and yet miss of the blessing. All the bread which men may eat without the sweat of their brows is not therefore hallowed; abundance may flow in without labour, and yet not without a curse. (Gen. iii. 16.) A man may leave his chains and his blessing behind him in prison; and the fire of a fever may be extinguished, when the fire of hell is preparing for the sinner. It is good to be thankful for, but extremely dangerous to be contented with, a *bare* deliverance.

WHAT IS WANTING.

EVEN granting that you enjoy the world, and that it has performed all its promises, and left you nothing to wish, but that things should remain as they are, how do you know that they *will* remain as they are? "What is wanting here?" said a courtier to his sovereign, with whom he was riding amid the acclamations and splendour of a triumphal procession. "CONTINUANCE," replied the monarch. So say I. Tell me if you will, of your youth, your health, the buoyancy of your spirits, your happy connexions, your gay parties, your elegant pleasures, your fair prospects, and then ask me what is wanting. I reply, "CONTINUANCE." A single day may spoil everything; before to-morrow's sun shall rise you may be attacked by disease and death. You know not what an hour may bring forth. Turn, then, for happiness from the world to religion—this is both satisfying and certain. Nothing can rob you of its privileges; they are vast as the capacity of your soul, and lasting as your eternal existence. Hear the beautiful language of Christ—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John iv. 14.)—*J. A. James.*

EFFECTUAL CALLING.

THIS is the great business of our lives, to get sound evidences of our effectual calling. Acquiesce not in outward privileges; do not cry, as the Jews, "The temple of the Lord!" (Jer. vii. 4.) Rest not in baptism; what is it to have the water, and want the Spirit? Be not content that Christ hath been preached to you; satisfy not yourselves with an empty profession; all this may be, and yet you be no better than blazing comets; but labour to evidence to your souls that you are called of God. Be not Athenians, to inquire news. What is the state and complexion of the times? What changes are likely to happen in such a year? What is all this, if you are not effectually called? What if the times should have a fairer aspect? What though glory did dwell in our land, if grace do not dwell in our hearts? Oh! my brethren, when things are dark without, let all be clear within; give diligence to make your calling sure: it is both feasible and probable. God is not wanting to them that seek him. Let not this great business hang in hand any longer. If there were a controversy about your land, you would use all means to clear your title; and is salvation nothing? will you not clear your title here? Consider how sad your case is, if you are not effectually called.

REMISSION OF SIN.

THE remission of sin is not in the power of the pope, or of the bishop, or of the priest, or of any man whomsoever, but depends solely on the word of Christ, and on thine own faith. For Christ is not willing that we should found our consolation, or our salvation, on the word or work of man, but solely on himself, his own work, and his own word. Thy repentance and thy works may deceive thee; but Christ, thy God, will not deceive thee.—*Luther.*

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THE WINTER, AND ITS MORAL ANALOGIES.

BY THE LATE JOHN FOSTER.*

"Thou hast made . . . . . winter."—Ps. lxxiv. 17.

In a former instance, in a much more pleasant season, we attempted to turn the season itself to some religious account, by means of a few reflections suggested by its peculiar character. [Referring to a former lecture on Spring.] It is our fault if *any* very marked part of the great vicissitudes of the natural world in which we are sojourning shall pass by us without yielding instruction—instruction of a special kind, as well as that which we should be reaping from all our time. There is some peculiar inscription by "the finger of God" on each presented view of his works.

The winter is generally felt an unpleasing and gloomy season of the year: the more desirable is it to make it yield us some special good, by way of compensation. The practicability of doing this displays the excellence of mind above matter, and the advantage of religion. The sky is gloomy—the light brief and faint—the earth torpid, sterile, and deprived of beauty—the whole system of the elements ungenial—like a general refusal of nature to please us, or afford us anything. Well, but mind, with the aid of wisdom and religion, may not only flourish within itself, but may compel the very winter to afford assistance to its doing so. It may raise a richer produce than what the agriculturist can in spring and summer. And perhaps the truth is, that wisdom and piety might find or make all seasons and scenes nearly equal, in point of yielding the most valuable advantage. There are gratifying examples to this purpose.

Let us consider, for a few moments, what the winter season might offer in aid of instructive reflection. And we may revert to the expression of the text, "Thou hast *made* . . . . . winter." God's work and wisdom in it are to be regarded. The Almighty Maker has fixed in the order of the world that which is the natural cause of the winter: a most remarkable adjustment of supreme wisdom and power, appearing at first view something like irregularity and disorder—that is, the inclination of the earth's axis. We may note the signal benefits of this adjustment to the whole earth (stated by Dr Keill), as contrasted with what the consequences would have been of a position which would have made the seasons always the same. After this, we may observe that the winter illustrates to us the beneficent principle of distribution acted on by the divine providence. We must have our winter, in order that the inhabitants of another part of the world may have their summer. Not but that even we, separately considered, are the better for this order; but set that out of view, and even suppose it were not so, the people of the southern hemisphere need to have their season of light and warmth, to make their allotted ground productive, and ripen its produce. The sun and the fine season leave us to go to them. The winter, therefore, seems to inculcate upon us a great lesson of equity and charity—that we should be willing to share the benefits of the system with the distant portions of our great wide-spread family—willing to part with a pleasing possession for a season, for their sakes, even if we could retain it. And the lesson might be brought down to matters within a narrower circle.

Again, the winter should, by the very circumstance of its unproductiveness, remind us of the care and bounty of Divine Providence, in that other seasons are granted us which furnish supplies for this, and for the whole year. There is to be a season producing nothing, but therefore, there are seasons producing more than their share. The winter may admonish us, of these colder climates, how entirely we are at the mercy of the sovereign Lord of nature—how wholly dependent on the order which he has established. This is less obvious in those regions where they have no winter, in our sense of the word. But *here*, look at the earth! (speaking generally,) look at the trees!—an obdurate negation—an appearance of having ceased to be for us—under a mighty interdict of Heaven. We might nearly as well go to the graves of the dead to ask for sympathy and aid. The ground seems not willing to yield us anything but a grave; and *that* it is yielding every day to numbers to whom it would have yielded nothing else! Striking consideration! that for *this* service the earth is

* Forming one of the "First Series" of his "Lectures," the numerous excellencies of which it would be superfluous in us to characterize.

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always ready. How many graves for the dying it will afford during these months, in which it will afford no sustenance to the living! Would it not be a most solemn manifestation, if we could, in the living crowd, discern those to whom the earth (the ground) has but one thing more to supply!

Observe, again, the winter has a character of inclemency and rigour—has ideas and feelings associated with it of hardships, infelicity, suffering. In this, it should be adapted to excite thoughtful and compassionate sentiments respecting the distress and suffering that are in the world—the distresses attendant in a special manner on the season itself—but also, hardships, distresses, oppressive situations, considered generally. Such consideration should naturally be promoted by the grave character of the season, in which nature seems clad in mourning. The fair and cheerful aspect of the world is veiled, as if that our thoughts may take another direction.

Another thing worth observing is, that winter discovers, in a somewhat special manner, the dispositions of mankind: thus men are in that season reduced more to their own resources—are deprived of a delightful scene of varieties, liberties, and entertaining circumstances and occupations—are much more driven home, as it were, to themselves and their own means—and their dispositions are shown in what they will now choose to do—we mean in such part of their time as is really at their disposal. How pleasing it would be to see generally a recourse to such expedients for spending that time as should tend to individual and social improvement! It is so, we trust, in many instances. It is generally so in some countries, at least *one*—that is, Iceland. But look at a large portion of *our* community, occupied in vain and dissipating amusements. Some in revels of excessive festivity—in convivial assemblies for utter trifling and levity—card parties—theatres. Winter thus shows what persons will choose by preference, when the dreary state of the natural world throws them upon their own means. But what will the vain and thoughtless do when the world, with *all* its seasons, *finally* excludes them!

> "Say, dreamers of gay dreams!
> How will you weather an eternal night
> Where such expedients fail?"—(*Night Thoughts*, II.)

Yet again, as to winter—though it is the darker portion of time, it may possibly not be the darker portion of the history of mankind. Some of the most dreadful of their courses of crime have generally been considerably suspended during that season. We allude especially to their horrid slaughters under the name of *war*, though, indeed, the unrelenting fury of late wars has made exceptions to this.

Another thing observable of winter is, how strikingly it shows the transitory quality of the beauty, variety, magnificence, and riches, which had been spread over the natural world. Recall to your imagination what you so lately beheld and admired. All vanished like a dream! gone into air, into the dust, and into dead masses! It is amazing to think what an infinity of pleasing objects have perished—so soon perished and gone! Just as yesterday the fair profusion was *here*—*now* it is no more to us than the earliest beauty of Eden. It is gone, and for ever!—never to be that beauty again—that is, identically. The change is as if some celestial countenance had for a while beamed in smiles on the earth, but were now averted to some other world; and then the earth had no power to retain the glory and beauty; they disowned and left it, and left us on the bare ground over which the vision of enchantment had been spread.

May we not here find an instructive emblem of another order of things? Think of the bloom and vigour, and animated action and expression of the human person, destroyed by sickness or disease! Think of delightful hopes, shedding spring and summer on the heart, suddenly extinguished! Think of a state of exuberant prosperity changed by a rapid reverse to one of difficulty, calamity, or desolation! Examples are occurring in all times. You have seen men displaying themselves in splendour and pomp, as if they thought themselves mirrors made to reflect the sun, putting all sorts of men, and things, and arts, in requisition—assembling around them the wealthy, the gay, the fashionable, and the tribe of self-interested flatterers. They have had a brilliant and envied career for a while, but the effect of public calamity, or of individual disaster has suddenly come upon them, and they have passed from the glare and sunshine of a summer state to a dreary winter of condition, almost without an interval! Or there has been a more moderate and modest state—ease, plenty, and comfort; but this changed to loss, ruin, and indigence—a winter indeed! Or there is recollected some instance of a man who has seen his family grown up, or nearly so, and entering on life under the most promising appearances; but several of them, within

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a short space of time, have been smitten by death; another, through ill-judged or unfortunate connexions has been plunged in misery for life; and another perverted, irreclaimably, to a reprobate course. Alas! it is gloomy and oppressive with *him!* The sight of the graves of those who are gone *makes* winter, though all the bloom and verdure of spring were smiling around; or a visit to his unfortunate child; or the very name of the depraved one! The consideration of the transitoriness of the beauty and glory of the year, as forced upon us by the winter, easily carries our thoughts to these parallel things in the condition of human life.

There is another thing which the winter may suggest to our thoughts, namely, that resemblance to it which there may be in the state of the mind, in respect to its best interests. The dreary season and scene may thus impress a salutary admonition. Indeed, the contrary season might do it, though it were in the way of *contrast*. But let not the admonition by *resemblance* be lost upon us. Is a man afraid to turn from the gloom and cold without to see what there is within? Would he even rather contemplate and endure the greater rigours of a still more northern climate a while, than take a sojourn in his own soul? Yes; there *are* persons who would rather be wherever our adventurers in search of the north-west passage may probably now be, than "make diligent search" into the state of their own spirits. And truly the winter in the soul is far worse than any season and aspect of external nature. Suppose a contrary state to be fully prevalent in the soul, how small an evil, comparatively, *then*, would be all that is inclement and gloomy in the seasons and scenes of nature! Suppose communion with heaven—animated affections, ardent devotion to God and our Redeemer—a strong exercise of improving faith—a dwelling with delight among the truths, promises, and anticipative visions, which God has revealed, like walking and regaling among the trees of paradise—a vigorous prosecution of holiness, and the joys of a good conscience! Why, if such a man were placed in the frozen zone, and could live there, he would be happy! He would have a triumph over the rigours of nature! There would be feeble and oblique rays of the sun, or, for a while, none at all—but direct beams from the throne of Heaven! Or place him in our region, and the light of his soul, the ever-burning lamp, blazing with element from the empyreal sky, would overpower the darkness of our gloomiest season; the vernal spirit within would to him transform the desolate aspect; his warmth of the soul would be better than the gales of the south. But let all this be reversed, and what a desolation! With such a state within, the most delicious scene on earth would be blasted. Eden itself was so to our first parents when they had sinned! Oh! what an intense winter men may carry within their own breasts, whatever be the season in external nature!

We have spoken of *resemblance;* but observe one striking point of *difference*—namely, the natural winter will certainly and necessarily, from a regular and absolute cause, pass away, after a while: not so, the spiritual winter. It is in the established nature of the thing that the brighter, warmer season should return, with all its appropriate phenomena; we have only to wait, and do nothing—and there is nothing we *can* do. It does not belong to the constitution of the human nature that the spiritual warmth and animation *must* come, *must* have a season. Look at dull apprehension—cold affections—torpid conscience—unactuated will—*these* may continue so, through the ensuing spring and summer, forward to the next winter, and may resemble *that* winter more completely even than they resemble this—analogous to material nature in this one point, that the longer the cold continues, the more intense it will become. It would be a melancholy kind of observation and comparison for a man to make, as the spring commences and advances, to compare the brightening and lengthening days with his spiritual views and intelligence—the evident progress, with his fixed and obdurate sameness—the opening blossoms, with his religious emotions, desires, aspirations, resolutions—the prevailing warmth, at length, and full character of life, with the habitual temper of his heart—or, finally, to observe the precious and ripened produce, but the case with himself answering to these words, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and *we—I*—not saved!" All this *may* be: in numberless cases it *will* be. Shall it be so with *us?* But how else should it be with the man that carelessly lets it all alone? What a glorious thing, on the other hand, if we should escape from our winter of the soul by an equal progress with that by which external nature will certainly escape!

We might follow out the analogy to a wider extent, applying it to a state of a religious society—of the great community of a nation—of the general human race. It is enough just to suggest these applications. How glorious, when

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the probable import of that prophecy shall be realized, "*The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!*"

We will note but one more point of analogy which has already occurred to every one's thoughts, namely, the resemblance of winter to *old age*. The direct resemblances are too obvious to need illustration. We shall just only name one or two. Those in the earlier seasons of life are sensible that they look on the aged as in life's winter. But whether they are disposed to entertain a wicked contempt, or a benevolent respect, let them never forget that they too are to come to that winter, unless prematurely cut off. Those who are now aged were so admonished in *their* earlier seasons. The old age of the wise and good resembles the winter in one of its most favourable circumstances—that the former seasons improved have laid in a valuable store; and they have to bless God that disposed and enabled them to do so. But the most striking point in the comparison, after all, is one of unlikeness. Their winter has no spring to follow it—in this world. It is to close, not by an insensible progression into another season, but by a termination, absolute, abrupt, and final—a consideration which should shake and rouse the most inveterate insensibility of *thoughtless* old age. But the servants of God say, "*That* is well!" They would not make such a gradation into a spring of mortal existence, if it could be put in their choice. Their winter, they say, is quite the right time for a great transition. It was in nature's winter (or towards that season) that their Lord came to the earth; it was in the winter that he died for their redemption; and the winter of their life is the right time for them to die, that the redemption may be finished. And there is eternal spring before them! What will *they* not be contemplating of beauty and glory while those who have yet many years on earth are seeing returning springs and summers!

This may suggest, as a last observation, that the gloomy circumstance of winter on our globe, points to the desirableness of an abode where there shall be nothing like winter, or of a mode of existence quite superior to all elemental evils. The theory of such a condition of existence we cannot distinctly form in our minds; but so much the better; for that would imply such a resemblance to the present economy, as one should be reluctant to admit. So much the better that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart been able to conceive, the things that God hath prepared."

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF SPAIN.

A SKETCH.

BY THE REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D.D.

THE history of Christianity in Spain is deeply interesting. Rejecting, as absurd, the Spanish tradition, that James, the son of Zebedee, first preached the Christian doctrine to the people of that country, sent seven presbyters to Rome to be ordained by Pope Peter, and then returned to Jerusalem in time to obtain the martyr's crown, we may confidently receive two facts which are sufficiently established by authentic history; one of which is, that the gospel was early preached in the Peninsula; and the other, that it extensively spread there notwithstanding the persecutions to which those who received it were from time to time exposed. Beyond these two facts, nothing is certainly known respecting the very early history of Christianity in Spain.

In the fourth century, the Spanish Churches were overrun by the Priscillian heresy, which predominated in them about two centuries, and was a compound of the tenets of the Manicheans and Gnostics. In other words, in its most important principle, it was Arianism. Nestorianism, and some other heresies of less note, also had considerable currency in Spain. But that which made the most noise was what was called "the adoptionarian heresy"—namely, that Christ is only the adopted Son of God—which was broached by Elipand, archbishop of Toledo, in the eighth century.

But if Spain had her heretics, and even her heresiarchs, she also had noble defenders of the truth. Claude, so greatly celebrated as Bishop of Turin, in the ninth century, was a native of Spain. And so was Galindo Prudentio, bishop of Troyes, in France, a contemporary of Claude, and, like him, a great favourite with Charlemagne, and an able and zealous friend of the true gospel.

And although the Spanish Churches had bishops in the fourth century, and gradually, in imitation of the Churches in other countries, allowed, but after much opposition, the creation of metropolitans, archbishops, vicar-generals, &c., yet they never suffered the bishops of Rome to interfere authoritatively in their affairs during the first eight centuries. And although it may seem strange to those who only know that the Spaniards have been the most devoted and firm of all the subjects of the Roman see in modern times, and the most ready to fight its battles, to hear that the supremacy of the self-styled successors of St Peter was never fully established in Spain until the first eleven centuries had passed away, it is nevertheless true. Still more, it was not until about three hundred and fifty years ago, that the zeal of the Spanish nation in behalf of the Roman see reached anything like its present maturity of growth and extent of vigour—a consummation to which the expulsion of the Moors in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, and the discovery of both the Indies, greatly contributed.

Nor was the Roman see left long in undisturbed possession of Spain; for the doctrines of the Albigenses penetrated into the northern portions of the Peninsula in the twelfth century, if not earlier, and found many friends and advocates. Indeed, the northern districts of that country, and the adjacent provinces of France, were then, and for centuries afterwards, under the same government. Their inhabitants were, and are still, essentially the same people. Their language was, and is still, essentially the same *patois*, or dialect, differing almost equally from pure French on the one hand, and pure Castilian on the other—being, in fact, the remains of an

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old Celtic tongue, which has not been absorbed in either of the two Latin languages which have striven to supplant it. Under these circumstances, nothing could be more probable than that the "Albigensian heresy," as Rome denominated the blessed doctrines held by the noble reformers whom God raised up in Languedoc and Provence, and especially in the region around Toulouse, in the twelfth century—or rather which were only a resuscitation of the primitive Christianity, which had never become extinct in those provinces—should spread into the northern, and especially the north-eastern parts of Spain. And history tells us that this was the case. Nor were they confined in their dissemination to the northern parts of the Peninsula—they spread extensively in other portions of it. And Spain possessed many thousands of devoted Christians, who never bowed the knee to that Baal which had been set up in Rome. They were called by various names, among which those of Albigenses, and Vaudois, or Waldenses, were the most common.

But history takes care also to inform us that the same Rome which instigated Simon de Montfort and the kings of France to make war upon the Albigenses in France, and upon their good and noble protectors, the Counts of Toulouse, and after having broken them down by war, exterminated them at her leisure by the aid of St Dominic and his monkish janizaries, was not less active in hunting up those who had embraced the same doctrines south of the Pyrenees. Blood flowed abundantly in Spain as well as in France. And the prayers and the groans of dying martyrs ascended, from many a spot in that country, to heaven's high vault, not to remain unheard or forgotten by Him who is exalted to be "Lord over all," and who sitteth "King in Zion."

But Rome triumphed, and the truth fell down slain by her hand, both in France and Spain. And yet all was not lost. The holy appeals of Wickliffe in England, and of Huss and Jerome amid the mountains in Bohemia, found a welcome and a response in many a heart even in the Iberian Peninsula. It was in this way that error was prevented from having exclusive and uncontested dominion in that beautiful but benighted country.

At length the sixteenth century came, and with it the voice of Luther summoning the nations to rise and cast from them the yoke of Rome. Nor did the doctrines of the Reformation fail to reach Spain. There were many causes which led to this. A king of Spain was chosen Emperor of Germany, under the title of Charles V. This prince was born in the Netherlands, as what are now Belgium and Holland were then called, and which were then under the government of Spain. The eventful life of this monarch was spent in various countries. One while he was in Spain, then in Italy, then in Germany, then in the Low Countries, and then back in his patrimonial inheritance. This led to a vast intercourse on the part of the Spaniards with the Italians, the Germans, and the Flemish. Not only courtiers, statesmen, and merchants, but soldiers also, went from the Peninsula into those various countries; and there many of them came into contact with the Reformed opinions. And from those various countries these opinions were carried into Spain, in spite of all that Rome could do—sometimes in the writings of the Reformers published at Wittemberg, or Basle, or Venice, or Antwerp; but oftener still in the hearts of those who had embraced them. In this way the truth threatened to overrun and conquer one of the fairest provinces of Rome.

It is certain that the Reformed opinions secretly gained an extensive currency in both Spain and Portugal for several years before they were avowed by any native of either country. The first Spaniard who is known to have professed openly the Protestant faith was Juan Valdes, who, by his conversations and by his writings, did much to make known, both in his native land and in Italy, the gospel. He was a layman, who stood high in the estimation of Charles V., who sent him to Naples in quality of secretary to the viceroy; for the southern part of Italy, together with the island of Sicily, belonged at that day to the crown of Spain. At Naples, Valdes spent a number of years, actively promoting in secret the cause of truth, and died in the year 1450, to the great regret of all who loved the new doctrines in that city. Many of his best writings were published several years after his death, at Venice, among which was his Commentary on the Psalms.

The next Spaniard of influence who avowed the Reformed doctrine was Rodrigo de Valer, a native of Lebrixa, a town about thirty miles from Seville. He had been an exceedingly dissipated young man; but was led suddenly to abandon all the scenes of folly and fashion by the reading of the Vulgate, the only translation of the Bible permitted in Spain. For a while he was enabled boldly to make known the truth; but at length he was arrested and condemned to imprisonment for life; a punishment which he underwent in a monastery in the town of St Lucar, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir, where, separated from all human society, he died at about the age of fifty.

The most distinguished of the converts of Valer was Juan Gil, better known by the name of Egidius. He had early distinguished himself by his knowledge of scholastic theology, and was chosen preacher in the cathedral of Seville. Several years after having entered upon the duties of that post, his mind was enlightened in the great doctrines of the gospel by the conversations of Valer, and he became a faithful and most eloquent preacher of the truth, and brought many others to the knowledge of it, some of whom received the crown of martyrdom. At length, being suspected of heresy, he was arrested, tried by the Inquisition, and condemned to three years' imprisonment. Shortly after having completed this term of suffering for righteousness' sake he died. Few men in Spain did so much as he for the diffusion of the Reformed doctrines. He died in the year 1556. Among those who had aided most effectually in his efforts to make known the truth in Seville, were two men of distinguished merit; the one was Vargas, and the other Constantine Ponce de la Fuente. The former, however, was, after a few years, taken away by death, and the latter was called for a while to the Netherlands.

One of the Spaniards who earliest embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, was Francisco San Roman, a native of Burgos, who, having gone to Bremen on mercantile business, there heard the gospel, and embraced it with his whole heart. His zeal, which needed the restraints of prudence, led him to be arrested at Ratisbon, whither he had gone to see the emperor of Germany. After having been carried in chains to Italy, and thence to Algiers, which the emperor attempted in vain to prevent, he was brought to Valladolid, in his native country, where he was tried by the Inquisition, condemned, and burned. The Christian manner in which he met this awful death, together with the nature of the accusation on which he was condemned, inspired many in that city who secretly held the new opinions to profess them boldly, and exert themselves actively in their propagation.

Among the distinguished Spaniards who embraced the Reformed doctrines, were three brothers of the name of Enzinas, Jayme, Francisco, and Juan, who

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were sent by their father to prosecute their studies at Louvain, a university in the Netherlands. It was there that they first became acquainted with the gospel. The lives of these young men were various. One of them, Juan, studied medicine, and became a professor of that science at Marburg, in Germany. Jayme resided at Rome several years, engaged in the prosecution of his studies, and lived the life of a devoted Christian. But just as he was about to quit the eternal city for Germany, he was informed against, arrested, condemned, and burned as a heretic. He underwent this dreadful death with the cheerful heroism of a martyr. The second brother, Francisco, after having resided at Paris, Geneva, and Brussels, published his translation of the New Testament at Antwerp, in the year 1543; and, for doing so, and especially for his supposed attachment to the Reformed opinions, he was thrown into prison in Brussels, where he lay several months: but, escaping from confinement, he took refuge in Germany, and afterwards visited London, whence he returned to the Continent, and went to reside at Basle.

The efforts of Francisco Enzinas to give his countrymen the Scriptures in their vernacular tongue, were followed by those of Juan Perez, Casiodoro de Reyna, and Cypriano de Valera, all friends of Egidius, who sought safety in quitting Seville, when that excellent man was thrown into prison. The first named translated the New Testament and the Psalms into Spanish, and wrote a catechism, or summary of Christian doctrine, which were published in Venice in the years 1556 and 1557. After his death, De Reyna continued the translation of the Old Testament, and produced a version of the whole Bible, which was printed in 1569 at Basle. Cypriano de Valera revised the whole, and published the New Testament in 1596 at London, and both the Old and the New, in 1602, at Amsterdam. And although these translations appeared after the Reformation had been suppressed in Spain, they helped to diffuse the truth among the Spaniards residing out of Spain, and are a monument of the noble zeal of their authors in behalf of God's Word.

Among the most distinguished leaders of the friends of the Reformed doctrine in Spain, after the death of Egidius, were, unquestionably, Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, at Seville, and Christobal Losada, a doctor of medicine, Don Juan Ponce de Leon, and Domingo de Guzman, of the same city; Domingo de Roxas, Augustin Cazalla (esteemed one of the best pulpit orators in Spain, and of Jewish extraction), and Don Carlos de Seso, at Valladolid. There were, however, many others who were active in the good cause.

Seville and Valladolid were the two cities in and around which the Reformation spread most, penetrating even into several monasteries and convents. Yet there were many Protestants in Arragon, in New Castile, and in the provinces of Granada, Murcia, and Valencia. In fact, the doctrines of the Reformation found secret friends in almost all parts of the Peninsula. And, what is not a little remarkable, they were among distinguished people of the country for rank and learning. And so great was the progress of the truth, that, had not the government conspired with the Roman hierarchy, and put in requisition every means which the Inquisition furnished, Spain would, unquestionably, have soon become a Protestant country.

But at length Rome awoke to a sense of the danger which menaced her dominion in Spain, and buckled on the harness for the work of exterminating the "heresy" which was fast spreading there. And now bloody scenes began to be witnessed in all directions, especially about Seville and Valladolid, and in the country of Arragon. The Inquisition was worked with Spanish, or, in other words, hellish cruelty. It was in the year 1558 that Rome let loose the myrmidons of St Dominic upon the Protestants of Spain, and so effectually did they accomplish their task, that in the space of two years they succeeded in getting quite through it. Vast numbers fled from the country. Those who resided in Arragon, and other parts of the northern portion of the kingdom, escaped by hundreds to Bearn and other adjoining provinces in France, where they were received with joy by their Protestant brethren. But many were condemned to hard work, to solitary confinement, or other forms of penance; and not a few were burned at the stake. The great and good Constantine Ponce de la Fuente died in a loathsome dungeon; so did Olmedo, a man distinguished for his learning and piety; Cazalla, and his sister Donna Beatrice de Vibero, Don Carlos de Seso, Domingo de Roxas, Juan Sanchez, Don Juan Ponce de Leon, Juan Gonzalez, Garcia de Arias, Christobal d'Arellano, Juan de Leon, Fernando de San Juan, Christobal Losada, and many others, were burned. Among these were several ladies who underwent that dreadful death, of whom may be mentioned Donna Marina Guevara, Donna Isabel de Baena, Maria de Virves, Maria de Cornel, and Maria de Bohorques, all of them distinguished women, who nobly endured the torture, and death itself, "not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection."

But I can pursue this subject no further. Persecution did its work effectually, and Spain was rid of heresy. The Reformation was extinguished in that country. Those who fled found refuge in France, in Switzerland, in Germany, the Low Countries, and in England. Churches of Spanish Protestants existed for a time in Geneva, in Antwerp, and in London. In some cases, the Spanish Protestants united with the exiles from Italy, and joined in their Churches. But, in process of time, they and their descendants became absorbed in the Churches of the native Protestants in the places where they settled.

As to Spain, having now extinguished the lights which had for a while been kindled in her midst, a heavier gloom than ever settled down upon her, and upon the countries which had been colonized from her. Superstition, ignorance, and bigotry, have had an undisputed reign over both during almost three hundred years. And what have been their fruits? They are to be seen in the political decline, diminished wealth, restricted industry and commerce, degraded morals, uncultivated intellect, deplorable distractions and civil wars, and general unhappiness, which prevail in those countries. From being the first political power in Europe, Spain has sunk so low, that, with a population of sixteen millions of souls, she is hardly equal to Denmark, which has not two millions. And as to the Spanish countries on the American continent, there is not one that is capable of maintaining a good constitutional government.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

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I walk my parlour floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair;
And as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, grey break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm, with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Or evening anthems tuning,
In spirit I'm communing
With our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—*he* is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair.
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there*!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—Thou art *there*!

PIERPONT.

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

(*From "Contributions by Q. Q.," by Jane Taylor.*)

In a remote period of antiquity, when the supernatural and the marvellous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed pacing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the East, remarking with an eye of intelligent curiosity every surrounding object. Several individuals gathering around him, questioned him concerning his country and his business; but they presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered himself to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time, the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanour forbade the idea of his being either a barbarian or a lunatic. When at length he understood by their signs that they wished to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky; upon which the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honours; but he no sooner comprehended their design than he rejected it with horror, and, bending his knees and raising his hands towards heaven in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that he also was a worshipper of the Power above.

After a time, it is said that the mysterious stranger accepted the hospitalities of one of the nobles of the city, under whose roof he applied himself with great diligence to the acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising proficiency, that in a few days he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him. The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of his guest; and upon his expressing this desire, the stranger assured him that he would answer his inquiries that evening after sun-set. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the balconies of the palace, which overlooked the wealthy and populous city. Innumerable lights from its busy streets and splendid palaces were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river, where stately vessels, laden with rich merchandise from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and of the viol, and the sound of the millstone, were continually heard; and craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there; and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling; and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there. The stranger mused a while upon the glittering scene, and listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then suddenly raising his eyes to the starry firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gaze on the beautiful evening star which was just sinking behind a dark grove that surrounded one of the principal temples of the city. "Marvel not," said he to his host, "that I am wont to gaze with fond affection on yonder silvery star. That was my home; yes, I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet, from whence a vain curiosity has tempted me to wander. Often had I beheld with wondering admiration this brilliant world of yours, ever one of the brightest gems of our firmament; and the ardent desire I had long felt to know something of its condition was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere. To that permission, however, one condition was annexed,

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to which my eagerness for the enterprise induced me hastily to consent, namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo all the vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man; and explain to me more fully than I yet understand, all that I hear and see around me."

"Truly, sir," replied the astonished noble, "although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and privileges of your country, yet methinks I cannot but congratulate you on your arrival in our world, especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it affording such various sources of enjoyment as this our opulent and luxurious city. And be assured it will be my pride and pleasure to introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner."

Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently initiated in those arts of luxury and pleasure which were there well understood. He was introduced, by his obliging host, to their public games and festivals, to their theatrical diversions and convivial assemblies; and in a short time he began to feel some relish for amusements, the meaning of which, at first, he could scarcely comprehend. The next lesson which it became desirable to impart to him, was the necessity of acquiring wealth as the only means of obtaining pleasure—a fact which was no sooner understood by the stranger, than he gratefully accepted the offer of his friendly host to place him in a situation in which he might amass riches. To this object he began to apply himself with diligence, and was becoming in some measure reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own, when an incident occurred which gave an entirely new direction to his energies.

It was but a few weeks after his arrival on our earth, when, walking in the cool of the day with his friend in the outskirts of the city, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a spacious enclosure near which they passed; he inquired the use to which it was appropriated.

"It is," replied the nobleman, "a place of public interment."

"I do not understand you," said the stranger.

"It is the place," repeated his friend, "where we bury our dead."

"Excuse me, sir," replied his companion, with some embarrassment, "I must trouble you to explain yourself yet further."

The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms.

"I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly," said the stranger, turning deadly pale. "This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have, as yet, had no intimation in yours. I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for if I have any clue to your meaning, this, surely, is a matter of more mighty concernment than any to which you have hitherto directed me."

"My good friend," replied the nobleman, "you must be indeed a novice amongst us, if you have yet to learn that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes; nor will I deny that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which appertain to our condition; for which reason it is a matter rarely referred to in polished society, and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject. But truly, sir, if the inhabitants of the place whence you came are not liable to any similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed; for be assured there is no escape here; nor could I guarantee your safety for a single hour."

"Alas," replied the adventurer, "I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise, of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something more of the nature and consequences of this wondrous metamorphosis, and tell me at what period it most commonly happens to man."

While he thus spoke, his voice faltered, and his whole frame shook violently, his countenance was pale as death, and a cold dew stood in large drops upon his forehead.

By this time his companion, finding the discourse becoming more serious than was agreeable, declared that he must refer him to the priests for further information—this subject being very much out of his province.

"How!" exclaimed the stranger, "then I cannot have understood you; do the priests only die?—are you not to die also?"

His friend evading these questions, hastily conducted his importunate companion to one of their magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood.

The emotion which the stranger had betrayed, when he received the first idea of death, was yet slight in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered from the discourses of the priests some notion of immortality, and of the alternative of happiness or misery in a future state. But this agony of mind was exchanged for transport when he learned that, by the performance of certain conditions before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His eagerness to learn the nature of these terms excited the surprise and even the contempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied for the present with the instructions he had received, and to defer the remainder of the discussion till the morrow.

"How!" exclaimed the novice, "say you not that death may come at any hour!—may it not, then, come this hour?—and what if it should come before I have performed these conditions! Oh! withhold not this excellent knowledge from me a single moment!"

The priests, suppressing a smile at his simplicity, then proceeded to explain their theology to their attentive auditor; but who shall describe the ecstasy of his happiness when he was given to understand, that the required conditions were, generally, of easy and pleasant performance; and that the occasional difficulties or inconveniences which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of

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his earthly existence. "If, then, I understand you rightly," said he to his instructors, "this event which you call death, and which seems in itself strangely terrible, is most desirable and blissful. What a favour is this which is granted to me, in being sent to inhabit a planet in which I can die!" The priests again exchanged smiles with each other; but their ridicule was wholly lost upon the enraptured stranger.

When the first transports of his emotion had subsided, he began to reflect with sore uneasiness on the time he had already lost since his arrival.

"Alas! what have I been doing?" exclaimed he. "This gold which I have been collecting, tell me, reverend priests, will it avail me anything when the thirty or forty years are expired, which, you say, I may possibly sojourn in your planet?"

"Nay," replied the priests, "but verily you will find it of excellent use so long as you remain in it."

"A very little of it shall suffice me," replied he; "for, consider how soon this period will be past. What avails it what my condition may be for so short a season; I will betake myself from this hour to the grand concerns of which you have charitably informed me."

Accordingly, from that period, continues the legend, the stranger devoted himself to the performance of those conditions on which, he was told, his future welfare depended; but in so doing, he had an opposition to encounter wholly unexpected, and for which he was even at a loss to account. By thus devoting his chief attention to his chief interests, he excited the surprise, the contempt, and even the enmity, of most of the inhabitants of the city; and they rarely mentioned him but with a term of reproach, which has been variously rendered in all the modern languages.

Nothing could equal the stranger's surprise at this circumstance, as well as that of his fellow-citizens appearing, generally, so extremely indifferent as they did to their own interests. That they should have so little prudence and forethought as to provide only for their necessities and pleasures for that short part of their existence in which they were to remain in this planet, he could consider only as the effect of disordered intellect, so that he even returned their incivilities to himself with affectionate expostulation, accompanied by lively emotions of compassion and amazement.

If ever he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future happiness, he bewailed his own madness with agonizing emotions; and to all the invitations he received from others to do anything inconsistent with his real interests, he had but one answer: "Oh," he would say, "I am to die!—I am to die!"

RULES TO ASSIST IN A RIGHT PROSECUTION OF THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

BY THE REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

I. In connection with the daily and regular reading of the Word of God, study deeply the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and the character and labours of St Paul.

II. In connection with your studies and preparations for the pulpit, mingle unceasing prayer for the light and unction of the Holy Spirit.

III. Let the love of Christ and the love of souls be the grand spring of all your outward efforts for the salvation of mankind. Your great business, instrumentally, is to save souls.

IV. In order to solemnity and earnestness in the public ministry, "set God always before you." Consider not so much to whom you speak, as the eternal import of the message you deliver. Aim at extensive usefulness.

V. Preach for eternity—as a dying man to dying men; and, in order to it, live near the throne of grace; go from your knees to the pulpit; lift up your heart to God in ascending it; frequently repeat this act in preaching, preserving a staid recollection of mind.

VI. Live above the mere fear or praise of men, and the fascinations of popularity, by a constant and intentional aim at the glory of God, renewed in every ministerial act.

VII. Imitate the Saviour; labour to preach by example, maintaining, in all companies and places, by cheerful gravity, the sober dignity, the courteousness, the consistency, and the spirituality of the Christian minister. The power of "the daily example of one who lives under the impression of the word which he preaches" is mighty. "His example is a universal language; the child, the man, the gainsayer, and the believer, alike understand it, and must read it, and take impressions from it concerning the Lord, and eternity, and Christ, and holiness."

VIII. Guard against light, facetious, and worldly conversation; steadily resisting the temptation to punning and satire, witticisms and repartee; which, though arising in many cases from a natural liveliness and buoyancy of disposition, can only tend to produce or spread an unseemly levity of spirit, which will "eat as doth a canker," ministering to the destruction of your usefulness, especially among young people, and those of unformed minds. Gravity, with sound speech, and words that minister grace to the hearers, should be as much the adorning of the youthful as of the aged minister, and are essential to the weight and influence of the ministerial character in all cases.

IX. Meddle sparingly with earthly politics; and beware of any habit, though considered innocent by men, which might lower you in the estimation of any to whom you preach. Let all men see that self-denial is your every-day garb, and that the messenger of the Sabbath is the minister through the week.

X. Rise early. Have a regular plan for every day and hour. Be conscientiously punctual, especially in appointed duties and public services. Never trifle with other men's time; and especially, never keep a congregation waiting.

XI. Sacredly economize your own time. Employ all leisure in studious improvement. Have ever some theme upon the mind. Avoid hurry and confusion,

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by avoiding procrastination and irregularity. Pursue order, and carry recollection into everything.

XII. Labour after a practical improvement of the words of our Lord—"Occupy till I come." By the diligent cultivation of every talent, however humble, and by the wise alternation of reading and meditation, study and composition, fill up your time so as to be always employed, yet never weary, till He shall say, "It is enough."

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES.

In the seventeenth chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, we read that "David arose, and all the people that were with him, and they passed over Jordan" (ver. 22); and, in the same chapter, that "Absalom passed over Jordan, he and all the men of Israel with him" (ver. 24); and that "they pitched in the land of Gilead" (ver. 26). Now, in the next chapter, where an account is given of a review of David's troops, and of their going forth to the fight, it is said, "So the people went out into the field against Israel, and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim." (2 Sam. xviii. 6.) But is not the sacred historian, in this instance, off his guard, and having already placed his combatants on one side the river, does he not now place his combat on the other? Is he not mistaken in his geography, and does he not hereby betray himself and the credit of his narrative? Certain it is, that Absalom had passed over Jordan eastward, and so had David, with their respective followers, pitching in Gilead; and no less certain it is, that the tribe of Ephraim lay altogether west of Jordan, and had not a foot of ground beyond it—how then was the battle in the wood of Ephraim? By any fabulous writer this seeming difficulty would have been avoided, or care would have been taken that, at least, it should be explained. But the Book of Samuel, written by one familiar with the events he describes, and with the scenes in which they occurred—written, moreover, in the simplicity of his heart, probably without any notion that his veracity could be called in question, or that he should ever be the subject of suspicious scrutiny, contents itself with stating the naked facts, and then leaves it to the critics to reconcile them as they can. Turn we then to the 12th chapter of the Book of Judges. There we are told of an attack made by the Ephraimites upon Jephthah, in the land of Gilead, on pretence of a wrong done them when they were not invited by the latter to take part in his successful invasion of Ammon. It was a memorable struggle. Jephthah, indeed, endeavoured to soothe the angry assailants by words of peace, but when he spake of peace, they only made themselves ready for battle. Accordingly, "he gathered together all the men of Gilead, and fought with Ephraim." Ephraim was discomfited with signal slaughter; those who fell in the action, and those who were afterwards put to death upon the test of the word Shibboleth, amounting to forty-two thousand men—almost an extinction of all the fighting men of Ephraim. Now, an event so singular, and so sanguinary, was not likely to pass away without a memorial; and what memorial so natural for the grave of a tribe, as its own name, for ever assigned to the spot where it fell—the Aceldama of their race?

Thus, then, may we account most naturally for a "wood of Ephraim" in the land of Gilead—a point which would have perplexed us not a little, had the Book of Judges never come down to us, or, coming down to us, had no mention been made in it of Jephthah's victory; and though we certainly cannot prove that the battle of David and Absalom was fought on precisely the same field as this of Jephthah and the Ephraimites some hundred and twenty years before, yet it is highly probable that this was the case, for both the battles were assuredly in Gilead, and both apparently in that part of Gilead which bordered upon one of the fords of Jordan.

Thus does a seeming error turn out, on examination, to be an actual pledge of the good faith of the historian; and the unconcern with which he tells his own tale, in his own way, never pausing to correct, to balance, or adjust, to supply a defect, or to meet an objection, is the conduct of a witness to whom it never occurred that he had anything to conceal, or anything to fear; or, if it did occur, to whom it was well known that truth is mighty, and will prevail.

David having won the battle, and recovered his throne, prepares to repass the Jordan, and return once more to his capital. His friends again congregate around him, for the prosperous have many friends. Amongst them, however, were some who had been true to him in the day of his adversity; and the aged Barzillai, a Gileadite, who had provided the king with sustenance whilst he lay at Mahanaim, and when his affairs were critical, presents himself before him. He had won David's heart. The king now entreats him to accompany him to his court: "Come thou even with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem." But the unambitious Barzillai pleads four score years as a bar against beginning the life of a courtier, and chooses rather to die in his own city, and be buried by the grave of his father and of his mother. His son, however, had life before him: "Behold thy servant Chimham, let him go over with my lord the king: and do to him what shall seem good unto thee. And the king answered, Chimham shall go over with me, and I will do to him that which shall seem good unto thee." (2 Sam. xix. 37.) So he went with the king. Thus begins, and thus ends, the history of Chimham; he passes away from the scene, and what David did for him, or whether he did anything for him, beyond providing him a place at his table, and recommending him in common with many others to Solomon before he died, does not appear. Singular, however, it is, and if ever there was a coincidence which carried with it the stamp of truth it is this, that in the 41st chapter of Jeremiah, an historical chapter, in which an account is given of the murder of Gedaliah, the officer whom Nebuchadnezzar had left in charge of Judea, as its governor, when he carried away the more wealthy of its inhabitants captive to Babylon, we read that the Jews, fearing for the consequences of this bloody act, and apprehending the vengeance of the Chaldeans, prepared for a flight into Egypt; so "they de-

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parted," the narrative continues, "and dwelt in the habitation of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem, to go to enter into Egypt." (Ver. 17.) It is impossible to imagine anything more incidental than the mention of this estate near Bethlehem, which was the habitation of Chimham—yet how well does it tally with the spirit of David's speech to Barzillai, some four hundred years before! for what can be more probable, than that David, whose birth-place was this very Bethlehem, and whose patrimony in consequence lay there, having undertaken to provide for Chimham, should have bestowed it in whole, or in part, as the most flattering reward he could confer—a personal as well as a royal mark of favour—on the son of the man who had saved his life, and the lives of his followers in the hour of their distress; and that, to that very day when Jeremiah wrote, it should have remained in the possession of the family of Chimham, and have been a land called after his own name?—*Blunt's Hulsean Lectures.*

EZEKIEL IN THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

EZEKIEL XXXVII. 3–11.

The Word of the Lord.—"Son of man! can these bones live?"

Ezekiel's Answer.—"O Lord God, thou knowest."

The Lord.—"Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord! Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live; and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath into you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord."

Ezekiel.—"O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord! Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live; and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath into you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord."

The Lord.—"Prophesy unto the wind; prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

Ezekiel.—"Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

The final result.—"An exceeding great army."

THE SAILOR MISSIONARIES.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

IN the South Pacific Ocean, lat. 13°, is a beautiful cluster of islands, called the Navigators. They were first discovered by Bourgainville, eighty years ago, and were so called from the circumstance that the inhabitants had a great number of canoes, and showed an admirable skill in their management. They are surrounded by coral reefs, and seem to have been of volcanic origin. The people are numerous, well built, and active. Their villages, sloping up the hill-sides, or half buried in the shady valleys, present a beautiful picture as seen from the sea. Pigs, poultry, bread-fruit, bananas, and oranges abound.

About the year 1828, a reckless sailor, preferring a chance among the savage natives to the hard usage he received on board a British whale ship, ran away, and found a home on one of these islands. The natives, finding him capable of teaching them many useful things, treated him with marked respect and kindness. The old chief gave him one of his daughters for a wife.

In a year or two after, two native missionaries, educated by the "Martyr Missionary," Williams, arrived from the island of Rarotonga. Through their instrumentality, the sailor became a changed, praying man, and immediately joined them in their various labours for the temporal and spiritual good of the people, and subsequently took charge of this missionary station.

Three years ago, another young sailor deserted from a British whale ship, and, as a good Providence directed, fell into the hands of this sailor-missionary. Being a son of a minister of the Church of England, he had received instruction in the things of God in his earlier years, but no lesson ever went to his heart till the Holy Spirit sent home the teachings of his brother sailor in this distant island of the sea. Seven years he had wandered a prodigal from his father's house, and native land, and now, for the first time, was constrained to cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He also became a "new creature," and joined his brother sailor and brother in Christ in the missionary work. The natives built him a large and convenient house, in which he has taught school. The mission is located in a village of eight hundred inhabitants. A good meeting-house has been built, and a church organized, with eighty members at the present time. Every family in the village observes morning and evening worship. In November last he left in a whale ship to visit once more the home and the friends of his youth. The other day he arrived in New York; and having spent a short time at the Sailor's Home, on the 31st of August, he sailed as a cabin passenger in the fine ship "Lebanon" for Liverpool. In the spring he purposes to return to his adopted home in the South Seas, where he hopes to spend his days as a missionary in the service of his Divine Master. These two sailors are the only white persons on the islands. "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first to bring thy sons from afar."

THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

MAN has three sources of happiness—

1. *The pleasures of sense*, common to him with brutes.

2. *The pleasures of his intellectual and social nature.* Here belongs the enjoyment which he derives from science, literature, and the fine arts, and from friendly social intercourse with his fellow-men.

3. *The pleasures of his moral nature*—the comfort of a good conscience—the happiness of knowing that he is in the way of duty.

These three different sorts of pleasure differ from each other not in *degree* only, but in *kind*, so that in respect to true value, one cannot be compared with another. The least amount of happiness which flows from man's intellectual and social nature outweighs in excellence all the pleasures of mere sense. The man who, by the indulgence of his bodily appetites, under whatever amount of temptation, hinders *in the least degree* the advance of his mental and social na-

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ture, we justly consider as having degraded himself. And the least drop of that bliss which comes from an approving conscience, is of higher value than all the pleasures of mere intellectual and social intercourse. If one could gain ever so much science and literature, or enjoy ever so much agreeable social communion with his fellow-men at the expense of omitting *one plain act of duty*, he would act foolishly, and degrade himself in his own estimation, and in that of all the wise and good.

The obligation of right is always supreme. It does not admit of being guaged and measured and weighed with the pleasures of mere intellect, not to say of mere sense. A single act of duty outweighs a world of mental enjoyment and sensual delight. *That* is to be adhered to though *these* be all sacrificed. How nobly is this expressed by the apostle, when he says, "But none of these things" (bonds and afflictions) "move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus!"—*Ohio Observer.*

MYSTERY OF DIVINE LOVE.

CERTAINLY it is a high dignity, that it is conferred upon man that he may, as freely as he will, converse with Him who made him, the great King of heaven and earth. It is indeed a wonder that God should honour poor creatures so much; but it is no less strange, that men having so great privileges, the most part of them do use them so little. Seldom do we come to Him in times of ease. And when we are spurred to it by afflictions and pains, commonly we try all other means rather than this, which is the alone true and unfailing comfort. But such as have learned this way of laying their pained head and heart on his bosom, they are truly happy, though in the world's language they be ever so miserable.—*Leighton.*

RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

BRIGHT clouds! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall,
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral;
Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot
With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest;
Not thus, in the day of his pride and wrath,
Did ye dare to press on his glorious path;
At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,
And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say, *He is dead!*—You exult in vain,
With your rainbow robe and your swelling train;
He shall rise again with his strong, bright ray,
He shall reign in power when you fade away,
When ye darkly cower in your vapoury hall,
Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The soul!—the soul!—with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire;
It shall spread its wings o'er the hills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained;
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

SIGOURNEY.

LOSS OF INTELLECT NO ARGUMENT AGAINST THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

THE failure of intellect, which we sometimes observe in old people, and in young ones, in some cases of sickness, is no argument against the immortality of the soul. We are ignorant how the soul will act after its separation from the body, but we know that, during their union, neither can act without the assistance of the other; therefore, when the faculties decay, we are not to suppose that the soul is injured, but that the organs, whatever they are, by which it communicates with the body, and by which ideas are presented to it, have sustained some damage. As, if a man become blind, we do not say that his soul is changed, but that the organ by which images were presented to it is injured; and, accordingly, if his eyes are cured, the soul is just as able to distinguish objects as ever. In the same manner, the sick person, whose nerves (or whatever it is on which the soul immediately acts) have recovered their tone, is able to think, and speak, and understand as formerly. The workman is not in fault, but some part of his machine is out of order.—*Smith.*

APPLYING SERMONS.

A CLERGYMAN having once ventured to denounce with great severity a particular sin of one of his congregation, was not a little alarmed, after the sermon, by seeing the offender enter his vestry-room, as not doubting that he was going to complain of the attack; when, to his great relief (in one respect, though not in another), the person in question begged to thank him particularly for his sermon, "on account," as he said, "of its particular suitableness to Mr M——."

It is no uncommon thing for hearers to suppose themselves particularly pointed at, when nothing was more remote from the preacher's intention than to notice them; but this was a remarkable instance of the readiness with which a peccant member of the body could find a convenient mode of escaping what was really intended for himself, by transferring it to another to whom it had no reference.

INEFFICIENT SERMONS.

IT is recorded by Suetonius, as an instance of Nero's inhumanity, that, in a general famine, when many were perishing, he ordered a vessel to come from Egypt—the granary of Italy—laden with sand, for the use of the wrestlers in the Coliseum; but it is cruelty of a heavier imputation for a minister to prepare his sermons to please the foolish curiosity of fancy with light conceits and vanities, whilst hungry souls languish for want of solid nourishment.—*Dr Bate.*

SIN HARD WORK.

THE Greek word for wickedness is πονηρία, derived from πόνος, "labour:" nor is there any harder work in the world than sin.—*Dr South.*

"The way of transgressors is hard."—Prov. xiii. 15.

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. xi. 30.

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THE JUDGE, THE JUDGMENT, AND THE JUDGED.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON. 1679.

THE JUDGE.

"THE Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son." (John v. 22.) He who once had a reed put into his hand, his Father will now put a sceptre into his hand; he who had a purple robe put upon him in derision, shall come in his Judge's robes; he who hung upon the cross shall sit upon the bench. There are two things in Christ which do eminently qualify him for a Judge:—

1. *Knowledge*, "prudence and intelligence," to understand all causes that are brought before him. He is described with seven eyes in Zech. iii. 9, to note his omnisciency (Heb. iv. 13): he is like Ezekiel's wheels, "full of eyes." (Ezek. x. 12.) Christ is "a heart-searcher:" he doth not only judge the fact, but the heart —which no angel can do.

2. "*Strength*," whereby he is able to be revenged upon his enemies. Christ is armed with sovereignty: therefore the seven eyes are said to be "upon one stone" (Zech. iii. 9), to denote the infinite strength of Christ; and he is described with seven horns. (Rev. v. 6.) As Christ hath an eye to see, so he hath a horn to push; as he hath his balance, so he hath his sword; as he hath his fan and his sieve, so he hath his lake of fire. (Rev. xx. 10.)

THE ORDER AND METHOD OF THE TRIAL.

Here observe, 1. *The summons;* 2. *The Judge's coming to the bench.*

1. *The summons to the court.*—And that is by the sounding of a trumpet: "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." (1 Thess. iv. 16.) St Jerome saith, that, whatever he was doing, he thought he heard the noise of this trumpet sounding in his ears: "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment." Note,

(1.) *The shrillness of the trumpet.*—It shall sound so loud that the dead shall hear it.

(2.) *The efficacy of the trumpet.*—It shall not only startle the dead, but raise them out of their graves. (Matt. xxiv. 31.) They who will not hear the trumpet of the ministry sounding, but lie dead in sin, shall be sure to hear the trumpet of the archangel sounding.

2. *The manner of the Judge's coming to the bench.*—Christ's coming to judgment will be glorious, yet dreadful.

(1.) *It will be glorious to the godly.*—The apostle calls it, "The glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus ii. 13.)

1*st*, Christ's *person* shall be glorious. His first coming in the flesh was obscure; his glory was veiled over (Isa. liii. 2, 3); all who saw the man did not see the Messiah. But his second coming will be very illustrious and resplendent. He shall "come in the glory of his Father" (Mark viii. 38)—that is, he shall wear the same embroidered robes of majesty as his Father.

2*d*, Christ's *attendants* shall be glorious. He "shall come with all his holy angels." (Matt. xxv. 31.) These sublime, seraphic spirits, who for their lustre are compared to "lightning" (Matt. xxviii. 3), are part of "Christ's train and retinue." He who was led to the cross with a band of soldiers shall be attended to the bench with a guard of angels.

(2.) *Christ's coming to judgment will be dreadful to the wicked.*—At the coming of this Judge there will be "a fire burning round about him." He "shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thess. i. 7, 8.) When God did give his law upon the mount, "there were thunders and lightnings; and Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire." (Exod. xix. 16, 18.) "If God was so terrible at the giving of the law, O how terrible will he be when he shall come to require his law!"

THE TRIAL ITSELF.

Here observe, 1. *The universality;* 2. *The formality;* 3. *The circumstances of the trial.*

1. *The universality of the trial.*—It will be a very great assize; never was the like seen: "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." (2 Cor. v. 10.) Kings and nobles, councils and armies, those who were above all trial here, have no charter of exemption granted them; they must appear before Christ's tribunal, and be tried for their lives: neither power nor policy can be a subterfuge.

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They who refused to come to "the throne of grace" (Heb. iv. 16) shall be forced to come to the bar of justice. And the dead as well as the living must make their appearance: "I saw the dead, both small and great, stand before God," &c. (Rev. xx. 12.) We do not use to cite men to our courts when they are dead; but at that day the dead are called to the bar; and not only men, but angels: "The angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitations, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." (Jude 6.)

2. *The formality of the trial*, which consists in the opening of the books: "The judgment was set, and the books were opened." (Dan. vii. 10; Rev. xx. 12.) There are two books that will be opened:—

(1.) *The book of God's omniscience.*—God not only observes, but registers, all our actions: "Thou numberest my steps." (Job xiv. 16.) The word there, "to number," signifies "to put a thing into the book:" as if Job had said, "Lord, thou keepest thy day-book, and enterest down all my actions into the book." We read of God's "book of remembrance:" this book will be produced at the last day.

(2.) *The book of conscience.*—Let there be ever so much written in a book, yet, if it be clasped, it is not seen. Men have their sins written in their conscience; but the book is clasped (the searing of the conscience is the clasping of the book); but when this book of conscience shall be unclasped at the great day, then all their hypocrisy, treason, atheism, shall appear to the view of men and angels." (Luke xii. 3.) The sins of men shall be written upon their forehead, as with a pen of iron.

3. *The circumstances of the trial.*—Here consider four things—(1.) *The impartiality;* (2.) *The exactness;* (3.) *The clearness;* (4.) *The supremacy.*

(1.) *The impartiality of the trial.*—Jesus Christ will do every man justice: he will, as the text saith, "judge the world in righteousness." It will be "a day of equitable judgment:" justice holds the scales. The Thebans did picture their judges blind, and without hands—*blind*, that they might not respect persons; *without hands*, that they might take no bribes. Christ's sceptre is "a sceptre of righteousness." He is no "respecter of persons." It is not nearness of blood that prevails: many of Christ's kindred shall be condemned. It is not gloriousness of profession: many shall go to hell with Christ in their mouths: "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" yet though they cast out devils, they are cast out to the devil. It is not the varnish of a picture that a judicious eye is taken with, but the curiousness of the work: it is not the most shining profession which Christ is taken with, unless he see the curious workmanship of grace in the heart, drawn by the pencil of the Holy Ghost. Things are not carried there by parties, but "in a most just balance:" Christ hath true weights for false hearts. There are no fees taken in that court: the Judge will not be bribed with a hypocritical tear, or a Judas-kiss.

(2.) *The exactness of the trial.*—It will be very critical. Then will Christ "thoroughly purge his floor." Not a grace or a sin but his fan will discover. Christ will, at the day of judgment, make a heart-anatomy. As the surgeon makes a dissection in the body, and doth criticise upon the several parts; or, as the goldsmith doth "bring his gold to the balance and touchstone," and "pierce his gold through, to see if it be right and genuine," and whether there be not a baser metal within—thus the Lord Jesus, whose eyes are "as a flame of fire" (Rev. i. 14), will pierce through the hearts of men, and see if there be the right metal within, having the image and superscription of God upon it. Paint falls off before the fire; the hypocrite's paint will fall off at the fiery trial: nothing then will stand us in stead but sincerity.

(3.) *The clearness of the trial.*—Sinners shall be so clearly convicted that they shall hold up their hand at the bar, and cry, "Guilty." Those words of David may be fitly applied here: "That thou mightest be clear when thou judgest." (Ps. li. 4.) The sinner himself shall clear God of injustice. The Greek word for "vengeance," signifies "justice:" God's taking vengeance is doing justice. Sin makes God angry, but it cannot make him unrighteous: the wicked shall drink a sea of wrath, but not sip one drop of injustice. Christ will say, "Sinner, what apology canst thou make for thyself? Are not thy sins written in the book of conscience? Hadst thou not that book in thy own keeping? Who could interline it?" Now, the sinner being "self-condemned," shall clear his Judge: "Lord, though I am damned, yet I have no wrong done me; thou art 'clear when thou judgest.'"

(4.) *The supremacy of the court.*—This is the highest court of judicature, from whence is no appeal. Men can remove their causes from one place to another—from the Common Law

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to the Court of Chancery; but from Christ's court there is no appeal: he who is once doomed here, his condition is irreversible.

THE EFFECT OR CONSEQUENCE OF THE TRIAL.

Which consists in three things:—

1. *Separation.*—Christ will separate the godly and the wicked: "He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." (Matt. xxv. 32.) Then will be the great day of separation. It is a great grief to the godly in this life that they live among the wicked: "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" (Ps. cxx. 5.) Wicked men blaspheme God (Ps. lxxiv. 18), and persecute the saints. (2 Tim. iii. 12.) They are compared to dogs (Ps. xxii. 16)—to bulls (Ps. lxviii. 30)—to lions (Ps. lvii. 4): they roar upon the godly, and tear them as their prey. Cain kills, Ishmael mocks, Shimei rails. The godly and the wicked are now promiscuously mingled together (Matt. xiii. 30); and this is as offensive as the tying a dead man to a living. But Christ will ere long make a separation, as the fan doth separate the wheat from the chaff, as a furnace separates the gold from the dross, or as a searcher strains out the spirits from the dregs. Christ will put the sheep by themselves, and the goats by themselves; after which separation there follows,

2. *The sentence,* which is twofold:—

(1.) *The sentence of absolution pronounced upon the godly.*—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." (Matt. xxv. 34.) After the pronouncing of which blessed sentence, the godly shall go from the bar, and sit upon the bench with Christ: "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" (1 Cor. vi. 2.) The saints shall be Christ's assessors; they shall sit with him in judicature, as the justices of peace with the judge. They shall vote with Christ, and applaud him in all his judicial proceedings. Here the world doth judge the saints; but there the saints shall judge the world.

(2.) *The sentence of condemnation pronounced upon the wicked.*—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. xxv. 41.) I may allude to that in James iii. 10: "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing." Out of the same mouth of Christ proceed blessing to the godly, and cursing to the wicked; the same wind which brings one ship to the haven, blows another ship upon the rock. "*Depart from me*"—The wicked once said to God, "Depart:" "They say unto God, Depart from us" (Job xxi. 14); and now God will say to them, "Depart from me." This will be a heart-rending word. Chrysostom saith, "This word, 'Depart!' is worse than the fire." "Depart from me, in whose presence is fulness of joy." (Ps. xvi. 11.)

3. After this sentence follows the *execution.*—"Bind the tares in bundles to burn them." (Matt. xiii. 30.) Christ will say: "Bundle up these sinners; here a bundle of hypocrites, there a bundle of apostates, there a bundle of profane—bundle them up, and throw them in the fire." And now no cries or entreaties will prevail with the Judge: the sinner and the fire must keep one another company; he who would not weep for his sins, must burn for them. And it is "everlasting" fire. The three children were thrown into the fire, but they did not stay in long: "Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, came forth of the midst of the fire." (Dan. iii. 26.) But the fire of the damned is everlasting. This word "ever" breaks the heart; length of time cannot terminate it—a sea of tears cannot quench it. The wrath of God is the fire, and the breath of God is the bellows to blow it up to all eternity. O how dreadfully tormenting will this fire be! To endure it will be intolerable; to avoid it will be impossible.

Let me persuade all Christians to remember this truth, that there shall be a day of judgment.—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." (Eccles. xi. 9.) This is a great article of our faith—that Christ "shall come to judge the quick and the dead:" "yet how many live as if this article were blotted out of their creed! We have too many epicures and atheists who drown themselves in sensual delights, and live as if they did not believe either God or day of judgment. The Lucianists and Platonists deny the immortality of the soul; the Photinians hold there is no hell. I have read of the Duke of Silesia: "He was so infatuated that he did not believe either God or devil." I wish there be not too many of this duke's opinion. Durst men swear, be unchaste, live in malice, if they did believe a day of judgment? O mingle this

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text with faith: "The Lord hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world." There must be such a day; not only does Scripture assert it, but reason confirms it. There is no kingdom or nation in the world but have their sessions and courts of judicature; and God, who sets up all other courts, shall not he be allowed his? That there shall be a day of judgment is engrafted by nature in the consciences of men.

See here the sad and deplorable estate of wicked men.—This text is as the hand-writing on the wall, which may make their "knees to smite one against another." The wicked shall come to judgment, but they "shall not stand in judgment;" in the Hebrew it is—they "shall not rise up." When God shall be decked with glory and majesty, his face as the appearance of lightning, his eyes as lamps of fire, and a sword of justice in his hand, and shall call the sinner by name, and say, "Stand forth; answer to the charge that is brought against thee. What canst thou say for thy pride, oaths, drunkenness, &c.? These sins thou hast been told of by my ministers, whom I sent, 'rising up early,' and going to bed late; but thou didst persist in thy wickedness, with a neck of iron, a brow of brass, a heart of stone. All the tools which I wrought with, were broken and worn out upon thy rocky spirit. What canst thou say for thyself that the sentence should not pass?" O how amazed and confounded will the sinner be! He will be found speechless; he will not be able to look his Judge in the face: "What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?" O wretch! thou that canst now outface thy minister and thy godly parents when they tell thee of sin, thou shalt not be able to outface thy Judge. When God riseth up, the sinner's "countenance" will be "fallen."

And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?—Not many years since, the bishops did use to visit in their dioceses, and call several persons before them as criminals: all the world is God's diocese; and shortly he is coming on his visitation, and will call men to account. Now, when God shall visit, how shall the impure soul be able to answer him? "Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" (1 Peter iv. 18.) Thou that diest in thy sin art sure to be cast at the bar: "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John iii. 18)—that is, he is as sure to be condemned as if he were condemned already. And if once the sentence of damnation be passed, miserable man, what wilt thou do? Whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou seek help from God? He is "a consuming fire." Wilt thou seek help from the world? It will be all on fire about thee. From the saints? Those thou didst deride upon earth. From the good angels? They defy thee, as God's enemy. From the bad angels? They are thine executioners. From thy conscience? There is the worm that gnaws. From mercy? The lease is run out. Oh! the horror and hellish despair which will seize upon sinners at that day! Oh! the sad convulsions! Their heads shall hang down, their cheeks blush, their lips quiver, their hands shake, their conscience roar, their heart tremble. What stupifying physic hath the devil given to men, that they are insensible of the danger which they are in? The cares of the world have so filled their head, and the profits of it have so bewitched their heart, that they mind neither death nor judgment.

THE DEATH-BEDS OF A FAMILY.

[The family referred to is that of the Janeways, well known in Nonconformist annals, and of which a singularly interesting account (from which the present article is taken) has been written by Dr Cox of Hackney, for Nelson's series of the Puritan Divines.]

I. THE FATHER—REV. WILLIAM JANEWAY.

BEING under dark apprehensions of mind in his last illness, he expressed himself in the following manner to his son:—"O John! this passing into eternity is a great thing; this dying is a solemn business, and enough to make any one's heart ache, that hath not his pardon sealed, and his evidences for heaven clear. And truly, son, I am under no small fears as to my own estate for another world. O that God would clear his love! O that I could say cheerfully, I can die; and upon good grounds be able to look death in the face, and venture upon eternity with well-grounded peace and comfort!" His son, after making a suitable reply, which, however, did not restore his peace, retired to solitary prayer, earnestly imploring that his beloved father might be filled with joy in believing, as a token for good in leaving the world. These intercessions were manifestly heard and answered by a very bright beam of the divine countenance. Upon returning to his father, the son inquired how he felt himself. No answer was given; but the departing saint, though little subject to such emotions, wept for a long time, in an extraordinary manner, till at last he broke forth in the language of impassioned exultation—"O son! now it is come, it is come, it is come. I bless God I can die: the Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am his child. Now I can look upon God as my dear Father, and Christ as my Redeemer; I can now say, This is my Friend, and this is my Beloved! My heart is full; it is brim full; I can hold no more. I know now what that sentence means, 'The peace of God which passeth understanding.' I know now

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what that white stone is, whereon a new name is written, which none know but they who have it. And that fit of weeping which you saw me in was a fit of overpowering love and joy, so great, that I could not for my heart contain myself; neither can I express what glorious discoveries God hath made of himself unto me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name, that hath pardoned all my sins, and sealed the pardon! He hath healed my wounds, and caused the bones which he had broken to rejoice. O help me to bless the Lord! He hath put a new song into my mouth. O bless the Lord for his infinite goodness and mercy! Oh! now I can die!—it is nothing; I bless God I can die. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ."

II. THE REV. JOHN JANEWAY—SECOND SON.

At the age of twenty-two, he devoted himself to the Christian ministry—a work for which he was eminently qualified, not only by his intellectual attainments, but more especially by the depth of his religious experience, and the ardour of his love for souls. It is remarkable, however, that he lived to preach only two sermons, the subject of which was—both being from the same text—on communion with God. But, in reality, almost every day was with him a Sabbath, and every conversation a sermon. The intensity of his sympathy with the spiritual condition of others, and the moral courage which impelled him onward in the path of duty and devotedness, were such, that he never hesitated to avow whatever he deemed right, or to rebuke whatever he considered wrong. He exhibited those extremes of excellence in character which, to men of the world, appear paradoxical, but which Christianity is fully capable of displaying in perfection—the lamb-like grace of humility, with the lion-like virtue of fearlessness.

That dreadful scourge of humanity, consumption, which had been long insidiously undermining his constitution, at length brought him to the grave in June 1657, at the early age of twenty-three. His last sickness brought out in rich and beautiful manifestation those heavenly graces that adorned his character. His death-bed was a field of triumph; and as his ardent soul approached eternity, it seemed to catch the splendours of the invisible world, and reflect their glories around the dark valley, and upon every spectator of the rapturous scene. Never, perhaps, was piety more exalted, or victory over death more complete. He could not rein in the unwonted vehemence of his affections and joy as his race was terminating, and the chariot wheels seemed, as it were, to burn for the goal.

"When one came to visit him,* and told him that he hoped it might please God to raise him again, and that he had seen many a weaker man restored to health, and that lived many a good year after: 'And do you think to please me,' said he, 'by such a discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world, are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. O how contemptible a thing is it in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health, and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. I tell you it would incomparably more please me, if you should say to me, You are no man of this world: you cannot possibly hold out long: before to-morrow you will be in eternity. I tell you I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be content to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die and be with Christ. O how sweet is Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Death, do thy worst! Death has lost its terribleness. Death—it is nothing. I say, death is nothing, through grace, to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ: I long to die.'

* * * "I verily believe that it exceeds the highest rhetoric to set out to the life what this heavenly creature did then deliver. I say again, I want words to speak, and so did he, for he said things unutterable; but yet, so much he spake, as justly drew the admiration of all that saw him; and I heard an old experienced Christian minister say it again and again, that he never saw, nor read, nor heard the like; neither could we ever expect to see the glories of heaven more demonstrated to sense in this world. He talked as if he had been in the third heaven."

After introducing several impassioned expressions and sentences, the biographer proceeds:—"About eight-and-forty hours before his death, his eyes were dim, and his sight much failed; his jaws shook and trembled, and his feet were cold, and all the symptoms of death were upon him, and his extreme parts were already almost dead and senseless; and yet, even then, his joys were, if possible, greater still. He had so many fits of joy unspeakable, that he seemed to be in one continued act of seraphic love and praise. He spake like one that was just entering into the gates of the New Jerusalem; the greatest part of him was now in heaven; not a word dropped from his mouth but it breathed Christ and heaven. O what encouragements did he give to them which did stand by, to follow hard after God, and to follow Christ in a humble, believing, zealous course of life, and adding all diligence to make their calling and election sure; and that then they also should find that they should have a glorious passage into a blessed eternity!

* * * "One rare passage I cannot omit, which was this—that when ministers or Christians came to him, he would beg of them to spend all the time they had with him in praise. 'O help me to praise God! I have now nothing else to do, from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth. I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given in. The wants that are capable of supplying in this world are supplied. I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy

* The quotations are from his brother James' narrative.

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lift to heaven. I expect no more here; I cannot desire more; I cannot bear more. O praise, praise, praise that infinite, boundless love, that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than thousands of his dear children! O bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! O help me, help me, O my friends, to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul!—he hath pardoned all my sins, he hath filled me with his goodness, he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he withheld from me.'

"'Come, help me with praises, all that's little; come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise! Praise him, all ye creatures upon the earth; let everything that hath being help me to praise him! Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Bring the Bible; turn to David's Psalms, and let us sing a psalm of praise. Come, let us lift up our voice in the praise of the Most High; I with you as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none, I shall do it better.'"

He took leave of the several members of his family, one by one, in affectionate addresses. "Then," adds his brother and biographer, "that godly minister came to give him his last visit, and to do the office of an inferior angel—to help to convey his blessed soul to glory, who was now even upon Mount Pisgah, and had a full sight of that goodly land at a little distance. When this minister spoke to him, his heart was in a mighty flame of love and joy, which drew tears of joy from that precious minister, being almost amazed to hear a man just a-dying talk as if he had been with Jesus, and come from the immediate presence of God. Oh! the smiles that were then in his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart! One might have read grace and glory in such a man's countenance. Oh! the praise, the triumphant praises, that he put up! And every one must speak praise about him, or else they did make some jar in his harmony. And, indeed, most did, as well as they could, help him in praise; so that I never heard nor knew any more praise given to God in one room than in his chamber.

"A little before he died, in the prayer, or rather praises, he was so wrapt up with admiration and joy, that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy. In the conclusion of the duty, with abundance of faith and fervency, he said aloud, Amen! Amen!"

III. THE REV. JAMES JANEWAY—THIRD SON.

"He had a great conflict with Satan some while before his leaving the world; and truly I do not wonder that the devil should buffet him who had with such vigour and success endeavoured to overthrow his kingdom. To prepare him for the encounter, the Lord at first did shine upon his soul, and gave him some assurance that heaven was his inheritance. But afterwards there intervened a cloud, and Satan's chain was lengthened. That lion roared upon him, and endeavoured to disturb his peace. The great thing he blamed himself for was his aptness to slubber over private duties, since he was so much engaged in public work. The accuser of the brethren was very fierce in his accusations, and so far prevailed, that Mr Janeway cried out, 'I am at infinite uncertainties as to my future state. I thought I had been sincere, but Satan tells me I have been a hypocrite;' and then added, 'Whatever you do, do not dally in religion; it is only godliness in the power of it that can strengthen against the fear of death.' Satan would not yet give over, but having begun to batter his faith, gives a fresh assault; then, with a mournful voice, he cried out, 'Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Infinite! Infinite! Infinite! Everlasting! Everlasting! Everlasting!' A relation that stood by added, 'An eternity of glory!' To which he replied, 'Of horror! of horror! unspeakable horror!'

"This was his conflict, and truly it was a sore one. But after this blackest darkness followed the break of day. Satan prevailed so far, that he might be the more remarkably foiled, for the God of peace did "tread the evil one under his feet." The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, did visit him, and bare witness with his spirit that he was a child of God, and helped him to discern and look back upon the uprightness of his heart with satisfaction.

"Not long before he died, he blessed God for the assurance of his love, and said, 'He could now as easily die as shut his eyes;' and added, 'Here am I longing to be silent in the dust, and enjoying Christ in glory. I long to be in the arms of Jesus. It is not worth while to weep for me.' Then, remembering how busy the devil had been about him, he was exceeding thankful to God for his goodness in rebuking him.

"Afterwards, he brake forth, saying, though so weak, with a loud voice, 'Amen! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' and desired others to join with him; which they not presently doing, he added, 'James Janeway is the only singer.' He was quickly seized upon with another rapture of joy, and thus expressed it: 'Millions of praises to the most high Jehovah! Heaven and earth praise him! Ye mountains and hills praise him! All his hosts praise him! All ye saints bless him, who hath visited us in our low estate, and redeemed us unto himself! All must be ascribed to free grace, from the beginning to the end.'

"Then he begged of God that 'he would bless his people, and take away animosities and names of division from among them.' These were the last words which he was heard to speak distinctly.

"Thus triumphantly he went to glory. Thus an abundant entrance was administered to him into the everlasting kingdom. But if his joy and praises were such before he was got quite thither, when he was actually come within heaven's gate, and first saw the Lord face to face, oh! who can conceive his joy and wonder!"

"I am aware that some will object to the strain of devout ecstasy which characterizes the sentiments and language of Mr Janeway in his dying moments; but I am persuaded they will meet with nothing, however ecstatic and elevated, but what corresponds to

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the dictates of Scripture and the analogy of faith. He who recollects that the Scriptures speak of a 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and of 'a joy unspeakable and full of glory,' will not be offended at the lively expressions of those contained in this narrative; he will be more disposed to lament the low state of his own religious feeling, than to suspect the propriety of sentiments the most rational and scriptural, merely because they rise to a pitch that he has never reached. The sacred oracles afford no countenance to the supposition that devotional feelings are to be condemned as visionary and enthusiastic, merely on account of their intenseness and elevation: provided they be of a right kind, and spring from legitimate sources, they never teach us to expect they can be carried too far. David *danced before the Lord with all his might;* and when he was reproached for degrading himself in the eyes of the people, by indulging these transports, he replied, 'If this be to be vile, *I will yet make myself more vile.*' That the objects which interest the heart in religion are infinitely more durable and important than all others, will not be disputed; and why should it be deemed irrational to be affected by them in a degree somewhat suitable to their value, especially in the near prospect of their full and perfect possession? Why should it be deemed strange or irrational for a dying saint, who has spent his life in the pursuit of immortal good, to feel an unspeakable ecstasy at finding he has just touched the goal, finished his course, and in a few moments is to be crowned with life everlasting? While he dwells on the inconceivably glorious prospect before him, and feels himself lost in wonder and gratitude, and almost oppressed with a sense of his unutterable obligations to the love of his Creator and Redeemer, nothing can be more natural and proper than his sentiments and conduct. While the Scriptures retain their rank as the only rule of faith and practice—while there are those who feel the power of true religion, such death-bed scenes as Mr Janeway's will be contemplated with veneration and delight. It affords no inconsiderable confirmation of the truth of Christianity, that the most celebrated sages of Pagan antiquity, whose last moments have been exhibited with inimitable propriety and beauty, present nothing similar nor equal, nothing of that singular combination of humility and devotion, that self-renouncing greatness, in which the creature appears annihilated, and God all in all. . . . . .

"Let me be permitted, however, to observe, that the experience of Mr Janeway in his last moments, while it develops the native tendency of Christianity, is not to be considered as a standard to ordinary Christians. He affords a great example of what is attainable in religion, and not of what is indispensably necessary to salvation. Thousands die in the Lord, who are not indulged with the privilege of dying in triumph. His extraordinary diligence in the whole of his Christian career, his tenderness of conscience, his constant vigilance, his vehement hunger and thirst after righteousness, met with a signal reward, intended, probably, not more for his own personal advantage, than as a persuasion to others to walk in his steps. As he was incessantly solicitous to improve his graces, purify his principles, and perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord, no wonder he was favoured with an abundant entrance into the joy of his Lord. 'He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.'"*—*History of the Janeway Family, by Rev. T. A. Cox.*

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

WHAT is that, mother?
The Lark, my child.
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?
The Dove, my son;
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For the distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?
The Eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?
The Swan, my love.
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my son, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

DONNE.

MINOR SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

EPAPHRODITUS.

REPUTATION is to be had in the Church as well as in the world, and on the same grounds. Wealth, rank, talents, are marks of distinction in both. Such an one is famous for his riches; another for his eloquence. This man is honoured for his family connexions; that one for his conspicuous station in the Church; and that one, again, for his tact as an ecclesiastical statesman. One might wonder what was the standard of reputation in the apostolic time. Of what sort were the ministers and laymen who were then highest in esteem?

Fortunately, we can tell what class of Christians

* Robert Hall.

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are determined by the highest authority to be worthy of the most distinguished regard. "Hold such in reputation," said Paul, and he spoke of Epaphroditus, and gave his reasons.

Whether he was a "fellow-soldier" in the ministry, or in a more private capacity, we cannot determine from the apostle's language. When he found a devoted "companion in labour," as this messenger of the Philippians was, Paul did not think it important to state what office, if any, he held in the Church, or what position in the world. Such an one's reputation was not to be measured by his titles or rank; nor did the primitive ministers think Christianity so exalted by the worldly eminence of any of its adherents, as to entitle men of that description to be placed in the most prominent places, merely for the sake of their names.

We are to hold such as Epaphroditus in reputation. They are to be received in the Lord with all gladness. They are to be the popular men, however poor in spirit or in purse, however humble in rank or occupation, however small a figure they make in society—"such," such as Epaphroditus is described to be, without reference to incidental circumstances, which were not thought worthy of being mentioned, as having any thing to do with his real claims to esteem.

What, then, was Epaphroditus? Shortly this: he was such an indefatigable labourer in the work of Christ, that he regarded not his health or life, so that he might accomplish the utmost in his power, for the glory of the Lord and the good of His people. His fatigues in this work produced a fit of illness, which brought him nigh unto death. His services were so valuable, that, had it not pleased God to restore him, Paul would have felt his removal as a sorrow upon sorrow. Part of his zeal had been shown in ministering to the persecuted and imprisoned apostle. That was a very humble, but a very useful work, and one that showed his faith in Christ, as much as his charity to Paul. It was a service, for which he deserved more true honour than if he had been, what some have presumed to call him, a fellow-apostle. However obscure or untitled he may have been, his recovery from sickness was a more important event for the work of Christ, than the life of the richest or most eminent disciple who was living indolently or parsimoniously as to his Christian duty—esteemed, perhaps, in the Church, and excused for all his deficiencies, because it had the honour of his name.

Both of these classes are still to be found in the Church: let us remember of which it is said, "Hold SUCH in reputation."

ANNA.

Whether eighty-four was her entire age, or the term of her widowhood, Anna's character deserves the veneration of her Christian sisters and daughters. It was not at that late day that she began to be devout. The statement implied in the mention of her years is, that though at least four score and four, she was still punctual at public worship, and made no intermission of her prayers, or even of her fasts, on the plea of age. Her zeal was not governed by the barometer, nor measured by the dial. She departed not from the temple—that is, she did not absent herself for insufficient reasons. Whether Sabbath or common day, light or dark, she loved the courts of the Lord too well to give up at eighty-four the habit and the comfort of her earlier years—probably the whole period since the short seven years of her married life.

Anna was not a mere devotee. She was so well informed in the true meaning of the Christian prophecies, and so believing in them, that, coming into the temple at the instant when the infant Jesus was dedicated, she was enabled to recognise the Messiah. Her long-continued prayers and fasts gave way to praises, and in the spirit of prophecy she spake of Jesus to those companions in the faith who had been with her looking for "redemption."

Anna's name stands first in the list of women who have publicly professed their faith in Christ. Even Mary had only come to the temple, as every Jewish mother did, with her first-born son, to perform all things according to the law. Twelve years afterwards she was still pondering, as at his birth, the incomprehensible things spoken of the child. But Anna, first of women, in the temple of the Lord, in the presence of its officiating minister, gave thanks for the Redeemer. She stood there with Simeon, before the incarnate Son of God, the representatives of the departing generation of believing Jews, assenting to his profession—"Mine eyes have seen thy Salvation."

TABITHA.

There is room in sacred literature, not only for illustrations of the minor characters of the Bible, but of the minor scenes in the history of its most eminent characters. It is a wonderful transition to turn from the traditionary Saint Peter—the Pontifical Prince, with tiara, keys, and sword, carried on human shoulders under a canopy of silk and gold, and surrounded by a military escort—to the real Peter of the Acts, standing in an upper room in Joppa, listening to the lamentations of a company of poor widows over the corpse of a friend, and viewing a collection of garments which they are exhibiting to him as a specimen of her benevolent industry.

But Peter would be more ashamed of what is done in his name in the Vatican and Cathedral of Rome, than of the scene in that upper room in Joppa. He knew as well what Christian and apostolic dignity is as any of his assumed successors, and all the pomp, and music, and Swiss guards of Italy could not have given such an illustration of true majesty, as when the late fisherman walked from Lydda to Joppa with the two men, who had been despatched for him, and going up the stairs to Tabitha's room, heard the widows' account of her, and then, after praying, was obeyed when he said to the corpse, "Arise!"

And the scene is more dignified in its relation to the deceased woman than a thousand masses, or canonization or temples consecrated to St Tabitha, would have been. Her character among the true saints was such that they felt as if she could not be spared. Even after she had been laid out for burial, the disciples determined to appeal to the divine interposition to restore her to the Church on earth. They heard that one of the apostles was in a neighbouring town, and they sent to entreat him to come to them without delay. The apostle came, heard the good women's history, saw the evidence of its truth in the tears of the widows, and the works of almsdeeds which still remained to testify to her piety, and laying the case before God in prayer, he obtained a gracious answer, and presented her alive.

It will be well for the Christian to ask, whether he has done any thing for Christ which can be produced after his decease to testify to his active faith and charity. It is probable that Tabitha had no means of signifying her attachment to the Saviour, but by employing her own hands in clothing disciples who were poorer than herself; yet she is honoured as one who was "full of good works and alms-deeds which she did." If she was "full" according to her

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means, what is the proportion due from those whose resources are greater?

A CERTAIN POOR WIDOW.

We have not so much as her name to call her by. But we have what is better—her deed. She was poor. How poor? Was she one of that class of paupers who have money in bank, money for market and shop, money for concerts and journeys, but nothing in the world for charity? Was she one of those who are impoverished by the "so many calls"—who are drained by the mere appeal to give, though they give next to nothing—who have "nothing at present"? Did she belong to one of those congregations who are too poor to pay for their place of worship, or to sustain the means of worship creditably, though they dwell in well furnished and costly houses?

But how poor was the widow? We have the appraisement of all the living that she had. The sum was precisely two mites—or to speak of it in the largest terms it admits of, one farthing.

There was a treasury for the receipt of contributions to the Lord's house in Jerusalem. A constant income was necessary to repair the buildings and maintain the worship. Did the poor woman pass by the treasury and shake her head, saying she had nothing to give? or that what she had was too trifling to offer—too small to be entered on the subscription book? Or did she say, Let the rich throw in much—they can afford it; my gift would be worth nothing?

No. The certain poor widow gave nobody the trouble of calling on her, or of listening to her polite apologies. She took her farthing in her hand, and went up to the great temple, and when she saw some of the rich throwing in their handfuls of shekels, or their minas, she was glad she had two pieces to add to the collection, and the brass mites were as cheerfully dropped as any gold or silver that went into the treasury that day.

Yes; and they were as cheerfully received. For the Lord of the temple was sitting over against the treasury at the time, and declared, inasmuch as she had, in the fulness of her heart, bestowed *all* that she possessed, she had done more than all others.

The same Lord has his eye upon every disciple who has now the privilege of contributing to his cause. He knows who gives and who withholds; he discerns the cheerful and the grudging giver; he estimates the gift, not by its intrinsic amount, but by the proportion it bears to the means of the donor. A farthing may represent more in his view, and be more abundantly recompensed, than the thousands or tens of thousands which men emblazon when they are given, though they scarcely diminish the heap from which they are taken.

SECURITY, A SIGN OF DANGER.

SECURITY is a great sign of impenitence, and impenitence is a strong symptom that the unclean spirit is still in possession. Our Saviour tells us, that "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." (Luke xi. 21.) The mind, conscience, and heart, are all in peace; the poor creature sees, knows, feels nothing by himself; all is right, and well, and safe, in his own apprehension; he is neither sensible of his misery nor of his danger; his sleep is not broken, nor his thoughts disturbed with the consideration of his condition. There is no noise, no complaints, no uneasiness about his soul's condition, no crying out, "What a miserable creature am I! what will become of me? what shall I do to be saved?" but all is wrapped up in a mortal stupidity and security. There is not a sadder indication that the strong man still keeps the house. When Christ comes, he makes an evident alteration; the sinner's quiet is disturbed, his eyes are opened, the sleepy heart is roused; all the powers of the soul are put into a strange commotion; it cannot go on securely and unconcernedly, as it did before; it cannot sleep in the hands of the devil: but there is a strange shaking and trembling among the dry bones in the valley; there is a disturbance of mind, convulsions of conscience, fears and thoughts of heart, and the burden of all is, "Oh wretched man that I am! whither am I plunged? what will become of this poor, imprisoned, miserable soul of mine?" When Christ comes to take possession of his own, it may generally be known by these symptoms; but where all is at peace, and ease, and quiet—where there have been no commotions, no disturbances, no complaints, no cries of this nature—it is a sufficient argument that we are still in the possession of our old master. Oh! hear and consider this, all you careless, secure souls! your case is plain enough; it needs no great examination to come to the discovery of it: your profound indifference, your undisturbed security tells loudly and expressly whose hands you are in.—*Whittaker.*

THE VOYAGE.

THERE was a man who owned a little ship, and carried on in it a petty coasting trade. He used to creep from port to port, and bought or bartered such commodities as each supplied. And, being fond of knowledge and strange sights, he sometimes landed, and visited the interior, and noted down any curious thing he came upon. (Eccles. i. 16, 17.)

But being of a wistful and aspiring turn, he often longed to spread a bolder sail, and make some nobler land. (Ps. lv. 6.) He had heard the rumour of brighter climes; a whisper of spicy forests and dazzling wings; a distant report of waters which mature the pearl, and rivers which run down gold. (1 Cor. ii. 9.) But the rumour was vague, and stirred no effort; and so our merchantman still cruised about from one dingy port to another of the little island where he was born.

Till one day, talking to a friend, and lamenting his joyless life, his labour without profit, and his success without satisfaction, he was surprised to learn that his friend had long felt the same. Nay, more; he had been making inquiry, and had resolved on forsaking his present line of life. He had learned that the Lord of that Better Land was a most kind and generous Prince, and made all strangers welcome, provided that, ere setting out, they secured a passport, which was freely supplied to all who chose. And he had gained some information regarding the country itself. The exact distance he could not tell. Some had reached it in a few weeks, and others had been at sea for several years. But he had procured a chart in which the course was clearly marked, and the grand port of arrival set down. And, for his

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own part, he was sick of this wretched coast, which yielded nothing except the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; and he was determined to lose no time in setting sail for Immanuel's Land.

Delighted with the information, and furnished with the chart, our voyager also resolved to steer for this better country. And, like one into whom a mighty purpose has entered, there was great alacrity in his movements, and much energy in his preparations. He might sometimes be seen for hours bending over the chart, and familiarizing himself with its landmarks. And, in his anxiety to be well informed on the subject, he got the narratives of some distinguished mariners who had performed the voyage lately; but after reading several, he found that they all agreed in extolling the minuteness and fidelity of the chart; and always ended by saying, that whosoever took heed to his track, according to its markings, could never go wrong. (Ps. cxix. 9, 99.)

At last he set sail. It was a bright and airy morning when his little vessel turned her head to sea. In the healthy flutter overhead he heard a promise of better things to come, and the thought, "Bound for the Better Land," put springs into his feet as he paced the exulting deck. The very clouds which scurried light and pure along the sky he hailed as friends and fellow-voyagers, for they, too, seemed to seek that brighter shore; and the faith and hope with which his whole nature swelled and thrilled at last melted into love and wonder, and, with uplifted hands he cried, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten me to a lively hope—to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" and presently, on bended knees, he was pouring out the gratitude of his ravished heart to the glorious Lord of that land.

He was getting clear of the roads when he noticed a light-house rising up from the water, and looking to the chart, he found that it was erected over the Demas Sands. (2 Tim. iv. 10.) And just here a pilot-boat came alongside of him, bearing despatches from the shore. One was a letter reminding him of his engagment to grace with his presence a splendid rout which was to come off next day, and reminding him that it was partly in honour of himself that it was given, and they would all be so dull without him. And the other was a letter from a near relation, telling him, that if he persisted in this ridiculous course, although he had intended to make him his heir, he would alter his will, and cut him off with a shilling. But just at that moment the peace of God was so keeping his mind that neither message disturbed him. He remembered, "Be not conformed to the world. Love not the world, neither the things that be of the world;" and having written two brief but decisive notes, he turned the vessel's head a point more to sea-ward, and cleared in safety the Demas Sands.

After this, the breeze abated, and towards noon it was nearly calm. Our voyager was in high spirits at the moral victory which he had just achieved, and was now pretty sure that he had not only set out in the right direction, but that at this rate nothing could hinder him from landing aright. A little self-complacency sprang up in his mind, and he thought less about the kindness of Him who had invited him to the goodly realm than about his own luck or wisdom in actually going. And whilst he was thus musing, he wondered, but he rather thought the ship was standing still. There could be no doubt of it. The sails were still a little set, and breaths of air were still moving about; but the ship was fast, and would not answer to the helm; and, looking over the side, he could see quite plainly the ridge of rock on which it had grounded. He was much amazed; for he had felt no shock nor jar, and had taken it as gently as if it had been a sunken cloud or a spell in the water. But there he was, fast and firm; and it was no use backing the sails, for he could not move, and to make the matter worse, the tide was ebbing. Just then, he noticed a sail near hand, and signalled her. She proved to be his old friend, who had first suggested the idea of this voyage, and who himself had newly put to sea.

Voyager. Well, here's an ugly trap. Do you know what they call this horrid reef?

Friend. Self-confidence. There is not a worse shoal in all the passage.

V. Why, then, is there no light nor beacon over it?

F. There are these buoys. And what is the use of your sounding-line? (Prov. xviii. 12; Rom. xi. 20; 2 Cor. xiii. 5.)

V. But was not it curious that I should slide so softly on what you say is such a dangerous rock?

F. Well, it was just in the same way that the good ship Galatia was wrecked long ago. She had just parted with the best pilot who ever navigated these seas—the famous pilot, Paul; and the last glimpse he had of her she was running well. And when word was brought him that the hapless Galatia was fast aground on this treacherous reef, so strange and unaccountable did it seem, that he exclaimed, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" But it is time you were thinking what to do; for, if rough weather find you here, you must go all to pieces.

V. And what shall I do?

F. Look yonder.

And, as directed, the voyager looked aloft. And, though it was bright day, there shone in the clear firmament a broad and silvery star. The mariner knew that it was the Star of Bethlehem; and, as he intently eyed it, he felt his pinnace lifted off the reef, and soon the sails began to bulge, and, in gladness of release, the vessel bounded on her way. (Phil iii. 3, iv. 13; Ps cxxiv. 7.)

Humbled by this mismanagement, the voyager after this consulted his chart more carefully, and steered more exactly according to its minute directions. Sometimes he sailed in sunshine, sometimes in shade. At times, the currents were cross, or the gale was in the vessel's eye. And then, again, the wind, blowing where it listeth, would lift him fast along, and as one bright billow handed him to an-

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other, a joyous ditty would carol from the deck. Occasionally, he had a convoy from another seeking the same port, and often without a consort he pursued his solitary way.

At last, a storm arose. There was first a lull and a lurid calm. A dusky red, a bloody dimness curtained the horizon, and enclosed the ship within its thickening pall. There felt like sulphur in the air, and the breath grew short, and the strength gave way, as when some fearful thing is coming. And when the angry sun was set, and nothing sparkled in the blotted firmament, and deep was calling unto deep—the moaning signals, in which the spirits of desolation seem to ask, If all be ready? it flashed—again—again—again; and the welkin was fire, and the sea was foam; and amid the splitting cracks, and the engulfing flame, and the rising hurricane, it felt as if the quivering skiff were a tiny morsel in Destruction's open jaws. "O my God, my soul is cast down within me. Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." It was the hour of darkness, and of the prince of the power of the air, and strange whispers hissed through the gloom or gurgled up from the weltering flood. One of them suggested, "Cast away the beginning of your confidence." Another murmured, "Curse God and die." One yelled, "Hell is but a fable, and Heaven a poet's dream." And the ghastliest of all was a reptile croak, "There is no God." And the poor benighted soul began to wonder if it could be on the right track that all this riot of horrors went on, and feared that he must have got into some fiendish by-path, and almost wished, rather than hear those blasphemous voices, that the deep would swallow him quick. But from this belly of hell he cried again, and his brief but piercing prayer was ever the same, "Lord, save—or I perish." And through all the turmoil and din, that cry was heard; for what is yon pavilion of moving light—that sunny shrine which glides over the billows, and a glassy path spreads out before it? What is this presence from whose distant ray the phantoms of the pit have already retreated, and their foul accents died away? The Bright and Morning Star is already on board; and to the "Peace be still," which he spoke, the obsequious storm and the crouching waves have given instant answer. "It is I; be not afraid;" and, though still soaked in spray and cold with terror, the presence of his protector and deliverer restores the sinking soul. Assured that the Saviour himself has taken the helm, he drops into tranquil slumber, and, when he wakes, his drenched garments are dry, and the monsoon is past, and those constant winds are entered, which will always blow the self-same way till he reaches the haven where he fain would be.

And as he glances along on the gentle waters, he takes out his log-book, and enters a whole account of the hurricane. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble: then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." And from that time forward he marks a happy change in the character of the voyage. There is more progress and less vicissitude. He has passed under deeper skies and got into steadier gales. And he has fewer adventures and perils to record. And he has a serene and prevailing hope of arriving safe at last. By-and-by, he begins to notice fragments of sea-weed, and crosses whole banks of them; but though they somewhat hinder the ship and make its way more cumbrous, he does not grudge them, for they tell that land is near. And to tell it still more clearly, by-and-by new shapes are seen — bright pinions and darting gems which have come from the hidden shore, and are going back again. And there it comes itself—the shore with its palm-trees waving and its snowy temple gleaming; and already he inhales the fresh and balmy odour from distant forests and unseen flowers:—when some suspicious sail bounds towards him, some skulking corvette which prowls on its pirate outlook near the very harbour's mouth; and for a moment he marvels that such murderous robbers should be suffered to cruise along the very margin of Immanuel's Land. But a signal is made from shore, "Resist, and he will flee." And obedient to the timely signal, the ship puts on her fighting trim; and no sooner is the flag of defiance shaken out, than the dark sail veers about, and, as it sneaks away, a shout pursues it, "O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?" When the morrow dawned, it showed the anchor dropped and the canvass furled; but it was the Fair Haven of Immortality, and the voyager had got safe to land.—*Happy Home.*

SAYINGS OF LUTHER.

HIS FIRMNESS AND DETERMINATION.

THE more my opponents indulge their fury, with the more alacrity I advance. I leave the things that are behind me for them to bark at, and follow those that are before me, that they may have them also to bark at in their turn.

I have no other will but that of the Lord. He will do with me what he pleases. But although I had four hundred heads, I would rather lose them all than retract the testimony I have given to the holy faith of Christians.

Methinks, indeed, I have pitched my voice too high, have proposed many things that will appear impossible, and have attacked many errors somewhat too fiercely. But what am I to do in such a case? Better that the world should be angry with me, than that God should. . . . . At the worst, they can but take my life. I have repeatedly made offers of peace to my opponents. But God has compelled, through their instrumentality, ever to open my mouth against them.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

I FEAR much that the universities may prove but

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great gates to hell, if sedulous attention be not given to the explaining of Holy Scripture, and engraving it on the hearts of the youths who attend them. I would advise no one to send his child where Holy Scripture does not hold the chief place. All must become corrupt where unceasing attention is not paid to the Word of God.

PRAYER.

When thou prayest let thy words be few, thy thoughts and feelings many; and, above all, let them be deep. The less thou speakest, the better thou dost pray. Few words and many thoughts bespeak the Christian. Many words and few thoughts bespeak the Pagan. Prayer, in spirit and in truth, is the inward longing, the notion, and the sighs, which proceed from the depths of the heart.

FORBEARANCE.

Welcome thy still ignorant and erring brethren, as Jesus Christ hath welcomed thee. Patiently bear with them; make their sins thine own; and if thou hast anything good, communicate it to them. Receive one another, says the apostle, as Christ hath received us, for the glory of God. That is a miserable righteousness which will not bear with others because it finds them bad, and thinks only of seeking the solitude of the wilderness, instead of doing them good by patience, by prayer, and by example. If thou beest the lily and the rose of Christ, know that thy dwelling is among thorns. Only beware lest, by thine impatience, thy rash judgments, and thy secret pride, thou dost thyself become a thorn. Christ reigns in the midst of his enemies. Had he desired to dwell only among the good, and to die only for those who loved him, for whom, I pray you, would he have died, and among whom would he have dwelt? * * *

Bitterness is not expelled by bitterness—the devil by the devil; but the sweet dissipates the bitter, that is to say, the finger of God expels the demons.

GOOD WORKS.

We do not become righteous by doing works of righteousness; but, having become righteous, we do such works. Abel was first righteous before God, and then his sacrifice.

They would do good works before their sins are forgiven, whereas sins must be forgiven before good works can be done. It is not good works that expel sin; but expel thou sin, and thou shalt have the works.

NATURE OF TRUE REPENTANCE.

Christ is a teacher of the spirit, and not of the letter; his words are spirit and they are life. He therefore teaches a repentance according to the spirit and the truth—not those outward penances of which the proudest sinners may, without any self-abasement, acquit themselves. The repentance he would have, is such as is compatible with every condition of life, whether it be under the purple of royalty, or amid the pomps of Babylon, where a Daniel was to be found, as well as under the beggar's rags.

THE PRIESTS IN ITALY.

I became acquainted with a young, handsome, fashionable count, who mixed largely in English society in Rome. During an evening's conversation, he remarked, he had never beheld the sea, and had a great desire to do so. I observed, that was very easy—the sea was but a few miles distant; and if he preferred a seaport, Civita Vecchia was not very far off. The Count laughed. "I made an effort to accomplish it, but failed;" he then said, "you English who travel over the world do not know our system. I applied lately for a passport to visit the coast; the officials inquired my age, and with whom I lived; I said, 'With my mother.' A certificate from my mother was demanded, verifying the truth of my statement. I brought it; the passport was still refused. I was asked who was my parish priest; having answered, a certificate from him was required, as to the propriety of my being allowed to leave Rome. I got the priest's certificate; they then told me in the office I was very persevering, that really they saw no necessity nor reason for my roaming about the country just then, and that it was better for me to remain at home with my mother." He then muttered, "The priests, the priests, what a government is theirs!"—*Whiteside's Italy in the Nineteenth Century.*

THE DEW-DROPS.

A child, one too wise and good for this world, saw on a summer's morning that the dew-drops did not lie and glitter upon the flowers, for the angry sun came in its might and dried them up, and they were seen no more. Soon a rainbow was seen in the clouds, and his father told him, "There are the dew-drops over which thou didst grieve, and they now shine in splendour in heaven, and no foot can crush them; and remember, my child, if thou vanishest soon from earth, it will be to shine in heaven."—*Richter.*

A CHILD'S RELIGION.

I sincerely hope you are beginning to be truly sensible of the danger of sin, and the necessity of seeking the Lord very early. Your life is an uncertainty at best; occasional indispositions should remind you that you may never arrive at man's estate. If you are to die a boy, we must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation! or else a boy's ignorance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction! Remember all this, and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart; pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus; pray for wisdom, for the destruction of pride, vain conceit, and self-sufficiency. "Be not slothful in business; but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Legh Richmond, in a letter to one of his sons.*

INDEPENDENCE—A DREAM.

A great man, however high his office and talents, is dependent on little things. *Jonah was exceeding glad of his gourd.* However splendid and towering, man is *crushed before the moth*, if God does not uphold him. So that, while we are admiring the great man, as he is called, and however he may be disposed to admire himself, and to speak *great swelling words* of vanity, facts will show that he is a poor dependent creature, who cannot live a moment without God. If the Holy Spirit opens his eyes, he will perceive that he cannot stand alone; but can only support himself, and climb, like the ivy, by clasping one stronger than himself.—*Cecil.*

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SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS.

No. II.—"THE HIDING-PLACE FROM THE STORM."

Our last communication left us sauntering in the harvest field, and gathering, by the light of Scripture metaphor, some of those precious spiritual truths that may be found in profusion, suggested by the scenes and employments of that delightful season. A change has now come over the face of nature, and the short days and gloomy skies of winter have sent us to seek our present enjoyments in household scenes and fireside pleasures. Hither, however, our spiritual companion does not refuse to follow us, and to shed the warmth and glow of its heavenly lustre on objects in themselves peculiarly endeared to the human heart. What a beautiful picture of heaven itself is presented by the term—a "father's house!" What an attractive representation of the blessings of salvation is given in the emblem of a "marriage feast!" What a pleasing view of the Church of Christ, under the aspect of a holy "family"—"the household of God;" and how calculated is the shelter and comfort of *home*, especially at this inclement season, to impress with a lively sense of the previous exposure, and the present safety of those "who have fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before them" in the gospel! Listen to the angry tempest as it howls around your dwelling; look out to the driving snow as it wraps all nature in a common winding-sheet; and as you close the casement, and draw near to the blazing hearth, open your Bible, and ask yourself if you ever read a more beautiful emblem, or pondered truths more weighty than those which it exhibits: "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."—"Thou hast been a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." Two important ideas here present themselves. How terrific is the storm here alluded to, but, oh! how complete is the shelter!

Many have been the fearful tempests that have often desolated our accursed earth. The hurricane and tornado have swept across it. The earthquake and flood have convulsed and deluged it. All the elements, on its surface, and within its bowels, "fire, hail, snow, vapours, stormy wind," have mixed together in the angry conflict. But who can estimate the fierce and fiery elements that mingle in the storm that sin has raised, or calculate the numerous and formidable quarters from which they blow against the present condition of fallen man! From one point come forth the fiery blasts of the "prince of the power of the air," fierce and powerful temptations by which Eden itself was laid waste; and even those who are received under the sheltering wings of Christ, are often "buffeted" like a light skiff on the billows, or "sifted" as corn in the thrashing-floor. From another quarter descend the piercing "hail" of malignant calumny, and the sweeping "flood" of bloody persecution, undermining the sandy foundation of many an unstable profession, filling "the city with the noise of violence and strife," and compelling the child of God to exclaim, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away, and be at rest!" From another side sets in the furious tempest of earthly troubles. Deep calleth unto deep, all their waves and billows pass over the soul. "They came upon me," says Job, "as a wide breaking in of waters: in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me. Terrors are turned upon me: they pursued my soul as the wind: and my welfare passeth away as a cloud." From all points are constantly blowing the various "winds of doctrine"—uncertain and fitful gusts of soul-ruining errors, by which the established saint is often, for a time, driven from his course, and many an ill-ballasted and light-minded professor "makes shipwreck of his faith" on the rocks and shoals of heresy and scepticism. Wells they are without water, clouds that are carried by a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever.

But, above all these lowers a dark and portentous cloud, from which burst at intervals the loud peals of rolling thunder, and the lurid glare of the forked lightning. It grows darker and darker as the day advances; it gathers closer and closer round the sinner's head; its thunders become articulate, and their appalling voice re-echoes in his ear. Snares, fire, and brimstone, and an horrible tempest, will the Lord rain upon the wicked. This shall be the portion of their cup. Amidst the turmoil of this awful tempest all the others are forgotten. What are they but the fitful gusts raised in its

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train? and if it pass over, they will sink into a calm. Stay then, reader, for a moment, while it is still looming in the distance, and take a hasty glance at some of its most prominent and portentous features, if haply it may prompt us to flee from "the wrath to come."

This is a storm of God's immediate sending.—All the winds are in his fists; all the elements "obey his word;" but there are times when he sends them forth as his special messengers, and charges them with a commission of special vengeance. Such was the storm by which he arrested his own perverse prophet, the hail shower that destroyed the Amorites, the wind that buried Pharaoh and all his host, like lead, in the mighty waters, and that awful tempest of *brimstone* and *fire* which the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah, as it is emphatically said, "*from the Lord out of heaven.*" In such cases, the Lord himself seems as it were visibly to "come out of his place." His way is in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. From their dark and deepening folds his majestic form seems to come forth, like the angel of wrath over Jerusalem, his voice is distinctly heard in the roar of the elements, and from his red right hand issues the deadly thunder-bolt. And is not this the aspect, O awakened sinner, that this dark cloud presents to you? Can you regard it in any other light but as the special messenger of divine vengeance. "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." Tophet is prepared of old for the king; it is made large and wide; the pile of it is fire and much wood, and (oh! appalling thought!) the breath of God Almighty, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it!

It is a storm of the sinner's own raising.—To human guilt in general are, no doubt, to be traced all the convulsions of nature. But in this general responsibility no individual, in ordinary cases, either charges himself as the immediate cause of a particular storm, or feels alarmed, as if he were its special object. This, however, is sometimes the case, and it invests the tempest with peculiar horrors. What a fearful awakening to the rebellious and conscience-stricken prophet, to find all creation in an uproar, and closing round him like the armed messengers of the court of heaven, to arrest him in the name of the Lord of hosts! But is not this the feeling of every awakened sinner, when he looks out upon the gathering tempest of divine wrath. "His own iniquity shall overtake the sinner himself, and he shall be holden in the cords of his sins."—"Let him be as chaff before the wind, and let the angel of the Lord pursue him. Let his way be dark and slippery, and let the angel of the Lord pursue him from above." And whither shall he escape from such a messenger? "Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence shall I bring them down."—"We have made a covenant with death," do any presume to say, "and with hell are we at agreement; when the destroying scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us: for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves." But, thus saith the Lord, "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away all your refuges of lies; and the water shall overflow your hiding-place. When the destroying scourge shall pass through, ye shall be trodden down by it."

It is a storm of fearful violence.—So it must be, if it be sent by the hand of Jehovah, and be intended to give effect to the fierceness of his indignation. "Who knoweth the power of his anger? according to his fear, so is his wrath." What a fearful display of divine power is often given in ordinary tempests! How dreadful their effects on the land; how far more terrible on the ocean! "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the mighty waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." And if God interpose not to calm the waves, or bring them into a desired haven, the mightiest fleet melts like a flake of snow into the angry floods, or is dashed into spray on the iron-bound shore. But, oh! how far more terrific the rage, and more dreadful the effect of the wrath of God! How justly is it described as a "horrible tempest!" It bears on its wings, not a shower of hail or of rain, but of fire and brimstone. It lashes into fury, not the waves of an angry sea, but the fiery surges of a burning lake. It effects the destruction not only of life and property, but of the souls of men. Its desolating sweep not only involves in ruin, a house, a plantation, a city, or a country, but will set the heavens on fire, and burn up the earth with fervent heat. "The Lord shall come, and shall no more be silent. Fire goes

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before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him."—"For a fire is kindled in his anger, and it shall burn to the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with its increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains."

It is a storm of endless duration.—How withering the effect of a protracted storm! A violent thunder-storm of a few hours often spreads gloom and desolation over a whole neighbourhood. A tempest of a few days at sea sinks the heart and exhausts the energies of the stoutest mariner. A snow-storm of a few weeks' continuance impedes all the wheels of business, impoverishes the hand of labour, and often blights the future hopes of the husbandman. Man and beast pine under its cold; and hunger, disease, and death, stalk abroad. What would be our feelings were we assured that such a storm should never come to an end! Who, then, among us shall dwell with devouring fire; who shall abide everlasting burnings! How fearful that convulsion of nature, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and an incessant deluge of forty days' duration poured down upon our devoted earth! But, ah! who can for a moment compare this with everlasting torrents of divine wrath—the endless heaving of a fiery deluge! Even here "the wicked is as the troubled sea, that cannot rest." But there is often a lull in the wind of divine anger against him, while it never rises to its utmost violence; but who can stand before it when, rising to extreme fury, it shall rage without abatement and without end! "Then the strong shall be as tow, and the maker thereof as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."

In fine, it is a storm which divine power itself cannot quell.—It is the glory of the Lord that "the winds and the sea obey him." He commands, and forth flies the tempest. He has but to say, "Peace, be still," and "immediately there is a great calm." It is not so, however, with this storm. His single word calls it forth; but all the power of God, *directly* employed, cannot lay it. This may seem a startling statement; but it is a great and solemn truth. Divine indignation is but the execution of Divine *justice*, and that illimitable perfection of his immutable Godhead he can neither modify nor restrain. "God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth; the Lord revengeth and is furious; the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and reserveth wrath for his enemies." It is this feature in this tempest that renders it peculiarly appalling. In all other cases, you have the consoling reflection that the storm is in every sense under divine control; and when it has served its end, he shall say, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther." But no such limit can God set to his righteous indignation. It is the unchanging law of his very nature, that must run its course. "What, then, shall the sinner do in the day of visitation, when the desolation shall come from far? Whither shall he flee for help, and where shall he leave his glory?" The earth on which he treads is already heaving under his feet. The pit below is opening its devouring jaws. Behind him all is darkness; before him it is as the shadow of death. He turns to heaven itself—the last hope of the wretched—and by the glare of its lightnings he reads this stern but righteous sentence,—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all* things written in the book of the law to do them;" and, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But look again, poor disconsolate sinner, there is a bright opening in that dark cloud—a ray of celestial light beams through it, and a still small voice falls upon the ear: "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

SOCIAL REFORMERS.

We, too, are social reformers. We see many things which grieve us. We see much extravagance among the rich, and much improvidence among the poor. We see a great deal of pride and bitterness. We see the pride of rank, which believes that itself is porcelain, and that common men are clay. We see the bitterness of penury, which resents the wealth of others as a crime, and which deems it a proof of spirit to insult a man of higher station. We see a fearful amount of tyranny. We see the tyranny of squires and capitalists, refusing to their tenants and their servants the enjoyment of the Sabbath, and freedom to worship God. And we see the tyranny of working-men, compelling their fellows to connive at crime, and enforcing compliance with unreasonable rules, often by means of the greatest cruelty. These things we know, and we mourn over them. We long to see them all redressed. We long to see the rich less stiff, and reserved, and haughty. We long to secure for cottages and cabins, not only the Christmas dole, but the kind words, and the friendly recognition, and the occasional call. We long to see toleration and fair play. We long to see industry and a competency convertible terms; and we long to see the laborious classes kindly-affectioned one to another, and respectful of the rights and the feelings of their hard-working brethren. And on every side

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we long to see more magnanimity, more confidence, and more mutual forbearance.

But we have no faith in any social reform which overlooks the fact that man is a fallen being. Though we had never read it in the Bible, we think we could read it in the world, that man is no longer what a holy Creator made him. *His heart is not right with God, nor is it right with his fellows.* And every ameliorating scheme which overlooks this twofold depravity is sure to end in frustration.— *Happy Home.*

LOVE TO FELLOW-MEN.

We love our fellow-men, and we long for their greater happiness; but so profoundly do we believe that "the imagination of man's heart is only evil," so persuaded are we that our world as yet contains little loyalty to God, and little love of man to man, that we have no faith in any self-restoring system. It is not a new construction which society needs, so much as new material. Nor can we promise ourselves a political millennium. Doubtless, it is the duty of every citizen to give efficiency to such good government as he enjoys; and it is the duty of every state to aim at constitutional optimism; to seek such a code of laws, and such a distribution of power, as will make it easiest for the citizens to do what is right, and most difficult to do what is wrong. But there is no magic in political change. No form of government, republican, representative, or despotic, can cure the real complaint of our species. No law can change vice into virtue, or give to guilt the joys of innocence. No ruler can make the Atheist happy, or kindle a blessed hope in that mephitic mind which has quenched its own lamp of immortality. When Hercules put on the poisoned robe, it did not matter where he went. No change of climate, no breezy height, no balmy sky, could lull the venom in his fiery veins. Restless and roaming, he wandered to and fro, and raged at everything; but the real quarrel was with his tainted self, and the change which would have relieved his misery would have been a migration from his own writhing nerves and stounding bones. And let a man of idle or immoral habits, or let an ill-assorted family, try all the constitutions in the world, or let a new constitution come to their own country once a-year, and they will soon discover that to a guilty conscience, or a dissolute character, political day-springs bring no healing. Legislation contains no charm—no spell for converting personal or domestic wretchedness into virtue and tranquillity; and so long as a man is entangled in his own corruption—so long as he wears the poisoned vest of inherent depravity, "he may change the place, but he cannot cheat the pain."

Is there, then, you will ask, no hope for society? Is the present routine of selfishness, oppression, and suffering, to go on for ever? Assuredly not. But it will come to an end in no other way except that which God has designed and foretold. It will end when He himself interposes. Till then, visionaries, amiable or atheistic, may each propound his panacea; but, alas! the plague of society is too virulent for any medicine native to our earth. And, no doubt, elaborate attempts will be made, and associations will be formed, with a view to counteract the dispersive elements in human nature. Influential leaders, poetical statesmen, and discarded projectors, will say, "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth;" but the feuds and the jargon which confounded the Plain of Shinar will prove fatal to Babel the Second. And it is not till the Prince of Peace shall commence his reign of righteousness, and, simultaneous with his enthronement, the Spirit of God shall mollify the minds of men, that "violence" shall vanish from our earth, and "wasting and destruction" from within its borders. And when that day comes—when, by the direct interference of the Holy Spirit, man's enmity to God is converted into allegiance and love, and man's selfishness is drowned in kindness and good-will—many of the results for which men at present sigh will no longer need perilous experiments, but will develop of their own accord. When the years are all one Pentecost, and the world one Christian family, none will lack, and, if they please, people may then have "all things in common."—"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

And, in the meanwhile, the reader may secure his own happiness without overturning an empire or new-moulding society. Like Caspar Rauchbilder, you run the risk of losing some solid and immediate advantages whilst musing on remote and wholesale reformations. The present state of society may be vicious; but in the most essential matters, your Creator has rendered you independent of society. By making you the custodier of your own soul, he has made you the keeper of your own comfort. And, if you be wise, you will go so far on the individual plan as to study the gospel, and seek the one thing needful for yourself. So far as you are concerned, that gospel is a personal message. To you and me, my brother, God offers a personal salvation. And if we believe that gospel, and live godly, righteous, and sober in the world, whatever be the state of society, we shall secure our personal happiness here and hereafter. Perhaps, too, we shall then be able to do something in order to mitigate the misery and increase the happiness of those around us.—*Ibid.*

CHEERFUL FIRESIDE.

Nothing makes the fireside so cheerful as a blessed hope beyond it. Even when you sit most lovingly there—though the daily task is completely done, and the infant in the cradle is fast asleep—though this is Saturday night, and to-morrow is the day of rest—though the embers are bright, and from its fat and poppling fountain in yon coal the jet of gas flames up like a silver scimitar; and though within your little chamber all is peace, and warmth, and snug repose—the roaring gusts and rattling drops remind you that it still is winter in the world. And when that

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withered leaf tapped and fluttered on the window, mother, why was it that your cheek grew pale, and something glistened in your eye? You thought it perhaps might come from the church-yard sycamore, and it sounded like a messenger from little Helen's grave. It said, "Father and mother, think of me." Yes, dreary were the homes of earth were it not for the home in heaven. But see to it that yourselves be the Saviour's followers, and then to you he says, "Let not your heart be troubled! In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you." And when you come to love that Saviour rightly, you will love one another better, more truly, and more tenderly. And, trusting to meet again in that world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, a purifying hope and a lofty affection will hallow your union on earth. And, if not inscribed above your mantel-shelf, there will at least be written in your deepest self the motto, sent to his bride by that illustrious scholar, Bengel—

"Jesus in heaven;
Jesus in the heart;
Heaven in the heart;
The heart in heaven."

—*Ibid.*

A CERTAIN RICH MAN.

We have all heard of a "a certain rich man" who lived and died in ancient times. The world is older now, but not much wiser. There have been certain rich men, for the history of whose lives and deaths we are not compelled to go back eighteen hundred years, some of them rich by inheritance, others by their own assiduous labours. The images of a hundred step forth, that their portraits may be drawn, while one or two must suffice. Here is one made rich by industry. The poor boy is smitten with the love of gold, and it becomes the absorbing object of his idolatrous pursuit. It is the waking and dreaming thought of his mind, the exclusive affection of his soul. He plods and labours like a galley slave for its attainment. He begins to accumulate. His eye sparkles with delight. Other successes follow, and the hoard seems to multiply itself. He reaches the point of his first expectations, but the feeling of avarice has grown in proportion. He has now other and higher points of achievement. The ten thousands have become hundred thousands. There is his wife—yet his love for gold is stronger than his love for her; there are his children—but the care of their health, their education, and, more particularly, their morals, is left for others. His busy mind is full of schemes. In the counting-house, and by the way-side, he is scheming. Nay, at his own fireside there is no genial flow of soul, no sweet charities of life, no domestic bliss—*schemes*, schemes of wealth, stocks, estates, mortgages, fill every cranny of the mind. He is excited to pleasure only when he is prospering in his bargains, and doubling his money. The bone of his bone, and the flesh of his flesh, are growing up into manhood, and yet he feels no deep wound of heart, that vice is fastening upon his sons as its victims, and vanity is eating out the sweetest sensibilities from the hearts of his daughters. Even amusements are rarely indulged by the rich man, who has but one passion—to become still richer. Years pass on. His title-deeds multiply beyond number; his estates spread out on every hand; beyond precedent, almost, he is rich. The most extravagant expectations of his youth had never ventured to look forward to accumulation so vast. He has, in the meantime, become old and infirm. Did he ever propose to himself the questions, Why do I want more?—what use have I for what I now possess? He would have been puzzled to answer. It was certainly not with the intention of exercising charity towards others; for this he never had a taste. He did not seriously contemplate, in his constant exertions, the enriching of idle and worthless sons, although this is likely to be the result. It was not to supply his own reasonable wants, for a thousandth part of his gains would have done this. What then? He has laboured for money from a passion. He has esteemed it for its own sake. In his career he has made shipwreck of every gentle and noble feeling of his soul. He knows no pleasure but the pleasure of counting money; he has worshipped no God but the money god. His whole mind and soul are converted into pounds and shillings. After all, what has he achieved? He totters along under his increasing infirmities, and is able to say, That pile of brick and mortar is mine. He sits in his counting-room, and looks upon a shelf of musty parchments, and exclaims, There are my treasures! The world is no better for his life. None rise up to call him blessed. Bowed down with age, he has no pleasant reminiscences, no rational subjects for reflection. He instinctively fears death, yet he has no spiritual perceptions. He dares not think of God or eternity; perhaps, after the wear and tear of so many years in the drudgery of the world, he could not do it if he would. It is one of the terrible effects of a worldly life, that it often deprives a man of all his capabilities to learn the way of salvation. The faculties may be so stupified, as to resist every other means of arousing them, except the burning flames of Tophet. At length, the worn-out, useless, and abused body drops into the grave, unlamented, and soon to be forgotten—the soul, ah! the undying soul of such a fool and madman, such a despiser of God and neglecter of eternity, where is it? Look at the first part of the 5th chapter of the Epistle of James.

THE VOICE OF THE PLAGUE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS VINCENT. 1665.

If the righteous are liable to death, surely, then, the wicked are much more liable; your danger is great at all times, but much more in such a year of visitation as this, and in such a place as London, where the evil arrows of pestilence do fly so thick about your ears. Sinners, have you not read the black bill of six thousand nine hundred and eighty-eight who died by the plague the first week of this month, and six thousand five hundred and forty-four who died by the plague the second week? And

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do the bells sound a retreat of this enemy, death, which hath got amongst us? do the multitude of coffins which you see carried every hour to the grave speak a decrease of the plague? Many thousands are fallen, and more thousands are like to fall; and who of you all, that are in your sins, can reasonably hope to escape? Some of the righteous themselves do fall; and if God spareth not his own people, how can you think of preservation? If you have not entered into covenant with God, can you now make covenant with death? what security can you have now? what peace can you find, when you have not made your peace with God, and you are in such danger every hour of being sent for to his judgment-seat, by this grim messenger, whom none can resist?

Sinners, your condition is very sad, your straits are very great; God hath hedged you in, and you cannot get away; he hath you at his mercy, his bow is now bent, his arrow is upon the string; he may smite you while you sit in those pews, or stand in those aisles, or so soon as your feet shall carry you forth of these church doors. Hark! do you not hear the knells which are ringing in every place for your dying friends and fellow-sinners? The next knell may be for you. Look! do you not see the mouth of the pit open? and, before it be shut again, you may be put in. You see the righteous perish, but you are in danger of a far worse perishing; their bodies perish, but you are in danger of your souls perishing; their souls are taken away by angels, and conveyed to heaven, but when your bodies drop into the grave, your souls will be dragged by devils into hell.

Sinners, this night you may be in hell! Hell receiveth many guests to-night, and the stoutest of you may help to fill up their number this night—and what do you think to do? Will you go on still in the way of sin? Will nothing stop you in your course of wickedness? Will not you yet lay down your weapons whereby you have been fighting against the King of Heaven? Can you make your party good against him? Can you defend yourselves, or fly from him? Is it good to provoke him still when he is so furious? Will you run to the utmost line of his patience? Consider, that the next sin you wilfully commit, God's patience may be quite spent and be come to an end, and then all the world cannot save you from the stroke of death. Venture, then, no farther; stand, stand, sinners, stir not a foot in the way of sin, but retire your pace and return to God, and make your peace with him, and, peradventure, he may hide you in this day of his fierce anger.

Are the righteous, and, by consequence, all, liable to death? Let me then exhort you all to think and prepare for death. Methinks you should hardly be able to think of anything else in such a day as this, when the plague is so hot in and about the city; when death walks in every street, breaks in at so many doors, and sits in so many windows, and hath already dragged more bodies into the grave within this four months than, I believe, this whole church would hold, were they heaped up from the pavement to the roof; and still this tyrant rageth and prevaileth; and it is not very unlikely, but all of you, which are here this day, may be taken captive by death, and, within a few weeks or days, go down into the pit. Think, O think seriously, how near death may be unto you, and how suddenly these bodies which you take care daily to feed and clothe, may become food for worms, and put on an earthen garment! Think what a thin veil of flesh is between you and eternity, how small and weak the thread of life is, which ties soul and body together, and how easily death can break and tear the veil, untie or cut the thread—that this may be done before to-morrow, and then your naked souls must appear before the highest Majesty, unto your everlasting joy or sorrow. Think that the same hands, which digged the grave for our dear brother, may be employed, before this week is ended, in digging graves for you.—that the same feet which brought him to this place, may bring you in like manner. Think how quickly you may be smitten by the poisonous arrows: when you next enter your houses the plague may follow you at your heels, and seize upon you with such strength as you shall not be able to make any resistance. And then think of the appearance of your souls before the bar of God (which will be immediately upon their separation); think of the account you must then give, and the sentence which then you must receive, according to your works.

And now, beloved, examine yourselves, whether you be prepared for such a change, whether you be ready for such an appearance and account, and, let me exhort you without any further delay to prepare.

Suppose you were now lying upon your death-beds, and groaning out your last breath, what would you wish you had been? O that I had been a regenerate, converted person! O that I had been a true believer and righteous

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person!—would not this be the language of your wishes, the breathing of your desires! O labour now that you may be so: then it may be too late to be made so, but now it is not too late. O pray earnestly unto the Lord to make you such persons. What would you, in such an hour, wish you had done? O that I had made my peace with God! O that I had made it my business to be religious! O that I had lived in a course of obedience to the commandments of the Lord! Beloved, if you have neglected this hitherto, neglect it no longer; as yet God stretcheth forth the hand and holds forth the sceptre of grace to you; apply yourselves to him and cry for mercy, and pardon, and grace, to serve him the short remainder of your days, and give up yourselves to God in covenant, with full purpose of heart to stick close to him as long as you live.

What would be the grief of your hearts, and wound your conscience in the dying hour? O my sins, they trouble me; they are like a heavy load upon me, which I fear will sink me into the bottomless pit! O my drunkenness, my uncleanness! O how bitter are my sweet pleasures of sin which I have reaped—my covetousness, my unrighteousness! O how unprofitable are my riches in this day of calamity! Beloved, take heed of those sins now, which, at the last, will bite like an adder and sting like a serpent. Get your sins pardoned and your lusts mortified. Sin is the sting of death—get it removed.

What could you wish, on your death-bed, that you had obtained! O that I had an interest in Christ! O that I had my heart furnished with grace! O that I had laid up my treasure in heaven! Beloved, let me tell you, that a sick-bed or a death-bed is a very unlikely place to obtain these things, if you do not get them before: such a time is a spending time, not a gaining time; it is a time for the using of grace—few do obtain it then; ten thousand to one but you are undone for ever, if you have these things to get then. Now fly to Christ, and lay hold on him by faith; now cry for grace, and be ready to receive it; now lay up your treasure above, and get your affections set upon them, and then you will be happy in your death.

THE SAILOR AND HIS PRAYING MOTHER.

WHAT thoughts crowd around the heart at the mention of these words! Years may pass away; mountains, rivers, and oceans, may intervene between us and the spot where first we heard a mother's prayers, yet they cannot be lost to memory. Sickness, sorrow, and neglect, may be suffered, and even the heart may seemingly become callous to all good impressions, yet at the sound of a mother's, a praying mother's name, a chord is touched which thrills through the soul, and rarely fails to awaken better feelings. Does danger threaten?—we hope and perhaps fondly anticipate that a mother's prayers, which have been offered in our behalf, may be answered.

Never did I see this more forcibly illustrated than in the case of a weather-beaten sailor who resided in one of our coast towns. I had the narrative from the lips of the mother. In making his homeward passage, as he "doubled the stormy Cape," a dreadful storm arose. The mother had heard of his arrival "outside the Cape," and was awaiting, with the anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son. But now the storm had arisen, and, as she expected, when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem of her son, with faith strong in God, she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment, news came that the vessel was lost! The father, an unconverted man, had till this time preserved a sullen silence, but now he wept aloud. The mother observed, "It is in the hands of Him that does all things well;" and again, in a subdued and softened spirit, bowed and commended her son and her partner, in an audible voice, broken only by the burstings of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously waited for the morning, hoping at least that some relic of their lost one might be found.

The morning came. The winds were hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided, since its victim was no more. At this moment, the little gate in front of their dwelling turned on its hinges. The door opened, and their son, their lost, their loved son, stood before them! The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbours of the coast, and he was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother, already hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, "My child, how came you here?"

"Mother," said he, while the tears coursed down his sun-burnt face, "I knew you would pray me home!"

What a spectacle! a wild, reckless youth acknowledging the efficacy of prayer. It seems that he was aware of his perilous situation, and that he laboured with this thought: "My mother prays: Christian prayers are answered, and I may be saved."

This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage, and with renewed effort he laboured till the harbour was gained.

Christian mother, go thou and do likewise. Pray over that son who is likely to be wrecked on the stream of life, and his prospects blasted for ever. He may be saved.—*Children's Friend.*

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HOW AFFLICTION WORKS FOR GOOD.

As the hard frosts in winter bring on the flowers in the spring, as the night ushers in the morning star, so the evils of affliction produce much good to those that love God.

1. As it is our preacher and tutor.—"Hear ye the rod." (Mic. vi. 9.) Luther said, he could never rightly understand some of the Psalms till he was in affliction. Affliction teaches two things. (1.) What sin is. In the word preached, we hear what a dreadful thing sin is, that it is both defiling and damning, but we fear it no more than a painted lion; therefore God let's loose affliction, and then we feel sin bitter in the fruit of it. A sick-bed often teaches more than a sermon: we can best see the ugly visage of sin in the glass of affliction. (2.) Affliction teaches us to know ourselves. In prosperity we are for the most part strangers to ourselves; God makes us know affliction, that we may better know ourselves: we see that corruption in our hearts in the time of affliction, which we would not believe was there. Water in the glass looks clear, but set it on the fire, and the scum boils up. In prosperity, a man seems to be humble and thankful—the water looks clear; but set this man a little on the fire of affliction, and the scum boils up—much impatience and unbelief appear. Oh! saith a Christian, I never thought I had such a bad heart as now I see I have; I never thought my corruptions had been so strong, and my graces so weak.

2. Afflictions work for good, as they are the means of making the heart more upright.—In prosperity the heart is apt to be divided. (Hos. x. 2.) The heart cleaves partly to God, and partly to the world; it is like a needle between two loadstones—God draws, and the world draws; now, God takes away the world, that the heart may cleave more to him in sincerity. Correction is a setting the heart right and straight. As we sometimes hold a crooked rod over the fire, to straighten it, so God holds us over the fire of affliction, to make us more straight and upright. Oh! how good it is, when sin has bent the soul away from God, that affliction should straighten it again!

3. Afflictions work for good, as they conform us to Christ.—God's rod is a pencil, to draw Christ's image more lively upon us. It is good that there should be symmetry and proportion between the head and the members. Would we be parts of Christ's mystical body, and not like him? His life, as Calvin says, was a series of sufferings—"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." (Is. liii. 3.) He wept, and bled. Was his head crowned with thorns, and do we think to be crowned with roses? It is good to be like Christ, though it be by sufferings. Jesus Christ drank a bitter cup, it made him sweat drops of blood to think of it; and though it be true he drank the poison in the cup (the wrath of God), yet there is some wormwood in the cup left, which the saints must drink: only there is this difference between Christ's sufferings and ours—his were satisfactory, ours are only castigatory.

4. Afflictions work for good, as they are the means of loosening our hearts from the world.—When you dig away the earth from the root of a tree, it is to loosen the tree from the earth; so, God digs away our earthly comforts, to loosen our hearts from the earth. A thorn grows up with every flower. God would have the world hang as a loose tooth, which, being twitched away, does not much trouble us. Is it not good to be weaned? the oldest saints need it. Why does the Lord break the conduit-pipe, but that we may go to him, in whom are "all our fresh springs?" (Ps. lxxxvii. 7.)

5. Afflictions work for good, as they make way for comfort.—"In the valley of Achor is a door of hope." (Hos. ii. 15.) Achor signifies trouble. God sweetens outward pain with inward peace. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (John xvi. 20.) Here is the water turned into wine. After a bitter pill, God gives sugar. Paul had his prison-songs. God's rod has honey at the end of it. The saints in affliction have had such sweet raptures of joy, that they thought themselves on the borders of the heavenly Canaan.

6. Afflictions work for good, as they are the means of making us happy.—"Happy is the man whom God correcteth." (Job v. 17.) What politician or moralist ever placed happiness in the cross? Job doth: "Happy is the man whom God correcteth." (Job. v. 17.)

It may be said, How do afflictions make us happy? We reply, that, being sanctified, they bring us nearer to God. The moon in the full is farthest off from the sun; so are many farther off from God in the full-moon of prosperity: afflictions bring them nearer to God. The loadstone of mercy doth not draw us so near to God as the cords of affliction. When Absalom set Joab's corn on fire, then he came running to Absalom. (2 Sam. xiv. 30.) When God sets our worldly comforts on fire, then we run to him, and make our peace with him. When the prodigal was pinched with want, then he returned home to his father. (Luke xv. 13.) When the dove could not find any rest for the sole of her foot, then she flew to the ark. When God brings a deluge of affliction upon us, then we fly to the ark of Christ. Thus affliction makes us happy, in bringing us nearer to God. Faith can make use of the waters of affliction, to swim faster to Christ.

7. Afflictions work for good, as they put to silence the wicked.—How ready are they to asperse and calumniate the godly, that they serve God only for self-interest! therefore God will have his people endure sufferings for religion, that he may put a padlock on the lying lips of wicked men. When the Atheists of the world see that God hath a people, who serve him not for a livery, but for love, this stops their mouths. The devil accused Job of hypocrisy, that he was a mercenary man, all his religion was made up of ends of gold and silver: "Doth Job serve God for nought? Hast not thou made a hedge about him?" &c. "Well," saith God, "put forth thy hand, touch his estate." (Job i. 9.) The devil had no sooner received a commission, but he falls a-breaking down Job's hedge; but still Job worships God (chap. i. 20), and professes his faith in him: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." (Chap. xiii. 15.) This silenced the devil himself. How it strikes a damp into wicked men, when they see that the godly will keep close to God in a suffering condition, and that, when they lose all, they yet will hold fast their integrity!

8. Afflictions work for good, as they make way for glory. (2 Cor. iv. 17.) Not that they merit glory; but they prepare for it. As ploughing prepares the earth for a crop, so afflictions prepare and make us meet for glory. The painter lays his gold upon dark colours, so God first lays the dark colours of affliction, and then he lays the golden colour of glory. The vessel is first seasoned before wine is poured into it: the vessels of mercy are first seasoned with affliction, and then the wine of glory is poured in. Thus we see afflictions are not prejudicial, but beneficial, to the saints. We should not so much look at the evil of affliction as the good; not so much at the dark side of the cloud as the light. The worst that God does to his children, is to whip them to heaven. —*Watson.*

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GEOGRAPHICAL STRUCTURE OF PSALM XXIX.

THE idea expressed in the following extract from a lecture by the Rev. James Hamilton, is a beautiful one; and its being originally suggested by the lamented M'Cheyne, will impart to it additional interest:—

"There is no phenomenon in nature so awful as a thunder-storm; and almost every poet, from Homer and Virgil down to Dante and Milton, or rather down to Graham and Pollok, has described it. In the Bible, too, we have a thunder-storm (the 29th Psalm)—the description of a tempest which, rising from the Mediterranean, and travelling by Lebanon and along the inland mountains, reaches Jerusalem, and sends the people into the temple porticos for refuge. And besides those touches of terror in which the geographical progress of the tornado is described, it derives a sacred vitality and power from the presence of Jehovah in each successive peal. 'The voice of the Lord is on the sea: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is on the mighty sea. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the water-torrent; yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people [and now the sun shines out again]: the Lord will bless his people with peace.'" *

Amongst those who have expressly written on the sublime, it is agreed that the most thrilling spectacle is one whose obscure outline, or vague presence, at once suggests the supernatural. Of this sublime in terror, the 4th of Job supplies an acknowledged instance.

CHEAP PREACHING.

WHEN men can consecrate themselves to the religious weal of a people, and do by that act forego the opportunities open to all others, of providing for themselves and their families, a competent maintenance is the least remuneration they have a right to claim. It is the dictate of common sense, common justice, and common humanity. It is also the express commandment of our Lord Jesus Christ. But notwithstanding these considerations, the ministry is little better than a starving profession. Not one in twenty, were he compelled to live upon the salary allowed by his congregation, could escape from beggary and rags. The certain effect is, on the one hand, to deter young men of respectable talents from the ministry altogether; and, on the other, to discourage, depress, and finally to ruin, those who are in it already.

The degree of talent which fits one, as far as intellectual endowments go, for a useful minister of the gospel, is much rarer than many seem to imagine, and, humanly speaking, has its temporal prosperity in its own power. When other pursuits invite by the promise of, not only a maintenance, but of gain, and even of opulence, it is idle, it is unreasonable, to hope that youth of talent, without fortune, whatever be their piety, will serve the Church of God at the expense of devoting themselves to infallible penury, and all the wretchedness which belongs to it. They may desire, they may wish, and in some instances, from that simplicity which never calculates, or which flatters itself that something favourable "will turn up," they may venture; but, in general, they must turn away with a sigh from the employment which, of all others, their hearts most long after. Let us not hear of self-denial, spiritual-mindedness, and a heroic indifference to worldly things, as characteristic of the true minister of Christ. Self-denial does not mean starving. The spirituality of the father will not stop the cravings of his children when they cry for food; nor is there any heroism in preferring tatters and a hovel to decent clothing and lodging, when they may be had. It is very convenient, no doubt, for men who are adding house to house, field to field, thousand to thousand, to harangue, in a religious style, on the necessity of a minister's "imitating his Head," when the practical inference from all this is in favour of their pockets. They are wonderfully concerned for spirituality and self-denial to be practised by their minister; but, to their *own* share of these virtues, as to *their* parting with a pittance of *their* pelf to render him comfortable—why that is another affair. It is one of the most wicked forms of hypocrisy, to plead for the cultivation of a minister's heavenly-mindedness, by way of apology for cheating him out of his bread. The sin of neglect complained of is not equally gross in all. In some it proceeds from thoughtlessness; in others, from incapacity to make a right estimate; but in most, it is the fruit of downright covetousness. There has been on this subject an absurd squeamishness in those whom the Lord has authorized to "live by the gospel." They have borne and forborne; they have submitted to every species of sacrifice, rather than disoblige the people; and their reward has been an accumulation of injuries and cold-blooded contempt. It is time for them to claim their due in modest but manly tone, and throw the fearful responsibility of expelling an enlightened ministry from the Church upon those who are able, but not willing, to support it honourably. We say enlightened ministry, for we have no conception that niggardly provision will soon strip her of everything in the shape of a minister. You cannot place the pecuniary recompense so low as that it shall not be an object for somebody. Fix your salary at fifty dollars a-year, and you shall not want candidates. But then they will be *fifty dollar men*. All genius, all learning, all high character, all capacity for expansive usefulness, will be swept away;

* Over many of the Psalms it sheds a flood of new significance when the reader understands their mechanism, as, in the case of many, it has been disclosed by the labours of Lowth, Horsley, Hengstenberg, and others. It was one happy morning in his house at Dundee, that my dear friend, Robert M'Cheyne, showed me the geographical structure of this 29th Psalm. Who first observed it, or whether it was a thing revealed to himself, I cannot tell; but it certainly enhances the meaning of this majestic ode, when we conceive the spectator-Psalmist as standing with the awe-struck multitude in the temple-porch, and watching the march of the thunder-storm as it advances from the Mediterranean, or "mighty" sea, and at last bursts in a water-flood around themselves.

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and rudeness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity, will become the religious directors of the nation. The man is blind who does not see matters fast hastening to this issue in the United States.

In the meantime, such ministers as are better qualified for their station are not only decreasing in proportion to the population, but, with few exceptions, are prohibited from cultivating the powers which they possess. Remote from literary society—without libraries—without le sure to use what books they have—distracted with anxiety for their immediate subsistence—doomed to the plough, or some other secular employment, to keep themselves fed and clothed—their intellect becomes enfeebled, their acquisitions are dissipated, and their ministry becomes barren, their people indifferent, and the solid interests of Christianity are gradually but effectually undermined. Let Churches be warned. They have long slept on the edge of a precipice, the ground is caving below them, and still they are not aware. Not a place of any importance is to be filled without the utmost difficulty. The search must be made from Dan to Beersheba, often, very often, unsuccessfully; and when successful, it is only enriching one Church by the robbery of another. The population of our country is increasing with unexampled rapidity, very incompetent means are used to furnish an efficient ministry, and the people themselves are throwing the most fatal discouragement in their way. All denominations seem engaged in a practical conspiracy to starve Christianity out of the land. Let them tremble at their deeds, let their loins be loosened, and their knees smite together, at the mere possibility that they may succeed.—*Mason.*

LAX THEOLOGY.

We regret to believe it, but it must be conceded, that a danger of our times lies in the direction of a lax theology—a theology correct, perhaps, in form, but low and weak in practical enforcement. There is often a shrinking from a bold and earnest statement of that high, stern, old-fashioned theology which made strong men in the days of our fathers—a hesitation to lay at the door of human nature the charge of a deep and damning depravity, and a consequent obscuration of the cross, and the glorious doctrines of grace which cluster around it. There is, indeed, no danger that these doctrines will pass permanently from the faith of the Church, for truth perishes never. They have passed through long days of obscuration, but they have ever dawned anew at length with increasing splendour. The future will hardly be worse in this respect than the past has been; we may hope, not so bad. The experience of the Church will have taught her to cleave to these doctrines as the true means of edification to believers, and the true weapons for the conquest of the world. We cannot be too careful to guard against doctrinal declines: let us contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. On this faith let every Christian treasure his personal hopes of heaven: here let him rest his reliance for revivals, for the overthrow of superstition and error in nominal Christendom, for missions among the heathen, for social progress, for the temporal and eternal redemption of humanity.—*New York Recorder.*

TENDENCIES.

There are certain currents of thought into which, if a people fall, it is difficult to see where they will land. We look at individual character, and form our opinions of it in the same way. If a man hold an egregious absurdity on one subject, we take it as an index of character, and very naturally expect to find absurdities on many other subjects. He that cannot sow or reap without asking the moon, will be a lunatic on many other points.

We have often folded our arms in mute wonder, when we saw what we supposed to be honest men, taking the absurd position of holding to the Bible and universal salvation. There are instances recorded in the Scriptures in which God destroyed men because they were too wicked to live—too wicked to live in a wicked world among wicked people; and yet, according to this doctrine, they are translated to a holy heaven, in the presence of a holy God, in the society of holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. How does a sensible community act? If a man is guilty of a capital crime, he is brought before the judge, the jury is empannelled, and he is tried and condemned. His sentence is, that he shall no longer have the liberty of inflicting injury on the community, and therefore shall either be confined in the penitentiary, or expiate his crime on the gibbet. The community which find a man too wicked to live at large with safety to themselves, do not commit him to the best room in the governor's palace, to enjoy the best privileges the house affords, nor recommend him to the embrace of the church and the privilege of holy communion in the Lord's supper. They are not chargeable with that absurdity. Not so with universalism. According to that system, God finds a man too wicked to live on earth, then kills him, and takes him to heaven.

A people who start with such an absurdity have no halting place. That softness of head and heart which leads a man feebly to appreciate the evil and effeminately to deplore the punishment of sin, will find its level in absurdities on other subjects. Accordingly, we find them holding the doctrine that the testimony of conscience against crime, and its lashings, when guilty, is a sufficient punishment. One of their writers, who holds the effectiveness of this punishment, says that its retributions are as sudden as the lightning's flash. Now, any man can see that if the doctrine of the immediate sufficiency of this punishment be correct, then all human and divine punishment is wrong. Every infliction of divine punishment recorded in the Scriptures is so much in addition to the sufficient punishment of conscience, and must therefore be unjust; and the punishment of the flood, of Sodom, of Belshazzar, and all others, only proves God to be an unjust tyrant. Nor is the level found yet. Every penalty attached to human law, for crimes against the community or individuals, all forfeitures, imprisonments, and death for any cause, is an unjust addition to the retributions of conscience, and should not, therefore, be inflicted. Who does not see that such a doctrine, bids every fiend-incarnate God-speed in his crimes, especially if his conscience be seared as with a hot iron, as God says it often is?—and who does not see, if it be true, that it legitimately subverts all the best as well as the worst organizations ever devised for the good government of man—in short, that all government is wrong.

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THE FIVE PEACHES.

A PEASANT, returning from the city, brought with him five peaches, the most beautiful ones he could find. It was the first time his children had ever seen this fruit; therefore they admired them, and were delighted with their red cheeks and delicate down. The father then divided them among his four children, reserving one for their mother.

At evening, before the father went into their sleeping room, he asked them, "Well, how have the peaches tasted?"

"Deliciously, dear father," said the eldest. "They are fine fruit, so juicy and sweet. I have carefully kept the stone, and I will plant it, and rear a tree."

"Good," replied the father; "that is acting prudently, and caring for the future, as becomes a farmer."

"I ate mine up at once, and threw away the stone," said the youngest, "and mother gave me half of hers." "Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely, but still naturally, and like a child. Wisdom will come by-and-by." The second son then said, "I picked up the stone which little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel in it just like a nut. But I sold my peach, and received for it money enough to buy twelve when I go to the city."

The father shook his head, and said, "*It* was wisely done, indeed, but it was not natural or child-like. I think you are destined to be a merchant."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father. Edmund answered frankly and carelessly, "I carried my peach to our neighbour's son, the sick George, who is ill of fever. He refused to take it. Then I laid it upon his bed and came home."

"Well," said the father, "and who has made the best use of his peach?"

Then all three cried out, "Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

THE WEAK COMFORTED.

THE gardener who regards all his ground watcheth over the tenderest plants. Our Keeper riseth early to look after the tender grapes and pomegranate buds. (Cant. vii. 12.) That which is feeble is as much under his care as that which is vigorous. He was ordered to be a Shepherd, whose office is to attend the weak motions of the new fallen lambs. His bosom is appointed a place for them; he gathereth them by his arms—that is, converts them by his power—and was to carry them in his bosom: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." (Isa. xl. 11.) If you can go, he is to guide you gently; if you cannot, he is to bear you tenderly; not on his shoulders, merely by strength, but in his bosom, with a tender affection. He is not only the Shepherd, but Bishop of our souls. (1 Pet. ii. 25.) And our conversion to him makes us part of his diocese: "You are returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." In all your weakness he was ordained by God for your help (Ps. lxxxix. 19); He laid help upon one that is mighty—mighty to preserve his power, and mighty to use it. Help supposeth persons most in need of it, as the objects to whom it is to be afforded. Every new creature hath not equal strength, but they have an equal interest in the Redeemer's death and merit; and the weakest may seem more under his care than the strongest, because they stand more in need of that office which he is intrusted with, and delights to exercise.—*Rev. Stephen Charnock.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

How much depends upon the state of the heart and the disposition, in estimating our ability to do or to give for the promotion of the Redeemer's cause! Not long since, we heard a person excusing himself for giving only a mere pittance to the cause of missions, "because," said he, "*my taxes are so heavy*—that is all I can afford." We felt inclined to suggest to him the expediency of giving about half his property to the Lord, as the best method of lessening his taxes, so that by another year he might afford to double his subscription! What a wonderful influence the heart has upon man's logic and arithmetic!

As an instance to set over against the above, look at the following, as related in the *London Missionary Register*, published a few years since. A blind girl brought to her minister thirty shillings for the Missionary Society. The clergyman, surprised, said to her, "You are a poor, blind girl—you cannot afford to give this sum!" "I am, indeed, sir," said she, "a blind girl, but not so poor as you suppose; and I am sure I can better afford to give these thirty shillings than those girls can who have eyes." "Well," replied the clergyman, "I should be glad to know how you make that out." "Sir," she answered, "I am a basket-maker, and, being blind, I can make baskets in the dark as well as in the light. Now, I am sure, in the last dark winter it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles to see to make baskets; so I think I have proved that I can afford this money, and now I hope you will take it all for the missionaries."—*Christian Secretary.*

A SABBATH WELL SPENT.

I AM prepared to affirm, that, to the studious especially, and whether younger or older, A SABBATH WELL SPENT—spent in happy exercises of the heart, devotional and domestic—a Sunday given to the soul, is the best of all means of refreshment for the mere intellect. A Sabbath so passed is a liquefaction of the entire nature—a dispersive process—dispelling mental cramps and stagnations, and enabling every single faculty again to get its share in the general diffusion of the intellectual powers.—*Isaac Taylor.*

A SUGGESTION TO MINISTERS.

ON visiting a pious mother not long since, she remarked, in the course of her conversation, "I wish ministers, in every sermon they preach, where children are present, would address a few words to them; they sit oftentimes all day in meeting without hearing anything that particularly interests them, the language being unsuited to their capacity."

The writer would most respectfully suggest to ministers to consider the above remark, and individually ask themselves the question, "Am I faithfully obeying the Saviour's injunction, 'Feed my lambs?'"

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THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

1 CORINTHIANS vii. 31.

A ROSE upon her mossy stem,
Fair queen of Flora's gay domain,
All graceful wore her diadem,
The brightest 'mid the brilliant train;
But evening came, with frosty breath,
And ere the quick return of day,
Her beauties in the blight of death
Had passed away.

I saw when morning gemmed the sky,
A fair young creature gladly rove;
Her moving lip was melody,
Her varying smile the charm of love:
At eve I came, but on her bed
She drooped, with forehead pale as clay;
"What dost thou here?"—she faintly said,
"Passing away."

I looked on manhood's towering form,
Like some tall oak when tempests blow,
That scorns the fury of the storm
And strongly strikes its root below;
Again I looked—with idiot cower
His vacant eye's unmeaning ray
Told how the mind of godlike power
May pass away.

Of earth I asked, with deep surprise,
Hast thou no more enduring grace,
To lure thy trusting votaries
Along their toil-worn, shadowy race?
She answered not; the grave replied—
"Lo! to my sceptre's silent sway,
Her boasted beauty, pomp, and pride,
Must pass away."

SIGOURNEY.

THE HIDING-PLACES OF SIN.

RELIGION does not consist in external reformations, though ever so many and specious. A false and slight religion may serve to tie men's hands, and reduce their outward actions to a fair seemliness in the eyes of men; but true religion's main dominion nd power are over the soul, and its business lies mostly in reforming and purging the heart, with all the affections and motions thereof. It is not a battering-ram coming from without, and serving to beat down the out-works of open and visible enormities of life, but it enters with a secret and sweet power into the soul itself, reduces it from its rebellious temper, and persuades it willingly to surrender itself, and all that is in it. Sin may be beaten out of the outward conversation, and yet retire and hide itself in the secret places of the soul, and there bear rule as perfectly by wicked loves and lusts, as ever it did by profane and notorious practices. A man's hands may be tied, by some external cords cast upon them, from visible revenge, and yet murder may lodge in the temple of his heart, as murderers lodged in the temple of old: men's tongues may be tied up from the foul sin of giving fair words concerning themselves; very shame may chastise them out of proud boastings and self-exaltings, when, in the meantime, they swell in self-conceit, and are not afraid to bear sinful love towards their own perfections, and adore an image of self set up in their hearts. What a fair outside the Pharisee had, himself will best describe, for indeed it is one of his properties to describe himself (Luke xviii. 11), "God, I thank thee that I am not," &c. But if you will have a draught of his inside, you may best take it from our Saviour. (Matt. xxiii. 23.)

LEARNED SERMONS.

FLOWERS of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.—*Thoughts on Various Subjects, by Pope and Swift.*

To preach to show the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit—to parade in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light, and less warmth—is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week which is put into our hands: 'tis not preaching the gospel, but ourselves. For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point blank to the heart.—*Sterne.*

THE BIBLE.

THERE is but one Scripture inspired by the Spirit from above, and pure and true in all things. . . . . The meaning of Holy Scripture is one, and simple as is the truth of heaven itself. We find this meaning by comparing Scripture with Scripture, and it is to be inferred from the thread and connection of what is said. There is a philosophy which is enjoined on us in regard to the Scriptures of God; it consists in using them as the touchstone for testing all the opinions and maxims of men.

The Word of God is a sword—it is a war—it is a ruin—it is a stumbling-block—it is perdition—and, as Amos has said, it is like a bear in the way, and like a lioness in the forest—if despised.

I would not that people should have recourse to arms and carnage in defending the gospel. The world was vanquished by the Word; by the Word the Church was saved, and by the Word also she will be restored.

The Word of God must be left free, it being the very spring whence all liberty gushes forth.—*Luther.*

SMALL DUTIES AND GREAT SINS.

"YE blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." (Matt. xxiii. 24.)

In the old English translation this is rendered, "which *strain out* a gnat;" and this is more conformable to the sense of the passage. Allusion is made to the custom which prevailed all over the East, of passing their wine and other liquors through a strainer, that no gnats or flies might get into the cup.—*Bishop Percy.*

SINNERS MUTUAL REPROVERS.

"AND they said, What is that to us? see thou to that." (Matt. xxvii. 4.)

It was more than he *could* see to. He could not bear the sight of his own guilt, but preferred to look a violent death in the face instead.

QUARRELLING WITH INSTRUMENTS.

WE are too apt to bite the stone that hurts us, and not mind the hand that threw it.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

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WHAT IS JUSTIFYING FAITH?

BY WILLIAM GURNALL.

It is that act of the soul whereby it rests on Christ crucified for pardon and life, and that upon the warrant of the promise. In the description, observe, *First*, The subject where faith is seated; not any single faculty, but the soul. *Secondly*, Here is the object of faith as justifying, and that is Christ crucified. The whole truth of God is the object of justifying faith; it trades with the whole Word of God, and doth firmly assent unto it; but in its justifying act it singles out Christ crucified for its object. 1. The person of Christ is the object of faith as justifying. 2. Christ as crucified. 1. The person of Christ: not any axiom or proposition in the Word—this is the object of assurance, not of faith. Assurance saith, I believe my sins are pardoned through Christ: Faith's language is, I believe on Christ for the pardon of them. The Word of God doth direct our faith to Christ, and terminates it upon him; called therefore a coming to Christ (Matt. xi. 28); a receiving of him (John i. 12); a believing on him. (John xvii. 20.) The promise is but the dish in which Christ, the true food of the soul, is served up; and if faith's hand be on the promise, it is but as one that draws the dish to him, that he may come at the dainties in it. The promise is the marriage ring on the hand of faith. Now we are not married to the ring, but with it unto Christ. "All promises," saith the apostle, "are yea and amen in him;" they have their excellency from him, and efficacy in him: I mean in a soul's union to him. To run away with a promise, and not to close with Christ, and by faith become one in him, is as if a man should rend a branch from a tree, and lay it up in his chest, expecting it to bear fruit there. Promises are dead branches severed from Christ: but when a soul by faith becomes united to Christ, then he partakes of all his fatness: not a promise but yields sweetness to it. 2. As Christ is the primary object of faith, so Christ as crucified. Not Christ in his personal excellences: so he is the object rather of our love than faith; but as bleeding, and that to death, under the hand of divine justice, for to make an atonement by God's own appointment for the sins of the world. As the handmaid's eye is on her mistress's hand for direction, so faith's eye is on God's revealing himself in his Word; which way God by it points the soul, thither it goes. Now, there faith finds God, intending to save poor sinners, pitched on Christ, and Christ alone, for the transacting and effecting of it; and him whom God chooseth to trust with the work, him and him alone will faith choose to lay the burden of her confidence on. Again, faith observes how Christ performed this great work, and, accordingly, how the promise holds him forth to be applied for pardon and salvation. Now faith finds that then Christ made the full payment to the justice of God for sin, when he poured out his blood to death upon the cross: all the preceding acts of his humiliation were but preparatory to this. He was born to die; he was sent into the world as a lamb bound with the bonds of an irreversible decree for a sacrifice. Christ himself, when he came into the world, understood this to be the errand he was sent on (Heb. x. 5): "When he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and burnt-offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me"—that is, to be an expiatory sacrifice: without this, all he had done would have been labour undone. No redemption, but by his blood (Eph. i. 7): "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins." No Church without his blood (Acts xx. 28): "The Church of God, which he hath purchased with his blood." The Church is taken out of the dying Jesus' side, as Eve out of sleeping Adam's. Christ did not redeem and save poor souls by sitting in majesty on his heavenly throne, but by hanging on the shameful cross, under the tormenting hand of man's fury, and God's just wrath; and, therefore, the poor soul that would have pardon of sin is directed to place his faith not only on Christ, but on bleeding Christ, "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood." (Rom. iii. 25.) *Thirdly*, The act of faith upon this object: and that is—1. Resting on Christ crucified for pardon and life. I know there are many acts of the soul antecedent to this, without which the creature can never truly exercise this, as knowledge, especially of God and Christ, upon whose authority and testimony it relies: "I know whom I have believed." (2 Tim. i. 12.) None will readily trust a stranger, that he is wholly unacquainted with. Abraham went, indeed, he knew not

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whither, but he did not go with he knew not whom. The great thing that God laboured to instruct Abraham in, and satisfy him with, was the knowledge of his own glorious self, who he was, that he might take his word, and rely on it, how harsh and improbable, yea, impossible, soever it might sound in sense or reason's ear: "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." 2. Assent to the truth of the Word of God. If this foundation-stone be not laid, faith's building cannot go on. Who will trust him that he dares not think speaks true? 3. A sense of our own vileness and emptiness. By the one to see our demerit, what we deserve—hell and damnation; by the other, our own impotency, how little we can contribute, yea, just nothing, to our own reconciliation. I join them together, because the one ariseth out of the other; sense of this emptiness comes from the deep apprehension the soul hath of the other's fulness in him. You never knew a man full of self-confidence and self-abasement together. The conscience cannot abound with the sense of sin, and the heart with self-conceit at the same time. "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." (Rom. vii. 9.) That is, when the commandment came in the accusations of it to his conscience, sin, that, like a sleepy lion, had lain still, and he secure and confident by it, when that began to roar in his conscience, then he died; that is, his vain confidence of himself gave up the ghost. Both these are necessary to faith—sense of sin, like the smart of a wound, to make the creature think of a plaster to cure it, and sense of emptiness and insufficiency in himself or any creature to do the cure necessary, to make him go out to Christ for cure. We do not go abroad to beg what we have of our own within doors. These, with some other, are necessary to faith; but the receiving of Christ, and resting on Christ, is that act of faith to which justification is promised (John iii. 18): "He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." Now, every one that assents to the truth of what the Scripture saith of Christ doth not believe on Christ. No; this believing on Christ implies an union of the soul to Christ, and fiduciary reclining on Christ. Therefore we are bid to take hold of Christ, Isaiah xxvii. 5 (who is there called God's strength, as elsewhere his arm), "that we may make peace with God, and we shall make peace with him." It is not the sight of a man's arm stretched out to a man in the water that will save him from drowning, but the taking hold of it. Christ is a stone; faith builds upon Christ for salvation; and how, but by laying its whole weight and expectation of mercy on him? What Paul (2 Tim. i. 12) calls believing, in the former part of the verse, he calls, in the latter part, a committing to him to be kept against that day. The *Fourth* and last branch in the description is the warrant and security that faith goes upon in this act. And this it takes from the promise; indeed there is no way how God can be conceived to contract a debt to his creature, but by promise. There are ways for men to become debtors one to another, though never any promise passed from them. The father is a debtor to his child, and owes him love, provision, and nurture; the child a debtor to his parent, and owes him honour and obedience, though neither of them promised this to each other. Much more doth the creature stand deep in God's debt-book, and owes himself, with all he hath, to God his maker, though he hath not the grace voluntarily to make these over to God by promise and covenant. But the great God is so absolute a sovereign, that none can make a law to bind him but himself: till he be pleased to pass an act of grace, of his own good-will, to give this, or do that good thing, to and for his poor creatures, no claim can be laid to the least mercy at his hands. There are two things, therefore, that are greatly to be heeded by the soul that would believe. 1. He must inquire for a promise to bear his faith out and warrant him to expect such a mercy at God's hand. And then, 2. When he hath found a promise and observed the terms well on which it runs, not to stay for any further encouragement, but upon the credit of the naked promise to set his faith on work. 1. To inquire out a promise, and observe well the terms on which it runs. Indeed, upon the point it comes all to one, to believe without a promise, or to believe on a promise but not observe the terms of it. Both are presumptuous, and speed alike. A prince hath as much reason to be angry with him that doth not keep close to his commission, as with another that acts without any commission. O how little considered is this by many, who make bold of God's arm to lean on for pardon and salvation, but never think, that the promise which presents Christ to be leaned on as a Saviour presents him at the same time to be chosen as a Lord and Prince! Such were the rebellious

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Israelites, who durst make God and his promise a leaning-stock for their foul elbows to rest upon: "They call themselves of the holy city, and stay themselves upon the God of Israel." (Isa. xlviii. 2.) But they were more bold than welcome. God rejected their confidence, and loathed their sauciness. Though a prince would not disdain to let a poor wounded man, faint with bleeding, and unable to go alone, upon his humble request, make use of his arm, rather than he should perish in the streets; yet he would with indignation reject the same motion from a filthy drunkard, if he should desire leave to lean on him, because he cannot go alone. I am sure, how welcome soever the poor humble soul, that lies bleeding for his sins at the very mouth of hell in his own thoughts, is to God, when he comes upon the encouragement of the promise to lean on Christ, yet the profane wretch that emboldens himself to come to Christ, shall be driven away with infinite disdain and abhorrency by a holy God for abusing his promise.

2. When a poor sinner hath found a promise, and observes the terms with a heart willing to embrace them, now he is to put forth an act of faith upon the credit of the naked promise, without staying for any other encouragement elsewhere. Faith is a right pilgrim-grace; it travels with us to heaven, and when it sees us safe got within our Father's doors (heaven I mean), it takes leave of us. Now the promise is this pilgrim's staff, with which it sets forth, though (like Jacob on his way to Padan-aram) it hath nothing else with it. "Remember thy word unto thy servant," saith David, "upon which thou hast caused me to hope." (Ps. cxviii. 49.) The word of promise was all he had to show; and he counts that enough to set his faith on work. But, alas! some make comfort the ground of faith, and experience their warrant to believe. They will believe when God manifests himself to them, and sends in some sensible demonstration of his love to their souls; but, till this be done, the promise hath little authority to silence their unbelieving cavils, and quiet their misgiving hearts into a waiting on God for the performance of what there is spoke from God's own mouth. Like old Jacob, who gave no credit to his children, when they told him Joseph was yet alive, and governor over all the land of Egypt, this news was too good and great to enter into his belief, who had given him up for dead so long; it is said, "His heart fainted, for he believed them not." (Gen. xxv. 6.) But when he saw the waggons that Joseph had sent to carry him thither, then, it is said, "the spirit of Jacob revived." (Ver. 27.) Truly thus, though the promise tells the poor humbled sinner Christ is alive, Governor of heaven itself, with all power there and on earth put into his hand, that he may give eternal life to all that believe on him, and he be therefore exhorted to rest upon Christ in the promise, yet his heart faints, and believes not: it is the waggons he would fain see, some sensible expressions of God's love that he listens after; if he did but know that he was an elect person, or were one that God did love, then he would believe. But God hath little reason to thank him in the meantime for suspending his faith till these come. This is, as I may so say, to believe for spiritual delights, and is rather sense than faith.

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO.

BEING A FEW YEARS OF THE LIFE OF A COLPORTEUR.

We were much struck with the following account of the history and labours of an American colporteur, which recently appeared in a Boston paper:—

"One of the most remarkable of the band of Christian labourers in these mountains, is Mr J—— C——, the superintendent of colportage in Virginia. With a frame of iron, he has a vigorous mind, and a glowing heart. He realizes the idea of *a man on fire* as fully as any Christian I have met. His history is marked by striking providences, each apparently suited to train him for the very work he is now prosecuting. In early life he was a leader in wickedness, in a community sufficiently depraved. He was ensnared in the meshes of universalism, from which the grace of God ultimately delivered him after many struggles. As in the case of Baxter, two books, the 'Crook in the Lot,' and the 'Afflicted Man's Companion,' were the means of his conversion. Through deep waters he was led to the Rock of his salvation. But when his feet were once planted there, he considered himself called to the work of rescuing others. Though poor, and compelled to work hard for the support of his growing family, he began and persisted in labours for the salvation of the ungodly. He formed a Sabbath-school—having heard of, but never witnessed, the operation of such an institution—sent for a library, and became a teacher, superintendent, and all. Few of the children could read; but they learned rapidly. He also established prayer-meetings, circulated tracts, and soon gathered a congregation, and crowds flocked together to hear him read 'Burder's Sermons,' and other works. So much interest was excited, that he sent some distance for a preacher, who found nearly a thousand people assembled under a large tree to hear the gospel. A revival followed; a Church was organized, and eighty-three persons united with it in three months—among the number a woman eighty-two years old, who had never heard a sermon. He continued to superintend the Sabbath-school for thirteen years. He also engaged in systematic family visitation, making it his sole errand to converse on personal religion. Early in this work, he found the value of religious books as an auxiliary, and sent for copies of Pike's 'Persuasives' and Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' which he lent from family to family, till they were worn out. As a

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result, revivals of religion occurred, winter after winter, until that community became known as the 'green spot' of that region. There were as many as forty praying men thus gathered into that Church, and they established prayer-meetings for miles around. This experience for years of the power of personal conversation, and of religious books, prepared him to appreciate colportage, and induced him to devote himself to it.

"The providential way in which Mr C. was led into the colporteur work is as remarkable as the providential preparation for it. The main facts are these: After a series of severe domestic trials, a season of prosperity intervened. With health in his family, and success in his worldly schemes, the prospect of comfort and thrift seemed secure. At a single blow his hopes were blasted. His wife was smitten down in full health, and in seven hours was a corpse. Distracted by this sudden providence, his health gave way, and in despondency he expressed to his daughter the purpose to commit to writing a statement of his worldly affairs for his children, and lie down and die. He went to the grave of his wife overwhelmed with his sorrows, where he was followed by his pastor, who said, 'You must not be here: the Lord has a work for you to do, and a man has come to call you into it.' The Rev. Mr W——, a general agent of the society, who was providentially detained until that Sabbath, preached in behalf of the Tract Society. It opened before his mind a new and inviting field of effort, congenial with all the labours of his Christian course. The hand of the Lord was visible in bringing such an enterprise before him at such a time; and without a moment's delay, he responded to the call for his personal services as a colporteur.

"But what should be done with his family? Providence favoured arrangements for the temporary care of them, and in the spring his eldest daughter was married to a pious young man, who immediately took his place in the care of the farm and of his little ones, leaving him free to prosecute his work without hindrance.

"He commenced his labours in Western Pennsylvania. He encountered difficulties and discouragements which almost tempted him to abandon the object. But he prayed night after night, and the desire to persevere was irresistible. He went out among the people with a broken heart and with weeping eyes. Soon the clouds broke away, and the power of God was manifested through him in the conversion of souls. A revival began in the place where he commenced his labours, and fifty-seven souls rejoiced in Christ during his stay. About one hundred were added to the Churches there during the year. Similar results followed his labours in other places. In B—— county, where the sanctuary was greatly neglected, there were about one hundred accessions to one Church. In a wicked village, the people secreted themselves as he passed from house to house; but he conversed with all he could find, and put books and tracts in all the deserted houses. The next day he had a crowd of people to hear him, and a blessing followed.

"After a few months' labour in Western Pennsylvania, he was invited to visit an adjoining county in Virginia. He was told by a minister that twenty pounds worth of books would be enough for the summer. But he induced a young man to accompany him in his visits, and in two days his books were all gone. Returning to P., he procured a *waggon-load* of books, and took them to the mountains, which he scoured in every direction, holding two meetings a-day, and visiting all the families in his course. There were then but two Sabbath-schools in the region: now there is not a neighbourhood in that district of Virginia without schools, and books are everywhere in demand.

"Soon he found occasion for helpers, as the work was 'too heavy' for him. For the purpose of sustaining them, he commenced raising funds. In one little village, where nothing had been previously contributed, he secured twenty-five pounds in two days. In three months, besides his colporteur labours, he realized a hundred and fifty pounds in donations. Additional labourers, suited to the field, were soon raised up around him. The work grew upon his hands from day to day, and has continued to expand to the present hour. He found it necessary to have a more central point for his operations, and some two years since, removed to this village. No fewer than from thirty to fifty colporteurs have been associated with Mr C. in this state, during the last three years, temporarily or permanently, and the whole enterprise has grown steadily in favour with God and man, until it has become one of the most prominent and hopeful of all the enterprises for enlightening and evangelizing the masses of this scattered mountain population.

"Look at the statistical results of this movement, and then trace back its brief history, and see if there is not occasion for devout praise as the Almighty hand is manifested in the rise and progress of colportage in Virginia. Within these three years, no less than 24,522 families have been visited; and I know enough of the 'magnificent distances' in these mountains, to presume that 50,000 or 80,000 weary miles must have been traversed to find so many. With 15,603 of this number, the colporteurs have held religious conversation or prayer; and if all have performed this duty with the earnestness and fidelity of the superintendent, their warnings and instructions will not soon be forgotten in these habitations. The spiritual condition of these families may be inferred from the fact, that about one-seventh were destitute of God's Word, and about one-fifth of all were without any other religious book. The number of volumes sold exceeds 50,700, for which 12,695 dollars were received; and 10,280 volumes, of the value of 1,713 dollars, have been distributed gratuitously to poor and destitute families; making a total circulation of more than 61,000 volumes. I hazard little in saying, that an equal number of religious books did not exist in all Western Virginia, previous to this visitation of mercy. Besides this, they have supplied nearly 3,000 families with the Scriptures, and held 1,464 prayer-meetings or public meetings. Oh! if such a sowing of the seed of the kingdom of Christ had taken place a quarter of a century ago, we should not have had to weep over such moral wastes as now cover these mountains! Thank God, that at this late day he has raised up a band of men who 'go forth weeping, bearing precious seed,' and who 'come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.'"

PRAYER-MEETINGS IN BELGIUM.*

THERE are a few truly godly people who are found in Belgium labouring for the cause of the gospel, and lifting up a testimony for it amid much opposition. I am happy to believe that their numbers are greatly on the increase, and that God is blessing their labours to a very gratifying extent, in the conversion of sinners to himself through their agency. So far as I have had intercourse with them, I have been greatly delighted with the fervour, the simplicity, and the devotedness of their piety. There is much

* From "Brief Notes of a Trip to Belgium," inserted by Dr W. L. Alexander, in the *Congregational Magazine*.

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warmth about continental piety in general, and certainly our brethren in Belgium are not behind others in this respect. I can never forget the affectionate welcome, and the genuine kindness, I received from not a few to whom personally I was previously entirely unknown; and the fraternal affection which they thus testified to a stranger, I saw to be but the overflow of a feeling which displayed itself in lively exercise in their intercourse with each other. One pleasing evidence of their brotherly love, and of the warmth of their piety, is afforded by the readiness with which they associate together for devotional and other religious purposes. In this respect they may well put Christians in this country to the blush. One evening when I was last in Brussels, the usual monthly meeting for prayer, for the spread of the gospel, was held in the chapel of M. Anet, of the French Protestant Church (not established). The evening was very wet, and many of the friends expressed a sort of regret that I should have chanced to be with them on an occasion when of necessity their assembly would be thin on account of the weather. But what was my surprise to find, on going to the meeting, an assembly much larger than I ever remember to have seen at any ordinary missionary prayer-meeting in this country! As I heard my good friends lamenting that so many were absent, I thought, What would I give to see as many coming out, in the most favourable weather, to our prayer-meetings, on the first Monday of each month, at home! And when I remembered that a union of four Churches in the city of Edinburgh, the smallest of which contains more members than the largest of the associated Churches in Brussels, and the largest of which has more members than all these Churches put together, hardly ever produces at its monthly meeting so many as two-thirds of those I saw at a "thin" meeting of the Christians in Brussels, I confess I felt humbled, and not without a feeling of alarm as to the future of our Churches at home. Would that the report of what I witnessed in Brussels might provoke my brethren in Scotland to return to their first love, and do their first works! . . . . .

A few miles from Brussels is the village of Vilvorde, a place of imperishable interest to all British Protestants, as the scene of Tyndale's imprisonment and martyrdom. It is now chiefly remarkable as being the place where the state prison and house of correction stand. It is also a place from which, from the days of the Reformer downward, evangelical religion has been almost entirely excluded, as if his blood still cried for vengeance against it. Until very lately, all attempts to introduce the gospel into it had been completely frustrated, by the ungodliness of the people, and the zeal of the Romish priests. But it is written, that if we be stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, we shall in due time reap, if we faint not; and so our brethren in Brussels found it. Some months ago, a devoted young German pastor, of the name of Thalheim, a man of learning and talent, gave himself up to labour as the agent of the Evangelical Society of Belgium in that village. His privations were many, his difficulties great. A less resolute man would have relinquished the post in despair, but Thalheim has a spice of Luther in him, and having made up his mind that his duty called him to abide, he bade the devil and the Pope defiance, and set himself to work on. At length he succeeded in getting a few to attend on his preaching, which so irritated the priests that they prevailed on the maire, or chief magistrate, to interfere, for the purpose of putting him down. Accordingly, one evening the maire presented himself in the meeting, and demanded for what they were convened. "Please, sir, to be seated," said the preacher, "and you shall hear." The magistrate, as requested, took a seat, and heard Mr. T. preach. At the close he got up and said, "Now, all you who are wont to come here, answer me. Is this the sort of doctrine which this gentleman usually preaches?" "Yes, yes, M. le Maire!" sounded from several voices. "Then," replied he, "all I have to say is, that I never heard better sense in my life; and I advise you to listen to what the good man has been telling you, and do as he bids you. You may go on, sir," added he to Mr T., "and I shall advise the people in my factory to come and hear you." The worthy magistrate was as good as his word, and from that time the missionary had large audiences. In due time success crowned his efforts; one after another was rescued from Popish delusions, and brought to rejoice in the saving truths of the gospel; by-and-by their numbers increased until a little Church was formed; and the Sabbath before I was in Brussels the brethren met for the first time, along with several who went out from the city on purpose, for the observance of the Lord's supper.

PREACHING AND VISITING.

HINTS FOR BOTH MINISTERS AND PEOPLE.

Of all the labours of a minister, *the most important is preparation for the pulpit.* The pulpit is his great sphere of action; the work of the pulpit is the great work to which God has appointed him. . . . . The *great* object of every minister of the gospel ought to be, to give the *services of the pulpit* the pre-eminence over every other department of ministerial labour."—*Dr Spring, in his "Power of the Pulpit."*

THIS is a most important truth, and we are glad to see it so decidedly and strongly stated in such a quarter. For it is too much a fashion of the times, with some at least, comparatively to undervalue *preaching*, and to give it, and preparation for it, but a secondary, at least *not* a *paramount* place. They would have a minister on school committees, at public celebrations, in prayer-meetings, always in the Sabbath-school, and especially and constantly occupied with "visiting." Their counsel would be "Visit all the week, and 'extemporize' on the Sabbath; and very few will know the difference, and the people will like it all the better." Ruinous, fatal counsel to the minister unwise enough to follow it! The sad result would be, that he would soon preach his church empty, and have no congregation left to visit; for few persons are so lost to common sense, as long to waste their Sabbaths in trying to listen to sermons in which there is nothing to which to listen, and to which no effort at attention, however honestly made, can enable them to attend. The surest way to run down and run out a congregation,

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is to neglect thorough preparation for the pulpit: the surest way to build one up in numbers, as well as in knowledge and grace, is to bring "beaten oil—beaten oil to the sanctuary." "No one," remarks Dr Johnson, "ever did a thing well, to which he did not give the whole bent of his mind;" and the late Dr Mason is reported to have said to his people, "If I had visited you half as much as you were *kind* enough to *wish* me to do, or *unreasonable* enough to *expect* me to do, I should long ago have been dismissed for stupidity in preaching."

Let us not be misunderstood in these remarks. We are the last to undervalue pastoral visiting in its place. We believe that *everything* should give way for the pastor's visits to the poor and distressed, to the sick, the afflicted, and the dying. Such visits, if made as they should be, are but preaching in the most favourable circumstances possible; for "when the world is covered with gloom, and nothing remains but the remembrance of departed joys," or when the individual is just entering the passway of death, every word, whether of counsel or prayer, comes with the weight of eternity to the soul. But as to general and promiscuous "visiting," two important ends are to be sought by it, either the suggestion of some topic or source of useful moral instruction, or the creation or confirmation of a mutual personal interest between pastor and people. Without one or both of these objects, the visits of a pastor, like too many of the visits of fashionable life, will be idle, insipid, and useless ceremonies. And for the attainment of either of them, a single wisely chosen sentence, or one truly feeling word, is better than whole hours of formal staying, or heartless conversation, in which the faithful minister has no time to waste. *Hearers* should *learn to remember*, and the *minister* should *never forget*, that ordinary pastoral intercourse is but a subordinate department of the sacred office. His great object, the burden of his commission, is, to *preach* Christ, and him *crucified:* and there is no hope of successfully *preaching* without *studying* Christ; for if we do not *study* what we *teach*, we shall *teach* what we do not *know*. "We know," says one who was a hearer of the late Dr Chalmers, "how great a privilege it is to have to look forward to the ministrations of the Sabbath, not as weariness, which simply, as a matter of duty, were to be endured, but as exquisite feasts, spiritual and intellectual, which were to be greatly relished and enjoyed. And when hearing it sometimes regretted, with reference to at least one remarkable man'r (Dr Chalmers), "that he did not visit his flock quite so often as was desirable (many of the complainants' sole idea of a ministerial visit being simply, that it was a long exordium of agreeable gossip, with a short tail-piece of prayer stuck to its end), we have strongly felt how immensely better it was that the assembled congregation should enjoy, each year, fifty-two Sabbaths of their minister at his best, than that the tone of his pulpit services should be lowered, in order that each individual among them might enjoy a yearly half hour of him apart. We fully recognise the importance, in its own subordinate place, of ministerial visitation, especially when conducted as it ought to be. But the Church must not be sacrificed to the ungrounded idea, that it occupies a level as high, or even nearly as high, as the preaching of the word."

FRAGMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN PARENTS BEREFT OF THEIR CHILDREN. *

"Four children were given me," said a poor Icelandic mother, "two are with me, and two with God. Those who are with God are the happiest. I do not feel troubled about them. I am only anxious that those who remain with me may so live that, by-and-by, they may be with Him too." "I have had six children," said Mr Elliot, "and I bless God that they are all either *with* Christ or *in* Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them; my desire was that they should have served Christ on earth; but if God will choose to have them rather serve Him in heaven, *I have nothing to object to it.*"

Oh! it is an exquisitely pleasing consideration, that departed infants are gone to be companions of the pure and blessed spirits who are "without fault before the throne of God." It is a trial, much more severe than they who have never experienced it can imagine, to have torn from the bosom one around whom the heart's strongest affections had entwined, and to see "the hope of future years decayed in one short hour;"

> Yet, when the first wild throb is past,
> Of anguish and despair,
> To lift the eye of faith to heaven
> And think, "*My child is there;*"
>
> This best can dry the gushing tears,
> This yield the heart relief,
> Until the *Christian's* pious hope
> O'ercomes the *parent's* grief.

Let this thought quicken you to prepare for its pure society. If "the cares of this life," or "the deceitfulness of riches," or the power of fierce temptation, should overtake you, then try in imagination to see its cherub-form beckoning you from the skies, and to hear its cherub-voice imploring you, "Oh! father, oh! mother, come away, come up hither!" "I used to think of my boy continually," said a young mother, who had recently buried her first-born. "To me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was disappointed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes, or his curls, or the robes that I wrought for him with my needle. At first I believed it the natural current of a mother's love; then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before Him who resisteth the proud. One night, in dreams, I thought an angel stood beside me, and said, 'Where is the little bud that thou nursest in thy bosom?—I am sent to take it. Where is thy little harp?—give it to me. It is like those which breathe the praise of God in heaven.' I awoke in tears. My beautiful boy drooped like a bud which the worm pierces. His last wailing was like the sad music from shattered harp-strings. All my world seemed gone.

* From an excellent and most profitable little work recently published, under the title of "The Voice in Rama Hushed." by A. E. Pearce.

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Still, in my agony, I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me. 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I laid my lips on the earth, and said, 'Let my will be thine.' And as I arose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile there also. Since then my child has been with me. Amid the duties of every day, methinks it says continually, 'The cheerful giver! the cheerful giver!'"

"There was one," says Mrs Sigourney, of America, "and my heart holds her image as among the most perfect of earthly beings, who in early life was written childless. Her three beautiful sons were taken from her in one week. *In one week!* and their places were never supplied. The little student of seven years was smitten while over his books, the second at his sports, the youngest on his mother's knee. The deepest humility, the most earnest searchings of heart, were the immediate results of this bereavement. It dwelt on her mind that for some deficiency in her Christian character this chastisement had been appointed. The language of her contrite prayer was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' And he told her. And she became a mother in Israel! A sleepless, untiring benevolence was the striking lineament of her life. After the stroke of widowhood fell upon her, and she stood entirely alone, it seemed as if every vestige of selfishness was extinct, and that her whole existence was devoted to the good of others. She acquainted herself with the various necessities of the poor, the sick, the aged, and the orphan, to whom she sent suitable gifts, while she sought to be undiscovered and unknown. To children, her whole soul poured itself forth. She distributed fitting books to the idle and to the ignorant, to the erring and to the good. She often gathered her neighbours and her friends around her table, to impress on them the precepts of heavenly wisdom. And for the stranger, the emigrant, and the poor African, her sympathies were most active. Her countenance was to my childhood more beautiful, amid the furrows and silver hairs of fourscore and eight years, than any where youth and bloom revelled; for it was beautiful, through the goodness that never waxeth old, and it was the eye of gratitude that regarded it."

May those Christian parents who have experienced similar chastisements to those which are here so affectingly described, be led to imitate the meek and sublime benevolence which these chastisements called into exercise, and seek to solace themselves with such deeds of goodness as those which brought relief and comfort to the chastened spirit of this devoted Christian lady!

But there are some parents to whom these considerations do but feebly, if at all, address themselves. They are unbelieving, irreligious, and have, in consequence, no well-grounded hope of going to heaven themselves albeit their departed infants are there. And is it not a dreadful thought that, if bereaved parents live and die in impenitence and unbelief, they and their infant children will be separated for ever? Yes! it will avail you nothing that your departed infant is in heaven. As the presence of Abraham in heaven did not procure the admittance of his son, the rich man in the parable, so neither will the presence of the child there procure the admittance of the parent. "It is painful," remarks Dr Russell of Dundee, "to hear parents speaking in a vague manner of the happiness of their beloved offspring, and to see them fondly cherishing the hope of meeting them again in heaven, while yet they are living in the careless neglect of the gospel of Christ, and are governed by principles which altogether unfit them for the celestial temple. Men cannot always be wholly unconcerned about a future state, and when bereaved of those who were dear to their hearts, and *obliged* to think of death and eternity, it is natural to wish to cherish the hope, that the departed may still be happy, and that, at the close of life, they may meet them in the realms of bliss. There is a way of acting and speaking on this subject, which calls for no sacrifice, leads to no diminution of eagerness in earthly pursuits, and which, instead of exposing to the charge of fanaticism, is reckoned highly becoming even by the world. They know that they cannot be here for ever, and they are glad to think of heaven, as a reserve, when they *must* leave the earth. But how different that state of mind which, by faith, and hope, and fellowship with God, gives access to the blessedness of heaven even while below!"

ARE YOU HOLY?

"*Do you think you feel the importance of holiness as much as you should?*"

I own I fear the temper of the times about this subject. I doubt exceedingly whether it holds that place which it deserves in the thoughts and attention of some of the Lord's people. I would humbly suggest that we are apt to overlook the doctrine of growth in grace, and that we do not sufficiently consider how very far a person may go in a profession of religion, and yet have no grace, and be dead in God's sight, after all. I believe that Judas Iscariot seemed very like the other apostles. When the Lord warned them one would betray Him, no one said, "Is it Judas?" We had better think more about Sardis and Laodicea than we do.

I have no desire to make an idol of holiness. I do not wish to dethrone Christ, and put holiness in his place. But I must candidly say, I wish sanctification were more thought of in this day than it seems to be; and I therefore take occasion to press the subject on all believers into whose hands this paper may fall.

I fear it is sometimes forgotten, that God has married together justification and sanctification. They are distinct and different things, beyond question, but one is never found without the other. All justified people are sanctified, and all sanctified are justified. What God has joined together let no man dare to put asunder. Tell me not of your justification, unless you have also some marks of sanctification. Boast not of Christ's work *for you*, unless you can show us the Spirit's work *in you*. Think not that Christ and the Spirit can ever be divided.

Brethren believers, I doubt not you know these things, but I think it good to put you in remembrance of them. Prove that you know them by your lives. Try to keep in view this text more continually, "Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

I must frankly say, I wish there were not such an excessive *sensitiveness* on the subject of holiness as I

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sometimes perceive in the minds of believers. A man might really think it was a dangerous subject to handle, so cautiously is it touched. Yet surely when we have exalted Christ as the way, the truth, and the life, we cannot err in speaking strongly about what should be the character of his people. Well says Rutherford, "The way that crieth down duties and sanctification, is not the way of grace. Believing and doing are blood-friends."

Brethren, brethren, I would say it with reverence, but say it I must, I sometimes fear if Christ were on earth now, there are not a few who would think his preaching legal; and if Paul were writing his epistles, there are those who would think he had better not write the latter part of most of them as he did. But let us remember that the Lord Jesus *did* speak the sermon on the mount, and that the Epistle to the Ephesians contains six chapters and not four. I grieve to feel obliged to speak in this way, but I am sure there is a cause.

That great divine, Owen, said, some two hundred years ago, that there were people whose whole religion seemed to consist in going about complaining of their own corruptions, and telling every one they could do nothing of themselves.

Brethren, I put it to yourselves—might not the same thing be said with truth of some of Christ's professing people in this day?

I know there are texts in Scripture which warrant such complaints. I do not object to them when they come from men who walk in the steps of the apostle Paul, and fight a good fight, as he did, against sin, the devil, and the world; but I never like them, when I see grounds for suspecting, as I often do, that they are only a cloak to cover spiritual laziness, and an excuse for spiritual sloth. If we say with Paul, 'O wretched man that I am!" let us also be able to say with him, "I press toward the mark." Let us not quote his example in one thing, while we do not follow him in another.

Brethren, I do not set up myself to be better than other people; and if any one ask, "What are you that you talk in this way?" I answer, "I am a very poor creature indeed." But I tell you that I cannot read the Bible without desiring to see many believers more spiritual, more holy, more single-eyed, more heavenly-minded, more whole-hearted than they are. I want to see among us more of a pilgrim spirit, a more decided separation from the world, a conversation more evidently in heaven, a closer walk with God; and therefore I have spoken as I have.

Is it not true that we need a higher standard of personal holiness in this day? Where is our patience? Where is our zeal? Where is our love? Where are our works? Where is the power of religion to be seen, as it was in times gone by? Where is that unmistakable tone which used to distinguish the saints of old, and shake the world? Verily, our silver is become dross, our wine mixed with water. We are all more than half asleep. The night is far spent and the day is at hand. Let us awake, and sleep no more. Let us open our eyes more widely than we have done hitherto. Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us. Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and perfect holiness in the fear of God. "Did Christ die," says Owen, "and shall sin live? Was he crucified in the world, and shall our affections to the world be quick and lively? Oh! where is the spirit of him who, by the cross of Christ, was crucified to the world, and the world to him?" *

* From "Are you Holy?" a sermon by the Rev. J. C. Ryle, Helmingham. This estimable clergyman has published a series of practical tracts of great earnestness and excellence.

THE APPLE.

"THERE was a rich man who was chamberlain at the court of Herod the king, and who clothed himself in purple and fine linen, and lived sumptuously and in pleasure every day. And there came to him from a far country a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years. And the chamberlain prepared a great feast in honour of him, and invited all his friends. And there were many delicious meats placed upon the table, in vessels of silver, and in vessels of gold, and many costly vases filled with balms and wines of all kinds. And the rich man sat at the head of the table, and he was joyous, and his friend who was come from the far country sat at his left, and they ate, and drank, and were satisfied. Then the man from the far land spoke to the chamberlain of the king and said, 'Such magnificence and luxury as are in this house I have never seen in the length and breadth of my country!' And he extolled all this luxury, and counted him happy above all men on the earth. But the rich man, the chamberlain of the king, took an apple from a vase of gold; and the apple was large and beautiful, and red on the outside, like purple. And he took the apple and said, 'See, this apple is placed upon gold, and its appearance is very beautiful;' and he presented it to the stranger, the friend of his youth. But the stranger divided the apple, and, lo! in its heart was a worm!

"Then the stranger glanced to the chamberlain; but the chamberlain looked down to the ground and sighed."—*Krummacher.*

And ever is it thus when human love becomes idolatry. Every blessing attached to it is then poisoned, and imbitters the heart which, loving subserviently to God, might enjoy the heavenly boon through time and through eternity. Hence is it that strong attachments are great snares, although in this *false* world they are considered so essential to human happiness; and, alluring us from God, they become rods to chastise our infidelity towards Him who gave His precious life to purchase our *affections*. Oh! while we glory in the warmth and tenderness with which we can love a fellow-creature, why are we so cold to the best and truest of friends? But so it is; we leave celestial flowers, to pluck the thorns of earthly pleasure, and then wonder why we are wounded! God *must* be first in our souls, or all that stands between Him and the creature is in mercy blasted; for, while He is secondary, beautiful as earthly love may be, it still must have its bitterness—ay, its *curse!*—*From "Miriam; or, The Power of Truth," by Charlotte Anley.*

SABBATH MORNING.

(*From "Contributions of Q. Q.," by Jane Taylor.*)

THAT is not likely to be a profitable Sabbath which is commenced without some suitable recollection, some sincere desire to improve and to sanctify it. Our first waking thoughts should be thus consecrated—should thus take possession of the mind, and pre-occupy it, otherwise those of a worldly kind will soon flow in; so that, if we "do not our own

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works," we shall "think our own thoughts," which is as great a sin in the sight of God. But there are many reflections (besides those more obvious ones, which are familiar to every serious mind) that may be suggested to us by Sabbath morning. Let us indulge them for a while.

The Sabbath dawns not on ourselves alone, but also on the millions of our favoured land, inviting all to forget the six days, in which they have laboured and done their work, and to remember this, and keep it holy. Alas! to multitudes how vain the summons! We see that "the world still lieth in wickedness," in no respect more strikingly than by the total neglect of this day in numberless instances, and the very mistaken and partial observance of it in many more. It is melancholy to reflect on the thousands who welcome it only as a day of indulgence, idleness, or amusement. The Sabbath sun, which ought to arouse them betimes to its sacred duties, does but witness their longer indulgence. How many who "rise early and sit up late" on other days, to attend diligently to their worldly affairs, when they awake and recollect that it is *Sunday*, resolve to have "a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to sleep!" And when at last they arise, if they do not allow themselves to engage in the business of other days, they do but fill up the heavy hours in the meanest indulgences—in the preparation or enjoyment of a luxurious meal—in the most trifling occupation, or in absolute idleness. What can be a more melancholy sight than that of such a wretched, ill-ordered family, thus wasting the sacred hours that many are spending in the house of God!

Others rise early, indeed, but it is only in order to lengthen their holiday. How many such are now preparing to profane the Sabbath! How are the roads and fields, in almost every part of our beautiful country, disfigured by these unhallowed visitants! How are our streets thronged with Sabbath-breakers! The doors of the houses of God are thrown wide open, and they would be welcome as well as others. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" In vain is the affectionate invitation! They pass on, resolved to have their pleasure, at whatever price.

But there is a brighter view of Sabbath morning, to which it is refreshing to turn. How many are there who have said of it, "Early will I seek thee," and who, from their various and distant dwellings, have been, at the same hour, seeking in their closets a blessing on this welcome Sabbath! Their united supplications, uttered in various accents, and rising from the lowly cottage, the darksome hovel, as well as from abodes of comfort and affluence, ascend together, as an acceptable morning sacrifice to the throne of grace.

Again: see from the streets and lanes, from the courts and alleys, of our crowded cities, from the hamlets and villages, from the highways and hedges, what numbers of decent children now issue forth to their respective Sabbath-schools! How many little feet are at the same moment pacing the streets on this blessed errand! What an innumerable multitude would they form, could the whole of them be assembled on some vast plain before our view! What an animating spectacle to teachers! But although this cannot be, imagination may, in part, enable them to realize such a sight; and every private individual, who is about to engage in this good work, may be animated by the reflection, that however limited the sphere of his exertions, he is contributing his efforts, and doing his utmost towards the well-being of this countless multitude. And this leads us to another reflection. Behold the goodly company of young people from all corners of our land, animated (as we would hope) by the same feeling, preparing to commence their Sabbath morning's employment. Every teacher, as he or she is proceeding toward the school, might be encouraged by recollecting how many fellow-labourers there are, unknown indeed to each other, and unconnected, except in this common cause, who are setting out on the same noble business. Perhaps there is no heart glowing with truer cheerfulness, or gladdened with more perfect peace, than that of the pious, diligent teacher, who, having early in the closet sought a blessing on the duties and services of the day, goes forth in the strength of the Lord to engage in them.

But let us now, in thought, pursue the thousands and ten thousands, who are pacing the streets, or crossing the fields and lanes in their way to the houses of God. And could we hope that all were animated by the same motive, that all were going to listen to the same faithful truth, it would be indeed a pleasing subject of contemplation.

But we would never for a moment disguise truth in order to indulge a pleasing vision. Of these multitudes, how many are but going to be established in error—how many to pass an idle hour—how many to satisfy their consciences with heartless forms—how many to sit careless and unimpressed even under faithful instructions! Still, however, with all these deductions, there are *many* who are sincerely going to "pay their vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all his people;" and this is a cheering reflection.

The crowded streets of a large city on a Sabbath morning, may also afford another observation which should excite our liveliest gratitude. To see multitudes, of every different denomination, quietly proceeding, in open day, unmolested and unquestioned, to their respective places of worship, is a beautiful evidence of the religious privileges we enjoy: "Every man may now sit under his own vine; and (whoever might wish to do it) none dares to make him afraid." It was not always thus in England; and when we are walking peaceably to our place of worship, we should not forget the times when our good forefathers were obliged to assemble in secret, often by night, and to hide "in dens and caves of the earth," from the rage of their persecutors. And now the voice of prayer and of praise is heard in our land. What numberless voices unite in that universal chorus which ascends, like a cloud of incense, to the heavens! This, then, is another animating reflection for Sabbath morning.

But there are many who are absent from these solemnities, not by choice, but necessity. Sabbath morning has a peculiar aspect in a sick chamber. Those now on the bed of languishing, who have hitherto neglected their Sabbaths, view it with peculiar emotions, feel its value, and resolve, if they are restored to health, to improve these precious seasons in future; while the true Christian from his sick-bed hails its cheerful beams, and hopes for a Sabbath of rest and profit even there.

Others there are on whom this Sabbath dawns, indeed, in vain: it is the first they have passed in eternity! Let our imagination visit the many chambers of death throughout our borders. These, like ourselves, have beheld many a cheerful Sabbath sun; but now their eyes are closed to its brightness. The beams of this fair morning have, perhaps, penetrated the gloom of their chambers, and shone upon the silent walls, but they know it not. The darkness of death has fallen on them. Ah! then, how unspeakably important is the question, how their former Sabbaths have been improved, since there are no more of these "accepted times," these "days of salvation," for them!

But let our thoughts (already so excursive) wander

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from our own happy island, to distant climes, recollecting that, within the passage of a few hours, the same sun that beams in so cheerfully at the windows of our sanctuaries, and on the walls of our pleasant school-rooms, shines upon the plains of India—the wilds of Africa—the forests of America—upon the ices of the north, and the islands of the south—that the same rays are reflected from the gilded pagodas, where the millions of China flock to their idolatrous worship—from the mosques of the false prophet—from the gaudy temples of India—and light up the hideous features and grotesque shapes of ten thousand idol gods, "which are no gods," in every "dark corner" of our globe. While we are illumined by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and are instructed in "the truth as it is in Jesus," the red Indian roams the desert in search of his prey, or of his enemies—the dark Hindu muses idly on the banks of the Ganges—far in the impenetrable regions of Africa,

"The negro village swarms abroad to play"—

the fierce Arab hunts for spoil, or follows the slow caravan of spicy merchandise across the burning sands of the desert—while in the west the poor negro slave toils beneath the lash of his hard taskmaster. Ah! then, what are the privileges of a Sabbath in England! Here and there, indeed, in those benighted regions, the solitary missionary goes forth, in the midst of hardship and peril, to hold up the light of truth; and would not he unite in the exclamation, surrounded as he is by difficulties and discouragements, and say, "What are the privileges of a Sabbath in England!"

But now, let us return nearer home, to make a more practical reflection. This Sabbath sun that shines on the millions of the human race, beams also on *us*—"on *me*," let every reader say; and to me the question is, How *I* shall employ it? I am not one of the open Sabbath-breakers of the land; but am I not one of the countless multitude, who, while in form they "keep a holy day," yet secretly say, "What a weariness it is!—when will it be over?" Or am I one of those to whom the Sabbath is a delight—who are "glad to go up to the house of the Lord?" Am I a faithful, regular, zealous teacher, preparing with others to join my beloved class? Or have I never offered my services to that good work? Am I, on the contrary, spending the intervals of worship in idleness and indulgence, and attention to my dress? If so, reader, no longer, we beseech you, waste your time in pitying or despising the poor Indian and Negro; no longer censure the pleasure-taking Sabbath-breaker; let your charity begin at home; and remember, that if your Sabbaths are misimproved, you are in a far more alarming situation than the untaught savage, "who knows not his Lord's will!" Recollect, also, that the period is hastening, when the angel of death shall swear concerning you, that "time" and its Sabbaths "shall be no longer."

THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT.

Of all obstacles to true Christianity, nothing can well be imagined greater than that of the revolutionary spirit. There is none whose characteristics are more directly opposed to the gospel of peace. There is no influence more utterly secular, unspiritual, of the earth, earthy—none more proud, self-confident, boasting—none more likely, in its claim to a spurious philanthropy, to set itself up as a rival to Christianity, rather than be found in lowly submission to its humbling doctrines. The Christian and the revolutionary spirit are thus the two opposite poles of humanity. The sentimental religionism which the modern exhibition of it sometimes engenders, is far worse, because far more deceptive, than the old infidelity of Voltaire and the encyclopedists. Its clamour about abstract rights, and its mock heroics about human dignity, are, of all things, most directly opposed to all conviction of sin, to all ideas of penitence, and of that humbling justification in the confession of utter unrighteousness which the gospel so imperatively demands. But its chief trait, as was said before, is its exceeding earthliness. It is wholly of the earth, and talks only of the earth, and sees, magnified beyond all bounds, present earthly interests. Even its religion has respect solely to earth, to the immortality of the race, and earthly developments of humanity. It has no thought of that other endless life which awaits every individual man. The word, or idea, has not appeared in a single account or view of things in Paris since the breaking out of the revolution of February. In short, it has all the frenzy and ferocity of religious fanaticism, without any of its high and spiritual views of eternity and its retributions. This revolutionary spirit is now travelling through Europe, and many are hailing it as the grand ally of the gospel. We cannot share in the sentiment. It seems to us not the case of a good with incidental evils which will soon pass away, leaving a pure residuum; but rather a development of *essential evil*, destined, perhaps, to have its course as some exhibition or phase of our nature which must form part of the great experiment of humanity, and then, with all other antichrists, to be destroyed and trouble the nations no more. If thus essentially evil, we cannot sympathize with it, we cannot pray for its triumph. Thus viewing it, we may believe in its final subservience to some ultimate good without partaking of its spirit or rejoicing in its success.—*Professor Lewis, in the "Biblical Repository."*

THE END OF FOUR GREAT MEN.

The four personages who occupy the most conspicuous places in the history of the world, are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of millions, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not any other world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world and stripped "three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights," and made her foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him Hani-Baall, and died at last by poison administered with his own hand, unlamented and unwept in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyeing his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which did not, and could not, bring him aid.

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Thus these four men, who seemed to stand the representatives of all those whom the world calls great—these four men, who each in turn made earth tremble to its very centre, by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as was supposed, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one a lonely exile. How wretched is the end of all such greatness!

"BROKEN OFF."

A good man who lived several thousand years ago was in great affliction. He had been very wealthy and much respected. He had a large family, and had great comfort in them, for they were religiously instructed. In the arrangements of Providence, this man was made poor and childless. He was also afflicted with painful and loathsome disease. And to add to all, his friends became calumniators and tormentors. There were seasons when this excellent man gave way to complaints, and used language which was quite unsubmissive, not to say irreverent. Then again piety would resume her place, and his faith would shine forth gloriously, like the sun emerging from a cloud which had only concealed it for a moment, and its brightness was the more striking. In one of those moments of sadness and gloom, he indulged the following exclamation: "My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart."

How many are there now who have these same thoughts! I have just heard of an acquaintance, that he has "failed,"—*i.e.*, his property is gone. He is insolvent. His plans are broken off. What they were I know not; charity would hope that purposes of usefulness were among them, for he was an office-bearer in the Church. Doubtless he also had plans for the education of his children. From circumstances, I think it not unlikely that he had planned for a comfortable retirement from business, and for days of ease and enjoyment in life's decline. But all of these plans are suddenly "broken off." His wealth is gone, and with it have gone the various schemes which were dependent on it.

A few days since I heard of another acquaintance whose purposes were suddenly broken off. He had made new investments, and had just arranged to return to his home, probably hoping soon to realize profitable returns. But a messenger knocked at his door at night. It was death. He is gone!

How liable are all earthly plans and purposes to to be "broken off!" Earthly things are unstable. They who are in pursuit of riches find that the markets change, the stocks fluctuate, sales are uneven, the currency becomes deranged, or some unforeseen thing frequently occurs to disconcert their plans. Aspirants for power or fame find that popular favour is as unstable as the wind.

So many *disappointments*. The crops do not yield as was anticipated. The ship did not arrive in season to gain advantage of the market. The enterprise is far less profitable than was expected. The book does not take. A change in the politics of a town, county, or state, has defeated the election. The appointment was given to a more adroit, or, at least, a more successful, competiter. The loss of one battle wrested a crown from the grasp.

And then *death will come*. Usually he comes much sooner than was expected. He calls the young maiden from the toilet where she was preparing for the ball-room or the wedding, and she is dressed in the winding-sheet. He startles the young man from his dreams of future pleasure, riches, or greatness, and he is laid in the grave. His summons calls the farmer from his plough, the mechanic from his shop, the lawyer from the court-room, the statesman from the senate-chamber, the minister from his study or pulpit. And when that summons is heard, all plans, purposes, and engagements must be "broken off." The scheme of wickedness, or the plan of benevolence—an endeavour to relieve and comfort the poor and afflicted, or a purpose of oppression and robbery—an intention to seduce to crime and ruin, or an endeavour to reclaim and save;—all schemes, plans, engagements, worldly prospects or hopes—all must be laid aside for death.

Since things are so, is it not wise to have all things in readiness for breaking off? Votary of pleasure and vice, are your affairs in such readiness? Seeker of riches, honours power, or fame, are you ready to have your plans broken off? Follower of Christ, are your plans and labours in the cause of your Lord as you would wish they were, were they this night to be broken off?

FRAGMENTS FROM JOHN FOSTER.

Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it.

When the majestic form of truth approaches, it is easier for a disingenuous mind to start aside into a thicket till she is past, and then reappearing, say, "It was not truth," than to meet her, and love and obey.

When we withdraw from human intercourse into solitude, we are more peculiarly committed in the presence of the Divinity; yet some men retire into solitude to devise or perpetrate crimes. This is like a man going to meet and brave a lion in his own gloomy desert, in the very precincts of his dread abode.

Time is the greatest of tyrants. As we go on towards age, he *taxes* our health, our limbs, our faculties, our strength, and our features.

Youth is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we *must* wear daily, and it *will* fast wear away.

All pleasure must be *bought* at the expense of pain; the difference between false pleasure and true is just this—for the *true* the price is paid *before* you enjoy it—for the *false*, *after* you enjoy it.

Mankind are indisposed to think; souls make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven-appointed destiny under which they are placed seems to protect them from reflection; there is an *opium sky* stretched over all the world, which continually rains soporifics.

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The retrospect on youth is too often like visiting the grave of a friend whom we have injured, and are precluded by his death from the possibility of making an atonement.

THE BOUQUET AND THE BIBLE.

On a fine summer day, an unexpected shower drove two or three little parties into a cottage, for temporary shelter. A Bible and a bouquet of flowers lay upon the table. A shrewd-looking man, one of the company, approached the table: he was an infidel. He opened the Bible, then closed it again with a smile that was mingled with derision. He then took up the bouquet. "This suits me best," said he, with an exulting air, "for it has no mystery; I can understand it. Its colours are fair, and its scent delightful." Saying this, he pulled a flower from the bouquet, and stuck it in his bosom.

A pause succeeded; but it was soon broken by an old gentleman, whose meek and mercy-loving face was grateful to gaze upon, and whose grey hair entitled him to respect. He had heard the observation of the infidel, and felt anxious to counteract its influence. Advancing to the table, he also took up the bouquet. "How beauteous in his gifts," said he, "is the Father of mercies! This bouquet is delightful. How delicately formed are these beautiful flowers! how rich are their varied tints, and how sweet is the fragrance they exhale! but shall we forego the joy of inhaling their fragrance, and the delight of gazing upon their beauty, because we cannot explain the hidden mysteries of their existence? We know not how the dry, husky, unsightly seed, when set in the ground, could start up into such glorious forms; we cannot tell how it is, that from the same soil such different stems should spring, and on the same flower such varied tints appear; nor know we why some of the fairest and sweetest of flowers should be thickly pointed with thorns. These things are mysteries; but, if we wait till we can comprehend them, the flowers will fade away, for their life is short. Let us gaze, then, on their beauty, and inhale their fragrance while we may.

"And why should we not?" continued he, putting down the bouquet and taking up the Bible—"why should we not use the Word of God in the same way? Mysteries it has, deep and awful mysteries, which its Almighty Author alone can explain. But shall we waste our short lives in brooding over them, and neglect the greater part, which is quite plain, and overlook the manifold mercies it proffers for our acceptance? Let us leave, then, all mysteries, both of nature and grace, till it shall please God to unravel them to our understanding; and, in the meantime, let us, while rejoicing that God's works and Word both show that he is 'the Wonderful,' gratefully place the glowing flowers of the bouquet in our bosoms, and the gracious consolations of the Bible in our hearts."—*Rev. David Smith.*

TRIFLES.

Nothing *is a trifle which is displeasing to our friend.* —If every body thought so, and acted upon the thought, there would not so often arise that dull, bad weather, those cloudy feelings, those little bitter disagreeables, by which married people, brothers and sisters, parents and children, by degrees imbitter one another's lives, and which create altogether that great, grey, heavy, oppressive cloud, *discomfort.* A fly is a very light burden, but if it were perpetually to return and set itself on our face, it might weary us of our very lives.

By the side of the above motto we should inscribe, on the tablets of home, *Nothing is insignificant which gives pleasure to our friend.* Because from this arises that bright summer-mild atmosphere in the house, which is called *comfort.* And without this how cold, how miserable, is home anywhere!—*Frederika Bremer.*

EATING AND DRINKING UNWORTHILY.

There are few reasons more commonly urged by serious persons for delaying to unite with the Church, than the fear of eating and drinking unworthily. This objection is thus answered by Dr Nettleton, who was one of the most successful ministers of Christ:—

"It may be so. But is it not strange that any one should have conscientious scruples against obeying a plain command of Christ? Are you afraid to obey the Saviour? If you are really conscientious, you might as well say, 'I am afraid I shall do wrong if I neglect to confess Christ before men.' This you ought to say and feel. You cannot neglect a known duty and be innocent. Is it not astonishing to see persons who are seriously disposed, making a righteousness of their disobedience to the command of God? They hope that they are Christians, and yet refuse to obey a plain command, lest they should sin!"

FRAGMENTS.

To preach faith, we are told, is to throw an obstacle in the way of good works; but, although a man should of himself possess the strength of all men, or of all creatures, this one obligation to live in the faith would be too great a task for him to accomplish. Were I to say to a sick person, "Be restored to health, and you will then have the use of your limbs," would any one say that I was forbidding him the use of his limbs? Ought not the return of health to precede his resuming his labours? So it is when we preach faith: it ought to precede works, in order that those works themselves may have any existence.

In prayer the heart should first speak the words and then the words should speak the heart.

A part of the Christian's evening prayer is, that he may not sleep in his sin, nor sin in his sleep.

A part of the saint's morning prayer is, that, seeing it hath pleased God to renew his life, his life may be renewed to the well-pleasing of God.

A saint doth pray, not only that the curse which sin brought may be taken away; but also that the sin may be taken away which brought the curse.

Christ's satisfaction, not our sanctification, is the ground of our justification; and yet wherever he is justification, he is sanctification also, or else there could be no salvation; for without holiness no man shall see God.

While we are in this world, we know but part, and but in part; hereafter we shall know more, and more fully; yet then the fulness will not (cannot) be fully known.

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THE THOUGHTS OF THE LOST SOUL CONCERNING THE BLOOD OF THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, KELSO.

In Judas we have an instance of a lost soul—a soul just departing to the everlasting prison house. Of him we read, "Then Judas, who had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders." And his testimony respecting the blood is given in the following confession, falling from his dying lips, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

But a few hours before, he had betrayed it, he had sold it for thirty pieces of silver. But now remorse has fastened itself upon him; his conscience, which had slept, is now awaking; his guilt, like a poisoned garment, covers him round, and darts in its tortures at every pore.

One object occupies his whole vision, so that he can see no other—it is the blood he had betrayed. High above all the sins of a sinful life, this towers, in awful pre-eminence. It is his sin of sins—the sin which sets aside every other, as if in comparison with this they did not deserve the name. One scene haunts him, like a spectre from beneath, hanging upon his steps, and whispering terror into his soul—the bargain for the blood—the innocent blood! He cannot shake it off. It clings closer and gathers darker around him.

He is just about to go "to his own place;" and he leaves behind him his testimony to the innocence of the blood. He tells us with dying lips that it is innocent blood. As he is about to plunge into hell, he turns round to his companions in guilt, and says, "It is innocent blood."

It is its *innocence* that makes it so awful even to think upon. It is its *innocence* that strikes into his vitals as with a scorpion's sting. Had there been one stain upon it, his agony might not have been so hopeless, so horrible. There might have been some relief, some hope, some ray of light. But it is innocent blood! Its innocence!—oh! it is this that torments him before the time. It is this that sends him howling along like some raging demoniac, seeking refuge among the tombs—seeking refuge in hell, as if hell might be some relief, because removed from the place where the innocent blood had been sold, and was crying to heaven against its seller. Oh! he would do anything now rather than look upon that innocent blood. He would flee to any place of darkness, where it might be hidden from his eyes!

Then, as if to double all his agony, when he casts down the price of blood at the feet of the murderers, all the reply he meets with is the cutting bitterness of cold, remorseless malignity, "What is that to us? see thou to that." Ah! poor wretched soul, thou art lost indeed! and this is all the sympathy with which thy companions greet thee—a foretaste of the sympathy with which devils below shall salute thee when thou goest down to their abode of woe!

We see, then, that it is specially the *innocence* of the blood that shall be, of all others, the cutting, stinging thought of a lost soul. The blood he has slighted and trampled on was not only so precious, but so innocent! It is this that shall make hell so intolerable. The blood he has betrayed was without blemish and without spot; yet he has treated it as if it were polluted and vile! He has treated it as if it were the felon's blood—the blood of one whose crimes demanded its shedding. Its innocence stares him in the face. Its innocence is gall and wormwood in his cup—the sting of the worm that never dies. Oh! could he but discover one stain on it, it would help to cool his burning tongue; it would help to unloose his adamantine chain—to quench the fire that is consuming his bones. But all in vain, it is *innocent* blood; and shall be so for ever. Its *innocence* shall be the consummation of his agony. It might have exalted him to heaven; but now it is sinking him eternally to the lowest hell.

Heedless sinner! such may shortly be thy doom! Thou despisest the blood, or at least thou slightest it. Perhaps thou art one of those who betray it, time after time, at a communion table. How awful thy condition! The wrath of God abideth on thee, *even now;* and thou shalt shortly be in hell, if grace prevent not. There thou shalt be with Judas, hearing his bitter cries, and joining thine to his. Thou hast followed his footsteps here as a betrayer

* From a singularly impressive and solemnizing little work, just published by Mr Bonar, entitled "The Blood of the Cross."

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and despiser of the blood, and ere long thou must reap the recompense which he is reaping.

Thou shalt meet him and his fellows; and, O what a meeting! "Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming." They will recognise and salute thee. "Ha! art thou too become like unto us; thou art brought down to the grave; thou art fallen from heaven; thou art cast out as an abominable branch, going down to the stones of the pit as a carcase trodden under foot. Art thou too become like one of us—thou that hast named the name of the Redeemer—thou that hast heard the good news of his life-bringing death—thou that hast kept company with his disciples as if thou wert "altogether one of them?" And as thou criest out in thine agony, cursing them as thy tempters, thou receivest no reply but the sneer of heartless mockery, "What is that to us? see thou to that!"

Thus shalt thou be eternally shut in. Whether thou wilt or not, thou must have thy companionship with Judas, with the lost—with the devil and his angels. Thou canst not escape. Thou canst not rise. The innocent blood presses thee down—a heavier mill-stone than that which shall sink Babylon in the mighty waters. And as thou plungest downward in that wild abyss of smoke, and fire, and vapour, ascending for ever and ever, this shall be the cry of thy tormented spirit, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

Must it be so? Art thou resolved to perish, and to crush thy immortal spirit beneath the weight of this innocent blood? Must mercy be slighted, life rejected, and forgiveness flung away as dross? Must Satan be served, the world worshipped, self indulged, and God set clean aside as a Being better far forgotten and disowned? Must hell be chosen, when the gate of the kingdom stands wide open before thee, and the kindliest welcome proffered that ever friend gave to friend, or parent to child?

Must it be so? Is thy mind made up to brave the worst? Is thy life here to be one of reckless unbelief and folly? Wilt thou have no compassion upon thyself, but go on courting the evil, as if it were the better lot?

Heedless soul! Stand still for one moment in thy foolishness. Listen! A voice comes wildly up, as from the regions beneath. It is the voice of wailing, and its burden is, "I have sinned: in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." It is the voice of Judas! His wailing is not done. It was the first awful note of it which earth heard ere he plunged beneath; but the prolongation was reserved for others ears than man's—other realms than these of this still sweet and sunny earth. It is the faint far-off echo of that cry, that is now ascending. Man! dost thou not hear it! But a little while, and thou shalt join it, to swell its tone of infinite and eternal sadness, if thou madly mockest all warning, and persistest in thy unbelief.

Do not so. Thou hast gone near enough to the gates of hell; yet go not in. Turn back. It is not yet too late. Even *thou* mayst be saved. The gate of light stands as widely open as the gate of darkness. The way of life, the narrow way, is as free to thee as is the way of death.

There is still forgiveness. And the glad tidings of it are as glad as ever. No sin of thine has altered that gladness or made the tidings a forbidden joy to thee. We can tell you as truly as ever that "these things are written that *thou* mightest believe that Jesus is the Christ, and that believing *thou* mightest have life through his name." (John xx. 31.)

"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Remember, it is ALL SIN—even yours. It can wash, it can pardon, it can justify even thee. Take it now, for cleansing and salvation. It will purge thy conscience; it will reconcile thee to God; it will fill thy soul with peace. And are these blessings so common and so cheap, that thou canst afford to slight or to postpone them?

The great day of reckoning for the blood draws nigh. He whose blood was shed is coming to take vengeance on its shedders. It will be a sore reckoning for millions. And who shall then attempt to scorn the accusation, as if it were either idle or untrue? "Blood guiltiness" shall then be brought in as the verdict against this world—and in that awful verdict your name shall be found.

RAGGED SCHOOL REMINISCENCES AND RESULTS.

(From Corson's "Loiterings in Europe.")

I SHALL never forget a visit, in company with an excellent friend, to a ragged school in the wretched neighbourhood of Jurston Street, London.

One of the superintendents having strongly excited our curiosity in reference to a letter received from one of the pupils, I called, by invitation, on the teacher to whom it was addressed, for a copy of the touching and beautiful epistle I hold in my hand. The possessor was a retiring female in the common walks of life, and obliged to toil the whole weary week, while her pale, thin face, and slight stooping figure, showed signs of feeble health.

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Yet, without the least pecuniary reward, she had regularly taken her accustomed long walk several times a-week for half a dozen years to labour in an offensive ragged school.

She remarked, as she handed me the letter, that the writer was a reckless Irish girl, and one of the most troublesome scholars she had ever known.

With evident emotion, her eye rested upon the piece of paper, as if it had been a treasure; and as she told her story, there glistened in it a tear of deep, quiet, joy. It was her triumph over fruit unexpectedly springing from seed painfully sown.

I have never read such a thrilling tale, set forth in such childlike eloquence, as is contained in this letter:—

"My Dear Teacher,—It is five years since you met me in Glo'ster street, and invited me to go with you to Jurston Street Sunday evening school. At the first I was not willing to go, but you would not go without me. You said, 'Come for once:' and so I went with you. You may remember what a monster I was—caring for nothing. Sure you must have wondered what could induce me to have come so regular. I do not know myself, unless it was to disturb the school; for as soon as I came into the class there could be no more order. In vain did you beg of me to attend the instruction—my heart was as hard as a stone, and as cold as ice. Yet nothing could have kept me from coming. Sometimes I have been afraid to look if you were there; for some of the girls used to say if I did go on, they were sure you would not come again. But, blessed be God! you were always there, so that I never had any other teacher. During the two years that I was in the school, no change whatever took place in my character. My conduct was shameful. I do not know how you could have borne with me with so much patience.

"At the end of two years my parents were obliged to return to Ireland. Oh! my dear friend, never shall I forget the night when I told you I was not coming again. How affectionately you talked to me! If I had been one of the most attentive scholars in your class you could not have been more kind to me. You marked some chapters in my Bible, and begged of me to read them when I could not come to school; and when you bade me farewell, it was the first time in my life that I felt any real sorrow for past sin; I thought I would give all the world if I might stop one month longer with you. In the course of the week we left London. I could get no rest day nor night. I could think of no one else but you. One day I thought I would make away with myself. Hell appeared open to receive me! Just as I was going to take some poison that I had prepared, I thought I heard you call me, and say, 'Where is your Bible?' I laid down the poison and got my Bible, and the first place that I opened was where you marked, John iii. 16: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"Although I had so often heard that passage before, it now appeared as if it were the first time. I turned to some other place that was marked, and saw before me, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' This appeared to be just my case. I kneeled down and prayed to God for the first time in my life. I was much comforted. I threw the poison away; and from that time I found mercy, and was able to call God, Abba, Father. I suffered much persecution from my friends; but, blessed be God! he helped me through it. I knew what a sinner I had been, and therefore could pity and pray for them. I once nearly lost my Bible. The priest having learned that I had one, came and demanded it. I said I would part with my life first. He said it would be worse for me, if I did not give it to him. One night when all were safe in bed, I got up, went down into the yard, and dug a hole: after committing my best companion to the Lord, I laid it in the grave, and covered it up that no one could find it. For three weeks I went every night for two hours to read it, being the only time I dared to look at it. At length I heard that a lady wanted a servant. I went to see her. She told me I might come as soon as I liked. I got my Bible and went at once. She was a member of a Christian Church. This was a mercy indeed for me. Three months after I became a member of the Church to which she belonged. I am still in the same place, and a good place it is. I must also tell you that my father and mother have joined the same chapel nine months ago. Their home, that used to be like a little hell, is now like heaven. It would do you good to see my father surrounded with fifty or sixty poor men and women, holding a prayer-meeting on Sunday evening, some coming five or six miles, never forgetting to pour out their prayers on Jurston Street school. A few days ago a friend said to my father, 'You will never forget that school.' 'Forget—no never! till my God forget to be gracious."

Please give this two shillings and sixpence to the Bible Society, as a small but sincere token of my love to my Bible, which is dear to me as my life is. Pray remember me with many thanks to Mr Clark and Mr Williams, and all the friends of the Jurston Street school. You will wonder how I should know how to send to you. My brother has been living in London till a few weeks since. I begged of him to go to the school and find you out. He went, watched you home, and then took the direction down, and brought it with him; and I determined to write as soon as I had an opportunity. Mrs —— has gone to London, on her way to America; she will tell you anything about me that you wish to know: she is a friend of my mistress. Now, my beloved friend, I must bid you farewell. God bless you for ever and ever, is the prayer of—Yours sincerely."

THE HISTORY OF MANY.

[The following description of the process of ruin which many young men coming from the country into the city experience, is from Thompson's "Lectures to Young Men."]

The influence of evil company is commonly most marked and most deplorable in the case of a young man who has come from the country to the city in quest of employment. Such a young man has at first a painful sense of his inferiority to his brother clerks in dress and manners, and in all that contributes to make a city gentleman. They can say and do many fine things; can criticise this singer and that actor, and talk about their loves in a strain that excites at once his admiration and his envy. They jeer him for his sobriety, invite him to smoke with them, and laugh at the nausea produced by his first segar. He is stung to the quick; he will not be singular; he will not be the butt of the store and the neighbourhood; he learns to curl the exhilarating vapour as gracefully as they; and embraces the first opportunity to

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show them that he *can* utter an oath or a vulgar jest, though he shudders inwardly all the while. By-and-by they ask him where he spends his evenings, and kindly offer to relieve his ennui by taking him to various places of amusement, and introducing him into "good society;" they persuade him to drink a social glass and to join in an *innocent* game of cards. As he progresses, his uncomfortable feeling of inferiority vanishes; he is quite at ease among his associates; as to his old village companions, he is getting decidedly above them; and yet he does not feel that he has done anything particularly objectionable. True, conscience does at times reprove him; and as he opened his trunk the other day he saw his *Bible* there—the Bible that his mother gave him; but he quickly tumbled it to the bottom, and has not thought of it since. His parents gave him much good advice; but they had never lived in the city, and knew nothing of what is expected of young men in order to appear genteel; his associates are all young men of respectability—perfect gentlemen; he is not becoming vicious—he would shrink from anything degrading; on the whole he is quite pleased with the improvement he has made since he left home. At length his companions, whose influence over him is daily increasing, propose to him to take a pleasure excursion on the Sabbath. He hesitates at this, for he has promised his parents to attend church on the Sabbath—yet so he promised to read the Bible, and he has omitted that; but he is confined closely through the week, and needs recreation; after all, his parents' notions of the Sabbath are old-fashioned—well enough in the country, but too strict and puritanical for the city—besides, he is only going for this once, and will take care it does not become habitual. Thus he parleys with conscience till he silences her voice. *He deliberately breaks the Sabbath.* In so doing, he takes a greater stride in sin than he ever took before—he draws iniquity with a stronger cord.

His companions next propose that he shall visit the theatre. He feels less hesitation about this, because he has so often dwelt on theatrical scenes in imagination that his curiosity is excited by the least allusion to them, and he wishes to judge for himself what there is of good or evil in them. He needed but an invitation, the countenance of others, to overcome any remaining qualms of conscience. See now this youth for the first time entering the theatre. He is completely bewildered; the lights dazzle; the music charms; the scenery entrances; the acting rivets his attention; he comes home ravished with astonishment and delight, reciting fragments of tragedy, and envying those whose life is on the stage. He needs no invitation to go again; he is excited to the highest pitch; he has found what seems to him an inexhaustible fund of pleasure. Night after night he is earliest and latest at the play, drinking his fill of excitement—and still he thirsts for more. Alas! poor youth, look back a few months to the first arrival in the city; see how fast thou hast improved upon that simplicity of character of which thou then wast ashamed! Verily thou art making progress—the cords are twisting thicker and thicker.

The end is—RUIN.

MINOR SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

REUEL.

As seven sisters, in days of yore, repaired to a well to draw water for their father's sheep, they found a stranger by the troughs, who respectfully arose and helped them. This friendly attention ingratiated the wayfarer with the family. He became an inmate of the household, a shepherd of the flocks, and, at length, the husband of one of the seven maidens. Thus we are introduced to Reuel, Moses, Zipporah.

Reuel, or Jethro, as he is also called, was in authority among the Midianites; which people, though descendants of Abraham, had wandered away from Israel, and retained, if any, only a perverted tradition of the true religion. It was a blessed sight, therefore, that was witnessed in the wilderness of Sinai, when Reuel brought to his son-in-law his wife and children, who had been left in Midian until Moses should fairly have got beyond the reach of Pharaoh. As Moses sat in his tent, and detailed to the venerable man the wonderful deliverances the people had just received through their divine Protector, the Midianite believed, and professed his faith in the Lord with honest rejoicing. "Now," said he, "I know that Jehovah is greater than all gods." To signify his conversion, and to enter into communion with the Lord's people, Jethro brought sacrifices; and Aaron came, and all the elders of Israel, to eat bread with Moses' father-in-law before God.

It was on the day after this remarkable solemnity, that those suggestions were made to Moses, which are immortalized as "Jethro's counsel." It is no slight distinction to have projected at that date a system which was substantially perpetuated in the government of the people of the Lord. Was it not inspired by the divine Lawgiver? It was, at least, proposed to Moses by his father-in-law, only with the express proviso, "If God command thee so."

The lapse of thirty-three centuries has not made unseasonable the requisites of good rulers as they were at that time drawn by Reuel. What a different history the world would have made, if his views had always been popular in enlightened governments! In that case, the rulers of tens, as well as of thousands, would be, 1*st*, Able men; 2*d*, Such as fear God; 3*d*, Men of truth; 4*th*, Haters of covetousness. The Midianite's ideas are worthy of the adoption of republican voters. Such counsellors are most worthy of the epithet applied to Hobab—who, if not Reuel himself, was his son—when Moses prayed him not to leave the camp, for if he should accompany them, he would be to them in the wilderness, *instead of eyes.*

BARZILLAI.

He was "a very great man;" but that may be said, even in the Bible, of a very base man, and it is said there of Nabal the churl. They were both very great in their wealth; but Barzillai had something besides his sheep and goats to give him a character.

He was great in his generosity. When David, in the most unpromising part of his public career, stopped with his few followers at Mahanaim, "hungry, and weary, and thirsty," Barzillai joined with his neighbours, Shobi and Machir, in sending a supply of food to the persecuted monarch. This spontaneous liberality, at such a crisis, made an impression on David that he never lost, and one of the latest acts of his life was to charge Solomon to honour and provide for the living representatives of the venerable Gileadite.

Barzillai was great in his patriotism. It was as his lawful monarch that he honoured David, though

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a fugitive in the wilderness, and though the usurper was the man who had stolen the hearts of the people. He was not afraid of periling his wealth by exhibiting his loyalty to the true king. He took the right side, instead of the popular; he stood by the Lord's anointed, when the prediction of Hushai seemed likely to be realized, that all Israel should light upon him as the dew falleth on the ground, and not leave so much as one of all who were with him. But his patriotism stood a stronger test than this. For when David returned in triumph, and offered Barzillai a home in the palace at Jerusalem, he declined all honours and offices; asked none for his sons or friends; and had but one petition to present—that he might be allowed to accompany the king a little way over Jordan.

Barzillai was great in the dignity of old age. His whole deportment is venerable in the highest degree. The manner in which he sent the supplies to David, his meeting with the king, the interview and parting, are among the most beautiful pictures of a reverend old age that antiquity furnishes. Instead of concealing his disqualifications for public life, or for the pleasures of a court, he tells his age, and appeals to the king whether it was becoming to a man of eighty to leave the quietness of his home at Rogelim, for the feasts and music of the royal house. What a libel on age is a pleasure-loving, an ambitious, a worldly, a death-fearing old man!

Barzillai was great in his gentle affections. Read this sentence without emotion who can, as coming from such a man at four score years of age: "Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, *and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.*" This trait consummates the dignity of this venerable character. Let it give weight to the example of the rich and eminent Gileadite in the consideration of the young. Let it suggest to them the probability, that the foundation of his nobility at eighty was laid in his deference to the precepts of godly parents, whom he never ceased to love.

NABAL.

We have spoken of this Carmelite, in connection with his contemporary Barzillai, as "a very great man." The Bible ascribes this character to them both, and there are some good reasons for placing the two men near to each other in our view, when we would profit by the memory of either. Nabal was great to the amount of three thousand sheep and a thousand goats. But as we found that Barzillai's substance was the smallest part of his greatness, let us see what may be said for Nabal.

He was great in his churlishness. He is the churl of the Bible. Barzillai, unsolicited, sent to David in the wilderness, by the hands of his own sons, beds, basons, earthen vessels, wheat, barley, flour, corn, beans, lentiles, pulse, honey, butter, sheep, and cheese. Nabal refused bread and water when David, in a like extremity, sent to ask for some of the superabundant provisions which his servants were enjoying at their sheep-shearing. The very servants were ashamed of their master's meanness, for they remembered that when they were out with their flocks, David and his men had been as a wall of protection to them by night and by day.

He was great in disloyalty. Saul was yet living, but David had been consecrated his successor on the throne. Nabal's wife certainly knew this, and doubtless he knew it as well. But as he thought he had no reason to fear the power of the destined monarch in his present calamities, he added insult to his treason, and affecting ignorance, asked, "Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse?"

Nabal was great in brutality. He railed at the Lord's anointed, and his attendants, as possibly servants who had escaped from their masters. His own labourers pronounced him a son of Belial. Even his wife had to palliate his inhumanity by alleging that he was no better than a fool. He proved himself to be both fool and brute by his deadly drunkenness. The state in which he passed his last days is a type of the condition of his feelings: "His heart died within him, and he became as a stone;" and so in ten days he died. This completes the contrast of the rich Carmelite with the rich Gileadite.

Churlishness is not within the reach of ecclesiastical discipline, as evil doing and intemperance are. But that disposition is as unchristian as those open sins which characterized Nabal. One may be so unreasonable, obstinate, self-willed, morose, that "a man cannot speak to him" with any hope of being heard with attention or respect. "Gentleness" is one of the injunctions of the gospel, for which the example of the Lord Jesus is especially cited; so is benevolence in all its forms.

ABIGAIL.

We might have found a contrast to the churlishness of Nabal nearer home than Barzillai—even in the churl's own wife. She was "a woman of good understanding." Their servants showed their observation of this superiority by appealing to her, and keeping silence to him, in any matter where reason and conscience were to be exercised.

Abigail showed a politic discretion in leaving Nabal to himself, and setting out to appease David's excitement before he could reach Carmel. With an independence equally justifiable, she disregarded the brutish refusal of her husband, and took with her a large present of bread, wine, meat, corn, raisins, and figs. Instead of attempting to apologize for the churl, she treated him as a nonentity, and made David feel that it would be unworthy of him to regard the man of Belial, whose folly was written in his name. She made it appear that, under these circumstances, the duties of hospitality naturally rested on her, and that her poor husband was hardly accountable for an insult which should not have happened if she had seen David's messengers. She intimated that it was punishment enough for any of David's enemies to be—Nabal.

But the good understanding of Abigail had marks of grace, as well as of sense. The Divine providence and God's sovereign purposes were seriously referred to in her prudent expostulation with David, and she delicately suggested that when the momentary excitement should have gone over, it would be no happy nor dignified reflection to the heir of the throne of Israel, that to revenge himself on such a man he had shed blood. The fool's wife was wiser and cooler than the chosen king, and he, at length, blessed God for her advice; and later still, upon hearing of Nabal's death, acknowledged how much better it is to leave it to the Lord to return a man's wickedness upon his own head.

Good sense, good policy, good religion, mark the history of Abigail. How happy it is to have reasonable and God-fearing counsellors when our passions would pervert our judgments! How Christ-like to make peace, and yield to peace-making advice! How wise to consider, at every step, what our future and dispassionate reflections may be, and thus prevent future "grief and offence of heart!" How much wisdom, as well as grace, does it require to give advice in the proper season, in the proper spirit, and in the proper manner!

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SHIMEI AND ITTAI.

When David was driven from his capital by the usurper of his throne, Shimei followed the king with curses and stones. When the usurper had been defeated, and David was returning in triumph to Jerusalem, Shimei hastened to fall down before him at Jordan, boasting that he was the first of his tribe to welcome the king, and outdoing the whole thousand who were with him, in the display of his loyalty.

Such is the principle of the time-server. Whether he shall cast stones or bow the knee, whether he shall espouse this side or the opposite, depends on the present popularity which the man or the cause has attained. David was as much the king, and his cause was as just, when he went barefoot and weeping over Olivet, as when he crossed the Jordan ferry amidst the acclamations of the multitude welcoming his return. But he was not the same to Shimei. When he went out, apparently to exile, he was, in his view, a "bloody man," a "man of Belial;" but he was "my lord," and "my lord the king," when he came back the conqueror.

In contrast with this Israelite, we have the Philistine, Ittai. When David abandoned Jerusalem, this man, though a foreigner, from Gath, voluntarily accompanied him, at the head of a body of troops, highly important to the king in that emergency. David would have dissuaded him from his purpose, on the ground that he had no claim on a stranger for aid, at such an unpromising crisis. He even intimated to the brave Gittite, that he would consult his own interests better, by remaining in the capital, and attaching himself to the popular and triumphant pretender, at whose approach he was himself withdrawing. Ittai could not be moved by such an appeal, but exclaimed, "Surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."

Ittai was one of the three victorious leaders at the battle of the wood of Ephraim, where Absalom met his fate, and the tide of popular favour turned again for the lawful monarch. We can imagine the light in which the patriotism of the Benjamite and the Gittite appeared, when they met at the river on the king's return, to all who knew the previous history of the two men. In that same light must selfish duplicity on the one hand, and disinterested fidelity to good principles on the other, always appear in the view of those who judge according to truth.

May we not also use these incidents to contrast the humiliation of the Root and Offspring of David, when he was pursued as a thief, with swords and staves, on the same Olivet, with the glory of his subsequent return to Jerusalem? In following out this contrast, Shimei the Jew, would stand for the contemptuous and reviling unbeliever; Ittai, the Gentile, for the faithful disciple, who is ready to follow his Lord to prison and to death, and who, as he is partaker of his sufferings, will surely share in his eternal triumph.

"AH! THAT'S THE NAME!"

[Certain Hindus, having met with some religious tracts in their own language, travelled far to hear more of Jesus from the lips of the Christian missionary; and as soon as they heard him pronounce the name, they interrupted him, exclaiming, in an ecstasy of delight, "Ah! that's the name!"]

"Ah! that's the name!" the admiring Hindus cried;
"Your shasters taught us how He lived and died."
As ancient sages, guided by his star,
Lured by the wondrous tale, they came from far;
Their caste, their cruel rites, their idol fame,
Deserted for the Saviour's milder reign.

"Ah! that's the name!" the Christian lip responds,
"Whose charm dispell'd my fears, and loosed my bonds;
More precious than the finest gold its worth,
Sweeter than fragrant perfume poured forth;
A balm to make the wounded spirit whole,
A sound to wake the music of the soul."

"Ah! that's the name!" a world renewed shall cry:
"No name so glorious in the earth or sky."
From shore to shore adoring nations bend;
From world to world let loud'ning praise ascend;
Great be that name, confess'd by every tongue,
The burden of the universal song.

REV. JOHN ELY.

MY FIRST FUNERAL.

BY REV. DR TODD.

WHAT pastor does not know how solemn, and mellow, and tender the hour or two after this second service on the Sabbath often is? He is alone in his study, looking back with sorrow and joy, and forward with fear and hope. How tenderly at such times come back the faces of loved friends whom he has followed to the grave, and the recollection of scenes through which he has passed! Probably the experience of our early ministry takes the deepest hold upon us, and makes impressions peculiarly lasting. So it has been with me.

I had just commenced my ministry, when a message came that a woman, sick and in trouble, wanted to see me. It was in a distant corner of the town, and I had never been there. A long ride over hills, and then sand-plains that seemed very dreary, brought me to a small solitary dwelling. The house was new, not covered with clap-boards; and everything about it gave evidence of poverty and thriftlessness. In one of the two rooms which comprised the house, lay the sick one. The room was cheerless, and, it being early autumn, the winds were whistling between the boards. Some pieces of newspapers were pasted over some of the cracks, but they seemed to do no good. On a poor, but very neat, bed, with a sheet held up by having some old forks thrust through the corners and into the house, as a kind of curtain, she lay. Her countenance was as pale as the sheet, save a little hectic spot on each cheek. She was young and beautiful, even while sinking in ruins. The forehead was high, and smooth as marble. The eye brilliant and sparking. Though inexperienced, I knew that this must be consumption. She was a young wife, and her beautiful little twin daughters, three or four years old, stood by their mother, as if they were doubtful whether the visit of the stranger betokened good or evil for their mother.

Long and intensely interesting was the conversation which I held with her. This was her father's house, a very poor old man. She had given her heart and hand to one who had given every promise of making her happy; but strong drink had first made him a brute, and then a demon. She had borne his abuse and cruelty till her life was endangered, when he was taken up by the civil authorities. When liberated from confinement, he had left her and her

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babes, and for two years she had not heard from him. She sustained herself and children with her needle, till the cough, the chills and fevers, and night sweats, had brought her too low. She then, broken-hearted and crushed, had returned to her father's humble dwelling to die.

Piece by piece did she give me her history; but not an unkind or severe word did she drop concerning her husband, nor let fall a single expression of complaining. Her sorrows had led her to the Great Deliverer and she had a hope and a faith sufficient to carry her through any amount of trial. The history of her experience was simple, childlike, and beautiful. I cannot recollect; but it convinced me that if there be any such thing as the teachings of the Spirit, his breath had been warm upon her. She had sent for me to lay open her heart, to ask if she might be numbered with the visible followers of Christ, and give her twin babes up to him in baptism. The sun was just setting as I left her, with a smile on her lips soft and mild as the sunset of the warm autumn day.

After repeated visits and inquiries about Mrs Blanchard—for that was her real name—my small infant Church gathered with me one Sabbath afternoon, into that sick-room. The Church was composed mostly of young converts, and their affections were easily kindled. The first runnings from the grapes were there. The room was full. And how like an angel she looked, as, propped up by her coarse but white pillows, she entered into covenant with God and his people, and gave herself away for ever! And how the eyes of all were met with tears of sympathy and of joy, as they saw her beaming face! And when, putting forth the utmost of her strength, she raised herself in the bed, and laid one hand on the head of each of her little ones, and gave them such a look as a mother only can give, and that too in death, while I baptized them in the name of the Trinity, the whole company held their breathing, and the tickings of the clock were plainly heard. How solemn, how beautiful was that act of giving them up to the Redeemer, and having his seal put upon them ere she left them to orphanage! I have baptized many, many since, but never saw a baptism like this. How fervently and how tenderly we commended her and the little ones to the Great Shepherd! I doubt whether there was one present who did not long to be out, that he might weep aloud. For a single moment I saw a tear of earth dim the eye of the mother, but it was but for a moment, ere the Angel of Hope banished it away with his wing, and it returned no more. She sank back on the bed exhausted, and the little Church, one by one, silently passed along by her bedside, and took her hand, and dropped, I doubt not, a prayer for her babes into that golden censer which Christ holds in his right hand. Then we went to our homes, not all equally affected, but all with emotions awakened and chastened.

In a few days more I renewed my visit. When I reached the house, it was so still that I felt sure the footsteps of the angel of death must be near. On entering I found the sufferer calm and natural, except that her breathing was short, and the white hand did not lift itself up to meet mine, and the smile quickly gave way to distress. She could not speak, but pressed my hand and made the motion for prayer. The little girls stood at her head, with her hand in theirs. We prayed once more. On rising up, she gave a sweet smile of thanks, and then turned to look on her babes. The look became a gaze. A faint tremor—faint as possible—touched her lips, and it was all over. Not a finger moved, and the children were unconsciously holding the hand of their dead mother.

Then came the funeral. In my short-sightedness, I supposed that it would be touching and tender as a matter of course. It was my first funeral since my ordination. My fears were, lest emotion should prevent my saying what I wished to. But I reckoned without my host. On reaching the house for the funeral services, there were the aged father and mother in deep affliction. On each knee of the grandfather sat a twin dressed in white, with black ribands on the shoulders of their dresses. And there sat the bloated, stupid, filthy, polluted, loathsome being who called himself husband and father. The creature had worn out the life, and broken the heart of a young, beautiful being, let her sicken, and suffer, and die alone, and had now come to sit, and act as chief mourner! His breath was then steaming with the fumes of the still. His presence was poison to all that were present. And for him I was expected to pray as the chief mourner and the husband. Had a rattlesnake lifted himself up, and made his presence known on the table of a good old-fashioned thanksgiving dinner, he could hardly have been more disgusting. All that I intended to say was gone—it seemed like sacrilege to say it, or to speak of her before him. All that I intended to recall in prayer was gone, for there was the monster to be prayed over as chief mourner. What I said or did I know not, for the scene was awful to me. The creature—I will not call him man—could not walk straight after the coffin!

Soon after the funeral, I had the pleasure of knowing that he had taken himself off again, leaving the grave of his wife, and the helpless babes, with as little emotion as if he had been, not a brute, but a monster. I never heard of him again; but the prayer at the baptism was answered, and I had the pleasure of knowing that the orphans were well provided for. This relieved the remembrance of the horrors of my first funeral.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS AND THE SABBATH.

In our first volume pp. 243, we gave Dr Vaughan's felicitous narrative of the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from England, and their voyage in the May Flower to the shores of America. Dr Cheever, writing recently from Plymouth, where they first landed, dwells with great power on the reverence with which they regarded the Sabbath. He says:—

"By the providence of God, the pilgrims stopped at Plymouth. This rock, now between these two grain warehouses, but then washed by the floating tide, and surmounted above by the primitive forest, was

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their first landing-place—their first landing-place, indeed, for the purpose of a habitation and a grave, upon this rock-bound coast, but not the first spot hallowed by the freedom and the sacredness of their religious worship. No! There is a spot here, within the sweep of your eye in this beautiful scene, more sacred than this. As you follow the horizon, you see there towards the north-east, where the land breaks the sea view, and where the central peninsula in the harbour almost seems to join the mainland on the other side, a green and partly wooded island. It seems to you, perhaps, to be the continent, but it is an island. It is the spot of all places in North or South America to my mind the most hallowed. It is the island where the fatigued, desolate, almost perishing pilgrims spent their first Sabbath. Yes! there they stopped and rested the seventh day, and hallowed it, because they would not desecrate it, even in seeking rest. O noble commencement of the foundations of an enterprise, like which the world never saw, nor probably will again ever see! Within half an hour's sail of the coast, nay, within ten minutes' sail, if the wind and tide favoured, of the place where they were to abide all the rest of their pilgrimage, they moored at the island, and would not again set a sail that day, or take an oar in hand, or do aught of worldly work, because it was the Lord's-day. And there, upon that desolate island, frost-bound, habitationless, beneath a snowy sky, or, what was worse, a freezing sleet, they dedicated the hours of the Sabbath to the worship of God. There is no spot in all this scene, on which the vision rests with so solemn and thrilling an interest as that.

"And what a remarkable manifestation of character it was!—what a proof of supreme regard to God, and belief in his Word, and obedience to it! Might they not have reasoned that the work of seeking shelter, in which they were then engaged, was a work of necessity and mercy, that the season of winter was already far advanced, that every day was precious, and that one day's delay might be productive of great evil? Might they not have argued that here, where none but God beheld them, God who knew their hearts, and knew that they were labouring for him, and who had said that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, they might relax for once their strictness, and continue their course, more especially as there was none to be affected by their example? How many a descendant of the pilgrims, under the pressure of a much less necessity, has put the claims of conscience beneath those of expediency, and made the demands of God's institution to wait upon man's convenience! None to be affected by their example! And what one movement or act of those pilgrims, or sentiment, or opinion, or colouring of life, that will not exert an influence to the latest generation? It might be said that the guardian genius of the after-age was watching them; and in acting conscientiously and faithfully towards God, they acted safely, wisely, righteously, towards man. They so acted in this matter of keeping the Sabbath, that a world might imitate them. That day, kept for God on that island, has sent down a blessing for all the posterity of the pilgrims; those costly prayers and praises—a persevering, sustaining influence throughout New-England, to make the descendants of the pilgrims a Sabbath-keeping people. And none but a Sabbath-keeping people can be truly free.

"There was a time when these men on that desolate island, had they stayed in Europe, and attempted to keep such a Sabbath in the country of their birth, would perhaps have been thrown into prison for not observing the rubrics of the book of sports—for not giving to the service of Satan the time which God claimed for his service. This Sabbath was the beginning of their perfect freedom from bondage. How beautiful the island looks this day, in this warm light, beneath an atmosphere of such enchanting clearness, rising so green in the mantle of August from the sea! It was a different sight and a different abode to them, in the month of December, wet, cold, icy, and shelterless. Yet there they stayed; there they praised God; then arose to heaven from New-England soil the first Sabbath hymn of praise and the first united prayer of faith, from childlike, patient, submissive hearts—from men in resolution and endurance, children in faith and obedience.

> 'Amidst the storm they sang,
> And the stars heard, and the sea!
> And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
> To the anthem of the free!'

"This beautiful painting is not that of mere imagination. The place of that first religious meeting on New-England soil looks now entirely destitute of trees, but the pilgrims tell us that this island was thickly covered with woods, as indeed the whole shores of Plymouth harbour seem to have been wooded down to the brink of the sea, save where the Indians had made clearings for corn fields. There, then, the dim and icicled woods did indeed ring to the anthems of the free—for they surely had a heart to sing as well as pray; and God had brought them, in the past day's course, through a great discipline, not only of peril and prayer, but of deliverance and thanksgiving. Yet they rejoiced with trembling.

"That island is a very sacred spot. We would put a monument there sooner than on Bunker Hill—a monument to the Sabbath, to the faith of the pilgrims, to the hidden life of social, civil, and religious freedom, of which the Sabbath is the safe-guard—a monument there, where spiritually the first battle was fought, and the first victory was gained, on this north-western continent against the powers of darkness, against spiritual wickedness in the high places of earth and of the soul.

"Verily, if we may suppose the enemy of God and man looking on and watching that movement—that Sabbath's work—that Sabbath's reverent and submissive stillness, and prayer, and praise (and why may we not? for not alone in civilised Europe was the god of this world supreme and busy, but here, from one end of the continent to the other, in savage rites he had his worship); if we may suppose the enemy of mankind gazing when that island was first trodden by the pilgrim feet, awe-stricken would he and his hosts have beheld the solemn employments of that day! It was a most wonderful consecration of all New-England to God, this religious keeping of the first Sabbath-day spent upon its shores, amidst such storm, such fear, such heart-chilling cold, and frightful desolation. We should like to see a granite monument on that island, and the words inscribed on it, 'The First Sabbath of the Pilgrims.' We say again, a greater battle was fought and gained there than that on Bunker Hill; and a foundation of spiritual freedom was laid then, without which that last battle for civil liberty never had been fought, nor the institutions of freedom in this country established. That Sabbath contained the prediction and assurance of success to the infant colony. It was God who kept the pilgrims, through their Sabbath-keeping piety. They may sneer who please at the strictness of the Puritan Sabbath Should its spirit die out of our land, there might be Romish superstition, and French fickleness and infidelity, and American slavery and political corruption remaining, but the old-fashioned social, civil, and religious virtue and happiness of New-England would be no more."

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DEATH OF A RAROTONGAN EVANGELIST.

AMONG the trials connected with the work of God in the isles of the Pacific, none are more deeply mourned and practically felt by our missionary brethren than the frequent deaths occurring among their native coadjutors. In the subjoined communication from the Rev. Charles Pitman, of Rarotonga, we have an affecting instance of the losses they are thus called to sustain, which, while associated with feelings of unspeakable joy, in reference to the faithful men who have entered into their rest, demand the strongest exercise of faith and patience, as it regards the interests of the work from which they have been taken. Under date of January 17th, our brother, Mr Pitman, thus writes:—

"In my last communication I said that our population was still fast decreasing,* and that death was removing from among us many valuable and useful friends. Yes; it has pleased the All-wise Disposer of events to call away some who, I had cherished the fond hope, would have been employed for many years in publishing the glad tidings of salvation amongst the perishing heathen. We have recently committed to the silent tomb two young men of decided piety, good talents, and extensive Biblical knowledge, to whose education, with a view to their future usefulness, I had paid particular attention. I have not their equals left; but I bow with submission to the will of God. 'Behold, He taketh away; who can hinder Him? Who will say unto Him, What doest thou?'

"The first who was summoned to the eternal world, was Aperau, many years a consistent and useful member of the Church, and for the last three or four years an acceptable preacher of the gospel, and a most valuable assistant to me in the translation of the Scriptures. He accompanied me to Tahiti, when I visited that island for the benefit of my health, in 1835, and helped me to transcribe some of the manuscripts of the late Rev. H. Nott, with a view of translating them into this dialect; by which means he acquired a tolerably good knowledge of the language.

"Aperau had a very great desire wholly to consecrate himself to the service of Christ among the heathen. Little more than two years ago, he wrote to me on the subject, and I had frequent conversations with him respecting it. The malady of which he died just then began to appear, but I hoped it would soon be removed; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Just as I was about to propose him to the brethren, about twenty months ago, the disease broke out in his neck, and, when one part was healed by the use of suitable means, it broke out more violently in other parts, especially in the throat and under the arm-pits, till finally, poor fellow, he was a complete Lazarus for sores. All our efforts were vain, and he finally fell a victim to the malignant disorder.

"The complaint, however, did not affect his voice, and he was able to preach until within a few months of his death. Frequently, with pleasure indescribable, have I heard him declare to his countrymen 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' entreating and beseeching them to come to Him for salvation and eternal life.

"His judgment was sound, and his elucidations of Scripture truth clear. He always submitted the plans of his sermons to my inspection previous to delivery, and very seldom, of late, had I any occasion to suggest any alteration. His discourses were always full of Scripture, and he was seldom known to wander from his subject. I had the pleasure of hearing his last discourse, which was from Rev. xiv. 13: 'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' &c. He was exceedingly careful in his illustration of the clause, 'and their works do *follow* them.' Frequently did he exhort his hearers to mark the expression, 'their works do *follow* them,' endeavouring to impress on their minds that salvation is *all* of grace, and that their works followed them, as evidence of their union to Christ in whom they believed.

"Till within two or three months of his decease, he did not abandon the hope of being spared to go as an evangelist to the heathen. Twice he came to me to express his ardent desire for the work, and to ask me if I thought he should recover. At last I told him I was fearful of the result, but that my heart greatly rejoiced in the Lord to find his whole soul panting to promote his glory. I then reminded him of David's desire to build the temple of the Lord; but his desire, though well pleasing in the sight of God, was not granted. From which time he was able to say, 'The Lord's will be done.'

"Many were my visits to him when weakness prevented his coming to me, and pleasing are the recollections of what passed between us as his tabernacle gradually dissolved. On one occasion our conversation was on the work of the Spirit in regeneration: 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' His attention seemed rivetted to the subject—he asked several important questions, and as soon as his mind embraced the idea I wished to convey, he was completely overjoyed; nor shall I soon forget the instant brightening-up of his countenance. 'Oh! the mighty, mighty work of the Spirit of God!' he exclaimed, 'all spiritual, nothing carnal! spiritual change—spiritual food—spiritual clothing—spiritual armour to contend with spiritual foes! Ah! teacher, I fear there is much profession among us, but little of the *real* work of the Spirit on the soul.' In subsequent visits this subject was his delight.

"His end was peace. Finding his strength failing, his wife asked him if his heart had a full grasp of the Saviour. 'Think you,' he replied, 'that I should be so inconsiderate as to hold slightly one so dear to my soul? O no, my soul grasps firmly the Saviour, and I will never let go my hold—he is my sure foundation, and *all* my desire.' After this he seemed to have a realizing view of the glory of heaven, as though looking through a small aperture, and said to his wife, 'Oh! it is indescribable!'

"From this period he earnestly desired his dismissal from the body. Just before his departure, about midnight, he said to his wife, 'Aue te rekareka e! Aue te rekareka e!' (Oh! the joy! Oh! the joy!) She called in a neighbour, a member of the Church, who came and asked him 'if all was well.' 'O yes,' he replied, 'I am going to be with God and Christ.' They sang a hymn and prayed, at the conclusion of which his spirit departed to that Saviour whom he adored, loved, and served on earth. The next day we committed his remains to the dust, and performed our last and painful duty to one so highly esteemed. On the following Sabbath, I improved the event of his death from Numb. xxiii. 10: 'Let me die the death of the righteous,' &c. 'By his fruits' he was known; and I believe there is but one opinion in reference to our departed brother, that he was a '*good man.*'"—*London Missionary Magazine.*

* Not now numbering 3000 in the whole island. In 1827 the population was more than 7000.

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THE KING OF TERRORS.

BY THE REV. DR ALEXANDER, PRINCETON.

His dominion is wide as the world; his subjects are all men except two. His tyranny is inexorable. By no art, by no flight, by no concealment, by no resistance, can we escape. Death is the doom of every man.

Death is terrible, because he cuts us off from all our possessions. However painfully and unjustly wealth has been accumulated, and however cautiously the soul clings to its treasure, death forces it away. As "naked we came into the world, so naked we must go out." Death severs the strongest, tenderest bands of nature; it takes away the beloved wife at a stroke, or the kind husband; snatches children, tenderly beloved, from the affectionate embrace of their parents; the bond of friendship is rudely sundered, and the affections of the heart are torn and left bleeding with hopeless sorrow. All plans and projects are in a moment frustrated, and anticipated pleasures and honours are left behind.

Death is terrible, because it drives us into a world unknown. We look into the grave and inquire anxiously, What is the condition of our departed friend; or does he still exist in a conscious state? We see no sign of life; he gives no token by which we can learn anything respecting him. We consult the oracle of reason, but there is no satisfactory response: she mutters some ambiguous and uncertain answer, but casts no light on the darkness of the grave. Oh! how awful, to be obliged to go down into a world of darkness, not knowing whither we are going, or what is our destiny.

This obscurity is not all that terrifies; there is something far worse. This king of terrors comes armed with a tremendous sting. Conscious innocence would inspire us with courage; but guilt, a sense of sin, a feeling of deserved punishment, above all other things, renders death terrible. In the gaiety and bustle of life, men may drown the voice of conscience, or, by repeated violations of its dictates, men may enjoy temporary ease; but when death comes near, the voice of the monitor within sounds an alarm. The guilty soul would give worlds to be delivered from the stings of conscience. Nothing so corrodes the soul with anguish indescribable as REMORSE.

Thus far there is nothing in death but terrors. Has he no other aspect? Does not animating *light* from any quarter, shine upon the darkness of the tomb? Yes; I see One rising from the sepulchre with the air of a conqueror. I hear him proclaiming, "I am the resurrection, and the life; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." I hear a voice from heaven, saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." I see, through the narrow vista of the grave, a shining light. It brings to view the gates of the celestial city. By faith, I behold many of the dead entering in, clothed in robes of light. I hear them singing a song of gratulation and triumph to their great King, who has, by his own death, redeemed them from the power of the grave. Death is then no more "the king of terrors." He now appears with the face of an angel. Welcome death! Welcome the hour of complete deliverance from sin and sorrow, and all the evils to which fallen man is heir. COME, LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY, and receive a soul ransomed by thy blood, into thy bosom.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

THE SOCIAL TENDENCY.

ONE of the everywhere-recognised wants of our nature is that of society. A *solitary* immortality, with all the stars for an inheritance, were charmless and blank vacancy. Such is the structure of our nature, that we must be in communion with others. We are insufficient for ourselves. The Author of our being made us with social sympathies and affections, and one of the most affecting proofs of the divine benevolence arises from considering the varied provisions made for the expression and gratification of the social affections. The human face seems constructed on purpose to mirror the kindly and social sympathies of the heart, to vary and kindle with emotions of love and friendship. No word may be spoken, and yet the beaming eye, the sunny countenance, shall assure us of our friend's esteem, our neighbour's confidence, our child's reverence, our wife's affection, our parent's love.

But with all this desire of social enjoyment, and this provision for conferring and receiving it, it is evident this world affords small scope, indeed, almost no field for its gratification. How short-lived at best are the ties of friendship and love in this world! If we overlook the teachings of Him who brought life and immortality to light, their history and ours is quickly told. Yesterday's surge threw us together upon this isle in the universe—to-morrow's surge sweeps us off, and washes out our very foot-prints.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on th' fountain
We are gone—and for ever!"

Blessed be His name who hath scattered the darkness of the grave, and lifted the veil of futurity, this strong desire of social blessedness will receive its complement and fruition in a world where the sanctified in Jesus meet to part no more. We have stood in the earthly sanctuary when the people of God were closing a solemn and delightful service with the hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;"

and for a moment a shade of sadness passed over the heart, as we thought of parting from such company and such a spot. But the sunshine returned as the sacred song continued—

"The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Thanks for the assurance that the tie is eternal which binds the hearts of those who love the Lord. —*New York Evangelist.*

SOULS OF A HUNDRED GENERATIONS.

WHERE is now the dust which was attached to the souls that lived before the flood? Where are now the many millions who have filled the world with noise and contention, with fame and folly, for a hundred

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generations? Kingdom has trodden on the heel of kingdom, and nation has followed nation down to the land of forgetfulness. Their dust has long since returned to the common mass. But where is their immortal part? Where are the many thousands of millions of souls that in different periods of time have escaped from dying beds, or from the field of battle? They have all stood before their righteous Judge and received their unalterable doom. Many of them have been transported with the joys of paradise for four and five thousand years, and have calmly looked down and have seen kingdom after kingdom moulder to decay, while they stood secure and unchanged in immortal life. Many of them have been in hell more than fifty hundred years, tossing from side to side, and crying day and night for a drop of water to cool their tongue; but in fifty centuries one drop of water they have never obtained, and never will through the endless ages of eternity. They have abandoned all hope of ever seeing good again. There is but one point to which they look forward, and that is the day of judgment, which they anticipate with indescribable horror, as though it were the beginning of their torment—the point of time when their scattered dust will be collected and raised—when they must stand, soul and body, before the judgment-seat of an almighty enemy. Never did guilty mortals, appalled with bursting thunder or trembling at midnight earthquakes, apprehend the final judgment with so much terror as the damned constantly do. They know that their guilt will then be laid open before an assembled universe, and that their punishment will be unspeakably increased.—*Dr. Griffin.*

AIM AT A SPECIAL END.

THERE are those who seem to be busy continually, and yet accomplish but little; while others, although apparently not more earnest, or more active, accomplish much for themselves and others. We suppose this difference, so frequently observed, is best accounted for by supposing that one labours without a definite plan, and without a definite object in view—the other acts in view of both.

Every Christian has a purpose to do good; but in multitudes of cases this purpose seems to be a vague desire to do good in some way, rather than a determinate purpose to do good in any particular way. Such disciples approve the good done by others, and constantly feel the obligation to live a life of well-doing themselves, but yet time passes, and age or death approaches, and they are found to have accomplished little or nothing for the glory of God, by promoting the good of men.

Another man devotes a certain portion of his income to the cause of Christ (say one-tenth—or, if over a hundred pounds, one-fifth—or, if over two hundred pounds, one-half); the amount accomplished by such a man, at the end of twenty years, will astonish himself.

Another cannot give much, but resolves to attend all the prayer-meetings for one year. At the year's close he finds the object was accomplished without difficulty, and with great profit to himself; while his listless neighbour resolved and re-resolved, and lived the same.

Another devotes himself to Sabbath schools, and resolves, and perseveringly acts, to be punctual, to fill up his class, and do all he can for the Sabbath-school with which he is connected; another is listless, and has no particular purpose, only to be a teacher. The first is a blessing to the school—the other is an injury.

So with all Christians. The careless or aimless man or woman, who desires to do good, but does not make it a point and a principle to do a definite thing, and to do it *this day, this week,* and *constantly,* is rather a burden than an aid to the Church of Christ.

Up, Christian—reflect—settle your heart upon what you ought to do, and DO IT, looking to God for aid that you may keep your covenant vows, and glorify your Saviour by a life of obedience and faith. —*Herald of the Prairies.*

THE DETRACTOR.

AMONG the thieves and knaves he is the most execrable who endeavours to rob another of his character that he may enhance his own. This is that pest of society who is full of kind assertions tagged with buts. "He is a good kind of a man, *but* every bean has its black."—"Such a one is very friendly, *but* it is in his own way."—"My neighbour N. can be very liberal, *but* you must catch him in the humour." He who repents not for these injuries, and does not make restitution, if possible, to his defrauded neighbour, will hear, when God comes to take away his soul, these words, more terrible than the knell of death, "*Thou shalt not steal.*"—*Dr Adam Clarke.*

SOUND MIND.

A PERFECT, just, and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift; but it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiassed in all its actings. God has given this soundness of mind but to few; and a very small number of those few escape the bias of some predilection perhaps habitually operating; and none are at all times perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that, possibly, the *balance-wheel might have been near a magnet.* On applying a needle he found his suspicions true. Here was all the mischief. The steel work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions, and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be *magnetised* by any predilection it must act irregularly.—*Cecil.*

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAYER.

IT is a considerable encouragement unto the duty of prayer, that we cannot come to God therein too oft. We cannot (to speak so) "fash" him; nay, the oftener we come the welcomer will he make us, for He calleth us to "pray evermore," or "without ceasing." He would have us always in a praying frame, standing and begging at his door, and at his door only. Is not this a great encouragement, that how much soever he hath granted us to day, we will not fare the

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worse to morrow; nay, every hour he will make us welcome. He will take twenty suits off our hand in one hour. Oh! who would not, then, take pleasure in prayer? We may weary men, and trouble our best friends too oft, and be a burden to them; and the oftener a poor beggar cometh to one man's door, he is not the better served, but rather the worse. But God's beggars have a happy life; they will never get that answer from him — "You were answered lately, and you must not be answered always;" but the contrary. He will say unto them, "Got ye your alms lately, and you are come again for a new alms? Well, you shall not be said nay; the oftener you come to me the welcomer shall you be." —*John Brown, of Wamphray.*

A CONSCIENTIOUS BISHOP.

A YOUNG relative of Bishop Barrington apprized his lordship of his intention of taking holy orders, not that he liked the Church as a profession, but because the bishop, as his near relative, and having much splendid preferment at his disposal, he might naturally expect a benefice. "In truth," returned the prelate, in reply to this frank avowal, "the expectation is not unreasonable. We are closely connected, and I have much in my gift. What would content you?" "From you, my lord," rejoined the young man, frankly, "nothing under a living of six hundred a-year." "You shall have that provision for life, out of the Church, not in it. That income shall be assigned out of my private resources. God forbid that I should be accessory to any man's taking holy orders out of sordid motives. The stipulated provision is yours; but, mark me, on this condition, that you remain a layman."

BOOKS FOR THE FIRE.

YOUNG readers—you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted by the world—take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil?—examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may, after all, be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and, consequently, no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce—throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been a gift of a friend! Young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case.—*Southey.*

THE VENTURE.

IT was midnight. The storm raged fearfully. Through the murky atmosphere the broad expanse of the ocean was only lighted up by the vivid lightning, and the white foaming waves. The breakers, rolling in upon the rock-bound coast, struck upon the ear like a continued peal of thunder. It was an hour when few would be willing to be abroad, and when all would feel thankful that they stood upon the solid ground, and were not committed to the treacherous deep. Yet on that shore there is one who has just stepped on board of a frail and tiny boat, without oar or sail or compass, and intrusts himself to the raging ocean, amidst darkness and terror, to be engulfed without hope of escape. Is he mad, or foolhardy? Perhaps both. He is the type of a sinner dying without hope. Launching away into a fearful eternity, without a guide or friend, at the moment of leaving the shore of time, he is driven by the fury of God's anger, and is hopelessly engulfed in the fathomless abyss of perdition.

THRICE BLESSED.

"I AM weary," said Cornelia, "of being called 'Scipio's daughter.' Do nobly my son, and men shall style me the mother of the Gracchi!"

It is indeed a blessed thing to be a mother when you are a mother of children distinguished for their goodness. Children grown to maturity, who are eminent for their intellectual and moral acquisitions, marked among men for the expression of noble thoughts and the performance of noble deeds, reflect honour on her who gave them birth. She lives in them. Her character shines in their glory.

Mothers, what shall be your children? Catch the spirit of the Roman matron, and chastening this spirit by the pure spirit which is above, baptising it into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, burn with an inextinguishable ambition of being the mother of Christian sons and daughters who shall be a blessing to the Church and the world, and receive the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" in the presence of an assembled universe. These are jewels indeed, whom the Saviour acknowledges to be such, and sets in his crown to sparkle there for ever. Shall those, now little ones, so shine in bliss and glory?

NEGLECT OF GOD.

To neglect God all our lives, and know that we neglect him; to offend God voluntarily, and know that we offend him casting our hopes on the peace we trust to make at parting, is no other than a rebellious presumption, and even a contemptuous laughing to scorn and deriding of God, his laws, and precepts.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

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THE BOOTH, THE GOURD, AND THE WORM.*

"*So Jonah .... made him a booth.*" A booth is not a house. It is neither adapted for security nor permanence. It is built for a temporary purpose; and when that purpose is served, the booth is taken down or left to decay. And "what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And what is the world? "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment:" "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." What, then, is the world but a booth? Exactly so are all the plans and executions of time. The boy builds his booth of hopes and expectations: the young man builds his booth of energetic action and performance: the man sits down in his booth of realization. This is all well, while we remember that it is *but* a booth which we have erected, and not a house, a mansion, a palace, a *home;* while we bear in mind that "here we have no continuing city." A heathen monarch was once congratulated on the extent of his dominions, the stability of his throne, the magnitude of his possessions, the magnificence of his glory:—"Ah!" said he, "but it wants continuance—it wants continuance." Poor man! he had built himself only a booth. We all dwell in booths, and booths that have often to be renewed. The booth of childhood will not serve the purpose of youth; the booth of youth will not answer the expectations of manhood; the booth of manhood will not last to old age; the booth of time is altogether unadapted for eternity. Poor is that man who has only a booth of boughs or canvass for a home in this world; and unhappy he who has only the frail possession of time for the wants of eternity.

"*And the Lord God prepared a gourd.*" A booth alone—or the mere framework of a booth—is alike cheerless and useless; it forms not even a temporary shelter. But our good and gracious Father does not look with indifference or disdain upon the insignificant structures of our weakness. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." He takes notice of our booths, and, instead of frowning upon them, and scattering their fragile materials with his breath, he often sees fit to adorn them, strengthen them, and render them pleasant and grateful. He covers our temporary habitations with the thick foliage of prosperity. He winds around them the beautiful tendrils of earthly affections. He "daily loadeth us with benefits," and "crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies." The sun is not permitted to smite us "by day, nor the moon by night." He gives us the delights of home, and the aids of friendship. Yes, it is He that does it. Should we build booths, we could not make the gourd grow to cover them. We might put forth all our might, and exhaust all our ingenuity, but in vain. It is He that giveth us power to get wealth. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."

"The Lord prepared *a gourd.*" We ought not to overlook this. A gourd is, at best, a transient plant. It does not last a life-time; it comes with the summer, and departs with the summer; let a frost but touch it, and its vitality is gone; let a sharp wind blow upon it, and its leaves are withered. It is not like an oak, which bids defiance to the blast; nor like a fir-tree, whose foliage thickens with the approach of winter. It needs not a worm at the root to terminate its short-lived beauties. It soon dies of itself, and perishes. Just so are all our worldly enjoyments. Our choicest comforts are only *gourds.* Youthful pleasures become distasteful to the man: friends are summer plants: the most enduring earthly affections often wither before life closes; and worldly prosperity does not stretch into eternity. But yet, while they last, our gourds are not to be disregarded. And

"*Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd.*" Exceeding glad; and why not exceeding grateful? It was just what he wanted—just what, for the time, he needed; "a shadow over his head"—a shelter from the heat of a burning sun. Surely he might have been something more than glad. Alas! how many are there who are more glad than grateful for their gourds! They enjoy them exceedingly; they sit under

* From "The Christian Gleaner."

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their shadow with delight; they enjoy the shelter that they afford; but they have no thought—no thankfulness towards HIM who prepares the gourds. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." We are glad when we enjoy the pleasures of life. The child is glad when his desires are gratified; the youth is glad when he has succeeded in some warmly cherished enterprise; the man is glad when prosperity shines upon his path; the father is glad when he embraces his first-born child; we all are glad when kind friends surround us, and when health is continued to us: but who is grateful? Who inquires, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" Does one in ten?—one in a hundred?—do *you*?

"*But God prepared a worm.*" GOD *prepared* it. "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" Is it by chance, or in the natural order of things, that our gourds wither in a night? No; there is a worm at the root, and the Lord prepared the worm. We are too apt to forget this. When our worldly prosperity wanes, we ascribe it to accident, or the force of circumstances; when our friends are fickle, we ascribe it to their treachery and worthlessness; when health is suddenly taken away, we sometimes trace the disease to its source, and lament this exposure, or that imprudence: and it is true that these are the worms that have destroyed our gourds; but we forget that it is GOD that prepared them.

"But God prepared *a worm*." A worm is a little thing—an insignificant insect; but if God has prepared it, it shall fulfil its mission. A breath of scandal may destroy our reputation; an angry word may break our rest; a malicious action may ruin our prosperity; a draught of keen air may undermine our constitutions, and disseminate disease and death. Reputation, rest, prosperity, and health, are only gourds, and it needs only a worm to put an end to the life of a gourd.

But if God prepares the worm, He has wise designs to bring about. "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Our meanest gourds are precious in his sight; and he never introduces a worm to their roots without a sufficient reason. It is sometimes intended to teach us our true position. We forget that we are dwelling in booths, and that our gourds *are* gourds; and therefore he causes a worm to smite them so that they wither, while he accompanies the stroke with a small, still voice of mercy. "Arise, and depart; for this is not your rest." We are to be taught the insufficiency of our booths for a permanent habitation, and our gourds for a secure shelter; and for this to be done, the gourds must be destroyed. Sometimes our gourds become deleterious; they poison the atmosphere around; they make us drowsy in self-security, or languid with enervation; and then God acts as a wise physician—he goes to the root of our moral maladies. Sometimes we are to learn to exercise mercy and compassion towards others. Jonah sat with complacency under the shadow of his gourd, to see what would become of Nineveh—"that great city"—which he imagined to be devoted to destruction. He watched it, more with the eye of curiosity than of benevolence. He wished to observe the manner in which its six hundred thousand inhabitants should come to a miserable end. We too often witness the destruction of the gourds of others with anything rather than commiseration, until our own gourds wither; *then* we can feel for the disappointment and distresses of others. Sometimes God prepares a worm to smite our gourd, that another, and a fairer, may arise in its room. How often is a storm succeeded by the calm sunshine! How often are sorrows the harbingers of joy! Job's gourds were all smitten at the root, all withered, and he was exposed to the fierce rays of the sun, and the "vehement east wind." But the same hand that had prepared his destroying worm could prepare, also, other gourds; and they were prepared, and grew, and flourished; and "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

> "Often the clouds of deepest woe
> So sweet a message bear;
> Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find
> One frown of anger there."

And whatever immediate reason our heavenly Father may have in view, when preparing the worm that shall smite our gourd, we may be sure that the end will be our own benefit, *if* we will but attend to the instruction conveyed: for though "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." While, therefore, it becomes us to be glad and grateful for our gourds, we have still greater reason to be thankful for the worm that smites them.

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The world is full of forsaken booths and withered gourds. Here is the booth of a *child*, and over it grew the beautiful gourd of parental love; but "God prepared a worm;" the gourd withered in a night; and the happy child is a weeping orphan. There is the booth of a *youth*, and around it was twined the bright foliage of passionate love and ardent hope; but a worm was at the root, and the fond dreamer is a disconsolate mourner. Yonder is the booth of a *husband*, and under the gourd of mutual affection he thought himself secure; but "God prepared a worm," and the poor widower exclaims, "Bury my dead out of my sight." On this side is the booth of a *parent*, and the gourds of family peace and concord grew up fast and vigorous; but the worm was there, though out of sight: this child was cut down in infancy—that, in the bloom of youth—and "the foolish son" has become a source of heaviness and grief:—the gourds are withered. On that side is a booth, once overshadowed by the gourd of prosperity; but the worm touched it, and riches made to themselves wings and flew away, "as an eagle toward heaven." Here is a booth to which friendship was the gourd; but the worm came at God's command, and from the dismantled booth may be heard strains like these: "Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me"—"It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: but it was *thou*, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance." There is a booth, once adorned with the gourd of health; but God had prepared a worm, and the gourd withered.

With what feelings should our withered gourds be contemplated? Shall we exclaim with Jonah, "It is better for me to die than to live? I do well to be angry, even unto death." Or shall we say with Eli, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good?" and with the confiding prophet, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail—yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation?"

Youthful reader! whoever you may be, you are now building your booth; you will, perhaps, be permitted to build many before your life shall close;—but take a caution or two from a fellow-builder. Remember, in the first place, that they *are* booths, and nothing but booths, which you build. They will not last for ever; but you *will* live for ever; they are, therefore, not adapted to be your *home*. There is "*a building of God*, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," to which you ought to be looking for a permanent habitation when your "earthly house of this tabernacle" is dissolved. There is a building, too, which must be raised in this world, and the erection of which is of infinitely greater importance than that of the best booth in the world; and which, therefore, demands a far larger share of your attention. The materials are faith, repentance, and love; and the foundation and corner-stone is Jesus Christ. Build with these materials on that foundation, and you will have a "strong habitation," whereunto you may "continually resort;" and it will matter but little what becomes of your booths.

You will have gourds. Be thankful for them; but remember that they will be gourds. They *cannot* last very long; they *may* suddenly wither. Should they thus wither, do not charge God foolishly; but learn to profit by the stroke. Neither be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow, but believe that other gourds may yet arise in the room of those that are gone.

There will be a worm to every gourd. The worm may not smite—will not, cannot smite the gourd until the commission be given; and then, it certainly will. But when it does, remember who it is that prepared the worm, and "humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time; casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

There will be neither booth, nor gourd, nor worm in heaven. Instead of the booth, will be your Father's house; instead of the gourd, will grow the tree of life; and instead of the worm, there will be "fulness of joy"—and "pleasures for evermore."

PUSEYISM IN ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION TO INDIVIDUAL SOULS.

BY JAMES BUCHANAN, D.D.*

THERE is a prevailing prejudice in the minds of many devout persons against all controversial discussion, and especially the discussion of questions relating to the form of ecclesiastical government, or to the peculiar opinions and practices of the various religious denominations. That mere partisans have often attached an extravagant importance, and given an undue prominence to these points of difference, is

* From a series of valuable letters, published some years ago, on "The Tracts for the Times."

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true; and although I cannot regard any question as unimportant, for the right settlement of which materials are supplied in the Holy Scriptures, but must believe that Christ's house will ever be best regulated by a strict regard to every intimation of his holy will, yet I have much sympathy with those who have come forth from time to time, in seasons of contention, with an Irenicum, when, without the sacrifice of truth or principle, it has been their object to remind all parties of the great maxim which enjoins "unity in things essential, forbearance in things indifferent, and charity in all things."

But the present discussion, although it touches on the points of difference betwixt the Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churches, does not relate chiefly to any question of ecclesiastical government, nor is it a mere contest of party, it involves truths of fundamental importance, and has to do with principles which have a most serious practical application to immortal souls, to whatever denomination they belong. In such a case, no man may put away the subject, on the plea that he dislikes controversy, or that he regards the forms of Church government as unimportant, or on any other plea whatever. God's eternal truth, and the salvation of immortal souls are at stake. The system of Oxford has come into direct antagonism with the Evangelical religion of England. There is no room for compromise, none for neutrality; and every private man—much more every public character—must now take his stand on the one side or on the other.

That I am not chargeable with overrating the magnitude of the interests which are involved in the pending controversy, may be evinced by a brief enumeration of those fundamental articles of the Protestant faith, which are either directly assailed or silently undermined by the writings of the Oxford divines, and a fair estimate of the practical effect which their views must have when they come to be applied to individual souls.

It is admitted by themselves, that their theory of the Church, if adopted, must effect a complete revolution in the opinions of men, not merely on points of ecclesiastical polity, but on subjects of fundamental importance—a revolution in religious opinion as great as was wrought in the science of astronomy, when the true centre of the solar system was discovered; for, in answer to the objection that "undue prominence has been given to the doctrine of the Church, which occupies a subordinate place in the New Testament," they tell us boldly, "We have been accustomed to a Ptolemaic theory of our spiritual system; we have made our little world the centre, and have ranged the doctrines of Scripture around it, according to the relation they seem generally to bear to our own individual profit. We find ourselves called upon to adopt an opposite theory; to take for the centre of our system a body which we had been used to regard as a mere satellite attending upon our own orb; and no wonder, therefore, that we feel our notions deranged." No man ever thought himself the centre of the spiritual system, although many have had too little regard for the general interests of Christ's body: we have been accustomed to regard Christ as the centre, the "Sun of Righteousness who has arisen with healing in his beams;" but here the Church is substituted in the place of Christ, and this change must, doubtless, work a complete revolution in all our religious views.

Take a few examples as illustrative of the change:—

Christ, as "the Prophet of his Church" and "the Light of the world," has given us a record of God's truth in our Bibles; and, in "searching the Scriptures," it is our blessed privilege to sit at the feet of Jesus, and to learn of Him. But you cannot learn of Christ, say the Oxford divines, except through the intervention of the Church. For, first of all, it is on the authority of the Church you believe the Bible to be the Word of God at all; and, secondly, it is by the interpretation of the Church that you are to discern its meaning. "No individuals, since the apostles, are, by themselves, expositors of the will of Christ." "Catholicity is the only test of truth." Now, conceive the necessary effect of this doctrine on every serious inquirer after God's truth; what is it but to interpose the Church and the priest betwixt my soul and the "Sun of Righteousness;" or rather to substitute the Church in the room of Christ as my Prophet?

Again, Christ is the Priest of his Church—who, by once offering himself a sacrifice on the cross, has made full atonement for sin, and is now offering up intercession for his people in heaven; and it is the blessed privilege of every believer to look simply to Christ as "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," and to come direct to Christ, as "a Prince and Saviour, exalted to give repentance and remission of sins." But you cannot be justified, say the Oxford divines, except through the intervention of the Church; baptism "is a mean and instrument of justification"—baptism is "the hand of the giver, and faith the hand of the receiver," the peculiarity of baptism "is a plenary remission of sins;" but that baptism must be administered by men duly commissioned by the lineal successors and representatives of the apostles; in a word, by men holding Episcopal orders, otherwise you have no security that what is done on earth will be ratified in heaven. Now, conceive the necessary effect of this doctrine on every conscience-stricken sinner. What is it but to interpose the Church and the priest betwixt my soul and the Saviour? or rather to substitute the Church as the storehouse of grace, in the room of Christ, in "whom it hath pleased the Father

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that all fulness should dwell, and out of whose fulness we may all receive, and grace for grace?"

Again, Christ is the King of his Church—who has made us free from the doctrines and commandments of men, and commanded us to regard himself as our only Lord, and his revealed will as our only law; but you cannot serve Christ, say the Oxford divines, unless you obey the Church—the Church is his visible representative, the authoritative interpreter of his will, the commissioned successor of his apostles. What is this, again, but to interpose human authority betwixt Christ and his subjects, or rather to substitute the Church in the room of Christ, and her interpretation in the room of his law, for the government of his kingdom?

Again, Christ is the one great object of faith. By looking to him we live—by coming to him we find rest—by receiving him we receive salvation—by trusting in him we obtain peace and joy in believing—"the very peace of God, which passeth all understanding"—"the joy which is unspeakable, and full of glory." But, say the Oxford divines, though Christ be the fountain, the Church is the "storehouse and direct channel of grace," the "*sacramentum unitatis*," through which alone a sinner may come to the Saviour, or the Saviour receive and welcome him. Alas! what is this but to interpose the Church betwixt my soul and Christ, and to make me dependent for salvation itself, not on the unutterable love and free grace of my Saviour, but on the instrumentality of sinful men?

Again, Christ is the substance of the gospel, and "all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus." Every penitent believing soul may at once appropriate for himself, and by himself, every one of those exceeding great and precious promises, and feed on them as his daily food. But, say the Oxford divines, these promises are not made to men simply as repenting or believing, but as members of the Church; and none else have a divine warrant to appropriate or apply them to themselves. What is this, again, but to interpose the Church betwixt a hungry soul and Christ, the bread of life—and to make my hope depend, not on His faithfulness, but on her fidelity?

Again, Christ is the dispenser of the Holy Spirit, the Head of spiritual influence, from which the whole body, and every member of it, has nourishment ministered, and increaseth with the increase of God. But according to the Oxford divines, the Church and her sacraments contain and impart the Spirit's grace. "Her powers are very great: they are even awful: if not truly conferred by God, they are blasphemously assumed by man." "The promise of communicating to man the divine nature itself, of bringing down the Deity from heaven, and infusing his own Spirit into the souls of miserable mortals—this, which is nothing more than the every-day promise of the Church, proclaimed and administered by every minister of the Church, every time that he stands by the font or serves at the altar; is it not so awful, so tremendous, that we scarcely bear to read it written, except in familiar words, which scarcely touch the ear!"

Is this the language of frail, fallible, and sinful man? or need I say one word more to convince you that the new system of doctrine is liable to the awful charge of ascribing to the Church the peculiar and inalienable prerogatives of her Divine Head?

Now, what must be the practical effect of these views on the souls of individuals? We read in Scripture of various classes of human character. What is the probable effect of these doctrines on the careless, the awakened, the converted soul?

We read of careless, unawakened sinners, who have "a name to live while they are dead," and "a form of godliness, while they deny the power thereof"—men who cannot be at ease without some semblance of religion, but are ever ready to embrace the shadow, while they reject the substance. This was the prevailing character of the Jews in the time of our Saviour; it is the actual character of countless multitudes in all denominations, at the present day. The chief difficulty of many a faithful minister is to convince such persons of their danger; and that difficulty is increased by every thing in their character or external observances which has the appearance of conformity to the letter of God's requirements. Their apparent decency, their social respectability, their regular attendance on ordinances, are so many opiates by which their consciences are lulled to sleep—so many plausible pretexts for saying to themselves, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." But how prodigiously will the difficulties of a faithful minister be increased, and how lamentably will the delusions of the unawakened and formal part of his hearers be strengthened, if the Oxford doctrines shall infect the popular mind of England! What must be their inevitable effect in the case of one who is secure in his sins? They tell him that at his baptism he was regenerated, or born from above — that he then underwent that great change of which the Saviour said to Nicodemus, that without it no man can enter into the kingdom—that he obtained the plenary remission of sins, and was translated from a state of wrath and condemnation into a state of grace and justification—and that, by remaining in communion with the Catholic Church, he will share in the sacramental virtue which belongs to it, and be entitled to Christian burial when he dies. Can there be a stronger opiate to the conscience—a more dangerous snare to the souls of unawakened sinners? or is it possible to contemplate the rapid dissemination of such views, without the deepest alarm

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for the safety of all that is vital and spiritual in personal religion.

But suppose a careless sinner has been awakened by the Word and Spirit of God, and is now anxiously inquiring "What must I do to be saved!"—a condition the most deeply interesting in which an immortal soul can be placed—what effect must the Oxford doctrines have in the treatment of such a case! They were specially designed to provide for it—it was because the "awakened and anxious sinner" was observed to leave the Church which presented a cold aspect to the religious sensibilities of the mind, and to go to the Dissenting preacher, because he got good from him; it was under the impression that "the awakened mind knows its wants, but cannot provide for them, and in its hunger will feed upon ashes, if it cannot obtain the pure milk of the Word"—and with the view of reclaiming such persons from "the foster-mothers of abandoned children," that the Oxford divines resolved to revive "the more gracious and consoling truths provided for the little ones of Christ." We have seen what these gracious and consoling truths are—that the sacraments, not preaching, are the sources of divine grace—that the apostolical ministry had a virtue in it, which went out over the whole Church, when sought by the prayer of faith. And what, I ask, must be the effect of such doctrines on the mind of an awakened sinner, or anxious inquirer! It must be either fatally to mislead, or cruelly to perplex him. They cannot give him peace. If his conscience has been really quickened by the power of God's Word and Spirit, it cannot be pacified but by the simple faith of Christ. The power of God's law is such, that nothing else can meet it but the power of Christ's gospel. A sense of God's wrath in the conscience, can only be allayed by a view of God's reconciliation in the cross. Man's inventions, man's instrumentality, man's authority, are nothing in such a case, and have no power; they may palliate, but they cannot cure the agony of a wounded spirit—they may perplex, they cannot pacify a troubled conscience. None but Christ, beheld by the eye of faith, in the glory of his divine majesty, the tenderness of his human sympathies, the fulness of his gospel offices, the perfection of his finished work, the efficacy of his one atonement and constant intercession, the greatness of his almighty power, and the riches and freeness of his grace. None but Christ, and Christ without any other, can bind up the broken-hearted, and give liberty to the captive soul. But how perplexing to such a man, when, with newly awakened thoughtfulness, he begins to ask the way to Zion, must those questions be, which the Oxford system cannot fail to suggest! He turns with instinctive eagerness to his Bible, as a new-born babe desiring the sincere milk of the Word; but he is warned that he cannot safely interpret it for himself—he must understand it in the sense of the Church Catholic! He asks, Where is that interpretation to be had! is it written or oral! if oral, from whom am I to expect it! He is told to look to the successors of the apostles; on inquiring who these are, he is informed they are the bishops: and so, by an endless round of frivolous and vexatious questions, the man is directed to human authority, when he should be dealing with his God. And how would Evangelism deal with such a man! It would speak to him in some such words as those of my eloquent friend: "Have you sins that are going over your head, and sinking you to the lowest hell! Have you a heart that is hard, and stubborn, and rebellious! Are you weary and heavy laden! Are you restless and dissatisfied, and disquieted with many anxious thoughts, and questions which you cannot solve! Ah! go not to any earthly teacher, build not on any human authority; prove all things for yourself. It is your own case, and no other than yourself can deal with it—no priest, no confessor, no holy father or reverend brother in the Lord. Call no man master on earth. Devolve on no man the care of your soul. Alone, as if in all the universe of God there were no other poor sinner besides thyself, nor any saint whose goodness might reach to thee; alone, none of the people or of the priesthood with thee; alone, thou must dispose of this question of thy relation to God, and of all the weighty questions which hang on it: thy sin is thine own, thy sorrow is thine own, thy responsibility is thine own. And oh! blessed be God, his Word, his grace, his strength—all—all that is His is thine own; thine directly and immediately, thine freely and fully, without any intervention of Church or churchman, or sacrament or ceremony; thine, through the free Spirit taking of Christ's and showing it to thee, if only thou wilt know the things which are freely given to thee of God."

And even in the case of such as have been converted to God, and are living by faith, how grievous the bondage, how unwarrantable the restraints which this system would impose! It destroys the connection betwixt redemption by Christ and regeneration by the Spirit, on the one hand, and the sure hope and ultimate enjoyment of the heavenly inheritance on the other; it prescribes fasting and penance, not as a means of mortifying the flesh merely, and keeping under the body, but as a means of "getting rid of sin committed after baptism;" it points to works as a distinct means of justification; it speaks of confession to a priest, and of absolution from his lips. And whenever it is received in the full extent of its meaning, it must generate a "spirit of bondage unto fear, instead of that Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba! Father."

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HINTS TO STUDENTS. *

THE grand maxim for honourable and happy living, and the best motto for a student, is, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink," whether ye read or write, whether ye work or rest, and whatsoever your profession and destination be, "whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." That cause which God himself is carrying on in the world, the elevation of fallen beings in intelligence and morality, and loyalty to their Creator, let that be the end for which you live; and whether called to enact new laws in the senate of the realm, or to plead the cause of the oppressed and the injured before the tribunals of justice—whether summoned to the bedside of suffering humanity or the home which sickness and sorrow have invaded, or put in trust with the gospel, and sent to proclaim it from the pulpit or the press, or to preach it from door to door, and from one heathen village to another—be law, medicine, or theology your pursuit, let God's glory still be your aim. Take God's Word for your directory, and God's approval for your recompense; and seek such results as you believe are dear to God himself, and will survive when time is ended.

* * * * *

The satellite has found its primary, the soul its centre, life its sufficient object, when you can say, "For me to live is Christ." But just as it is your truest wisdom and blessedness to consecrate your eventual existence, so it should be the anxiety of every Christian student to sanctify those intermediate studies which are to fit him for, and usher him upon, his final and more important earthly career.

And here the first and last requisite is prayer. The great discoverer of the laws of planetary motion, before he turned his telescope towards the sky, or sat down to an arduous problem, used to implore light and guidance from Infinite Wisdom; and his biographer tells us that, "If a noble pride occasionally mingled with Kepler's feelings, it was the pride of being the chosen messenger of physical truth, not that of being the possessor of superior genius." You are likely acquainted with that form of prayer which Johnson employed before composing a Rambler, or arranging a new page of his Dictionary. Amidst all his intellectual haughtiness and growling indolence, he knew very well that there is a wisdom from above which can lighten every labour, and without whose help there is nothing strong nor stable. Many a scholar can set his seal to what Matthew Henry somewhere writes—"I forgot to ask special help on this day's work, and so the chariot wheels drove heavily." Few sufficiently remember what a strength or clearness prayer can import into the soul, and few sufficiently open their minds to that light or energy which a gracious God is ready to send them from on high. And more especially would those who deal with sacred subjects do well to live and have their studious "being" in God. So far as spiritual perspicacity goes, though divine things be always equally true, their clearness to us depends on how the medium, the atmosphere is—and that is entirely what God is pleased to make it. And so far as impression on others, or moral power, is concerned, the human mind is like the hydrostatic tube, nothing in itself, but telling with tremendous force when filled from a cistern up in the heights of heaven.

And may I next suggest, that the aim of the Christian student should be nothing less than the highest excellence, the nearest approach to professional optimism? Whatever your destination is, if you make a Christian profession, you cannot adorn its doctrines without making the utmost effort to excel. If your turn be not bookish—if you have no delight in investigation and research—if you are a stranger to that studious rapture which finds the ashes cold on the winter's hearth, or the sun peeping through the morning casement, whilst entranced with some congenial theme; if Virgil makes you yawn, and Euclid gives you head-ache, you cannot back out of it too soon, nor rectify too speedily the blunder which brought you to college. Be it law or letters, divinity or medicine, which you meant to patronize—next to the pleasure which they feel when a generous or gifted devotee comes forward, is their pleasure when a lazy or ignoble hanger-on gives up And more especially if it be the Christian ministry at which you aim; let me entreat you by all the worth of immortal souls, and all the glory of the Divine Redeemer, to halt at the present stage, unless your mind be made up for a toilsome and self-spending career. Many things conspire to show that in the Evangelical Churches, it is more and more tending to that state of matters, when the manse and the parsonage will vanish from the vista, and, if not like the Vaudois and other worthies, constrained to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, the ministers and missionaries of the cross must be content to be poor, whilst making many rich. And we care not how soon these pastoral elysiums and sacerdotal snuggeries are broken up, if their ruin relieve the ministry of those who have sought it for a piece of bread, and furnish for the great Armageddon, now mustering, a Gideon's host, from which the fearful and faint-hearted have passed away. And in the meanwhile, there is nothing which the cause of the gospel more wants than a band of high-hearted volunteers, men of vigorous intellect and glowing piety, and who can cast themselves on the emergencies now rising, content to take their rest when they get it with their Lord in heaven. Should any of you, my dear friends, belong to this number—should you be prepared in fulness of purpose to take your oath at the altar, and by solemn vows devote yourselves to the glory of God and the service of Jesus Christ in the salvation of souls—it is time that you were commencing now. It is time that you were devoting the two, three, or four years which yet intervene to strenuous equipment for the work of all others the most awful and august. And fear not to overtask your strength. Most true it is that in the tottering adjustment between our sinful minds and disordered bodies, every effort involves a danger; but far more students perish from midnight revels than from midnight toils. And without heroic efforts, and daily self-denial, how can you ever hope to master all the languages, to acquaint yourselves with all the sciences, and familiarize yourselves with all the ponderous treatises requisite for entering on an intelligent and accomplished ministry?

But whilst a Christian student should bend all his energies to the securing of professional eminence—whilst it should be the prime effort of the jurist, physician, or divine, to master his peculiar calling, though it were for nothing else, for the gospel's sake—we would add that, for the same reason, the Christian student should seek a liberal and enlightened mind. A man who knows his own profession will always be respected; but a man who knows nothing except his own profession will be a very wearisome companion. Whoever has read the history of Lord Eldon, must have felt how dry and bald is this walking statute-book; or whoever has gone over the "life of Sir Astley Cooper," must have sighed for something else than surgery. And besides that the theologian's field is everywhere, I would just suggest to any aspirant to the ministry, that few

* From "An Address to Students" by the Rev. James Hamilton in the *English Presbyterian Messenger*.

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have done signal service in the study or the sanctuary, who, besides being great in the Bible, were not great in something else. Barrow and Horsley were great mathematicians, and Jeremy Taylor was great in the classics. Fenelon was fond of belles lettres, and Pascal of physics. Robert Hall was a proficient in mental philosophy, and Dr Chalmers was no less an enthusiast for the natural sciences. To have reft them of these propensities would not have rendered them more devout, and would only have robbed them of the silver baskets in which they displayed their apples of gold.

THE DYING SCEPTIC.

Lo there, in yonder fancy-haunted room,
What muttering curses tremble through the gloom,
When pale, and shivering, and bedewed with fear,
The dying sceptic felt his hour drew near;
From his parched tongue no meek hosanna fell,
No bright hope kindled at his faint farewell:
As the last throes of death convulsed his cheek,
He gnashed, and scowled, and raised a hideous shriek,
Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare,
Locked his white lips—and all was mute despair.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Go, child of darkness! see a Christian die!
No horror pales his lip, or dims his eye;
No fiend-shaped phantoms of destruction start
The hope religion pillows on his heart,
When with a faltering hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true:
Meek as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns, fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away.

MONTGOMERY.

INVESTMENTS.

"I AM well satisfied," thought a worldly man, "with the state of my investments. I hold a large amount in government stock at a premium; my insurance funds yield me ten per cent; my city lots are steadily rising in value; how lucky, too, that while many have been ruined by their railway shares, mine have been yielding a steady and excellent dividend! I have several thousands on hand, which I scarcely know what to do with. They must not be idle; I will expend them in building. Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

"I am well pleased," thought a Christian, "with *my* investments. Many years ago I placed a considerable sum at interest in the Foreign Mission funds, and have been enabled to add to it every year. Who can tell the good it may have done? Without my moving a step it is contributing to spread the truth on the opposite side of the globe. A very favourite investment with me is in Home Missions. The compound interest on that stock is incalculable. I have shares of *real* estate in several new churches, where hundreds will hear the gospel preached when I am sleeping in the dust. A small sum, that I came very near wasting, is aiding at this moment to evangelize Frattice. How happy I am, that I took shares in Bible, Tract, and City Mission Companies, which are paying rich dividends of good, and promise yet larger ones! I have a few pounds on hand, which I do not need. They shall not lie idle a day. I will divide them between the Royal Infirmary and the Destitute Sick. And may He who furnishes the money bestow his blessing with it."

BUNYAN AND HIS BIBLE.

THE question, Wherein lies the charm of the world-known "Pilgrim's Progress?" does not admit of a single answer. It does not lie alone in the exquisite simplicity of the language, or in the liveliness of the conceptions, or in the clearness of the theological truth presented, or only in the beauty and force of its practical teachings. It is the combination of them all which throws the immortal charm over the allegory; and for this wondrous combination he was indebted to one book. It was his *only* book. He had, indeed, read one or two volumes of the martyr history of Christ's Church, and his wife brought him, among her marriage portion, two more volumes, "The Practice of Piety," and the "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." But the BIBLE was to him the "book of all learning." He had read little poetry, save the sublime breathings from the inspired lips of David and Isaiah, and he has himself written a poem, glowing with the loftiest imagery. He had studied no theology but that which he had learned directly from Moses and the prophets, and which fell from Him who spake as never man spake; and yet, he has produced a "body of divinity," second to none but his great original. No German university taught him the science of hermeneutics; yet, while prayerfully and patiently "waiting at the gates" of revealed wisdom, he has been taught to know mysteries which have baffled neological cunning and erudition.

It is to the study of the English translation of the Bible that he is mainly indebted for the strength and purity of his language. His English is undefiled. As far as we know, there is but one foreign word quoted (the "*cognee*" which polite Mr By-Ends makes to the pilgrims), and for that he might have found a substitute in his mother tongue. His dialect is the old unpolluted dialect of England's heroic days, which the most illiterate may understand, and which the most learned cannot improve. It is the dialect which Shakspeare found rich enough to meet all the varied wants of all his characters, from eloquent senators and courtly ladies, down to the clownish peasant and the lisping child. It is the prevailing dialect of Taylor, the most eloquent of old

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English divines—of Macaulay, the most brilliant of modern essayists—of Webster, the purest of American orators. It was always to us a source of wonder, that this very Bunyan should have been a favourite of Dr Johnson, the great Alaric of English literature, who has overrun our rich domain with his hordes of foreign invaders.

The poetical language of Scripture Bunyan seems to have completely mastered. What an Oriental splendour falls upon his land of Beulah, where the "sun shineth night and day, and the flowers appear every day, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!" We image him to ourselves at this moment bending over his oaken table, in the Bedford cell. By the light of his solitary lamp, we can discern the ruddy face, and the sharp twinkling eyes, the broad forehead, and the large mouth, with the tuft above it, "which he wore after the old British fashion." He is adding the last lines to the immortal allegory. The Book of books is before him, opened at the Apocalypse. He has lingered over the wonderful visions, until his soul is lifted into a devotional rapture; and as he is borne along in rapt enthusiasm, his thoughts pour forth in a constant flow of Scripture imagery. He seizes his pen and writes—"Now I saw in my dream, that the two pilgrims went in at the gates; and, lo! as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also those that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them—the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Now, just as the gate was opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun: the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord!' And after that, they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."- *New York Observer.*

"I WISH I WERE DEAD."

"I WISH I were dead," was the mournful exclamation of a poor miserable drunkard, with whom I spent a day not long since. "*I wish I were dead,*" reiterated he, as he rested a moment from his wearisome labour, and, blinded to the horrors of the future, thought only on the pangs of the present. Solemn were the thoughts that presented themselves to my mind, as I meditated on the wish of this degraded inebriate.

Once he was happy; for who is not happy in the spring-time of life? Once the buoyancy of youth was his, and he delighted in the prospect of long life, and increasing happiness. Little did he then think that he should one day deprecate that existence which seemed so alluring to his youthful imagination. Little did he then dream of the cares, the pains, the sorrows, which have imbittered his after life, and made him a suicide.

Once he was the very emblem of innocence, as, utterly unconscious of what a world of sin he had entered, he sported gladsomely in his mother's lap, or rested on her arm. Infancy opened into childhood; and with it came a change. His mind was so far matured, that free moral agency was his, and from that moment he was a practical sinner. Childhood expanded into youth; and now that sin, which appeared as a dark stain upon his boyish life, had increased in blackness and in magnitude till it filled the whole compass of his growing mind with one unsightly deformity, and left his disfigured energies, amid guilt and misery, to grope their way through life.

Once he thought on religion. Once, when his mind was tender and susceptible of religious impressions, he was aroused to think on his eternal salvation; for who, in this day of gospel light, thinks not on sacred things? Whose mind feels not the influence of God's Holy Spirit—of the silent yet potent upbraidings of a "monitor within?" But, alas! he resisted every appeal of truth, reason, and justice. He boldly rushed on in his course of sin, in defiance of the commands of God, the threatenings of justice, and the warnings of an offended conscience, and in despite of the calls of mercy and the invitations of a crucified Saviour. His actions showed that he "cared for none of these things," and therefore he is what he is.

"I wish I were dead," exclaimed he, and his actions corroborated the sincerity of his wish. He wished himself dead, and he was taking active measures to bring about his death. Not that he was pointing the pistol to his brain or the dagger to his heart; not that he was preparing the halter for his neck or arsenic for his stomach; for he was doing none of these things—yet he was a suicide. Ever and anon he left his laborious occupation, and stealthily taking from its hiding-place a "vial of wrath," he drank thereof. He was consuming himself with liquid fire: he was burning himself alive.

"I wish I were dead," exclaimed he; and he will be dead. Threescore years and ten is the ordinary limit of human existence; but he need not wait for even this fleeting moment to pass away; for "the wicked do not live out half their days;" and peculiarly true is this with regard to the drunkard. More than one-half, ay, more than two-thirds, of this time, has this unfortunate wretch sojourned in a world of sorrow. And now he wishes that his term of probation had expired. But he will not wish long. His desire will not remain long ungratified. His trembling form, enfeebled by frequent intoxication, and palsied by the cold touch of premature old age, will not long interpose between him and the grave. He will soon sink into the arms of death, and be reckoned by the world among those who were and are not. But this leads to a still more solemn part of our subject.

"I wish I were dead," exclaimed he; but what if he were dead! He doubtless dreams of annihilation. The desire of his heart is, that he should cease to exist. Annihilation is horrible; death is terrific; yet the sufferings of this poor inebriate have overwhelmed his natural aversion for the cold dark grave, and led him to court oblivion. But when he shall have obtained his wish—when he shall have passed from this to a land of spirits—will he then be gratified by the change? Ah! I fear not. The irksomeness of the rack might lead him to take a "leap in the dark;" but when he discovers the horrors of the pit into which his rashness has plunged him, how will he desire once more to be transferred to his first position! How will he long to hear once more the "glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." But, alas! it will then be everlastingly *too late*, and he will for ever mourn over the folly which has actuated his course of life. But his *present* rejection of the offers of salvation is not his greatest folly. The acme of his foolishness was when he rejected the gospel in his

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youth, and grieved away the Holy Spirit, till it took, perhaps, its everlasting flight, and abandoned him to his awful fate. Reader, perhaps you fear not that you shall taste the misery he has tasted in this world; but beware lest you partake of his guilt spiritually, reject the offers of mercy, and sink to that punishment to which he seems destined.

CERTAIN RICH MEN.

THE world does not claim all the rich men. Within the pale of the visible Church some of them are to be found. Wealth is no positive *disqualification* in the candidate for a celestial crown, but it is a mighty *obstruction* to his attainment of it. The Great Teacher has said, "How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" And again, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." This is sufficiently startling. It was very natural for Agur to pray, "Give me not poverty," inasmuch as it generally brings with it many hardships and privations; but, viewed in connexion with the Saviour's words, it was incomparably wiser that he added the prayer, "Give me not riches." The one exposes a man to perilous temptations, the other exposes him to dangers of a still more serious nature. It might be supposed that the Saviour, by his comparison of the camel and the needle's eye, absolutely affirmed the impossibility of a rich man's salvation. This is not exactly the case. He explains his own declaration by subjoining, "How hard is it for them that *trust in riches* to enter into the kingdom of God!" The salvation of such is clearly impossible. This qualification may seem to diminish the danger of riches; and yet, a little examination will show that it only lessens it to a certain degree. How few among the rich are found who do not *trust* in their wealth! Not that they *trust* in its power to purchase heaven, but they *repose* in it as a sufficient inheritance, and are prevented by it from looking farther. They are naturally disposed to say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." By the influence of wealth the soul is seduced from God. It forgets its dependence on his providence, having found what it regards as a surer dependence. It becomes proud, haughty, inflated with high notions of its own superiority. It enjoys the obsequious flatteries, and even the envy, of others. It is tempted thereby into a thousand sins to which the poor man is not exposed. It brings a multiplicity of cares, which are unfriendly to growth in grace. It binds the heart to earth, and makes all spiritual exercises exceedingly difficult. In short, it is so hard for a rich man to feel that he is "a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth," that it is next to impossible that he should so believe, think, and act, as to secure the crown of glory that fadeth not away. The experience of the world most fully corroborates the declarations of God's Word on this subject; and if there be a rich man, whose affections are set on things in heaven, and not on things on earth, he may thank God, with trembling, that he has escaped the vortex which has engulfed thousands.

Now for a few portraits. There was a certain rich man, who, when he was poor, waited upon God, and delighted in his service. Seemingly, he possessed godliness, and with it, contentment. He had food and raiment for himself and his household, and little besides. Did you hear him pray?—he was fervent. Did you witness his contributions to the cause of religion?—they were according to the ability which God had given him, and were rendered with cheerfulness. He wished he could do more; nay, he was persuaded that, had he been intrusted with wealth, he would have consecrated it to the service of Him whom he professed to love as his chief joy. Perhaps this very thought became an inlet to temptation. He seemed to forget that God could accomplish as much with the two mites of the cheerful-giving widow, as with the rich gifts of the wealthy. His next thought was, how he could increase the means of his liberality. The path of industrious exertion was before him. He taxed his powers more fully. Providence seemed to smile upon his efforts. With increased prosperity, he increased for a time his thank-offerings. Mark his progress, ye who are becoming too much absorbed in the world! His commercial transactions were gradually, yet steadily, encroaching upon the limits which, in his fancy, he had fixed for them. His devotions were not abandoned, but abridged, and less fervent; his gifts to the cause of Christ were not omitted, yet sadly disproportioned to the increase of his substance. Wealth had rendered him not more, but less liberal; and he might have detected, had he examined his heart, that the cordiality and whole-heartedness which he had felt while a poor man, were exchanged for reluctance and selfishness, now that he was rich. He soon learned the art of excusing himself from the liberality which had once been his delight. His expenditures were more extravagant upon his own household, and while adding thousands to thousands, he daily became a poorer man in everything relating to the household of faith. Sad change! Where now was his religion? Not extinguished, perhaps, but obscured. Its vital power was no longer felt. The world, which had gained access to his heart, had chilled it. "I do not enjoy religion as I once did," was his confession; and how could he expect it, when he had embraced, and was actually worshipping, the god of this world? His family suffered too. They had become fashionable and proud—nay, vicious; and although in the midst of them was an altar, it had become dilapidated, and the sacred fire on it was extinguished. Now comes the decline of life. It was like the setting of the sun in a cloud. No cheering light was shed upon the evening's close. Faith had no supports to offer; hope had no smile. In despondency he sank down into the grave, leaving suspicion in the minds of survivors, whether, indeed, death had been despoiled of his victory. Such was the beginning, such was the end. Oh! accursed love of gold, how many triumphant exits from life hast thou prevented! This rich man had made his will. Was it the *last will* of a Christian? Christ was not recognised in it; his suffering poor had no legacy by it; it never remembered that the Church of Christ had any wants. Sons and daughters were indeed remembered; and these are now expending those thousands in fashionable vice, which their *Christian* father had accumulated at the expense of his religious enjoyments, if not of his soul!—*Presbyterian.*

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ALL the false and deceptive systems of merely human religion have had this one certainty about them—the certainty of destroying all who embraced them, and of perishing at last themselves. New delusions are constantly rising. Old ones are as constantly passing away. The priesthood of error taught one falsity yesterday; they teach another to-day—to be followed, perhaps, by a worse one to-morrow. The man who seeks to put his trust in any of these earth-born religions is tortured and mocked by their uncertainty, their utter want of anything stable in

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themselves, or anything to guide and sustain those who embrace them.

Like the treacherous signal-boats that are sometimes stationed by the wreckers off an iron-bound coast, these shifting systems are continually changing their places. Like them, they attract only to bewilder, and allure only to detroy. The unwary mariner follows them with a trembling uncertainty, and only finds out where he is when he feels his ill-fated vessel crashing into a thousand fragments on the beach. But how different from these floating and delusive systems is that unchanging gospel of Christ, which stands forth like the towering light-house of EDDYSTONE, with its beacon-blaze streaming far out over the midnight sea! The angry waves, through many a long year, have rolled on, thundering against its base; the winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern! *But there it stands.* It moves not—it trembles not; for it is "founded on a rock." Year after year, the storm-stricken mariner looks out for its star-like light, as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is the first object that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is the last which he beholds long after his native land has sunk behind the evening wave.

So it is with the unchanging gospel of Christ. While other systems rise and change, and pass into nothingness, this gospel, like its immutable Author, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. While other false and flashing lights are extinguished, this, the "true light," ever shineth. The Christian goes to his Bible, and finds it always the same. The life-giving doctrines of the cross, which first brought peace to his soul, are still his solace; the precepts of the divine law are still his delight. They have never lost their ability to guide him, or their power to console him.

He has seen the hope of the hypocrite perish like the spider's web; he has seen the man who trusted in some infidel error, sinking under the agonies of remorse; he has seen one delusive system fail after another;—but the gospel of his Master yet abideth, the "wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation." His own riches may have taken to themselves wings and flown away, but nothing can rob him of that priceless treasure, his gospel hope.

The friends of his early years have gone down, one by one, "to darkness and the worm," but that Almighty Friend, whom the gospel reveals, yet remaineth "closer than a brother." Upon this gospel his fathers rested their hopes, and pillowed their dying heads. Upon this he himself means to rest when his heart and flesh fail him; and he trusts that it shall be the precious heritage of his descendants, long after his own corruptible body shall have mouldered into dust.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

THE BELIEVER'S DEATH.*

To such persons, death, though it cannot but be a solemn, ceases to be a terrible, or a sorrowful event. They are cut down, but it is as a shock of corn fully ripe, the longer continuance of which upon the field, would only prove injurious. They are brought to the grave, but it is in the maturity of their time, when the period allotted to them by Infinite Wisdom had fully expired, and the work that had been assigned to them had been fully accomplished. They pass from the activities and society of earth, but it is to enter upon higher scenes, to mingle in purer occupations, to enjoy a more elevated communion. Their bodies moulder into dust, but it is that the o'erwearied frame may rest till it is summoned to enter, with the glorified spirit, upon a career of service, of attainment, and of glory, as far transcending any thing that earth can realize, as the meridian brightness of the sun transcends the glimmer of the taper that sheds its pallid lustre over the gloom of night. The harvest of death is the seed-time of the coming age. The bodies which he carries to the tomb are sown in corruption, in dishonour, and in weakness, only that they may be raised again in incorruption, in glory, and in power. The time is coming when death himself shall die—when the grave shall be abolished—when this mortal shall put on immortality, and the song of triumph shall be heard as when the captive is delivered from his bondage, and the fetters are broken from the limbs of the slave.

How cheering, supporting, and elevating, are such views as these to the believer in the prospect of the pains of death and the corruption of the tomb! These pains will soon be over, and then succeeds the state where pain, and shame, and sin, are all unknown. This corruption is but the preliminary to a state of perfect glory—the burying and decaying of the seed that is ere long to unfold its leaves, and spread out its branches, and fill the air with its fragrance, and yield to the Master of the field the treasures of its fruit. When such thoughts and prospects as these are realized, "the bitterness of death is past"—the mysterious gloom that overshadows the tomb clears away—the dark and repulsive passage is seen to end in the splendour of the heavenly temple—the soul that was bound by the fear of death now tastes that liberty which the Conqueror of death inspires. And as the outward tabernacle begins to show symptoms of decay, the happy spirit exults to anticipate "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The grave is thus robbed of its terrors. Around it gather associations not of defeat but of victory—not of humiliation but of honour. Through its portals the weary pilgrim passes to his home. In its quiet chambers the conqueror reposes after the struggles of the field. Paganism, conscious only of the presence of decay, kindled for the dead the funereal pyre; but Christianity, expectant of the resurrection, lays their bodies reverently in the dust, and inscribes upon their sepulchre, "In Christ, he sleeps in peace."

* From an eloquent discourse preached by Dr Alexander, on the death of Dr Bussell of Dundee.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THE words are full of a strange and moving meaning. Winter following spring, night-fall succeeding to-day! Fanciful ideas crowd upon the mind hand in hand with solemn truths. That little being who knew nothing here, now to know the end of all things! That vacant intelligence which wondered at the tickings of a watch, now to understand the mystery of its own being! My own child, who was wont to hang upon my lips for instruction, now advanced where one word from its own would be a revelation to me That helpless creature, borne from arm to arm, guarded by day and watched by night, too shy to

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bear the approach of a strange face, now launched alone into the "vast profound," escorted by intelligences divine and strange! Will there be one among that crowd of disfranchised spirits who will claim an early affinity with it? Will the little brother who departed a year ago recognise this as the babe who entered the bonds of flesh as he was leaving them? or will it be one of the first signs of a better existence, that the ties of blood are not needed in it?

Of all the sorrows in this world, that for the death of a young child brings with it the readiest healing. Would you grudge its having received promotion without paying the purchase-money?—the rights of citizenship without residence?—the certificate of humanity without the service?—the end and aim of life without this weary life itself? The death of a child is an enigma, but one which solves many others. The mind may dream and wonder, and form strange conclusions from the weakness of that life which has yielded to the strong arm of death; but two truths remain distinct, more plainly read on that cold marble cherub than on any other form of lifeless clay, and these are, the worthlessness of that breath which a child is summoned to render up, and the freeness of that grace which a child is able to inherit.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know the lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory, or for shame.

Goldy.

NONE BUT CHRIST.

The less that is said about faith—the mere act we mean—and the more that is said about its object, the Saviour, all the better. And the less the people think about faith, and the more they think, and hear, and read about the Saviour himself, and his work, and his great salvation, all the better. There is a discoursing about the mere belief, and an exhorting to the mere belief, the only effect of which is to leave the impression on the mind that it is some "great thing" which people have to do in order to their acceptance with God. Whereas, saying nothing, or as little, at least, as the Bible says, about the act and the duty, and all about Jesus himself, his cross and his crown; faith, through the Spirit's use of this, will spring up as a thing of course. There is a dry arguing in behalf of the belief, and a setting forth of reasons and motives for exercising it; as if the thing could ever go into the heart by mere force, or dint of argument, or bribes, or terrors, or any way else whatever, but by the truth itself being exhibited and seen. The consequence is, that some, through an excitement from without, or by a direct force on their feelings, persuade themselves that they have done "this great thing"—that they have believed, and they are forthwith glad; but glad in it, their fancied faith, not in the Lord himself, it is the gladness and joy, if not of the hypocrite, at least of the self-righteous and the self-deceived! while others are kept labouring and labouring after this thing in legal miserable bondage all their life-time, and never advance an inch nearer the object of their wishes. O that we all, ministers and people, took the wiser and Scriptural course! the one making the facts of the gospel, their meaning, their glory, their grace, their truth, the constant burden of their ministry; the other making these same facts the grand and sole objects of their regard. Then would faith, which, like our shadow, only flees from us if we follow it, arise without our seeking or labouring for it at all; because the things, the realties which give it being, the substance which, with the light of the Spirit, always casts it, would be there.—*Rev. J. Purves.*

MERCY.

Mercy hath its very name from misery, for it is no other thing than to lay another's misery to heart; not to despise it, nor to add to it, but to help it; it is a strong inclination to succour the misery of sinners; therefore thou needest nothing else to commend thee to Him. Art thou miserable, and knowest it indeed? Then He is merciful; and know that also, for these two suit well.

Nay, but saith the convinced soul, I know not if God will be merciful to me; for what am I? There is nothing in me to be regarded; I have nothing to conciliate favour, and all that may procure me hatred. But, saith the Lord, *I am gracious*, and dispense mercy freely, without respect to condition or qualification. Say not, If I had such a measure of humiliation as such a one, if I loved God as much, if I had as much godly sorrow and repentance, then I think He would be merciful unto me. Say not so, for, behold, God is gracious, He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, and there is no other cause nor motive to procure it; it comes from within his own breast. It is not thy repentance will make him love thee, nor thy hardness of heart will make him hate thee, or obstruct the vent of his grace towards thee. No, if it be grace, it is no more of works—no works in the way that thou imaginest; it is not of repentance, not of faith, in the way that thou conceivest; but it is freely, without the hire, without the price of repentance or faith, because all these are but the gifts of grace. Thou wouldst have these graces to procure his favour, and make them the ground of thy believing in his promises; but grace is without money—it immediately contracts with discovered misery; so that if thou dost discover in thyself misery and sin, and though thou findest nothing else, yet do not cast away confidence, but so much the more address thyself to mercy and grace, which do not seek repentance in thee, but bring repentance and faith with them unto thee.—*Binning.*

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SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS.

No. II.—"THE HIDING-PLACE FROM THE STORM."

(*Continued from page* 447.)

"A MAN shall be an hiding-place from the wind." Strange assertion! Can mortal man protect from the vengeance of Almighty God? Exposed himself to the fiery tempest, and glad often, like the hunted ostrich, to hide his guilty head in no better shelter than the sands of the desert, shall he presume to interpose his doomed and defenceless person between that angry blast and his fellow-sinner? And yet it is the language of eternal truth—"A man shall be an hiding-place." What manner of man is this? It is the man Christ Jesus. And who is he? or what are his qualifications for so arduous an undertaking? He is a *sinless* man—one untainted with the common guilt of our fallen humanity, and against whom personally that tempest has no commission of vengeance: "For such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; who needeth not to offer first for his own sins, and then for the people's." He is a *real* man, our fellow-man, partaker of our nature, and capable of becoming the representative and substitute of his brethren. As the wealth of one country can pay the debts contracted in another only when transmuted into its current coin, so the debt of guilt contracted to divine justice can be discharged only in the nature in which it was incurred. True to its commission as the minister of divine justice, this storm comes forth as the avenger of human guilt, and nothing but a human victim will satisfy its vengeance: "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." But, oh! amazing thought, he is also *God*-man—the Word made flesh; combining in one glorious and wonderfully constituted person, the passibility and loveliness of innocent humanity with the unchangeable perfection of Almighty God, and while warranted to throw himself between us and the angry blast, is able to sustain its fury. Yes, believer. This "man is the Lord from heaven"—a man of whom it was proved, that "the winds and the sea obey him." "I turned," says one who in the days of his humiliation had, in all the intimacies of friendship, leaned on his bosom, "I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And, behold, one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet were as it were fine brass, as if it burned in a furnace; and his voice was as the sound of many waters. And he said, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." From such a *man* we may surely look for all needed protection. Let us take a glance at what he has done to secure it.

He has shared our danger.—Abroad in a stormy night, how cheering is the sound of a human voice, even though it be that of a fellow-sufferer! Till the last seaman has abandoned the wreck, the passengers give not up all for lost, and till his last companion sinks by his side, the weather-beaten traveller does not resign himself to despair. We well remember, when stranded on a sand bank, in a tempestuous night, how encouraging was the circumstance, that a boat approached and succeeded in putting a single powerful man on board, though for a time with little other prospect than that of sharing our melancholy fate; and surely it is no small support, in the sinking state of our wrecked and ruined nature, to be assured of the wonderful fact, that the Son of God has condescended to embark in the same vessel with us, and expose himself to the same peril—has voluntarily assumed our nature, become partaker of its infirmities, borne our sins, and incurred their awful penalty: "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." Yes, sinner, the winds of divine wrath are very frequently around you, and the angry billows are threatening every moment to engulf you; but who is this approaching in the *midst* of the storm, and saying, "It is I, be not afraid"? nay, who is this that is already with-

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in the ship, and enduring with you all the buffetings of the tempest? "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." And shall you despair? Do you not hear him saying, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

He has drawn upon himself, and exhausted all the fury of the storm.—"Take me up," said Jonah to his companions in danger; "take me up, and cast me into the sea, so shall the sea be calm unto you." The same self-sacrifice has Jesus made, with this important difference, that in this case the innocent has suffered for the guilty: "All we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord hath made to meet on him the iniquities of us all." How fearful his position! Think of the storm as previously described, and see it converging, in all its violence, around the "Man of sorrows." While buffeted as none other ever was by the powers of darkness, enduring the fiercest contradiction of sinful men, deserted by friends, and forsaken of God, the tempest of divine wrath, that awful cloud which had gathered so black and threatening over our heads, burst upon him with unparalleled fury. Not a breath nor a drop escaped him. The vials were filled to the brim, the furnace was heated with seven-fold intensity, and the red-hot bolt of accumulated vengeance was, with all the force of roused Omnipotence, launched against his devoted head: "*Awake*, O sword, against the man that is my fellow." God-man though he was, he reeled under the awful stroke, and was brought down to the dust of death. Look at him as he lies prostrate. His outward frame is dissolved in a bloody sweat, his heart is melting like wax in the midst of his bowels, and with strong cries and tears he yields up his spirit, in accents of the keenest anguish: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" Look again, sinner, and tremble. Here is, indeed, a display of the power of this tempest that may well loosen the joints of your loins, and cause your knees to smite against each other. "If these things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" But look yet again, O believer, and banish all your fears—"It is finished!" The storm has spent its rage. Its commission is exhausted. Divine justice has received full satisfaction. The Son of man rises from the dust; and from the calm clear heaven of divine complacency which now opens over his head, there issues that most animating declaration, "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake, for he hath magnified the law, and made it honourable."—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus"—"Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed."

He opens up for them a permanent shelter in the favour of a reconciled and covenant God.—With God there is no neutrality, and whenever his wrath is turned away, it is followed by the smile of everlasting complacency. This blessed change the man Christ Jesus accomplishes for all his people. His death effected it—his life secures it. Not only has his self-sacrifice turned to them the storm into a calm, but he conducts them into the haven of permanent peace. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access into that grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Like the tempest-tossed mariner as he enters the well-sheltered harbour, and like the weather-beaten traveller as he escapes under the roof of his father's house, the believer can look round upon all the relics of the storm, and say, "If God be for us, who can be against us." To the bitter blasts of temporal calamity he is still exposed, and the fierce tempest of Satanic malice and the world's hatred blows upon him with increased fury; but the same divine perfections which formerly were ranged against him, now gather round him as a wall of impregnable defence. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; into it the righteous flee, and are safe." Nor is this shelter less accessible than it is complete. "All the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen." Pledged as these are in an everlasting covenant, confirmed by the oath of God, and ratified in the blood of Jesus, and presenting to the faith of the believer "strength proportioned to his days," they give him a firm hold of divine faithfulness, and furnish him a "present help in every time of trouble." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, even the Most High thy habitation, no evil shall befall thee, nor shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." True, the believer's

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sky is not always clear, and in the dark clouds that obscure it, he has often to read the frowns of an offended Father; but there is a bow in the cloud that happily distinguishes it from the lowering tempest of divine wrath which he has escaped, and even from its deepest shades there issues the voice of paternal sympathy: "This is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my lovingkindness shall not depart, nor the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord who hath mercy upon thee."

By his own special providence and gracious presence, he protects and sustains them.—One of the most interesting results of the death of Christ is his own elevation in human nature to the right hand of God: "All power is given unto him in heaven and in earth." And for what purpose? "That he may give eternal life to as many as the Father hath given him." To all them who believe on him this is a blessed pledge of their perfect safety. The exaltation of Joseph to the premiership of Egypt opened a comfortable asylum to all his father's house—the elevation of Esther and Mordecai in the court of Persia diverted a fearful storm from all their people; and shall the saints of God want a shelter when their Saviour and brother sits and reigns on the throne of the Eternal? In a storm we sometimes feel a sort of wish that those who trim the sails and manage the helm could at the same time control the tempest. How enviable, we think, the position of the disciples, who had only to awake their gracious Master, and the winds and sea obeyed him! But where is the disciple of Christ that does not enjoy the same privilege? Not only the winds of heaven and the hearts of men, but the management of divine providence, and the execution of divine counsels, are in human hands—in the hands of him who loved his Church, and gave himself for it. Ever present with every individual whom his voluntary sacrifice has already rescued from the furious tempest of divine wrath, he sustains them by his arm, strengthens them with his strength, and keeps them as the apple of his eye; and sooner shall the counsels of Heaven be deranged, and the throne of Heaven be overturned, than one of the least of these shall perish: "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." What, then, believer, have you to fear? What storm have you to dread? "Who shall separate you from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In fine, *He has provided for them in heaven a place of everlasting rest.*—The fact last-mentioned is a most glorious and consoling one, viz., that Christ by his death has elevated himself in our nature to the throne of God, and acquired the disposal of all things in behalf of his people; but surely it is no less supporting to know that he has procured them a title to a similar elevation, and will not be satisfied till he has brought them thither: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory." This is the true hiding-place, in God's pavilion. In that land of peace and rest, no storm ever blows. Its sky is always serene, its waters are ever still, its fields are clothed with perpetual verdure, and no adversary or evil occurrent ever visited its happy shores. Thither Jesus has gone himself, to rest him after all his sufferings; and when the billows of earthly calamity break over his people, thither he directs their eye, and promises soon to carry them: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." O what a blessed shelter is this! Here the people of God are "kept by the power of God, as in a strong fortress;" but still the enemy may "shoot an arrow there." Here he travels under complete protection; but his way often lies through fire and through water. Here he may set at defiance danger and sorrow; but there "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Under the eternal covert of redeeming blood, in the everlasting arms of a living and loving Saviour, they shall enjoy not only complete safety, but the most delightful and unbroken repose: "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor de-

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struction within thy borders; but they shall call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: but the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

What meanest thou, then, O sleeper, in the midst of the storm? Arise, and call upon thy God. Why tarriest thou in the plain, exposed to the bursting tempest of "fire and brimstone?" Escape for thy life; look not behind thee. Here is a refuge; it is not a little one, and it is "nigh at hand." Its gates stand always open, and no poor wretched outcast that fled thither was ever refused an asylum. Fear not—"a *man* shall be an hiding-place from the wind." Its foundation, indeed, is on the Rock of Ages, and divine perfection constitutes its battlements; but these have been built up by human hands, and are cemented by human blood. It is a human voice that calls you, and a brother's hand that is stretched out to "pull you in." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

We congratulate you, O believer! on the sanctuary you have found. How complete is your defence! "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; consider ye her palaces, mark ye well her bulwarks; for this God is our God, for ever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death." Nor is it a bare shelter. It is a "wealthy place." It is more—it is a "Father's house." It contains all that can minister to your comfort, and friends that can multiply them a thousand-fold. "Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest ..... but ye are come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, to an innumerable company of angels, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to God the Judge of all." Beware of leaving for a moment your covert. "Abide in Christ;" and while you forget not to give the praise of your present safety to him who has so graciously provided it, you may solace yourself, amid all earthly tempests, by the thought that its protection and comfort can never be removed. "I will love the Lord, because he heard my voice and my supplication. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold on me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then I cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul Thou deliveredst my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

SKETCHES IN SICK-ROOMS.

(From the Free Church Magazine.)

POPERY, with that fertility of cunning which so remarkably characterizes it, has seized on and appropriated every avenue of access to the mind of man. The divine system embodied in the gospel furnishes a supply for every want and an antidote to every ill of sin-laden humanity; but the system which counterfeits and corrupts the gospel has placed itself, like a lynx-eyed sentinel, between the heavenly fountain and the soul into which the supply would flow. It has blocked up every access, and turned aside every benefit, and done all that man's ingenuity could accomplish to convert the greatest blessing that even God can bestow—the gospel of his Son—into a means of deepening the darkness, or enhancing the misery, that broods over man.

In no respect is this more remarkable than as regards the Confessional. By that rite the priest of Rome takes the place of the Searcher of hearts, or of the Pardoner of sins; and, by a system which men would indignantly spurn in everything except the interests of the soul, because *there* multitudes are willing to be deceived, he has succeeded at once in interfering between conscience and Him who is its only Lord, and in twisting the system around the very heart-strings of men.

We may often see this tremendous power of Popery operating in sick-rooms. As it adapts itself to corrupt humanity, and provides a substitute for the gospel in regard to all our wants, the secret of its spell-like ascendency is never more easily explained than when we study the fears, the hopes, the anxieties, and forebodings of a dying man. We now submit some illustrations of man's condition at a time when Popery adroitly plies the sinking heart with its charms.

I. A wasted and haggard female once walked up to a group of men, earnestly conversing on some passing topic, in one of the streets of ——, and, with a wildness of manner that startled and arrested all, asked if any one of the party was a Presbyterian minister. Her accents told that she was Irish, and her vehemence proclaimed that she had some message to communicate which did not admit of delay. She was soon informed that there was more than one Presbyterian minister in the group; but it was one in particular of whom she had been for some days in quest, and she hurriedly told him her errand. It was to call him to the bed-side of her dying parent, who had for some time been eager to see a minister, but would accept of the visits of none except he were of the denomination we have named.

Under her rapid escort, the minister whom

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she sought was conducted along several obscure streets in an obscure part of ——. She then hurried up a narrow court branching off from an intricate alley, and in the darkest corner found entrance to an abode which a moment's survey showed to be the very home of wretchedness. It was a narrow passage, rather than an apartment, and everything around wore the air of discomfort and the appearance of filth. On the floor a pallet was stretched, covered with fragments of counterpanes and blankets, and on it lay a man, perhaps about sixty years of age, wasted and enfeebled by disease, yet bloated and gross from the ravages of dropsy. It was for him that the Presbyterian minister had been called, and the dying man's tale was briefly told.

He had been born and reared in the north of Ireland, where he had learned the only creed that can ever reclaim that land from bondage, but had removed, when young, to ——, where the restraints of religion had ceased to operate, and evil had become his good. Nearly forty years of such a life had seared his conscience, and all that was degrading had been indulged for about half a century without fear or remorse. At last, however, the arrest came. Death approached. Conscience regained its power; it spoke out for God; and the dying man, when the visit which we mention was paid, was like one tormented before his time. He thought of his God now, when he could hope to sin no longer.

Like his daughter, his first question was regarding our Presbyterianism, while his second referred to our holding the doctrine of the Trinity; and, when assured on these points, he instantly began to unbosom. But we need not repeat his tale—it is that of hundreds of thousands in this land, who are gradually passing on to a dark and undone eternity. First, religious training in childhood—then, hatred of religious restraints—and next, tampering with sin in youth—next, plunging into it—next, glorying in it—next, repudiating religion altogether, as a socialist, a materialist, and atheist—gradually, a seared and a dead conscience, and then a condition of criminality, regarding which everything but faith must despair—signalize crowds of such unhappy men.

At length, however, the time of retribution came. Disease laid its hand on the old Irishman to whom we refer. Its approach was slow, like the rising of the tide; but inch by inch it had crept on; and when we saw him, though we knew it not, he had only a day to live. But we mention his case because it involves a peculiarity in his mind which is instructive. He fell back in old age on two doctrines which had been matters of controversy and interest in his native land in his youth. He obviously supposed that, by recurring to these, he would return to safety, as if they had some talismanic power to charm sin away from his soul, and trusted that the prayers of one who held them would surely be as infallibly availing. But, in our conversation with him, we do not remember that he took one intelligent glance at the only Mediator between God and man. It was the dogma, and not the person—it was a system, and not the Author of it—it was the doctrines which he had heard agitated in his native land when young, and not "the Truth" himself, that was the Saviour of that dying man. He felt soothed and apparently made glad by dwelling on his favourite topics, as the Romanist rejoices in his rites; but he could not, as far as we could discern, be drawn off from them to rest upon the Rock. "The strong man armed kept the house, and his goods were at peace." The truth as it is in Jesus was set before him; the blessing of God was asked, and the misguided, but withal interesting, old man was left on his pallet, amid wretchedness and pain, to battle with the last enemy, so rapidly approaching.

As we thrid our way along the dingy lane towards our home, we thought of the myriad wiles of Satan in finding substitutes for the Redeemer, and the indescribable blindness of man in his inability to discern the simplicity of the gospel, offering as it does, a free salvation to the chief of sinners. This old Irishman's mind was sealed up in darkness by two sound doctrines substituted in the place of the Saviour; for the doctrine of the Trinity, all blessed as it is, was the perverted occasion of this man's spiritual blindness. How many live in the same delusion, substituting doctrines for the Redeemer—the chariot for the King who rides in it—the history for the Being described—the written Word for the Incarnate Word—the letter for the Spirit! We called next day, but the old man was in eternity then, and had heard from the Judge the reply to the philosopher's proud demand, "Tell me all, or tell me nothing."

II. ..... We sat, after the duties of the day, ruminating on some of the scenes through which we had passed, when we were hastily called away to encounter a trial of an agitating kind. Mr G—— had been seized by cholera, and his wife, trembling and hysterical on the verge of widowhood, with his only daughter, were anxious for the presence of their minister. It was the first case of cholera to which we had been summoned, and a brief space was required to dispose of the question of duty, raised, we think, not by timidity, but precaution. It was, however, easily disposed of. Are you, in providence, so called, that you feel it to be duty to go? Then go; and if you fall you fall at your post, as a follower of the Captain of salvation should desire to do; if you decline, you are virtually a deserter. A believer is strong when he feels that his Lord's mind is his; and the minister, in this instance, went to the post to which he had been summoned, fearing no evil, and was kept in perfect safety.

The sufferer lay in an upper room, large and airy, but yet wearing an aspect of dreary desolation. As we entered, the solitary taper burned

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dimly, and the whole chamber was gloomy and depressing. The curtains were thrown upon the awning of the bed, to leave room for those whose services were needed around the dying man. And the sight of him was one of those ghastly things which imprint themselves in the mind, and continue engraven there, so that fancy need make no effort—we cannot help recalling them. He was in the state of collapse, with a countenance fixed and rigid as if death had already done his work, and life was obviously ebbing fast away. His fingers were blue, or almost black, and cramped up into the half-clenched hand, as an eagle's talon clasps the prey that is thrown to it. The voice was sepulchral, and gradually sinking, till it passed into a croak, then hoarse whisper, and at last died away. Deafness supervened; and sense by sense appeared to be expiring. Still, however, the eye could speak after the tongue was mute; and as it followed the minister, who gave place from time to time to the attendants, it was obvious that the heart was working about eternity, and anxious for guidance thither. As the dying man grew more and more deaf, it was requisite to speak loudly and near, so that his very breath and ours were in common. Still, however, the silent questioning of his sinking eye made it impossible for the minister to withdraw; and though there could be no response on the sufferer's part, there could be means on ours. His life had been quiet and inoffensive; but on religion he was always taciturn, and now he could not speak though he would. His religion, at the best, was purely negative. With us it needed to be purely a work of faith to deal with his soul; and the judgment-day will show the result. "The Life" was preached, the open fountain was pointed to, and then we could do no more—the struggling, sinking man, must die alone, and meet his God alone, and alone give in his account for the deeds done in the body. We saw him at last stretched in the grasp of death, another trophy to the power of that mysterious scourge—another proof that the justice of God cannot forego its claim that the sinner, man, shall die. But the second death is environed by such tremendous issues, that one gladly clings to any relief from the harrowing contemplation. The thief on the cross occurred to our mind, as we left the widow with her husband's corpse, and suggested that the piercing gaze, the anxious inquiry, even of yon dying eye, *might* furnish a shade of ground for hope that Omnipotent grace had rescued a brand from the burning. In such cases one feels that eternity hangs on every word that is spoken concerning Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

A DEATH-BED AT SEA.

PERFECT PEACE.

"HER end was peace—perfect peace!" Thus concludes the affecting narrative of the sufferings, last experience, and death, of a dear child of God on the wide sea and raging billows, called to enter into the haven of eternal rest. Her end was peace—perfect peace! Shortly before she died she testified to her attendant that the Lord's people would not be exempted from trials. "If you are one of God's people," she said to her, "you will have distress in some way or other, for it is through much tribulation the saints of God enter into the kingdom." Such had been her own experience; but "her end was perfect peace." "I feel happy," she said, "and satisfied that all is well, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to his trust till that day."

From the period that her complaints assumed a decidedly alarming aspect, most remarkably was this peace shed abroad in her heart, till at her departure it shone forth with undimmed lustre, contrasting strongly with her outward circumstances. Far from her home, separated from all her friends excepting one, on a wide waste of waters, exposed to the storm and tempest, on her passage to a distant country seeking health, drawing near to the close of a long voyage—it was thus her last days were passed—it was here she was set free from a frail tabernacle. "Mortality swallowed up in life!" Short as was the course of this one whom the Lord had been training up and fitting for glory, yet so bountifully and fully had she received at his hand, that, with a heart overflowing with love to those dear to her, with a spirit which burned with earnest desire to serve her Master on earth, the night before her death, repeating these two lines of the 91st Psalm, "With *length* of days unto his mind, I will him *satisfy*," she said, "That verse has often struck me. Thanks be to God, I can testify to the truth of these lines!"

Of the commencement and growth of grace in her soul we cannot say much here: it is probable her first serious impressions were received from a sister, also early called to glory. As day dawns faintly—at first doubtfully—but quickly springing up, silently, irresistibly, visibly, dispelling the darkness, causing the shadows to flee away till all is light, so was the work of grace in her soul, till she came "unto the measure of the fulness of Christ."

Very graciously and very abundantly did her heavenly Father deal with her in varied providences for this end. There was an emptying from vessel to vessel; there was the "giving of many mercies," striking providences, privileges—the blessing of having her home made for a season the place where the people of God found a shelter and quiet place to worship, giving her, as her heart desired, to be an instrument of good to others—withdrawing and laying aside when he saw "a need be"—leading again and again into circumstances that caused her to cry to the Lord, *patiently* to wait for Him, and to experience that all was in His hands, and vain was the help of man. By such means was she exercised till her soul was so matured in that excellent grace of trusting in God, that she possessed her soul in perfect peace in the midst of increasing outward trials; trusting, even in times of darkness, and though she could not *feel* her Saviour near, yet believing, leaning on his word, so that she had the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds. Her heart was filled with thankfulness, her mouth with praise.

An extract from her journal will manifest the spirit with which she entered upon the last year of her life. "January 1, 184—. Time is passing away, O how quickly! and on its wings bearing me to eternity. I have good cause to bless the Lord at the beginning of a new year. For this would I never cease to praise Him that I was 'wakened up from

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wrath to flee,' and that my best and dearest earthly consolation is also seeking to follow the Lord: this is surely better to me than thousands of gold and silver. I know not where my lot may be cast this year; but if the Lord dispose of us, we will be sure to tread a goodly land. I have given myself in covenant to the Lord, and why should I be solicitous about the bread that perisheth? 'The Lord will provide.' I would name my resting-place, 'Jehovah jireh.' May this year be one of far more prayerfulness, more panting after holiness, more deadness to earth, more meekness of spirit; yea, a year of such nearness to God, and to Jesus, and to the Comforter, as that I may reflect the image of the glorious Triune God in my whole walk! If this be the last year of my earthly pilgrimage, O may I be found dying with a death-grasp to my Saviour, abiding in Him, united to Him for ever! 'And they shall see His face, and His name shall be on their foreheads.' 'There shall be no night there; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.'"

Her complaints having taken an unfavourable turn, she writes thus to a friend: "It is, indeed, well worth being brought low by sickness, to be shut up to eternal realities, just to taste the sweetness that is in the Lord. I have found my time of bodily weakness a *happy, peaceful* season. I have had one predominant desire—'Not my will, but thine be done;' and I have found in that very desire a serenity and peace for which I would not take a world in exchange. But while there is peace flowing from a giving myself away to Jesus, oh! there is the flesh shrinking from suffering, the affections binding to the ones I love on earth, the desire to live that I may promote the cause of Christ; but I just fall back upon my old petition—'Not my will, but thine be done.' The voice to me is, 'Watch, for ye know not the day or the hour.' Surely it is a safe position for me to be fixed on the Rock of Ages. I need fear no evil. I would wish ever to be resting on Christ, ever laying my weary head on his bosom, ever sitting at his feet with the eye of faith fixed on his face of unutterable love."

Two weeks after she writes again: "One day we seem by faith to get on Mount Pisgah, the next, we are far down in the valley of humiliation, and then the mountains of division shut out the comfortable presence of the beloved Jesus. And it is not till the outpouring of the Spirit comes, in renewed and increasing showers, that the ear is quickened to hear the voice of the Beloved. Oh! the tossings to and fro I experience! And why is this? Just because I allow sin to creep in, so that my eye is dimmed, and I cannot behold him. It is sweet at such times to *rest in believing*, though, for a time, He whom we love is hid from view. Being instant in prayer, and looking up to where we know he is seated, the clouds will withdraw."

Speaking of the prospect she had of going abroad, she says, "Do you know I began my first prayer for ——— to day. I would like to be seeking grace for those to whom I am to be associated—it is a safe preparation for landing on a foreign shore."

Some weeks afterwards she writes: "I have again been very poorly. I need to be brought down to the very dust; therefore, in love, boundless, adorable love, does He apply the rod; but, oh! how slow am I to hearken to the voice that accompanies it. For some time I have visibly been going back. Why should I be discouraged? It is the Lord. Let him do what seemeth to him best. He is my help and shield. Some days I am in that state of body that I cannot carry out any train of thought—I cannot even look up; but I just *keep a firm hold* of the hand that was nailed to the tree, and I feel quite peaceful, safe, and happy."

In the immediate prospect of leaving her country, a subject which had caused her great exercise of mind, she writes—"I am solaced and revived; for in the midst of trouble He revives me." And again, "Let us look up beyond time—it is such a little span, so full of sin, so full of sorrow. Let us, on the wings of faith and love, take a view of our heavenly rest, that sweet abiding place within the veil, where 'we shall see him as he is.' Oh! there is no possibility of bearing trials unless one can rest on Jesus. The saying 'Farewell' annihilates me. I feel as if my heart will be all in shreds before our going away; but Jesus, I am assured, will come and heal me. With the Friend of sinners for my guide all will be well. I will hide in the Rock." On parting with a young relative to whom she was deeply attached, she writes—"You would pity me if you could see the rent in my heart. My refuge is prayer." Then again, two days before her departure, she speaks of the great goodness of the Lord, as she had often done before. "I wish," she says, "words could unfold the goodness of the Lord to us. We have been made to feel lately that God does lead his own amid quiet pastures, and feeds them with the finest of the wheat."

Very keen was the anguish she felt in parting with dear friends and relatives, and an only parent, "which," she says, "was the bitterest pang of all"—her heart telling her it was for ever on earth. "I wept," she said, "in the feelings of my heart all day, and for many days felt as if stunned. But it is all over now, thanks be to God; and I am enjoying a happy, peaceful frame, knowing that my position must be to trust in the Lord, and he is making me largely to experience that 'blessed are they whose God is the Lord.'"

Mr and Mrs ———, and, in God's good providence, a serious and attached servant with them, set sail early in summer for ———, the only passengers on board a merchant vessel.

In a letter to a friend (one of several which she commenced but never ended), she says, "The Lord is daily loading us with benefits. I have often lately put this question to my soul, 'Will ye ever distrust the Lord again?' Alas! alas! how often do we, in the very face of mercies received, limit the Holy One! The Lord grant us his abiding Spirit, else we cannot go on. It would be next to an impossibility to recount all the Lord's goodness to us before leaving Scotland. To sum it up in one word—Everything was love."

The first week after leaving Scotland the weather was delightful, and she got on pretty well. She writes in her journal: "Reading some of the last letters received, my heart goes *back*—O to look *up*, for surely heaven is my home!" Before reaching Madeira she caught cold while sitting in the cabin with open windows, after which time she fell off rapidly. The accommodation on board was very limited, the little cabin in which she slept being so small that two people could scarcely stand in it; her berth was very narrow, so that, on approaching the line, and the weather becoming very hot, she could scarcely breathe in it. She was removed to a sofa in the public cabin, having only a screen to separate her from the currents of air, &c., to which she was exposed. She had a view of Madeira from the cabin windows. Of it she says, "A lovely prospect—high rocks behind, with vine-clad valleys, and white cottages interspersed. I thought of Dr Kalley and the little band of God's people that worshipped Him in secret there—of their trials and flight. I thought of friends now gone; many, many associations have I

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connected with that gem of the ocean." In hopes the fresh air might be of service to her, she was taken on deck several times. She enjoyed it much, but it did her no good. She writes in her journal—"This, our fourth Sabbath at sea, have I found the Lord absent? No; blessed be his glorious name, he has been *nigh*. I have been trying to find him this day as my shepherd. O what a helpless decrepit one of the flock am I! Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day-time, and in the night my song shall be with him. I am asking to be prepared to die. All my hopes hang on the finished work of the Lord Immanuel. I am and have *nothing*. He is all in all, and all fulness dwells in him. O for a spirit of more earnest prayer, more longing for holiness, more setting aside of earth and its passing shadows! O how greatly I need to learn submission, patience, and a willing acquiescence in God's appointment, and a hearty trust in the promises, which are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus! I wish to be able to say in sincerity and truth, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'" On the day following she writes thus: "Wakened with this text, 'Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thy flocks rest at noon! Why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?' This is the worst day since I left home—depressed in every way, seeking of God preparation for death, trying to realize it as near, yea, at the door. O Jesus! let me rest on thee: thou art my rock. I am *now* being *tried!* O Lord, help me." Two days after she writes—"A day of much pain; never was so ill before in my life. I ask of God, in the midst of it all, to prepare me for going to heaven." After this she suffered exceedingly; her cough was incessant, her chest much pained, violent spasms in the throat, and breathless attacks sometimes nearly choking her, and most profuse perspiration. In the midst of all this she writes—"This pain is ill to bear; but, O to remember that Jesus suffered for us, that he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! I am in the hands of the good Physician. I am only vexed on dearest ———'s account—he is so anxious; but all is well." She goes on to say, "Passed a terrible night; the inward man, however, at peace. God *is* my Father, Christ *is* my Saviour. This is surely the precursor of death. Lord, prepare me, and prepare ———. All is in his hands. O for patient waiting! O to be his for ever! but my ———?" After a long conversation with her husband on this subject, she seemed much relieved, and makes the following remark in her journal regarding it: "Got my mind opened to ——— as to my apparent nearness to death, and feel much relieved at having got dear ——— spoken to." From the day of embarking to the day of her death a point was made of never speaking about any earthly plans for the future, striving to live for the day, feeling how uncertain it was that land should ever be seen again.

Before leaving home, she had often spoken with rapture of the prospect to which she looked forward, of being able to engage in missionary work, and said again and again, "I would never consent to leave my native land, if it were not that perhaps my Master may have work for me to do; and I wish to 'spend and be spent in his service.'" She made this the subject of much prayer, that God would spare her life to labour in his vineyard. About a fortnight after leaving Scotland she said, "I have given up praying that I may reach ———, in order to labour in my Master's work, in case the *cause* of the prayer should be a wish for prolonged life; and now I pray to have no will or wish but His, knowing that if He has work for me to do He will spare my life, and if not, He will do what is far better—take me to himself." July 1st, she writes—"Another month begun. How possible that I may not see its close! 'Tis a solemn thing to be on the brink of eternity. In such a prospect, what are thy hopes, O my soul? All is founded upon Jesus: I feel it sweet to rest my head on his bosom and say, 'Thou art mine.' His Spirit alone could teach me to say this—for I love him, because he *first* loved me; and I pray daily that my own will may be taken clean away, and that I may have no will but his. I deserve *nothing;* but, clinging to Jesus, I feel I shall inherit all things. I sometimes fear lest an evil heart of unbelief prevent my entering into rest. But, O to abide in Him—to be bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh! What can separate the believer and Jesus? He is my dear brother, my friend, my advocate with the Father, my high priest, to present my feeble petitions. Jesus is my all in all, the 'chief among ten thousand, yea, altogether lovely.'"

She describes the Sabbaths on board the ship thus: "The captain has all the ship's crew, except one man at the helm, assembled every Sabbath at four o'clock, when he reads two or three chapters, sings a psalm, and reads a sermon; which being done, he makes the four younger hands, lads from sixteen to twenty, remain. They read to him the Bible, and say paraphrases. The captain permits no swearing, gives no spirituous liquors to the crew, does not allow them to work on Sabbath, except what is absolutely necessary." Often she would say, "O that I had breath to speak to these boys about Jesus!" This, however, she could not do; but many a message she sent, and many a tract on board that ship was read, some with weeping eyes, by the kind-hearted sailors, for the sake of the "sick lady." One of the last requests she made to a friend was, "Pray for *all* the ship's crew: give us a double portion on Sabbath." Often she expressed her sense of the Lord's goodness, that the captain was a man who paid respect to religion. After crossing the line, she became rather easier, but very much reduced in body. Her own remarks are these—"How emaciated I am become!—I would not know myself. Oh! as the outward man perisheth, may the *inward* man be renewed day by day. My heart and flesh may faint and fail, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." She enjoyed her Sabbaths very much, and almost concerning the whole of them she writes: "Passed a sweet Sabbath: had close access to God in prayer." Night and day she prayed much; and often when watching beside her, her lips were seen moving with a calm and heavenly smile of joy on her face. She roused herself up always very early in the morning, and often when asked how she was, she would reply, with a countenance beaming with joy, "Well, very well to-day; for I have had sweet converse with my God." The books she was in the habit of reading most were Sibbs' "Soul's Conflict," "Flavel on Providence," "The Night of Weeping," "M'Gill on Prayer," &c., but for some weeks before her death, nothing but the Bible—that, she said, was food for her soul; and often when asked what she wished to have read to her, she would say, "Oh! just the Word, the Word!" E—— was a great comfort, as she was very attentive to her mistress, who could not be left for a moment by herself, being subject to severe fits of coughing, and spasms in her throat.

Some weeks before her death, she was in deep waters, and much cast down in spirit. The sense of her exceeding sinfulness seemed for a short time quite to have overcome her, and often she said, "No one but God knows what a sinner I am. O how can heaven be reserved for me! O my want of faith—

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my want of love! What if I have been deceiving myself!" At other times she would say, "I sometimes lose sight of my Saviour altogether; but we must walk by faith, not by sight. I know that he is near me. His pierced hand is stretched out: by that hand I hold and follow on; for has not my Saviour said, that no one can pluck his own out of his hand?" It pleased the Lord very soon to make her see that unbelief was the greatest sin that she could commit, and that it was Satan's suggestions alone that could tempt her to doubt that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. After being thus sore cast down, the Lord raised her up, and made her often to say, "Nothing can separate me from the love of Christ." At other times she would say, "I feel just like a little child—I love to nestle myself in Jesus' breast." On the 1st August she writes: "The first of another month—I still spared—not ready yet—need the pruning-knife more. The Lord is very gracious—sometimes very near. Satan has been busy with me, trying to shake and deaden faith; but I have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan;' and my Saviour has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' If this be my last month on earth, I die resting only on Jesus. He is dearer to me than aught else, in prospect of death. He will not fail me. I am full of murmurings, yet he bears with me still. I have just one desire—Lord, make me thine—make me to have no will but thine—make me to pant and long for more likeness to Him who is the beloved of my soul. Amen."

The weather at this time was very cold—as cold as the depth of winter in Scotland; and the sudden change told severely upon poor M——. Her sufferings were agonizing. *Both* lungs being now affected, she could only lie upon her back—being also so much reduced. Oh! the heart bled to see her lying in her narrow crib, the ship pitching and rolling tremendously, when she would look up and say, "Oh! can you give me nothing to relieve me;" but then checking herself she would add, "I deserve it all, and far more; He is leading me in a right way; O how sweet it would be to be free for one hour from pain; but, oh! sweeter far to be free from sin." One day after passing the Cape, there was a tremendous gale of wind. For twelve hours the vessel "*lay to*" under "*bare poles*," at the mercy of the wind and waves. The sea was very high, and it was all that could be done to keep M—— from rolling out of her berth during this severe storm. Though suffering acute agony from the motion of the ship, she felt no fear, for she said she knew that He who sent the storm could steer the vessel. But to hasten on—August 6th, she writes: "A pleasant Sabbath; oh! it is but the foretaste of the abiding *rest* that is on high. Very, very ill in body, and O how weak! but, blessed be his name, the Lord is my strength. Read the giving forth of the law, the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, chapters of I Samuel—found much comfort in the hymn, 'Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!'

And now (continues her husband) the disease grew on apace. August 10th was the last day she was able to write anything in her little journal. It was B—— fast-day, and she was much engaged in prayer, both that day and the next Sabbath, for all who would sit down at the table where she loved so much to be a guest. Her last Sabbath on earth was very cold and stormy, but M—— felt it not, for all was peace within. I was with her all day, and much sweet communion we had. She pointed out texts for Mr —— to preach from, at his next sacramental occasion, and requested me to send them when she was gone.

She now became so weak, as to be unable to move hand or foot. She was sinking fast. On the morning of the day on which she died, she said to the servant whose turn it had been to watch that night, "'O the breadth and length, the depth and height, of the love of God in Christ Jesus, for it passeth knowledge!' O for one taste of that love, one small taste of that boundless love, to cheer me on in my sore distress; one glimpse of his eye, one sight of heaven, will far more than make up for all my pains. He is a sweet Saviour. Seek him E——, O seek him while you are in health; you will find how sweet he is. What could I have done without him at this time? But I know all is well, for Christ is mine, and I am his." At her request E—— went to bed to get two hours' sleep, as she had been up all night. I asked her if she wished any particular portion of the Word read; she said, "Yes, read me some of those Psalms marked in my Bible—they have been very precious to me of late." I accordingly read the 27th, 30th, 32d, 34th, and 36th, Psalms. We then talked for a little about the many sweet words they contain, after which she remained in silent meditation for about a quarter of an hour, in great tranquillity of body and mind, but breathing quick, and with much difficulty. A little after I asked her if she still was able to pray? She replied, "Yes, thank God; I would cease to live if I were to cease to pray." About twelve, E—— was called up, as M—— wished her. I went into the cabin, but was hardly there when she called on me, and, bidding me not leave her, said, "I am going—raise me up a little." I gently placed my arm below her head, and did so. She then asked me to engage in prayer, after doing which, I resumed my former position, her head resting on my arm. I then asked her what she was thinking about; she replied, "Oh! I am thinking how sweet heaven will be—we'll meet there." Anxious to know if her faith was still firm on the Rock, I asked her, "Are you afraid, M——? on whom do you place your trust?" She replied, "Afraid! O no—Christ is mine, Christ is mine!" and then opening her eyes wide, and giving me such a look as I shall never forget, she added, "Cleave to Christ, cleave to Christ." I repeated to her that beautiful verse in Isaiah, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," &c., and then asked her if she found this promise true in her experience at present? By this time her voice began to fail, so she only smiled an assent, then suddenly recovering speech she cried out, "O that I were away with Jesus!" adding, after a moment's pause, with a voice clear and strong, expressive of vehement desire, "Come, Lord Jesus;" and having thus said, uttering with her latest breath that name so dear to her on earth, she gave a long sigh, and once more looking up at me, her spirit fled to Him who gave it. Yes, she fell asleep in Jesus, without one struggle, without a single groan; and, after all was over, I still kept my arm below her head, thinking she was but asleep. But, ah! it was the sleep of death. I bent down to catch the faintest breath, but all was still. It was a boisterous day, and the sighing wind and raging waves chanted a sad and solemn requiem, as the ransomed spirit of my M—— flew, rejoicing, to meet her Lord. Yes, her end was peace—perfect peace; and, as I stood and wept over my M——'s remains, I rejoiced to think that her trials were now all over, and that, after having come through much tribulation, she had washed her robes in the blood of the Lamb, and that now she was serving him in his temple above.

As she had often expressed a great dislike to being consigned to the ocean, Captain —— kindly promised to stop at ——, the nearest land, from which we were distant ten days' sail. A small coffin was then made, and that same night my M——'s body was put in it, and placed in the long boat in the centre of the ship, covered over with an old sail. Oh! it was a cold and rough bed for thee, my beloved, off ——.

I have just returned from shore, after laying my

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M—— in the grave, where, far away from her kindred and her native land, her dust shall remain till the resurrection. We came to anchor last night, close to this land of perpetual verdure, and at day-break this morning we rowed ashore, the gale scented with the richest perfume from groves of Oriental fragrance, the sea reflecting, as a mirror, the cocoa and banana trees with which the shore is lined. I shall never forget this morning. The sun rose with a splendour only seen in these tropical regions. And as the canoes danced brightly in the sunshine, the natives singing their morning song, while the birds sung from the thick jungle, all seemed to proclaim the mighty hand of the Lord; whilst my M——'s remains, lying beside me in the boat, seemed to whisper to me and all that giddy throng, "Ye must die."

We buried my M—— in an old church-yard, sheltered round and round with trees of richest green. The captain read, at my request, the 90th Psalm, after the coffin was lowered into the grave. The natives, sitting in great numbers around, were perfectly silent, and aided our sailors in filling up the grave; and the governor promised to see a proper tombstone erected to mark the spot.

M—— is happy—supremely happy; and now I look forward with longing to the time that I shall join with her in singing to the Lamb.

"Those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

YOUNG MEN! TAKE CARE OF YOUR SABBATHS.

Let nothing ever tempt you to become a Sabbath-breaker. I press this on your attention. Make conscience of giving all your Sabbath to God. A spirit of disregard for this holy day is growing up amongst us with fearful rapidity, and not least among young men. Sunday travelling by railways and steam-boats, Sunday visiting, Sunday excursions, are becoming every year more common than they were, and are doing infinite harm to souls.

Young men, be very jealous on this point. Whether you live in town or country, take up a decided line: resolve not to profane your Sabbath. Let not the plausible arguments of "needful relaxation for your body"—let not the example of all around you—let not the invitation of companions with whom you may be thrown—let none of these things move you to depart from this settled rule, that God's day shall be given to God.

Once give over caring for the Sabbath, and in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this conclusion are easy and regular. Begin with not honouring God's day, and you will soon not honour God's house—cease to honour God's house, and you will soon cease to honour God's book—cease to honour God's book, and by-and-by you will give God no honour at all. Let a man lay the foundation of having *no Sabbath*, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the topstone of *no God*. It is a remarkable saying of Judge Hale—"Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found only a few who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath."

Young men, you may be thrown among companions who forget the honour of the Lord's-day; but resolve, by God's help, that you will always remember it, to keep it holy. Honour it by a regular attendance at some place where the gospel is preached. Settle down under a faithful ministry, and once settled, let your place in church never be empty. Believe me, you will find a special blessing following you—"If thou call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." (Isa. lviii. 13, 14.) And one thing is very certain, your feelings about the Sabbath will always be a test and criterion of your fitness for heaven. Sabbaths are a foretaste and fragment of heaven. The man who finds them a burden, and not a privilege, may be sure that his heart stands in need of a mighty change.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Good angels minister on behalf of believers. This comfortable and animating truth Scripture teaches both by historical examples and by doctrinal propositions. By angels Lot was delivered from Sodom, Jacob from his brother Esau, Daniel from the lions, Peter from the Jews. By angels, Abraham, David, Elijah, the virgin-mother, John, received light and guidance. By angels, Abraham, Daniel, Zechariah, Mary, Paul, in common with Christ himself, obtained comfort in the hour of agitation and distress. And such angelic succour as, in these and many other instances, was vouchsafed to pious ancients, believers in general are entitled to expect. It is written—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." But the most satisfactory text on this subject to the true members of the Christian Church is that which concludes the 1st chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of"—who shall inherit—"salvation?" In that text three things are said of angels: 1. They are "spirits." 2. They are engaged in religious service. They yield reverential and affectionate homage to the Heavenly King. The service of God is the highest honour of the angels. 3. They are "sent forth to minister" for the saints. By commissioning them on this bland and generous enterprise, the Ruler of the universe manifests "the glory of his kingdom"—exercises the virtues of these celestial ministers—vindicates the idea of that delightful expression, "The whole family in heaven and earth"—magnifies the work of his Mediatorial Son—and fulfils his designs of mercy to the Church. And they, on *their* part, loving the God who sends them, prizing the souls for whose welfare they are sent, and realizing both the present condition and the future destiny of "the heirs of salvation," heartily undertake and execute the work. What angels specifically do for the saints for whom they minister is not very copiously revealed. It seems, however, from texts already quoted, and from the analogy of what they did for certain of the saints in the days of old, that, invisibly, and in mysterious ways, they yield protection, instruction, and consolation to the children of God, though, of course, always in subordination to the mightier agency of the Holy Ghost. The

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parable of Dives and Lazarus suggests, if it do not absolutely prove, that angels waft the disembodied spirits of the saints to paradise. And we are expressly taught that they shall take an active part in the glorious transactions of the day of doom.*

THE OLD DEIST.

"Be instant in season, and out of season."

On a gentle hill northward of the village where I laboured in the year 18—, in a large antique house, lived an old man nearly sixty years of age. In his early days he had been the subject of religious impressions, but led on by various motives, he shook them off, and became a Universalist. Having thus entered the highway, he soon landed in a sort of Deism. Years rolled on, and he was now threescore, and a hardened sinner—not an open breaker of the law perhaps—not a mean slave of *vice*; but a sinner of the upper grade. He had some education, and a good deal of property, and was a fair, respectable man. He had been so long, and was apparently so settled in his unbelief, that I suppose Christians had ceased to pray for him, considering him *case-hardened*. In a word, he was just the last one in the community that we should naturally have thought on as a subject of grace. But, "Is anything too hard for the Almighty?"

Passing along the street one day I met a friend, who said he had some news—he did not say *good* news, for the case was so incredible he could hardly believe his own senses. Mr. ——, "the old Deist," had been down in the village telling what God had done for his soul—and if he was not crazy he was probably converted! This was news indeed, for it was anything but a time of spiritual concern in the community; and if "God was in the place in that way, surely we knew it not." Of course no time was lost, and the next morning found me on the way to see if the strange report was true concerning "the old Deist." Knocking at the door, a low, tremulous voice bade me come in. There sat the old man beside a small table, on which lay a volume of psalms and hymns, and an old family Bible. He was attending upon religious devotion! Glad was he to see me, for a gospel minister was a rare personage at his fireside. In a few moments I begged leave to ask him the secret, the cause of all this—what had produced this mighty change. His account was somewhat as follows:—

"About three months ago, I was at work one afternoon, hoeing corn in the field. My mind had been slightly called up by the recent death of a near friend, and my thoughts were involuntarily ruminating on eternal things. Just then a young man came up the road, and coming abreast of where I was at work, he got over the fence and came towards me. He was evidently a poor young man, there being little that was attractive either in dress or personal appearance. He came to where I was, and addressed a few words of religious exhortation, when he handed me a tract and went away. This to me was something new—I wondered at this unusual affair. I opened the tract, and the first words which met my eyes were, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy." Then on another page was a small note pinned, containing a few words of exhortation, written in poor penmanship, and somewhat bad spelling." Here the old man produced both the tract and the note.

"Then it was the arrow of conviction fastened in my heart. Long did I struggle, but at length my unbelief gave way. I thought I would keep it a secret, however, and not let the world know of my change of opinion; but it would not do. All day and all night did conviction torment me, like a fire shut up in my bones, and I found no relief till I went and published it abroad—then I found a little peace," &c. &c.

I will not enlarge by narrating further concerning this interview; suffice it to say, I never have seen a more truly penitent soul, or one who sued more humbly for relief. Many times did I call upon him, and always did I find him in a pious, praying mood. Sometimes he would doubt—it seemed to him almost impossible that God could save so great and so aged a sinner; but faith prevailed. In a few succeeding months he died in peace with God, and went home to be another trophy of conquering grace!

But the young man who gave the tract—*who was he?* I answer, I cannot tell. No one knows but himself, for he was evidently a stranger in those parts. He was doubtless some pious youth, who endeavoured to do good wherever he might be. Travelling that way, God put it in his heart to give a tract to "the old Deist." O how bright will that star shine in his crown of rejoicing! We see here what a blessing a single tract may be, and how much good we may possibly do, if we have for our motto, "Be instant in season, and out of season."

* From an extremely judicious and scriptural little work recently published on the subject by the Rev. Alex. S. Patterson, of Glasgow.

SAYINGS OF LUTHER.

FAITH.

Faith unites the soul with Christ as a wife is united to her husband. All that Christ possesses becomes the property of the believing soul. Christ possesses all things and eternal life; thenceforth they belong to the soul. The soul possesses all sins and vices; these thenceforth become the property of Christ. Then there commences a blessed exchange: Christ, who is at once God and man—Christ, who has never sinned—Christ, whose holiness is invincible—Christ, the Almighty and Eternal, appropriating to himself, by his marriage-ring, that is to say, by faith, all the sins of the believing soul, these sins are swallowed up and abolished in him; for no sin can subsist before his infinite righteousness. Thus, by means of faith, the soul is delivered from all sins, and clothed with the everlasting righteousness of her husband, Jesus Christ. Oh! happy union! the rich, the noble, the holy bridegroom, Jesus Christ, takes in marriage this poor, despised, wicked bride, rescues her from all evil, and adorns her with the most exquisite possessions. Christ, king and priest, shares his honour and his glory with all Christians. The Christian is a king, and hence all things are his; he is a priest, hence God is his. And it is faith, not works, that brings him such an honour. The Christian is free from all things, above all things, faith giving him all things abundantly.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

If thou lovest him who hath made thee a present of

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twenty florins, or done thee some service, or in some measure signified his affection for thee, how much more oughtest thou to love Him who has not given for thee gold or silver, but who has given himself, who has received for thee so many wounds, who for thee has sweated blood, who died for thee; in a word, who, in paying the ransom for all thy sins, swallowed up death, and obtained a Father for thee in heaven, who is full of love.

GRACE.

Man's nature was, at its origin, essentially good; it turned away from good, which is God, and inclined towards evil. Still, its holy and glorious origin remains, and it is capable, by the power of God, of recovering that origin. It is the business of Christianity to give it again to him. The gospel, it is true, shows us man in a state of humiliation and impotency, but even thus he is placed between two glorious and elevated states—that which is past, from which he is fallen, and that which is future, to which he is called. Such is the truth: man knows it, and, little as he may reflect upon it, he easily discovers that all that is told him about his present purity, power, and glory, is but a lie in which one would cradle and lull asleep his pride.

"REDEEMING THE TIME."

"REDEEMING the time." How may it be done? Can you not redeem much from idleness? Are there not moments, if not hours, in the day which run to waste, spent in idle reverie, or needless sleep? Might you not redeem much from useless visiting, vain conversation, and needless recreation! True, we are social beings, and some recreation is needful for spirit and body. But do you not devote more than needful to such purposes? Can you not redeem much from business—yes, from business. Remember, "it is not all of life to live." You ought to "provide for your own household," to be "diligent in business." But you have no right to be all business; no right to have so much business as to have no time for your family, the church, and the world—no time for the closet, the altar, and the prayer-meeting.

"Redeeming the time!" And to what purpose? Redeem it for your own moral and intellectual improvement. It is your solemn duty every day to make advances in knowledge and virtue. Have you any settled plans for your own self-improvement? Are you aiming at progress?

Redeem it for your family. Perhaps you have children growing up around you, in respect to whose education, physical, intellectual, and moral, you have scarcely felt that you were responsible, and have no plans of action. Shame! Why are you a parent, but for the express purpose of training your children for the responsibilities and enjoyments, both of the life that now is and of that which is to come?

Redeem it for God and the world. A great contest is going on in the world between good and evil, light and darkness, God and Satan. You are bound to be on the side of God and truth. Nor is it sufficient that your name is found upon the muster-roll. God expects you to do battle in his behalf.

"Redeem the time." Some do the very reverse. Some murder time! They say, "What shall we do to get rid of the time?" and they fly to the novel, the theatre, the card-table, the ball-room—anywhere, and anything, to "kill the time!" What madness! what madness! The conduct of that man who should burn the title-deeds to a vast estate, who should deliberately scuttle the ship which contained his treasures, would be wisdom itself compared with the folly of him who strives to get rid of the passing moment—who murders time. You may easily succeed in murdering time, in killing the brief hours of the present life; but, oh! how will you murder ETERNITY! How will you "get rid" of the leaden ages of your never-ending existence? And how will you lay the ghosts of murdered hours, when they haunt you there.

"Redeeming the time." What time? The present moment. You have no other. Redeem that by the earnest discharge of that duty which is most pressing, most important.—*Herald of the Prairies.*

PERSEVERANCE.

A BEAUTIFUL Oriental proverb runs thus—"With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding! And what difficulty is there that man should quail at, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of the mulberry?

OUR ENEMIES WITHIN.

BEYOND all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about with us in our own hearts. Adam fell in paradise, Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous among the inhabitants of Sodom. Indifference to little sins and mistakes—the self-flattering voice of the heart, ever ready to sing its lullaby the moment conscience is roused—the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God indeed said?"—these are unquestionably the adversaries we have most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with smoke. I beseech thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that I may take alarm at even small sins. Oh! it is not merely great transgressions that can bring a man to ruin—little and imperceptible ones are, perhaps, even more deadly; according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says, "The stag when attacked tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the trees, but the little ones seize him below, and tear his entrails."—*Tholuck.*

BE TRUE.

How stirring these words of George Herbert, "Lie not," neither to thyself, nor man, nor God! Let mouth and heart be one—beat and speak together, and make both felt in action. It is for cowards to lie. Lies are the offspring of fear. How like a living thing this truth, as in a gem, shines out as George Herbert sang it two centuries ago:—

"Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God—
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul spits lies in froth.
Dare to be TRUE. Nothing can need a lie.
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby."

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CHRIST THE DOOR.

BY THE REV. J. C. FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

Our Lord Jesus Christ (John x. 9) says, "I am the door." Does any one ask, Is there a door of mercy—a door through which one may pass into the state and blessings of salvation? Yes, says Christ, there is a door. Does any one ask—where that door is? Our Lord answers, "I am the door."

We read that between hell and paradise there is a great gulf fixed, and that no one can pass over it. Between *nature* and *grace*—between God and man—between perdition and salvation—there is a high wall. It is a wall of separation. It makes effectual separation between the things and persons that have been named. If we look on one side of this wall, we see ruined sinners—man in his natural state, which is a state of sin and misery. He is devoid of fear, of love, of every gracious feeling towards God—unhappy, seeking after happiness, but never finding it—even in his search after it, going farther and farther from it—becoming more and more miserable. He goes deeper and deeper in sin, till he is drowned in it. His guilt accumulates. It gathers round him like a whirlwind, and he is, if left to himself, driven away in his wickedness into that evil place where the blackness of darkness and the fury of the wrath of God are reserved for impenitent sinners.

On the other side of this wall of separation, the prospect is quite different. The palace and throne of the living and eternal God are to be seen—the Lord, in his divine beauty and glory, seated upon the throne, and filling the whole heaven with the surpassing light and excellence of his glory. His train fills the temple. Round about the throne are multitudes of holy angels and redeemed souls. They are engaged in praising the Lord day and night. They delight themselves in God. They enjoy life, and glory, and immortality.

But this wall, as has been said, is a wall of separation—so completely a wall of separation, that it shuts out man, fallen and alienated, from the knowledge and enjoyment of God.

Man might have been left shut out for ever from the love and favour of God—from reconciliation to God, and for ever shut up in sin and misery. Had his doom been so sealed up, it would have been in perfect equity and justice. The Lord has been pleased to resolve differently. He has laid, in the work of Christ Jesus, a solid ground-work for the pardon and acceptance of sinners. He proclaims peace and pardon to sinners, that they may not perish without hope. He has opened a door in this wall of separation. A door may be the passage from a prison to a palace. If the prisoner pass through it, he is no longer in the loathsome dungeon—he is in the king's house. The door which the Lord has opened in the wall of separation makes a good and a free passage between what is on the one side and what is on the other. Poor sinners may pass from their sin and misery into the presence, the love, the favour, the service, and the blessing of God.

It is an open door. There might be a door leading from the dungeon to the light of day, but if shut and fastened with iron bolts, what the better for it would the prisoner be? The door of mercy is an open door. It stands open by day and night. It cannot be shut so long as it is the will of God that it stand open. Sinners may not enter it. They may keep themselves out. Still it is an open door. "Behold," says Christ, "I set before you an open door." This is a door of Christ's making and setting open, and so long as he keep it open no man can shut it. He opens and no man can shut; he shuts and no man can open. So long as it is an open door, it is your interest to seek and to strive to enter in; for, though open now, it is not always to remain open. When it shall be shut, nothing can open it again. Tears cannot, prayers cannot, entreaties and most earnest solicitations cannot; for then the foolish virgins would have obtained an entrance, and besides them thousands more, who, having neglected to enter when they might, and beginning to perceive their misery, the door now being shut, besieged it with most earnest and lamentable supplications, praying that it might again, for a moment, be thrown open to them.

It is the door of salvation. Those who enter in by this door—which is Christ—shall be saved. Many blessings are promised to those who enter in. The first and chief one (first includes all others) is, that they shall be saved

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—"By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

To be saved is to be taken out of danger, and to be placed in security; or it is to be preserved in safety against the hazard of danger. Both of these senses may be applied here.

The man who enters in by this door shall be saved. He shall be taken out of the circumstances of danger in which he is by nature. In his natural state he is a child of wrath. He is under the condemnation of the law. It demands his life; and will be content with no less. He is exposed to death, which is the wages of sin—to the second death, which of all curses is the greatest. Death is the messenger of justice that lays its arrest upon the soul, puts it in chains and fetters, and drags it to hell, the prison-house of impenitent, unconverted sinners. He who enters by Christ, who is the door, shall be saved from the wrath to come — from the second death — from hell. He shall also be saved from the power of sin, delivered from that depravity and corruption of nature, which is the real cause of all the misery to which he is exposed. He shall be renewed in his nature. The love of God shall be planted in his heart. He shall be brought, in his whole nature, into conformity to the mind and will of God.

Spiritual liberty is promised to them who enter in by this door of salvation. "I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and *shall go in and out.*" It is not of an incoming and outgoing by this door of salvation that these words are spoken. If they who enter in might wander out again they would be in hazard of perishing, and of being carried away in that destruction which is to overtake the world lying in wickedness. "Him that overcometh," says our Saviour, "I will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Those who enter in are kept, by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation. The mighty power of God is engaged in keeping them, and in keeping the promised inheritance for them. Those who have entered in by Christ, the door, shall not so go out again as to be exposed to the danger of perishing, from which they have escaped. When, of him who enters in, it is said, "He shall go in and out," it denotes the spiritual liberty with which the Lord Jesus enlarges his people. They are made free to serve God. They were Satan's captives—they are now the Lord's freemen. Unconverted men boast of their liberty. They suppose that to be exempt from the fear of God is to be free. But, whilst they thus boast, they actually are bondsmen. They do not know what spiritual freedom is. They wear the livery of sin—of the devil. A loose and wicked life is the devil's livery. They who wear it are his servants. They are in a worse condition than servants. A servant owes his master his time and his work; but his mind is his own, and he may keep it to himself: his master cannot lawfully interfere with his conscience. Unconverted men are the slaves of Satan. His collar and chain are round their souls. As he beckons, they must obey; as he leads they must follow. They are under the bondage of sin and death. All are slaves spiritually till Christ makes them free.

He shall find pasture. This is another blessing which those experience who enter in by Christ, the door. This is a figure from pastoral life. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Good Shepherd: his people are his flock. When it is said, they shall find pasture, it has reference to the abundant provision the Lord makes for the supply of all their spiritual wants.

The Lord himself is their shepherd, and they cannot but be well provided for. He is not a hireling shepherd, who works for wages, whose own the sheep are not, and who might desert them in danger. Christ gave himself for them. He purchased them with his own blood. They must have been precious to him, that he paid such a ransom for them. And if so precious, with what care he will watch over them! They are near to his heart, and lie deep in its affections. They are his portion, his peculiar treasure. Thus they are safe in his love. They are also safe in his power. He whose they are is more powerful than any that can be against them. No wolf can break into his fold. He can take them out of the paw of the lion and the bear.

Whilst he keeps them from all their enemies, he also makes great and rich supply for their comfort. They dwell in the midst of abundance of spiritual provision. He provides his ordinances for them. That is the field in which this Good Shepherd tends his flock—even the field of his own rich and gracious ordinances. Here the pasture is good and tender, and nutritious for their souls. It is of the best that he supplies them with. The prodigal in the far country was an hungered, and fain would have eaten of the swine's husks. So with those who enter not in at the door, who remain in the waste howling wilderness—*i. e.*, in the state of nature. They are far from where the Good

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Shepherd tends his flock, and ready to perish in the dearth, amongst the bare rocks and the burning sands. But the Lord Jesus provides for his flock: he provides the best. He feeds them with the finest of the wheat; he makes them to drink out of rivers of pleasure that flow at his bidding, through the land of their sojourn.

And as the pasture is good, so it is abundant, and that all the year over. It is always, in those sweet meadows of the divine ordinances where the Good Shepherd feeds his flock, a pleasant spring and summer time. Now this is a great advantage—it is a most precious blessing. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing: there is no want to them that fear Him." (Ps. xliv.) In the spring-time it often fares ill with the flock and tender lambs. When the young and tender grass should be springing up and covering the hills, it will sometimes happen that all is barren and bare, because of the backward and unfavourable season. The shepherd is then hard put to it, how or where to find supply for his flock; and the flock is straitened, and pines for want, and great numbers of the flock, especially of the lambs, die. It is not so in the pastures of the divine ordinances, where the Lord Jesus feeds his flock. They are green pastures—always green and flourishing.

Neither are they scorched with the summer heats. We see that the violent heats of summer, when the season is one of drought, exhaust all the moisture. The streams that flow amongst the hills are dried up, the clouds distil no rain, and the grass is burned up—so that there is a scarcity of pasture. But the heat of the sun is not allowed to strike too violently, either upon the pastures of the Good Shepherd or upon the flock of his pasture. And the Good Shepherd himself, is always present with them, to uphold and comfort them. He allows them to hear his voice, and to lean upon his bosom. With his rod and his staff he upholds them. They shall not want for any good thing.

The destruction of those who do not enter in at the door.—"Whilst it is so well and so passing good with those who enter in by the door, it is very different with those who do not. Two great evils attend on their condition—*First*, They find no true peace now. *Second*, They shall be destroyed hereafter.

A free and full invitation to enter.—"By me, if any man enter in," may be regarded as equivalent to an invitation to all to whom the gospel is addressed to enter in. If any earnestly desire to enter in; and do earnestly and diligently use the means appointed, he has reason to expect that the Good Shepherd will stretch out his hand to him, and fetch him in.

SKETCHES IN SICK-ROOMS.

(*Continued from page* 498.)

III. A letter reached us one morning in the month of —— 18—, from an English seaport. It conveyed the intelligence that a certain youth had fallen overboard when his vessel was on her home-ward voyage from R——. He had been sent aloft to trim some part of the rigging during a gale, and a lurch of the vessel had tossed him into eternity. We were requested to inform his widowed mother, and her orphan eight, of what had befallen her boy.

Such a task is the most delicate and trying that man can attempt. Indeed, the idea of opening such intelligence by degrees, so as not to stun or alarm the bereaved, is impossible. We have seen, in such cases, the countenance fall, and become rigid, ere two sentences had been exchanged. The startled one on the instant feared to ask the meaning of one's words, lest they should tell of some crushing calamity; and, indeed, the very effort to be calm in such a case has so much the character of acting, or assuming appearances, that tender plainness is really the gentlest and the most humane course to be pursued. In the case referred to, we hastened to the widowed mother, lest rumour should run before us, and the scene was deeply touching. Her mind was so full of hope as to speedily hearing of her son's arrival in Britain, that she did not for a brief space advert to the bearing of our indirect remarks. At last, however, a common-place suggestion as to hope being often deceptive, flashed alarm into her heart. She gazed for a moment with keen and searching eye into the countenance of her minister, and then shrieked out, "What is it? O tell me!" and sank down motionless and mute. We gave her a moment to rally, and offered some other remark, when she brought our conversation to a point by exclaiming, "Is it ——?" The whole truth was now laid bare; for we could not say, No; and we seem still to hear that mother's shriek, as she sank into a stupor, exclaiming, "Oh! my poor thoughtless boy's soul!" She went moody and dejected for many a day. It was still the thought of the soul that haunted her, and nothing ever transpired to shed a ray of light upon the deep sea grave of the thoughtless boy. His mourning mother was long like a bruised reed. She was crushed to the earth; yet we hope she was herself an heir of glory, honour, and immortality. We attempt no poetic picture. We state the fact; and he who has seen the realities of such scenes—who has witnessed the sorrow of a year con-

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densed into the anguish of a moment—will go with us to the conclusion that, as regards man's misery at least, "truth is strange—stranger than fiction." God is love—and, again, God is love. The precious truth is twice announced in a single chapter. But is it true? ask wounded affections and bruised hearts. It is true; and these very wounds and bruises are proofs.

IV. We once visited a sufferer in a sick-room in the town of ——, on an autumn day of exquisite beauty. All around was tranquil and serene, as if the earth were enjoying a Sabbath after the labour and productiveness of the summer that had gone. From the window of the small bed-chamber we could gaze on a magnificent panorama. A bluff projecting precipice, shining at the moment in sunlight, over-hung the town. Some hills rose majestically, as if to screen it from the north and east winds; while, in the distance, an arm of the sea, sweeping far inland, and skirted on either shore by many beauties, gave life and variety to the whole. It was one of the sights which reconcile us to the departure of summer, for, with all its richness, it presented no such spectacle of varied tints and grandeur as was now stretched out before us.

Such was the scene without, which the delighted eye ran over in an instant; but, turning from that, what met our gaze within? On a camp bed, in a small, but not mean, apartment, lay a lady, wasted and worn down by consumption till she seemed again a little girl. Her cheek was at times flushed and florid; but then she would suddenly shiver as if the cold of death were already creeping over her emaciated frame. The hectic cough made her restless, and even gentle appliances of chloroform had ceased to yield her relief. And as the tenant of that chamber, in her emaciation, presented a saddening contrast to the glories spread without, so her present condition contrasted not less strongly with her past history and fortunes. She had travelled far and near in many lands. Her life had been one of adventures to which we cannot specially refer; but the scenes and the habits of other kingdoms and continents were familiar; and with high intelligence she could glance over a considerable portion of the earth, where lessons had been learned, where sorrow had assailed, or where enjoyment of a kind had been hers, though the true God had not been in all her thoughts.

But she was changed now. Her physician had said that the most which his skill could achieve was to soothe her pain, and make her descent into the tomb more gentle and easy. He could hold out no hope of restoring health; and she felt the truth of all the message. Nor was she saddened by it. She had begun to learn the tardy lesson of calling in her thoughts from earth and its shadows, to fix them on heaven and its realities, and had, through grace, made some progress in the attempt. She was supremely resigned. She was more she was happy. Her Bible lay beside her, furnishing the peace which she had sought in vain in variety of scene, in ball-rooms, and crowding frivolities; and, as she looked into eternity, she could with calmness speak of her transition from earth to her home as one which she even desired. She seemed, indeed, a brand plucked from the burning; and the chamber of her death-bed, like a vestibule of heaven, was one of the scenes from which more may be learned than from any other source on earth, excepting only that which God has magnified above all his name—his Word. She had discovered that there can be only one out of three conditions for man after death—either everlasting joy, everlasting agony, or everlasting nothing. The Bible discards the last; there remain, therefore, only two; and she felt that that man is not really rational who has not decided, with the only wise God for his counsellor, which of the two shall be his. She had decided; and her mind was kept serene by the conviction that, as to her to live was Christ, for her to die would be gain.

ON PEOPLE THAT ONE IS SORRY FOR.

I AM sorry for a man that has by nature a proud, peevish, and jealous temper; for he cannot move a step, or turn himself round, in a world like this, without having his toes trodden upon, and his mouth constantly chafed with the iron bit which such a cruel master has put upon his jaws. He rises from his couch in the morning surly with the recollections of the preceding day; there is no spring, no buoyancy in his step, as he goes through the affairs of life; and he lays himself down at night, vexed and broken-hearted with the fatigue of disappointment, and the wounds of mortified vanity. His very bread is poisoned; his cup is filled with bitterness and gall. That sore evil is accomplished on him—"I will curse your blessings;" and all that he hath availeth him nothing, so long as he thinks he can descry a Mordecai at the king's gate. Truly I am sorry for such an unhappy being as this!

I am sorry for people that are for ever full of small aches—who are continually complaining, and yet are never really ill. At one time it is something in their head, or something in their tongue, or something about their teeth. Then at another, it is a strange pain in their neck, or their shoulder, or their side, or somewhere about their spine. One day it is their ear that is troubling them, or their knee; and the next, it is their shin, or their foot, their wrist, their elbow, or their little toe. There is a perpetual croaking about petty and trifling ailments of one sort or other. And this settles down into a habit; so that the person can no more get through the day without certain groanings and growlings, than he can pass through it without

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winking! It is a miserable tendency, and I am very sorry for such people.

I am sorry for people of a versatile disposition, and who are the constant victims of whim and caprice. One day they are all meekness and honey, and the next all inflammability and hatred. This year they are for dissipation, and the next they are (by way of) for devotion; this month they resolve to become proficients in music, and the next, they are for cultivating botany and the knowledge of flowers; this week they are for dress and drapery, and the next, for storing the mind with history and the muses; to-day they are for studying Sir Isaac Newton's life, and to-morrow for novels; in spring, all is bracelets and brilliancy; in autumn, go where they will, they will carry nothing in their hand but their Bible, and perhaps a smelling-bottle! Poor people! I am sorry for them.

I am sorry when I look at a youth, all happy, cheerful, and confiding, in his early days at home—to think what he has to undergo when he comes to *rough* it in the world, as the phrase is. What days of deep anxiety and heavy toil he has to pass, far away from his father's house, and his mother's tender care! what nights of fond recollection, what yearnings of a tender and affectionate heart, amidst strangers, and the multitude of callous and selfish men! Oh! what need he has of the grace of God to keep him steady, and the knowledge of Christ Jesus, as his friend and brother, to cheer and gladden him in his busy or his solitary hours!

Thus, also, am I sorry for a youth who is struggling hard between his temptations and his convictions—between sound principles and strong passions—undergoing a constant conflict, which no one sees or knows but himself—crying in the morning, "*Meliora probo*," and in the evening, "*Deteriora sequor*"—at one time inwardly saying, "That which I do, I allow not," and at another, "What I would, that do I not" —at this moment, "The good that I would, I do not," and the next, "What I hate, that do I—the evil which I would not, that I do—'O wretched man that I am!'" He is like one sitting in a boat that is tossing in a heavy and stormy sea. This instant it is on the crest of the wave—the next, and it is down, and out of sight in the trough. The double oars of reason and of Scripture cannot keep him steady amidst the tumult of the waters in which his barque is careering. Yet he pulls hard—he will not give it up. I cannot but be sorry for him; yet would I encourage him, for every stroke that he gives both strengthens his arm and promotes his progress. Fight, then, the good fight, thou young hero! In due season thou shalt reap, if thou faint not. It is written, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna—the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God; he shall inherit all things; I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

I am sorry for a well educated, sensible, and sensitive young woman who has united herself to a thoughtless, heartless, frivolous, idle, and worthless young man. She has married in a hurry, and is repenting at leisure. All her steadiness cannot stay him—all her firmness cannot fix him—all her gentleness cannot win him to the ways of well-doing. She has been taken from the bosom of a happy family, to be encaged for life with an animal that is at once a wolf, a monkey, and a sloth. O what a change soon takes place on her! The brow, once so bright and smooth, grows contracted—the countenance, that before beamed with gladness, becomes dull and pale with care—the lustre of the eye is quenched—the elastic gait is exchanged for the tread of one who moves as if she had a burden on her back—the flower that rose so fair and fragrant in the little garden where first it grew, has become dashed with the heavy drops of sorrow—it has been plucked up, and cast over the wall like a worthless weed, and now lies withering by the wayside. Ah! who would not mourn over a fate like this? Ye young people who have been taught in the Scriptures, ye have need to remember the apostolic rule as to marrying—let it be "only in the Lord."

I am sorry for parents who have lost, in early life, the first children of their family, and whom the later born in their house only live to grieve, and wound, and crush. Often do they think of those they lost in infancy, and wish that they who survive were where they are, although they themselves should then be written childless. O the pang of a widowed mother's heart, who cannot control her grown-up, way-ward sons! She is wearied in the multitude of her counsels for their welfare, but she "reasons with unprofitable talk," as Job says, "with speeches wherewith she can" "do no good," for they will not listen to her counsels. She that bare them and nursed them, she that watched over them, and bereft herself of every enjoyment for their sake, is slighted, scorned, and set at nought. To them—who are everything to her—she is as nothing; and her husband, and the children who never vexed her, are sleeping in their quiet graves. Poor worn-out widow! my heart bleeds for thee—may God compassionate thy misery!

I am sorry for those who *know* not the joyful sound, though possibly they may hear it every day! Gentle, amiable, and kind; good, yet not godly; living on in a state of fancied security, yet not safe—not saved! Smooth is their path, and sweet their life, but, alas! what is to become of them when "the earth is" "darkened in the clear day," or when the just Judge cometh to deal with them in righteousness? They seem sometimes almost to be within a hair-breadth of being blessed, but are not—of entering into heaven, yet do not. I have seen a gay and gallant ship running swiftly into harbour

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before the wind, but just as she was rounding the point, she missed stays, struck upon the pier, and went to pieces, and soon she lay a shattered wreck upon the shore. Oh! I greatly fear there will be seen the wreck of many a stately vessel on the shores of the other world! Can any one think of such people, and not be sorry!—*Free Church Magazine.*

FEATURES OF ITALIAN POPERY.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARDS, ANDOVER.

I. ITS BAPTIZED PAGANISM.

ONE of the most striking forms under which Italian Popery appears is that of a baptized paganism. It is an extraordinary mixture of Roman polytheism and Christianity. The stranger at Rome can at times with difficulty recollect whether he is walking in the streets of Augustus' Rome or in those of Pius the Ninth. He turns a corner and passes out of Jesus Street and enters Minerva Street. He gazes upon Vespasian's amphitheatre, and then listens to a friar preaching in the centre of it. Looking at the inscriptions on the churches, he reads "*Santa Maria sopra Minerva, Santa Maria in Lucina, Santo Apolinaire, Santo Martino.*" The saints Cosmo and Damiano are worshipped where there was a temple of Romulus and Remus. A noble building, at this moment nearly perfect, dedicated to Antoninus and his wife Faustina, is now the church of St Lorenzo. One descends out of a church into the Mammertine prison, where Catiline's fellow-conspirators were confined. The ancient Romans had a great number of local gods, who presided over particular places or occupations. St Martin is now the protector of the millers. St Luke is the patron of sculptors, painters and architects. A likeness of the Madonna, painted by him, says the Roman almanac, exists in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. St Erasmus is the advocate against spasmodic sufferings, St Rocco against plagues, St Bonosa against the small-pox, and St Martha against epidemic diseases. People take their feeble children to the church of St Theodore, at the foot of the Palatine hill, where the Roman matrons formerly dedicated their children to Romulus. On a certain day, the cardinals were seen sweeping up the nave of St Peter's in their scarlet robes, in order to kiss the bronze statue of the apostle, which, it is said, was once dedicated to the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus. No Roman Catholic will pass it without going through the ceremony. Three of the toe-nails of the right foot are worn away. Cicero, describing a statue, says, that its mouth and chin were somewhat worn, because the people in their prayers and thanksgivings were accustomed not only to worship it, but to kiss it. On the left side of the church of St Mary, on the Capitoline hill, are exposed at Christmas two images of Augustus and the Cumaean Sibyl, respectively, in memory of the popular tradition, that the Sibyl predicted the birth of our Saviour, and that Augustus, therefore, erected an altar to her memory. Particular churches in Rome are filled with votive offerings, from penitent criminals, or from those who have escaped various dangers. The ancient mariner vowed to Castor and Pollux, or to Neptune; the shepherd dedicated his pipe to Pan; the poet vowed to Apollo, and the successful general to Jupiter Feretrius.

Nothing is more striking than a Roman Catholic funeral, especially when it occurs about midnight. The body, placed on a bier, is borne on men's shoulders with the face exposed. Two files of hooded monks, chant the offices for the dead in a low and melancholy tone, each bearing a gleaming torch. The exact counterpart of this might have been witnessed in Rome two thousand years ago. The pagan brought an animal or the fruits of the earth as an offering on the altar. He performed a lustration with water and incense. He supplicated Vesta and Janus with grain and wine. The Christian brings a composition which, to the senses, appears to be nothing but flour and water, but which, as he asserts, is the very body of the Lord Jesus.

Christmas is the Saturnalia of the Romans. New Year's Day, too, was a day of great account in ancient Rome, and it is equally so in modern Rome. The Carnival is a representation, in innumerable particulars, of the Saturnalia, and the Bacchanalian Lupercalia of the ancients.

In defence of this identification of the customs and usages of Pagan and Christian Rome, the Romanist maintains that the demon has been exorcised, the polytheistic rite has been sanctified, and that the vicegerent of the Almighty has laid his holy hands on the heathenish symbol, and converted it into an instrument to God's glory. Christianity has thus obtained a visible and tangible victory over the ancient faith, more impressive than if the objects of this idolatry had been all extirpated.

But this confident advocate forgets that a law of the human mind is stronger than a decree of the Pope—that none of his blessings or imprecations can annul or disturb the association of ideas. The imperial statue, the pagan rite, how many times soever the holy chrism has been poured upon them, will suggest the forbidden idolatry, may invite to a repetition of the unholy act.

This perpetuation of the old polytheism—this amalgamation of the rites of idolatry and of the Christian faith—constitutes one of the weakest points of the Romish system. It is a crude mixture, a heterogeneous conglomeration of particles which have no affinity. Pure Christianity indignantly spurns the compromise, disclaims all this attempted fusion of contrary elements, and will stand, if at all, on its independent simplicity.

II. ITS RELICS.

In some of its aspects, Popery is pre-eminently childish and unreasonable. If its most earnest efforts had been directed to dissociate the understanding and faith, to separate belief from common sense, it could hardly have succeeded more perfectly. The tax which it practically lays on the credulity of human nature is almost incredible. This childish superstition would not be extraordinary, if it were confined to the unreasoning and illiterate multitude, or if it were exclusively seen in retired villages, or secluded country churches. Our commiseration would in that case be excited for the dupes of these wretched delusions. But when the most renowned churches of the metropolis of the world are the selected scenes of this jugglery—when the Holy Father himself and his most enlightened servants give the sanction of their authority and presence, in the nineteenth century, to fables, to alleged miracles of the most ludicrous and lying character—the pity ends in astonishment, that a system with such elements could have survived a thousand years in a country that claims to be the great source of civilization, and the central seat of the Christian faith.

On one of the days in January, 1847, the church of of St Andrea delle Fratte, near the college of the Propaganda, was filled repeatedly; every individual of the throng, apparently, except a few foreigners, went up to the priest, successively, and kissed a bone, said once to have belonged to the patron saint of the church. Not a few of the *elite* of the city, as

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well as the poor peasantry, were there. Children of a few months old were brought in to touch the mysterious relic. Those who were particularly devout had the privilege of kissing the fragment twice or thrice.

On a tablet hanging to one of the columns of the tabernacle over the high altar in St John Lateran, is a list of the relics which are there preserved. Some of them are as follow: part of the arm of St Helen, mother of Constantine; part of the bones of Salome, mother of John; a finger of St Catharine of Siena; part of the brain of St Vincent of Paul; the head of Zacharias, father of John the Baptist; the cup in which John the apostle drank poison by command of Domitian; part of his garments, and of the chain with which he was bound when he came from Ephesus to Rome; part of the chin of John the Baptist; part of our Lord's cradle at Bethlehem, and of the napkin with which he wiped his hands after the supper; one of the thorns of the crown; part of the sponge, and of the blood and water which flowed from his side. In this church is also the veritable table around which our Lord and his disciples reclined when the supper was instituted.

In the church of the Holy Cross, a few rods east, is a parchment list suspended on the wall on the right of the apsis. Here it will be decorous to quote only some items. Among them is the finger of St Thomas, with which he touched the most holy side of our Lord, the same finger being preserved at four other churches; the altar of St Helen, so holy that only the pontiff and one cardinal can celebrate there; a great part of the holy veil and of the hair of the virgin; and one bottle of the most precious blood of our Lord.

In this church, also, are the stone on which the angel stood when he announced the incarnation; the stone where the Lord wrote the law on Mount Sinai; some of the manna of the desert; part of the rod of Aaron which budded; and relics of eleven of the Hebrew prophets.

Between these two churches, and near St John Lateran, is a building of singular form, partly resembling a church and partly a house, with an open portico in front. Within this portico are three flights of steps. The middle flight—the Santa Scala—is that by which Jesus entered the palace of Pilate. The steps are made of marble, and covered with wood to guard against their further destruction. How they were brought there is a matter of devout conjecture. Sometimes more than two hundred persons are seen at a time ascending upon their knees this middle flight. Protestants are permitted to walk up and down the other two, though these are thought to have imbibed a portion of sanctity. Under the Sacra Confessione in St Peter's church, encircled by a beautiful balustrade, composed of marbles, and decorated with more than one hundred superb lamps continually burning, the mortal remains of the great apostle of the Church repose. In the Diario Romano, for 1849, we read, "In the churches of Ara-Coeli, Francesco a Ripa, and others, is performed the function of the replacement of the Holy Infant, January 6." This image was said to be miraculously painted a flesh colour, and it is held in the highest veneration by the citizens of Rome.

The contradiction and absurdities into which this relic-worship leads would be astounding were they found in any other connection than that of the Roman Catholic Church. It may not be inapposite to quote a few of the details.

The body of St Andrew is worshipped at Constantinople, Amalfi, Toulouse, in Russia, at the convent of the apostles in Armenia, without reckoning a sixth head of the apostle which may be kissed at Rome. The body of St James is venerated at Compostella, Verona, Toulouse, Pistoie and Rome, without mentioning a sixth head which is carried in procession at Venice, and a seventh which is preserved in the abbey of Arras, in France. There are eight bodies of Luke, eighteen of Paul, and thirty of St Pancratius in as many different cities. Constantinople formerly claimed to have possession of St Peter's body, except the head, which was left at Rome. His relics are venerated in the abbey of Claude, in France, and in the convent of Cluny, at Arles. There is a finger in the monastery of the three churches in Armenia, a thumb at Toulouse, and three teeth at Marseilles. The chair in St Peter's church, in which that apostle exercised his office is said to have been examined by the profane French soldiers when they had possession of Rome, who copied the inscription, namely, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The chair was probably among the spoils of the Crusaders.

There is another account which seems to show that there have been at least two chairs exhibited, each as identically the chair which St Peter used. On the 18th of January, 1688, when the chair was cleaning, in order to be set up in some conspicuous place in the Vatican, there unluckily appeared carved upon it the twelve labours of Hercules. Giacomo Bartolini, who was present at the discovery, affirms that their worship was not misplaced, since it was paid, not to the wood, but to the prince of the apostles. Another distinguished author attempted to explain the labours of Hercules in a mystical sense, namely, as emblematical of the future exploits of the Popes. —*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

THE INFLUENCE OF A PIOUS MOTHER.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE REV. DR KIDD, OF ABERDEEN.

James Kidd was born of humble yet respectable parents, near Loughbrickland, in the county of Down, Ireland, on the 6th November 1761. Soon after his birth, he had the misfortune to lose his father, and his mother then removed to Broughshane, in the county of Antrim, where James received the first rudiments of his education. From the first leaf of the Shorter Catechism he was taught the Alphabet by his mother, and after spelling and reading each question in rotation, he committed the whole to memory. Thus was he grounded, in the early years of childhood, in the doctrines of that Church of which he became so distinguished a member. His memory, too, was cultivated by exercise at a period when that faculty is rarely called into action; and to this circumstance may be mainly attributed those wonderfully retentive powers which supplied at will to his capacious mind the rich stores of ancient and modern literature.

Having mastered his theological horn-book, his mother provided him with a copy of the New Testament, and carefully superintended his perusal of this sacred volume. Commencing with the Gospel of St John, the pious matron caused him daily to commit to memory the passage he had just read; but what he experienced most useful in after life from her instructions, was the particular manner in which she pointed out Jesus Christ, in every place where his name was mentioned, uniformly inquiring of her pupil, "Who Christ was? What he did? What he said?" showing how mysterious he was as God and man, and how graciously and powerfully he exhibited himself in all his parables and miracles.

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This was real instruction; and it laid a foundation on which her pupil raised an immortal superstructure.

Under such instructions his mind caught a flame of love for the New Testament. He reposed with it under his pillow at night. It was his last care when going to sleep, and his first when he awoke. His mind expanded in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and his memory became retentive of their truths. When about eight years of age, he went to the Presbyterian meeting-house of Broughshane (of which his mother was a member) on a communion Sabbath. Agreeably to the ancient usage of the Presbyterians, it was at that time customary for Presbyterian clergymen to be habited in blue when dispensing the Lord's supper. The appearance of the minister (the Rev. Charles Brown) in this singular dress, the snow-white covering of the sacramental table, the view of the holy elements, the solemnity of the subjects, and the devotion of the people, made an indelible impression on his young mind; and he frequently declared that on that day, and in that place, he formed the resolution of using every endeavour to become qualified for being a preacher of the gospel of Christ. To the attainment of his wishes, however, there were many obstacles—the most serious of which was pecuniary disability. Determined to make the attempt, he borrowed a copy of Wittenhall's Latin Grammar, and began repeating lessons to a young man, named James Ritchie, who was accounted the best Latin scholar then attending the school taught by Mr Linton, in the neighbourhood, and who became exceedingly attached to young Kidd, and assiduously laboured to promote his improvement. It was now that the embryo professor of languages set to work in earnest. The intensity of his application so absorbed every thought, that his mind was both night and day upon the stretch. He awoke frequently in the silence of night, and lighting what in the country is called a *split*, looked at any passage in which he found himself deficient, and having mastered the difficulty, consigned himself again to sleep. At the age of nine, he accustomed himself to rise by the first glimpse of dawn, and from that time till his last illness, he continued to inculcate and practise early rising. In this manner he pursued his Latin studies through the Grammar, Vocabulary, Corderius, and Justin, when death deprived him of his friend and benefactor, Ritchie. New difficulties now presented themselves; but so much had his industry and perseverance attracted general notice, that Mr Allan, a neighbouring farmer, placed him for six months at the school which Ritchie had attended. Here he made rapid progress in the study of Latin, while writing and arithmetic were not neglected; and when he left school, scarcely ten years of age, he was able, with the assistance of such class-books as he could procure on loan, to become his own instructor.

Britain having acknowledged the independence of her late colonies in America, Mr Kidd formed the resolution of emigrating into that country, in the hope of being able to push his fortune. He accordingly embarked for Philadelphia, with his mother, in April 1784. He carried with him no letters of introduction, and, consequently, on his arrival, he had no friends to welcome him. On the recommendation of Mr Little, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, he undertook the tuition of a family near New Jersey, and soon after became preceptor in a family in Maryland. After this he removed to Philadelphia, and took part with Mr Little in the labour of conducting his school. And soon afterwards, he was induced to open a classical academy—an undertaking which proved very successful. A vacancy for an usher having occurred in the College of Pennsylvania, Mr Kidd became a candidate, and was elected to the situation. While acting in this capacity, he was enrolled a student in the university, where he went through a regular academical course. During this time he was also employed as a corrector for the press, and in this situation he first saw the Hebrew alphabet. In a very short time he became perfectly master of the letters and points, and placed himself under the tuition of a Portuguese Jew, by whose instructions, and his own intense application, he became familiar with the Book of Genesis in the course of a few months.

At this period Mr Kidd's finances were reduced to a very low ebb, owing to the exorbitant charges of his Jewish teacher. With extreme parsimony, he had accumulated as many dollars as would purchase a suit of clothes, of which he stood very much in want; but he had likewise, for some time, cast his eyes wistfully upon a Hebrew Bible, in the shop of a Dutch bookseller, to obtain which was to him an object of extreme solicitude. He had repeatedly called on purpose to see the much wished-for treasure; and oftentimes in passing, he looked at it through the window. While going in quest of the new suit, he went near the book shop. The Bible caught his eye, and that glance was sufficient. The cash was in hand, and his heart greedy for the long-coveted object—the Dutchman was loud in his encomiums on the excellence of the type and the edition. It was enough; our young Hebraist threw down the money, destined for an another purpose, and carrying off his prize in triumph, began again, with humility and resignation, to accumulate, by private teaching and correcting the press, the sum requisite to replace his thread-bare garments by new ones. He now occasionally attended a Jewish synagogue, where he learned to read Hebrew fluently, and became intimately acquainted with the peculiarities of the language and the Jewish ceremonies. Oriental languages became his favourite study; and two designs occupied his thoughts, namely, travelling in the East, or studying divinity in Scotland. He was induced to abandon the former by his intimate friend, the celebrated Dr Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia. At length he embarked for Scotland, carrying with him letters of introduction to many of the most eminent literary characters in Edinburgh. By their advice, he, a second time, commenced a course of academical study, and was enrolled a student of divinity of the Established Church of Scotland. While attending the various duties at College, he opened classes under the immediate patronage of the celebrated Rabbi Robertson, as a teacher of Oriental languages; and his success in this undertaking was so eminent, that, when the professorship of Oriental languages in the Marischal College of Aberdeen became vacant by the death of Dr Donaldson, he was, on the recommendation of Drs Hill and Erskine, and other distinguished individuals, appointed to fill that chair. In 1793, Mr Kidd went to Aberdeen, and began the duties of his office, which he performed with honour to himself, and advantage to the numerous ministers of the gospel of Christ, who studied the original of the Sacred Scriptures under his care. By his instrumentality, the knowledge and study of Hebrew was revived in the north of Scotland, where this language had been comparatively dormant for a great many years.

Although he had studied divinity for two sessions in the University of Edinburgh, he was so anxious to perfect himself for the ministry, that he attended four successive courses at the theological halls of King's and Marischal Colleges; after which he was

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licensed as a preacher of the gospel by the Presbytery of Aberdeen.

Shortly afterwards, he was appointed evening lecturer in the Trinity Chapel, Aberdeen, where he continued to officiate for five years. On the 18th June 1807, he was ordained minister of the Chapel of Ease, Gilcomston, in the immediate neighbourhood of Aberdeen, where he dispensed the bread of life to one of the most numerous congregations in Scotland, until the period of his death, which took place on the 24th of December 1834, in the seventy-third year of his age.

In 1818, the College of New Jersey conferred on Professor Kidd the unsolicited degree of Doctor in Divinity, an honour to which his superior talents gave him an unquestionable claim.

Deeply impressed with the responsibility attached to his character as a minister of the everlasting gospel, Dr Kidd laboured in the discharge of his duty with an assiduity that has seldom been equalled. The dying and the afflicted, the widow and the orphan, were the objects of his daily care; and while he strenuously exerted himself for the relief of their temporal wants, he poured the consolations of religion into their wounded spirits, and taught them to lay their burdens upon Him who alone can administer comfort to the dying and balm to the afflicted, and who is the husband of the widow, and the orphan's stay.—*The Mothers of the Wise and Good.*

IN THE CHURCH—WITHOUT GOD.

MISERABLE is their condition who live in the world, nay, in the Church, without God. Such are in a worse state than Pagans and Jews; for, living in the house of God, they are strangers from him and the covenant of grace—usurping the name of Christians, but having indeed nothing to do with Christ.

Some of these, like spiritual vagabonds, as Cain, excommunicate themselves from God's presence in the use of the means, or rather like devils, that will have nothing to do with him, because they are loath to be tormented before their time; they think every good sermon an arraigning of them, and, therefore, keep out of reach.

Others will present themselves under the means, and carry some savour away with them of what they hear; but it is only till they meet with the next temptation, unto which they presently yield themselves slaves. These shroud themselves under a general profession, as they did who called themselves Jews, and were nothing less. But, alas! an empty title will bring an empty comfort at last. It was cold comfort to the rich man in flames, that Abraham called him son; or, to Judas, that Christ called him friend; or, to the rebellious Jews, that God styles them his people. Such as our profession is, such will our comfort be. True profession of religion is another thing than most men take it to be—it is made up of the outward duty and the inward man too, which is indeed the life and soul of all. What the heart doth not, in religion, is not done.

God cares for no servants that will only wear his livery, but serve themselves. "What hast thou to do to take his name into thy mouth, and hatest to be reformed?" Saul lived in the bosom of the Church, yet, being a cruel tyrant, when he was in a desperate case, his outward profession did him no good; and, therefore, when he was environed with his enemies, he uttered this doleful complaint, "God hath forsaken me, and the Philistines are upon me." A pitiful case; yet, so will it be with all those who rest in an outward profession, thinking it enough to compliment with God, when their hearts are not right within them. Such will at length be forced to cry, "Sickness is upon me, death is upon me, hell is before me, and God hath forsaken me. I would none of him heretofore; now he will have none of me."—*Sibbs.*

THE CLOUD; OR, LOOK BEYOND IT.

SOME little girls one day took shelter in an old man's cottage, being overtaken by a shower of rain, and asked him with much anxiety as to the weather.

"William," said Charlotte, "we were all going to the Bilberry hills, but there is such a dark cloud in the sky, that I fear it will be wet, and that will spoil all our pleasure."

"I hope not," said old William; "we are often afraid of evils which never come upon us; however, sit you down in my cottage, and you will see how it turns out."

"I don't know what to make of it now," said Jane; "for though the cloud is dark, the sky beyond it is blue and bright."

"If the sky be blue and bright beyond it, my little maids," said the old man, "never fear but all will yet be well. Many and many a dark cloud has hung over me in my lifetime, but all was sure to turn out well when there was brightness in the distance: do not look at the cloud, but fix your eye upon the bright sky beyond it."

There was something in the tone of old William's voice that animated the countenances of the little group around him, for they began to think that if the old man had observed this so often, it would most likely be the case now; and little Jane asked the old man if he had ever been disappointed of a day's pleasure on the Bilberry hills.

"I can't say that I ever was, my little miss," replied old William; "but in the days of my youth I had many disappointments. You know but little of the dark clouds of life, and I could wish that you might always be a stranger to them, if they were not of service to us. But the gloom and darkness often make us more earnest in our desire for the glory and brightness of the world to come."

"Tell us about some of your clouds, William," said Charlotte; "for I always feel disappointed when mine come over me, and I never think about looking beyond them."

"It is no easy thing to do so," replied the old man, "nor have I been able to look beyond mine till within the last few years. You must know that when the first cloud came upon me, I felt as cast down as you do now; ay, and a great deal more so. We lived in a pretty cottage, and I had constant work, and was doing very well. At this time I thought but little of another world, and was only anxious about the good things of this life.

"My wife was very industrious and careful, and, as I said before, we were doing very well. Yet, instead of lifting up my heart in thankfulness to the bountiful hand which supplied my wants, I seldom or never offered up a prayer, and I spent the Sabbath strolling about with my companions. It happened one night that our cottage took fire, and before the flames could be put out, all our worldly goods were destroyed: we were left without a shilling to provide for the morrow. The fire had not been brought

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about by our own neglect, and, therefore, I ought not to have been cast down; but, instead of rousing myself, and making the best of it, I thought only of my loss, and the hopelessness of recovering it. It was a dark cloud, and I was not able to look beyond it; but in the course of time I got work again, and became a little comfortable, and then I often thought about the uncertainty of sunshiny weather in this world.

"For a little while the sky was clear with me, and then another dark cloud gathered over my head. I lost my poor wife. While she was very ill, and did not know me, I sat by her bed-side, overcome with grief. To be left by myself in the world, to follow her, who was the best of wives, to the grave, and to sit all alone by my little fire, was what I looked forward to. The cloud was ready to burst over my head, and I could not look beyond it. I thought of her sufferings, without remembering that, when sanctified by divine grace, 'our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I dwelt on the gloom of the grave, without thinking of the world of bliss and brightness beyond it."

The old man spoke with much feeling; and as the girls looked earnestly at him, he wiped away a tear with his coat-sleeve; after which he went on more cheerfully. "And now, my little friends," he continued, "what have I to fear?—I who am eighty-nine. It is true, my sight is gone, and this is a dark cloud that will not pass away while I am here; but I know when it will pass away, and even now I can look steadily upon the brightness beyond it. That merciful Redeemer who, when he was on the earth, made the blind to see, and the lame to walk, he who offered up himself as a sacrifice for sinners, when he suffered the agony in the garden, and hung upon the cross, will lift up the light of his countenance on all who come unto him. Blessed be God, I know in whom I have believed. His Word, blind as I am, is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. He endured his sufferings, looking to the joy and recompense he should receive in bringing many souls to glory.

"It is because I have found so much consolation in looking beyond a dark cloud myself, that I wish you to do the same, not only to-day, but all the rest of your lives. Read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews; there you will find many mentioned, who looked beyond the clouds and sufferings of this life, to the sunshine of eternal glory."

It is a pleasant thing to see an aged man, on the brink of the grave, exulting in the heavenly prospect before him; but none are so happy-hearted on earth as those who have a well-grounded hope of heaven.

> As by the light of opening day
> The shades of night are driven,
> So bursts the darkest cloud away,
> Broken and scatter'd by the ray
> Of hope—the hope of heaven!

The little girls had been so much interested in listening to the old man, that even little Jane had only once turned round to peep at the door. It seemed as if the old man had guessed right; for, just as he left off speaking, a bright sun-ray streamed in through the half-opened door, lighting up the back of a chair, and making the edge of an old frying-pan sparkle like the sun itself.

"Look! look at the sun!" said Jane, running to the door; "yes, the cloud has passed away, and it is very fine again."—*Tract Magazine.*

ENDURING RICHES.

THERE is a time shortly coming when, if we had all the riches of India, they would do us no good. We must die, and can carry nothing with us: so saith the apostle, "It is certain we can carry nothing out of the world" (1 Tim. vi. 7); therefore it follows, "having food and raiment, let us be therewith content" (ver. 8). Open the rich man's grave, and see what is there: you may find the miser's bones, but not his riches. Were we to live for ever here, or could we carry our riches into another world, then indeed we might be discontented when we look upon our empty bags; but it is not so. God may presently seal a warrant for death to apprehend us; and when we die, we cannot carry our estate with us. Honour and riches descend not into the grave. Why, then, are we troubled at our outward condition? why do we disguise ourselves with discontent? Oh! lay up a stock of grace, be rich in faith and good works: these riches will follow us. (Rev. xiv. 13.) No other coin but grace will pass current in heaven. Silver and gold will not go there. Labour to be rich towards God (Luke xii. 21); and as for other things, be not solicitous—we shall carry nothing with us.—*Watson.*

A BROKEN HEART.

> "A broken heart, my God, my King,
> Is all the sacrifice I bring:
> The God of grace will ne'er despise
> A broken heart for sacrifice."

WHAT is a broken heart? It is a heart of deep contrition and self-abasement. It is such a heart as Job had, when he said, "Behold, I am vile;" and again, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

It is such a heart as David had, when he said, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee only have I sinned, and done evil in thy sight."

It is such a heart as Ezra had, when he said, "I am ashamed, and blush to lift my face to thee, my God; for our iniquities have increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens."

It is such a heart as Isaiah had, when he said, "Woe is me! for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

It is such a heart as the publican had, when he "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner."

It is such a heart as the prodigal had, when he said, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

It is such a heart as Mary had, when she fell at

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the Saviour's feet and washed them with tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head.

It is such a heart as Paul had, when he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The person who has a broken heart feels that he has sinned against the best of beings, broken the best of laws, and violated infinite obligations. He feels that if he is cast off for ever, it will be perfectly just, and that if he is saved, it must be by grace, through the merits of Christ, and he casts himself at the foot of the cross, and pleads for mercy, and mercy only.

THE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

THE true secret of doing great things for God is, to have great faith.

Brethren, I suspect that we are all apt to err a little on this point. We think too much, and talk too much, about graces, and gifts, and attainments, and do not sufficiently remember that faith is the root and mother of them all. In walking with God, a man will go just as far as he believes, and no farther. His life will always be proportioned to his faith. His peace, his patience, his courage, his zeal, his works—all will be according to his faith.

You read the lives of eminent Christians perhaps: such men as Romaine, or Newton, or Payson, or Scott, or Simeon, or M'Cheyne; and you are disposed to say, "What wonderful gifts and graces these men had!" I answer, You should rather give honour to the mother-grace, which God puts forward—you should give honour to their faith. Depend on it, faith was the mainspring in the character of each and all.

I can fancy some one saying, "They were so prayerful—that made them what they were." I answer, Why did they pray much? Simply because they had much faith. What is prayer but faith speaking to God?

Another perhaps will say, "They were so diligent and laborious—that accounts for their success." I answer, Why were they so diligent? Simply because they had faith. What is Christian diligence but faith at work?

Another will tell me, "They were so bold—that rendered them so useful." I answer, Why were they so bold? Simply because they had much faith. What is Christian boldness but faith honestly doing its duty?

And another will cry, "It was their holiness and spirituality—these gave them their weight." For the last time I answer, What made them holy? Nothing but a living, realizing spirit of faith. What is holiness but faith visible and faith incarnate?

Now, dear brethren, would you grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ? Would you bring forth much fruit? Would you be eminently useful? Would you be bright, and shine as lights in your day? Would you, like Moses, make it clear as noon-day that you have chosen God before the world? I dare be sure that every believer will reply, "Yes! yes! yes!—these are the things we long for and desire."

Then take the advice I give you this day: go and cry to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the disciples did, "Lord, increase our faith." Faith is the root of a real Christian's character. Let your root be right, and your fruit will soon abound. Your spiritual prosperity will always be according to your faith. He that believeth shall not only be saved, but shall never thirst—shall overcome—shall be established—shall walk firmly on the waters of this world—and shall do great works.—"*Faith's Choice*," *by the Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

[The following story has lately appeared in several of the Trans-Atlantic papers, and its truth in every particular, is vouched for.]

SOME thirty years since, a lad of one of our eastern states, about ten years of age, was sent by his employer to carry a basket, heavily laden with wares, to a purchaser. Whilst staggering under its weight up a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman proffered his assistance, and beguiled the tediousness of the way by pleasant anecdote, pious advice, and kind words. They parted—fifteen years passed away—the senior of these two, now nearly fifty years of age, sat in his study with melancholy countenance and heavy heart. His door opened, and his young and fascinating daughter, just blooming into womanhood, entered to announce that a gentleman, an old gentleman, desired to see her father. "Show him in, my darling daughter," said the father, "and do you, my child, leave us to ourselves." She obeyed. The old gentleman entered—"Well sir," was his salutation—"have you considered my proposition." I have, and have determined, happen what may, I will not force or sway, by any act of mine, the will of my child. She shall be left to her own free choice." "Then, sir, to-morrow by three o'clock, your property must go into the hands of the Sheriff, unless you find some friend to pay the twenty thousand dollars." This he said with a sneer, and coldly bowing, he left the house. The poor father's heart was racked. I am a beggar—my daughter is homeless—I have no friend to offer assistance in this hour of my severest trial.

In the midst of these bitter reflections, again his daughter entered, introducing a gentleman of some twenty-eight years of age—a stranger. "Am I in the presence of Mr G.?" was his opening remark—which being affirmatively answered, he continued by saying, that he was a successful merchant of New York, had heard of the misfortunes of Mr G., and had come on purpose to ask the amount of his liabilities, that he might lend him the necessary funds to relieve his wants. Nor was he shocked at the mention of the large amount of twenty thousand dollars. He handed him his cheque, which was duly honoured; the father was once more a happy man; his daughter was not houseless; he had found some friend to pay, despite the sneer of his hard-hearted creditor. "But, pray, sir," said the agitated father, "to what am I indebted for this unusual, this munificent kindness, from an entire stranger?" "Perhaps you have forgotten," was the reply, "that, some eighteen years since, you aided a friendless boy of ten years of age to carry his loaded basket up the hill, that you gave him good advice, and kindly words. I am that boy. I followed your advice. I have lived honestly; God has prospered me; I have gained wealth; and now, after many years, have come to return to you, kind sir, the bread which then you cast

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so freely upon the waters." Shortly afterward the two were united in the bonds of a near relationship.

THE MINISTER'S TRUE BUSINESS.

It is not the business of a minister of Christ to seek reputation as a man of science and literature, but to preach "Christ crucified." He is at liberty to draw from science and literature whatever helps—real, not imaginary—he can, for the prosecution of his great work. But he must ever make them handmaids to the pure and unadulterated doctrines of the cross, not panders to his own pride and vanity; else he will fall into the snare of the devil.

It is not the business of a minister of Christ to shape his preaching so as to gain the name of being learned, talented, refined, brilliant, eloquent (although the more he has of true talents, attainments, and eloquence, the better), but to commend the simple truth of God to every man's conscience, be he high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant. If he preaches so as to exhibit himself instead of his Master, he will certainly fall into the snare of the devil, nay, he is already taken in it.

It is not the business of a minister of Christ to look out for himself the largest and most respectable parish, where he can quietly enter into "another man's line of things made already to" his "hand," but to enter that door of usefulness which the providence of God sets open before him, though there may be many trials and difficulties connected with it. Better is he who, by the help of God's grace, raises up a small parish and himself with it, than he who sinks down together with a large parish. Nevertheless a minister of Christ may lawfully go to any station to which God's providence plainly calls him; but he should remember that many more have been destroyed by the temptations of high places, than by the trials and difficulties of low places.

It is not the business of a minister of Christ to go where he can receive the most pay, but where he can do the most good. He is appointed to feed the flock of God, "taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." There is a woe denounced against shepherds that feed themselves, but not the flock. Yet for this very reason, that it is the business of the shepherd to feed the flock, the flock whom he feeds are bound to give him such a competent maintenance as shall relieve him from the necessity of wasting his time and strength in secular employments.

RECOMMENDATION.

Nicholas Biddle, the late President of the Bank of the United States, once dismissed a clerk, because the latter refused to write for him on the Sabbath. The young man, dependent on his exertions, was thus thrown out of employment by what some would call an over-nice scruple of conscience. But a few days after, Mr Biddle being requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, recommended this very individual, and mentioned this incident as a proof of his trust-worthiness. "*You can trust him*," said he, *for he wouldn't work for me on Sunday.*"

FAITH IN DARKNESS.

Believing in darkness, on God's bare word, where nothing like fulfilment of the promise is to be seen, is certainly a great and glorious thing, by which God is honoured; and O that such a faith were more frequently found among us! Alas! even where true faith really exists, it is but too generally in a state of conflict, and seldom triumphant and perfected. You find yourself, for instance, in a critical situation; the cares of this life, and domestic afflictions, press you down; you can see no outlet: every human prospect of help is vanished. You now get an insight into the promises of God: "I will never forsake thee. Fear thou not: I am with thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands!" You know that it is he who thus addresses you, and that his word is truth. You take the word as a staff in your hand; you hope the best where, to all outward appearance, there is nothing to hope; you believe in the dark. This is believing the word of God. But have we, generally such a faith as this?—*F. W. Krummacher.*

BE JUST.

While Athens was governed by the thirty tyrants, Socrates was summoned to the Senate-house, and ordered to go with some other persons, whom they named, to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates positively refused. "I will not willingly," said he "assist in an unjust act." Chericles sharply replied, "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk in this high tone, and not to suffer." "Far from it," he replied, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly."—A noble sentiment for those whose minds were only enlightened by philosophy and natural religion.

PROTECTED BY PROVIDENCE.

Towards the close of last century, a poor Methodist met with a signal deliverance. He was accused of a capital crime, which being sworn to by two witnesses, he was condemned to execution. After this, one of the judges experienced and betrayed unusual uneasiness, which was perceived by his wife at dinner. She asked him what troubled him. He endeavoured to pass it off, as they had company at the table. In a little, his wife put the same question to him again. He then told her that his mind was troubled, yet he could not account for it, but that they had ordered a man for execution in the afternoon, which gave him much uneasiness. Upon which he was asked what evidence they had against him. He answered that two witnesses had sworn that they saw him commit it at such an hour of the night by moonlight. His wife then answered that she apprehended he was not troubled without cause, and if she was not mistaken, there was no moonlight that night. They immediately had recourse to the almanac, and found that there was no moonlight that night. They then hastened to call the bench of judges together, and the witnesses that condemned the innocent man. The judges being satisfied, discharged the poor man, and ordered his accusers for execution in his stead.

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WHAT HINDERS EARNEST PIETY?

BY THE REV. J. A. JAMES, BIRMINGHAM.*

THERE are few things which tend more effectually to repress the spirit of earnest piety, and to keep it down at a low point, than those fallacies about its nature, and that perversion of acknowledged principles and facts in connection with it, in which so many professors indulge. We will mention some of these.

Is it not clear that many persons satisfy themselves with admitting the necessity of earnestness, without ever once endeavouring to obtain it, and thus put their conviction and admission of the necessity of the thing in the place of seeking after the thing itself? We talk to a cold and lukewarm individual, and represent to him the inconsistency of such a heartless religion as his, and the indispensable necessity of more devotedness. It is all, and at once, admitted; and he stops the conversation, gets rid of the subject, and evades impression and conviction by this ready assent. And thus, by such a facile, assenting, unresisting admission, the power of the awful truth that he is in a dangerous state seems to be destroyed. It were better, far better, that these lukewarm professors should deny the necessity of more intensity of thinking, feeling, and acting, that they may be reasoned and expostulated with, and made to think by force of argument, and to feel by the power of representation. But in this easy admission, without opposition, question, or doubt, the strongest representation only goes in to be cushioned, and fall asleep.

And then the applicability of the subject to so many, if not to all, is another cause of individual evasion. "It concerns *me*," is the inward thought, "not more than all these myriads of professors." Its absolute importance as applicable to any *one*, seems dissipated in the idea of how *many* it is applicable to. There is some unthinking feeling, as if the authority and importance of the one great admonition to earnestness were divided into innumerable diminutive shares, with but inconsiderable force in each. How kindly, and humbly, each is willing not to account his soul more important than that of any of his fellow-mortals! Yet not so benevolent either, in another view of the matter; for, in a certain indistinct way, he is laying the blame on the rest of mankind; if he is indifferent about his own highest interest, "they are under the same great obligation; in their manner of practically acknowledging it, they are my pattern; they keep me down to their level. If their shares of the great concern were more worthily attended to, perhaps mine would be also. One has fancied sometimes what might have been the effect, in the selected instances, if the case had been that the Sovereign Creator had appointed but a few men, here and there one, to an immortal existence, or at least *declared* it only with respect to them. One cannot help imagining them to feel every hour the impression of their sublime and awful predicament! But why—why is it less felt a sublime and awful one, because the rest of our race are in it too? Does not each, as a perfectly distinct *one*, stand in the whole magnitude of the concern, and in the responsibility and the danger, as absolutely as if there were no other one? How is it less to him than if he stood alone? Their losing the happy interest of eternity will not be that he shall not have lost it for himself. If he shall have lost it, he will feel that they have not lost it for him. He should, therefore, now feel that upon him is concentrated, even individually upon him, the entire importance of this chief concern."

Foster, in his lecture on "Earnestness in Religion," from which this extract is taken, enumerates other fallacies by which men impose upon themselves in excuse for lukewarmness in religion, such as taking a personal advantage of the obscurity of the objects of our faith, and of the incompetence of our faculties to apprehend them—the recognition of the obligations of religion upon our life, as a whole, without making them bear upon all the particular parts of it as they pass—and a soothing self-assurance, founded, the man can hardly say on what, that some how or other, and at some time or other—he shall be better; a kind of *superstitious* hope, excited by some particular circumstance, that he shall yet be improved, although at the time he makes no effort, and forms no intention to amend.

* From the revered author's most recent, and perhaps most important work, entitled, "The Church in Earnest."

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There is no cause more fatal in depressing true piety among its professors than the notion that religion is to be regarded rather as a fixed state than a progress—a point to be reached rather than a course to be continually pursued. It is both; but it is only one of these notions that is taken up by many persons. Justification does introduce us to a *state* of favour with God, regeneration into a *state* of holy life, and membership into a *state* of communion with the Church; but, in addition to this, there is the progress of sanctification—the going on unto perfection. It is to me extremely probable, that many of the ministers of the evangelical school, have almost unconsciously, or inconsiderately, given countenance to this mistaken, because partial view, by dwelling too exclusively on the mere transition from a state of death to a state of life. They have shown that in the act of receiving the gospel, a man is at once changed both in his moral relation and moral condition. From that time he becomes another man, his *state* is altered—he passes from death unto life. But then this state is to manifest itself by a progressive development of the new principle. He is not only to be born, but he is to grow. It is fallacious to infer the growth, when we cannot infallibly determine the birth: it is much safer to infer the birth from the growth. The New Testament everywhere represents the Christian life by things denoting growth and progress: "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." There is first the babe, then the young man, then the father in Christ. There is first the springing of the corn, then the blade, then the full ear. We are to abound more and more in knowledge, faith, and all holiness. The Scriptures never fail to keep before us the idea of advancement.

But this is almost entirely overlooked by many professing Christians: their idea is to get into a state of justification and regeneration, and having attained that, they are content. They repose in it. They have, as they imagine, escaped the tempest, and reached the shore in safety, and there they stand, exulting at best in their deliverance, without attempting to penetrate and possess the country they have reached. Their feeling is, "I am converted, and am in the Church;" and there they stop. From the time they are received into fellowship, their solicitude begins to abate: from that point they sink down into the repose of those who are at ease in Zion—they have received their certificate of personal religion, and are satisfied. There is no great anxiety to grow in grace, to be ever advancing in the divine life, and to be ever making fresh attainments in holiness. If you see them ten or twenty years after their profession was first made, you find them where you left them, or even gone back from first love; their religion has had some kind of motion, but it has been stationary or circular, not locomotive; it has gone upon hinges, not upon wheels, or, if upon the latter, they have moved in a circle, not on a line. Yet, what invaluable means of culture they have had, what auspicious Sabbaths they have spent, what sermons they have heard, what books they have read! Still their tempers are as unsubdued, their corruptions as unmortified, and their graces as stunted, as they were at first. No pupils make so little proficiency as those who are educated in the school of Christ; in no case is so much instruction, so much discipline, bestowed in vain; nowhere is improvement so little perceptible as here. How is this? Just because these persons are labouring under the fatal mistake of their having come into a *state*—reached a standing point, not a starting point—gained an advantage, which render solicitude and progress unnecessary. They do not actually admit this in words, nor even in thought, but, unconsciously to themselves, this is the secret of their minds.

Akin to this, is the sad abuse which is made of the humiliating fact that there is no perfection upon earth, as if this should reconcile us to all kinds and to all degrees of imperfection. It is astonishing, and somewhat painful, to observe with what indifference, and almost satisfaction, this reflection upon our fallen humanity is made by some persons, as if they were glad to find in this admission a cover and an excuse for all their faults. Under the pretext that there is no perfection, they do things at which a tender-hearted Christian, a professor with a delicate sensibility of conscience, would be shocked. They forget that the command of God is to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord"—"to go on unto perfection"—to "be perfect"—and that he who does not desire to be perfect, does not seek to be so, and does not lament his imperfections, and labour to remove as many of them as possible, discovers a heart not yet brought into subjection to the authority of Christ. The true earnestness of piety is an intense desire and labour after a perfect conformity to the revealed will of God. The individual who has this mind in him can tolerate

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no imperfections, but sincerely wishes to discover all his faults; he searches his heart, and implores God to search it, in order that he may find them out, and put them away. He knows that the bliss of heaven arises in great part from the perfection of holiness, and he wishes to approach as near to heaven upon earth as he can, by coming as near as possible to perfect holiness.

What a different aspect would the Church of God present to the world, and in what power and glory would its professors of religion appear, if it consisted of a multitude of men and women all striving and struggling after a perfect conformity to that law which makes it our duty to love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves—all anxious to come as near to a resemblance of God, and to have as much of the mind of Christ, as could be attained by any one out of heaven—all hunting after their short-comings and offences, and glad of any help to discover them, in order that they might be put away—all stimulating and helping each other on in the career of moral improvement—all watching and praying for the aid of the Divine Spirit to help their infirmities—what a scene, I say, would then be exhibited to an astonished world, on which the angels of God would delight to gaze! What less than this is the law of Christ's Church? In what less interesting and important aspect than this ought the Church of Christ to be seen?

It is not improbable that a dread of singularity, a fear of breaking through the barrier of conventionality, a dislike of being thought to be setting up as a reformer, have kept many back from seeking a higher degree of piety than has been exhibited around them. They have been conscious of prevailing defects, and of their own also, and, under the stern rebuke of an enlightened conscience, have determined to advance to a more marked separation from the world, and a higher tone of spiritual feeling. From this resolution, however, they have been immediately and effectually deterred, by an apprehension of the remarks, perhaps the sneers, they would bring upon themselves from the lukewarm and the worldly, who would taunt them for setting up as reformers of their brethren, and as affecting the odour of superior sanctity. This apprehension is strengthened in many persons by too low an estimate of their own influence. "What can *I* do?" they say—"I who am so obscure and uninfluential—to stay the torrent of worldly-mindedness which is flowing through the Church? My example can do nothing for the good of others, and can only bring opposition, reproach, and reproof upon myself. I see the miserably low condition of professors around me, and I feel and lament my own: happy should I be to see a healthier state of religion in our Church, and gladly would I follow in the wake of those who would attempt to improve it, but *I* cannot attempt this myself. I should only be laughed at, as a person affecting what I did not possess, inflated by vanity, or cherishing the pride of singularity." Let such persons remember that, whatever may be thought of their conduct by others, whatever influence it may have upon them, or whatever opposition it may provoke, they are not to take these matters into account: convinced of their short-comings, they are intensely and laboriously to seek to have them made up. Whether others will applaud or censure, follow or resist, approve or condemn, they are to go on. No dread of ridicule or reproach should deter them from growing in grace. They must dare to be singular—venture to go alone—determine, whether men will bear or forbear, to go forward. The Church can never be improved if this spirit of timidity prevails. There could have been neither martyr nor reformer upon these craven principles. I tell the man who will be in advance of his generation, he will be the object of their envy, their suspicion, and their ill-will; and there will be no exemption from such treatment for the professing Christian who aims at a higher standard of piety than he sees in the Church of which he is a member.

The people of the world will be less envious, jealous, and spiteful towards a neighbour who excels them in honesty and integrity, than inconsistent and worldly-minded professors will be towards a fellow-member who has more piety than they have: just because their conscience, having a little more light, reflected from the example and expostulation of their more consistent neighbour, is thus rendered more sensitive, and is more easily wounded. Such persons are more censorious of superior holiness, and more tolerant of great imperfections, than any others; and he who would, by avoiding their sins, rebuke them, though it be in love, is sure to be the object of their dislike. But we must not be thus stopped in our endeavours after higher attainments in piety. We must follow out our convictions, endeavouring to live up to the standard set before us in God's Word, and not suffer ourselves to be deterred from our duty by the opinion of our fellow-creatures or fellow-professors. Our con-

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demnation will be the greater, if, after our attention has been drawn to the subject, and our conscience awakened, we allow ourselves to be turned aside by the fear of either the frowns or the sneers of others. God will help us if we are willing to be helped, and raise us above all that fear of man which bringeth a snare. No one who is really in earnest to grow in grace, and to attain to more eminent piety, will be left to struggle on, unassisted in his endeavours. Divine grace will be made sufficient for him, and he shall be successful in his efforts.

At the same time, he must remember that his humility, meekness, and gentleness, must be no less apparent than his other excellences. It must be earnestness itself, and not the appearance of it merely, that he seeks and manifests; and it must be for its own sake, and not for the sake of gaining the character of it. There must be nothing even remotely approaching to the contemptuous disposition which says, "Stand by, I am holier than thou"—no affected airs of superior piety—no offensive obtrusion of our example—no supercilious rebukes—no bitter censoriousness—no angry reproaches; but a piety which, like the sun, shall be seen rather than heard, and shall diffuse its influence in a noiseless manner, and almost without drawing attention to its source. Such a profession *must* do good, however humble the station in life of him who makes it; and if all who are convinced by these pages of their own deficiencies, as well as of those of the Church at large, shall attempt to make up the latter by beginning with the former, this volume will not have been written in vain.

STORY OF COLUMBA AND HIS SUCCESSORS. *

COLUMBA was born in Ireland, in the year of our Lord 521, and was descended from one of its kings. His parents, perceiving his love of learning and religion, resolved to devote him to the Lord. They placed him under the care of Cruechan, a pious presbyter in those parts, who soon discovered in the child symptoms of that singular goodness and grace by which he was so eminently distinguished as a man. Columba afterwards studied under Finnian, Kiarnon, and others, who were so charmed with the endowments and dispositions of their youthful charge, that they treated him rather as a friend and equal than as a scholar. While pursuing his studies in his college, he was not so much engrossed with his books but that he found leisure for numerous acts of piety and charity, so that his name was revered by all the surrounding country. In the twenty-eighth year of his age, he founded a seat of learning, which, from the great number of oaks that grew around it, was called "The Field of Oaks." Among other gifts he presented it with a copy of the "Four Gospels," transcribed with his own hand. In the forty-second year of his age, he undertook the great work on which he had meditated for many years. This was the evangelizing of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. In the year 563, with twelve companions, Columba set sail from Ireland in a currach, or wicker boat, and directed his course to Iona, where, landing in safety, he proceeded to carry into effect his long-cherished design. Iona, which, according to some, signifies "The Isle of Waves," according to others, "The Blessed or Holy Isle," is said to have been a favourite seat of the Druids, and to have borne the name of Inis-Druinish, or Druids' Isle, and a green eminence on the east coast is still pointed out as their place of burial. Some have supposed that it was on this account Columba made choice of Iona, that on the spot where Druidism had celebrated its bloody rites, Christianity might erect her temples of light, and dispense to the surrounding isles her gifts of mercy; but the true reason which guided him in the selection of Iona was, without doubt, the greater facilities it afforded for carrying on the work to which his life was henceforth to be devoted. The dangers to which, in the prosecution of this great work, for a long series of years, he was exposed, the hardships he endured from hunger and from cold, from wild and savage beasts, and scarcely less wild and savage men, time would fail us to recount. Suffice it to say, he endured and surmounted them all, and the work of his life was crowned with success. Through him the Highlands and Islands became subject to Christ. Churches were erected, and the ordinances of grace were dispensed to those who dwelt in these "uttermost parts of the earth." The closing years of his life were spent by Columba in private studies and devotions, and in superintending his theological college at Iona. To this renowned seat of learning students flocked from all lands, so that it became the chief seminary of learning and piety at that time in Europe. The public labours of Columba were not more admirable than were his private virtues. He was never known to speak an idle word, or to make the slightest deviation from the truth, even in compliment or in jest. A frequent and favourite guest in kings' palaces, he was yet a stranger to flattery, and incapable of the mean acts of adulation. Aodh, king of Ireland, asked him on one occasion, "whether he thought that he should be saved?" "No," replied Columba, "except you repent."

A soldier one day asked him to bless his

* From a volume of graphic sketches lately published under the title of "Scenes and Stories from the History of the Church of Scotland."

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sword. "God grant, then," said Columba, "it may never shed a drop of blood." Much of his time was spent in travelling from one court to another, to heal divisions and to prevent wars. Instead of deciding these quarrels by stroke of sword, as rival clans and hostile nations were accustomed to do, it became the almost invariable practice to refer them to the arbitration of Columba. He was equally successful in preserving the peace of the Churches. At a hill, from its being a favourite retreat of his for devotion, called "The Hill of Psalms," one of the petitions he was accustomed to offer with peculiar earnestness was "that there might be peace in his days," and his dying injunction to his disciples was, "that they should be at peace among themselves." Numerous anecdotes are told of his hospitality, his courage, his meekness, his humility, and how, "as a prince, he had power with God in prayer, and prevailed." It is said of Aidan, king of the Scots, that, before engaging in battle, he sent to ask the prayers of Columba in his behalf. Columba did nothing without prayer. When his friends were at sea, he continued to pray for them till they returned. When about to undertake a voyage himself, he requested his friends to remember him in their prayers, in which he trusted more than in the worthiness of the vessel or the skill of the sailors.

On one occasion, when passing the Gulf of Corryvrechtan, the roar of which, like the sound of multitudes of chariots, is heard among all the surrounding isles, he was overtaken by a storm. The crew looked upon themselves as lost; but Columba told them not to fear, for he was sure that his friend Kenneth would not forget them in his prayers. Kenneth had, indeed, not forgotten them. Knowing that Columba was at sea, and seeing the storm gathering, Kenneth rose from the table at which he had just sat down to meat, saying, "It is not time to eat when Columba is in danger." He then flew to the church, and in such haste, that though he had on but one of his slippers, he would not wait to put his foot in the other. Soon after the tempest ceased, which made Columba afterwards to say, "that they were much obliged to Kenneth for not waiting for his shoes."

Though a lover of peace, he was remarkable for his boldness and courage. In the discharge of his duty, he rebuked kings, and feared not the face of man. When all other means had proved unavailing, he laid the sons of a powerful noble called Connel under the sentence of excommunication. "Thrice," says the biographer of Columba, "had John, one of the sons of this Connel, robbed the house of a good man, one of Columba's intimate friends. On the third time it so happened that Columba met John as he was carrying off his booty, and earnestly besought him to leave it. He followed him to his boat, which lay at Camus in Ardnamurchan, and even waded after him into the sea with fruitless petitions. The robber and his followers laughed him to scorn. Columba, seeing this, and lifting up his hands to heaven, prayed to God with a loud voice that he would glorify himself by avenging the wrong done to his people. Leaving the shore, he sat down on an eminence, and thus addressed the friends who were with him: "God will not always bear to have those who love and serve him thus treated. That dark cloud already forming in the north is fraught with this poor man's destruction." The cloud spread, the storm rose, and between Mull and Colonsay overtook the boat which contained the marauder and his followers. Deeply laden with plunder, it sank, and all on board perished.

Columba died on the Sabbath. That day his faithful servant, Dermid, said to him, with tears in his eyes, "Sir, during this year you have often made us all sad by the mention of your death." "Yes, Dermid," said his master, "but I will be more explicit with you, on consideration that you promise not to reveal to any one what I am about to tell you, till I am dead. This day is called the Sabbath, that is, *rest*, and will be indeed a Sabbath unto me. To me this is the last day of this toilsome life, the day on which I am to rest from all my labour and trouble. On this sacred night of the Lord, at the hour of midnight, I go the way of my fathers. So the Lord hath been pleased to show unto me, and all my desire is to be with Him." When Dermid heard this, he wept bitterly; but Columba told him not to weep, and spoke to him words of comfort. Part of that afternoon was spent by Columba in transcribing the Psalms of David. Having come to that passage in the 34th Psalm, where it is said, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," he said, "I have come to the end of a page, and I will stop here, for the following verse, 'Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord,' will better suit my successor to transcribe than me. I will leave it, therefore, to Baithen." As usual, the bell was rung at midnight for prayers. Columba was the first to hasten to church. On entering it soon after, Dermid found him on his knees in prayer, but evidently dying. Raising him up in his arms, he supported his head on his bosom. The brethren now entered. When they saw Columba in this dying condition they wept aloud. Columba heard them. He opened his eyes and attempted to speak, but his voice failed. He lifted up his hands as if to bless them, immediately after which he breathed out his spirit. His countenance retained in death the expression it wore in life, so that it seemed as if he had only fallen asleep.

Thus died Columba, on the 9th day of June 597, being in the 77th year of his age, full of good works and full of days—"a man," says his biographer, "to whom the Church of Christ

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owes more than to any other man since the days of the Apostles; to whom Scotland and England, yea, and foreign parts of the world also, owe a debt which they can never repay." Columba was buried in his dearly beloved isle of Iona, which, through his wonderful labours, learning, and piety, became, in the well-known words of Dr Johnson, "the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion."

The reputation which Iona had acquired as a seat of learning, from the remarkable character of its founder, it continued to maintain long after his death, through the holy lives and apostolic labours of his scholars and successors. Besides training up young men for the ministry at home, they sent numbers of their own order as missionaries abroad. "From this nest of Columba," says an old writer, in allusion to his name, which signifies a dove, "these sacred doves took their flight to all regions." Some of them passed over into France, others to Germany, and others to Italy, and this they did in such numbers that they were likened to hives of bees, and to a spreading flood. Among the nations who became their debtors for instruction in the Christian religion were their neighbours of the English nation. Is it asked how this became necessary? This it did, in the following way: In 455, the Britons, being sorely pressed by the Picts, called to their assistance the Saxons, or *Short-sword men*, a tribe of the German nation. In such numbers did this ferocious and idolatrous tribe land on the shores of Britain, the natives were filled with alarm, and soon discovered, but when it was too late, that they were more likely to become their destroyers than their deliverers. Their worst fears were soon realized. Having defeated the Picts, the Saxons turned their arms against the Britons. "After overthrowing our enemies," says an ancient British bard, "they joined with us in the rejoicings of victory, and we emulated one another in giving them welcome. But woe to the day when we loved them! woe to Guortegen and his cowardly advisers!" Calling fresh bands of their countrymen to their aid, the Saxons advanced into the interior of Britain. Frequently they were repelled, and once even they were driven into the sea; but they as often rallied, till, at last, driving the Britons before them, they overspread the whole country, which they wasted with fire and sword. Shortly afterwards, the Saxons were joined by another German tribe, called Angles. The Angles were idolaters like the Saxons, and were, if possible, more fierce and cruel. Headed by their king, surnamed the *Fire-brand*, they overcame the Britons in a great pitched battle, after which they made themselves masters of the entire country. Some submitted to the yoke of the conquerors, but the great body of the Britons fled to the mountains of Cambria, or Wales, where, in their descendants, the Welsh, they still exist, preserving their customs and language to present times. Thus did Britain pass into the hands of the Saxons and Angles, from the latter of whom it received its name of England, or Anglo-land, and thus once more it was darkened and defiled with pagan idolatry.

The conversion of their Saxon neighbours was long an object which lay near to the hearts of the Culdees of Iona. An opportunity for attempting it, long sought, at last occurred. Oswald, one of the Anglo-Saxon kings, having been driven from his kingdom, took refuge in Scotland, where he made profession of Christ, and was baptized. On being restored to his kingdom, he was anxious that his people should also receive the faith of Christ, and be baptized. For this purpose he sent to the elders of Iona, requesting them to send one of their number into his kingdom. With this request they cheerfully complied, and made choice of Colmar, whom they appointed to this work by the laying on of their hands. He was soon afterwards followed by Aidan, whose labours among the Anglo-Saxons it pleased God to crown with rapid and great success. So much was the heart of this good king Oswald set on the conversion of his subjects, he did not think it beneath his dignity to act between Aidan and them the part of an interpreter. Numbers of Scottish preachers followed Colmar and Aidan into England, preaching the gospel to its idolatrous people wherever God set before them an open door. "Churches," says Bede, "were built in several places, the people joyfully flocked together to hear the Word, and the English, great and small, were instructed by their Scottish masters in the rules and observance of regular discipline." In addition to the honoured names of Colmar and Aidan might be mentioned those of Kiarnan, Columbanus, Sedulius, and numbers more, whose character and labours, as the scholars of Columba, were worthy of their master. With what diligence and zeal they laboured in preaching the gospel, and in planting Churches at home and abroad, this is not the place to show. From what has been said, we may see, to use the words of a modern writer, that "the Scottish Church, with its simple and primitive forms, did more to preserve the light of knowledge and the life of true religion over the world, during those dark ages, than all Christendom besides."

THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE.

BY THE REV. DR TODD, PHILADELPHIA.

In olden times, every village used to have its whipping-post and its stocks, in which they punished men for thieving in a small way. It was a summary way of settling accounts; for a man has been known to rise pretty early, commit a theft, be caught, tried, convicted, and whipped at the post, and

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all done before breakfast time; with how much benefit to his appetite I cannot say. But it was said to be a barbarous custom, and the whipping-post has gone out of fashion, save here and there one which is suffered to stand, on which notices and notifications are posted. They seem to have a kind of sheepish look, as if ashamed of themselves and their name. Well, be it so, that they pass away. We have no doubt but men, as well as children, deserve sometimes to be whipped; but perhaps the expediency of doing it publicly, at the beat of the drum, may be doubted.

But in most of our villages we have "*posts*," far worse than whipping-posts, left. I mean those recruiting-posts where they have small windows, and red curtains, and green screens; where you dread to pass by because fumes come out, and blasphemy is poured out into the street, which might well be thought to come from the dark world. There they keep segars, nuts, candies, a few apples and oysters; but the decent man is ashamed to be seen going into one of these, even to do a decent errand. Some may think that oysters is the chief article sold; but it is not so. Beer, made of mixtures and compounds, that can intoxicate in the short space of ten minutes, and then cider, and what not — in short, they are tippling-places, where the last penny of the poor family is squandered, and the last dregs of life are poisoned and ruined anew. Past such places we every day go. Past such places our children every day go on their way to and from school. It is not the magnificent hotel, where the devil now takes his stand, and sets up the mill in which he grinds men into the grave; but it is at these recruiting-posts. It is here, behind the barrels, ensconced among a few oysters and nuts, that the spirit of darkness recruits his army, desolates the earth, and fills his dominions with new subjects.

Why are not the children of light as wise as the children of darkness? There is a real want in almost all our villages—one hard to be supplied—one not much thought of. Let me describe it.

There used to live in the very heart of our village a man whose front room was always open for Christ. The little yellow house stood a little back from the side walk. The rich lilacs hung over the door, and partially concealed the window. The house was old, and painted yellow, as I said: so was the floor. But, oh! what meetings were there! Whenever any felt the movings of the Spirit stirring them up to prayer, there they came together informally—nobody knew how—and there was the prayer-meeting. If two or three felt like praying together, they met as it were by accident, near the little yellow house, and went in. When a few felt like singing a penitential hymn, or wrestling with special earnestness in prayer, they knew the room would be at their service. When a particular individual had been prayed for, much and earnestly, he was, by some means or other, got into that room of prayer. If an individual was awakened, and began to cry for mercy, he somehow or other always soon found himself in that room. There the strong man went to bow, and tremble, and ask for mercy; and there the babe in Christ first began to taste the fruits of Eshcol, and to sing the first notes of the new song. Those who watched for souls, and felt for their young companions, took them there. It was always open and ready for Christ. It was a recruiting-post for heaven. The good man has left it for years, and the old yellow house is gone to make way for a modern house with piazzas and the like, and we have now no such place. The tears of sorrow and of joy, the lines of grief and of gladness, the wrenchings of remorse and the kindlings of hope, the deep prostration of the soul and the liftings up of the soul in that room, will be known only in eternity.

We have many new dwelling-houses, some of them very elegant. We have many where Christ is cheerfully received occasionally. But we want one where the ark may abide, and where the pilgrim will always, like Abraham, be ready at the tent-door to urge the angels to stop and turn in thither. We want the little yellow house, where the little table would be set out with the candle in the old-fashioned iron candlestick, and the Bible on the table, and the psalm-book on the Bible, and the chairs all around the room, and the corners where the Nicodemuses used to be partially hidden—where the three or the thirty would kneel and wrestle in prayer. In those days the Spirit of the Lord was poured out, and the recruiting-house was in great requisition. Many a new-born soul hath gone abroad over the earth, and from far distant points hath looked back and remembered that spot; and on the memory, so that it will to all eternity rise up in vision, I doubt not that old yellow house is painted. It was but one story high, but a palace, often, for the King of kings. Some of those who used to meet there have gone to the heathen, to spread a knowledge of the Saviour's love. Some are in the far distant West, and many are sleeping beneath the sods of the valley.

Now every Church, and every pastor, and every village, wants such a place as this. And the man or the woman who will furnish such a place as this, is doing a great work for Jesus Christ. It is not thought of much; but if my reader has ever lived in a place where the Church was greatly blessed, in looking back, he will see that she had such a recruit-place as I am describing. It is the house of the aged elder or deacon, or the chamber of the cripple, or the best room of the humble working man; but however that may be, it is always a place very near heaven. You cannot make a school-house, nor the carpeted room of the rich, nor the lecture-room, such a place; but when you have found such a spot, you have found the foot of the ladder on which the angels go up and down, and the gateway of heaven.

It may not always be true, that if you let down the net at "the right side," you will take a great multitude of fishes; but we need the net and the landing-places; and I have often thought that good deacon —— could do good in no way so surely and so rapidly as to make his house a recruiting-place for the Captain of our salvation. I know, deacon, that the furniture is *almost* too good, and the light of the solar lamp almost too brilliant, but we will soon wear the furniture down to reasonable, plain looks, and the smaller lamp will soon take the place of the solar.

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Do, deacon, try it for a single year. There is old Dr ——. He will cheerfully open his doors, and the nice rag carpet and the green chairs are all at the service of our Lord, and our Lord often stops there; but Dr —— lives too far out of the village. The recruiting-places of heaven should resemble those of hell only in this respect—that they are in the very centre of things.

But there is brother ——. No; his house is too beautiful. The poor and the lowly will be afraid to go there. You can do great good, brother ——, and I hope and pray that you will; but I do not think that your house is just the place we want. But there is old Mr ——, who lives in a cottage just at the foot of the hill. It is just the place—retired, neat, inviting, and lowly. Oh! brother ——, you are almost through life—you love Christ—you love the souls of men—you mourn that we have no revivals: So do I. Were souls ever born into the kingdom under your roof? What if you could see that front room of yours full of your brethren and sisters, bowed and broken-hearted, and weeping and wrestling with God? What if Christ should meet such a company there frequently; would not your soul be joyful in amazement? What if the song of redeeming love should first break out there? Would you not weep for joy? Do, brother ——, *do* open those doors, and dedicate that room to this cause, and let Him in who knocks at our doors in vain, and let your house become *a recruiting-place for heaven.*

THE SLEEPING SINNER.

(*From the French of Alexander Vinet.*)

Do you not seem to hear that piercing cry of alarm, addressed to the traveller, fallen asleep amid the snows of St Bernard, by one of the venerable monks whom Christian charity has placed as sentinels on those desolate summits? Do you not see, stretched upon a white sheet of frost, swathed, as it were, in the bands of an invincible slumber, that unfortunate wanderer who has long resisted the influence of intense cold, but at length, subdued by a fatal stupor, has fallen upon that icy bed, or rather, that icy tomb? Ah! yes; that man, so profoundly asleep, that we scarcely know whether he still lives, that man is an image of the race. It is to each of us without distinction, that St Paul, another sentinel, another inhabitant of another St Bernard, cries in my text, "Awake thou that sleepest!" for all men are asleep. And of what sleep? You can judge by the words of the apostle; for, after having said, "Awake thou that sleepest," he adds, "and arise from the dead." That sleep, then, is as profound as the sleep of death: that sleep is a death.

Yet when we look upon the teeming crowds of human society, especially in one of those great centres, where each existence seems to be multiplied by its own activity, and where, according to the energetic expression of a writer, a single individual "abounds" more than ten others elsewhere—where we see panting millions, pressing, dashing, trampling each other, in the highways of fortune, of glory, and of pleasure—where night, sickness, and satiety, have scarce the power to suspend or check them in their tumultuous careers—can we expect to see men compared to one of those travellers whom an irresistible sleep has seized in the midst of eternal snows? and does it not seem that such an image ought to be reserved for one of those sluggish beings whom neither pleasure, nor even danger, has power to agitate, and whose whole life, were it not for the excitement of physical want, would only be a long and heavy slumber?

But, my brethren, it is not only to the latter, but to the former, to the most active as well as the most tranquil, that Truth cries in my text, "Awake thou that sleepest!" But the sleep from which it would arouse us, does not resemble every kind of sleep. Man is not merely a sleeper—he is a somnambulist; he is a being who sleeps erect, and with open eyes, who walks while he sleeps, who sleeps and acts. Appearances can deceive us only for a moment; we speedily perceive that those open eyes, which see what is not, do not see what is, what we see—that this being who seems near, is yet absent from us—that his actions, like his steps, are not determined by reality, but by vain appearances—in a word, that the man has the air of acting, but does not really act—that he is not awake, but dreaming.

You see, then, what distinguishes from ordinary sleep the moral slumber to which every man has yielded, and in which the Apostle Paul supposes him plunged, when he cries in my text, "Awake thou that sleepest!" After all, it is a sleep, and life, life with all its agitations, is only a dream.

What, in fact, is the characteristic of a dream? It is to take shadows for realities, and realities for shadows. Man asleep, lives in a world of fantasy, a world of chimeras, to which, while slumbering, he gives form and reality, but which his awaking instantly dissipates. For this reason, my brethren, there may be another sleep than that which shuts the senses, and suspends our liberty. We sleep, when we are deprived of the power of distinguishing shadows from realities, or take the one for the other; we sleep, when we act in view of an end which does not exist, and cannot exist; we sleep, when we devote to that which is finite, an infinite affection; we sleep, when we chain to what is mortal the forces of an immortal soul; we sleep, when we adore the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever; we sleep, when we live without God, and, by consequence, make ourselves our own god. In this way, my brethren, how many sleep who are wide awake!

Will you say that I go too far?—that the objects to which man is attached are real, though limited, and that in devoting to them his heart, he deceives himself, but does not dream? Ah! say that he deceives himself, and I am content: say that such error is immense, that it is madness, and I ask no more. But if you do not understand that in such a case man sleeps, I see not how you can regard him as deceived. And that is the reason why I insist more upon an idea than a word. Yes, my brethren, the man whose desires are limited and enslaved by this

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world, is a man asleep. Indeed, the world is but a shadow, the shadow of the Almighty. As the shadow indicates the presence of the body, yet it is only a shadow, the world reveals the presence of God as the only reality; it reminds you of God—that is all it can do; if it has not done this, it has done nothing. In such a case, the world is without meaning; the whole of it is a mere outwork; your existence itself is an enigma, and your most important actions plunges in the void. There are only two things real—God in himself, and the thought of God in man. In proportion as that thought retires, reality itself retires. Man without God, is no longer man; he is no longer anything, unless, indeed, he make himself God! Colours and forms, space and duration, our affections and thoughts, our sorrows and joys—all are chimeras, phantoms, vain words. The men who are called substantial are dreamers, and those whom they probably call dreamers, are truly substantial, for there is nothing real except that which comes from God, and that which returns to God. Lives the most famous are no exception; that of Napoleon, in its mundane aspect, was only a gigantic dream; and the enthusiasm of his admirers, as well as the astonishment of his enemies, but the dream of a dream.

What the apostle calls a sleep, he also calls a death; for he says to that slumbering being, "Arise from the dead!" Such a man with "the credit of life, may be really dead. The world admits it. Every one in idea attaches an end to life; and in a life where that end is either lost or is not pursued, the world does not acknowledge life. To live in idleness, a poet has said, is already to be dead. To live thus, is its language, is not to live. It is to be dead, says the Gospel, to live without God; for life without God, has no meaning, no purpose, no utility. In this application of the term, death doubtless has a meaning still more terrible; but we waive this on purpose. It remains veiled in the argument of the Apostle Paul, and at present we will not lift the veil. The least, however, that it can mean is, a destitution of all sensibility, of all knowledge and energy. Is not such the state of him who knows not, loves not, seeks not God? And if on earth there are men in such a state, may not their sleep be compared to death?

SAILORS ABROAD.

(*From the Letter of a Missionary at Constantinople.*)

Last year, not fewer than *ten thousand* British seamen visited our port. Would that we could do more for their good! With all our other labours crowding upon us, we can give them but a small share of our attention. Every one will see that they require the active services of at least one man, exclusively devoted to their spiritual interests, and yet no seamen's chaplain has ever been stationed here. The most that we can do is to preach to them when they come to our chapel, which they frequently do, to visit those who are put on shore, in the hospital, sick, and to bury their dead; and these services to the dying and the dead occupy more, far more, of our time, and draw more upon the sympathies of our hearts, than many of our good friends at home can possibly imagine. During the last summer, the number of funerals which we were called upon to attend averaged more than one a day, for two or three months! It was an unusually sickly season, and there was no English chaplain on the ground.

It is really affecting to attend the funeral of a sailor in this foreign land. Who cares for the sailor? He traverses every sea, and braves every danger, and, by fatigues and exposures, brings himself to an untimely grave, and all to furnish those who stay at home, in their own "oeiled houses," with the luxuries of different climes; and yet, when he dies, who cares for him? He meets his fate often in a far-off land, among cold-hearted strangers. At home he has left a mother, a sister, or, it may be, a wife, who, could they be present at the closing scene, would show that there are hearts that throb with affection even for him; but there he lies alone in his hammock, or on that couch in the midst of the hirelings of a neglected hospital, panting for breath, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth for thirst; and yet no one offers him even a cup of cold water, nor makes an effort to smooth in the least the rough pillow of death! And when he dies, he is buried too often as a dog. Who cares for the sailor? I have been called to perform the last services at the grave of such an one, when not a soul was present but myself, and four miserable porters, who were hired to carry the body to its burial place.

It is not always so, however. I was delighted to find the master of a vessel present on one of these occasions, and a goodly number of other sailors. And when, after the services were performed, I made inquiries of the captain in regard to the circumstances of the death, I saw the tear trickling down the cheek of the sun-burnt mariner, my heart went forth towards him, and I blessed God that he had given me this opportunity of seeing at least one captain of a ship whose heart yearned over his men, and who seemed to look upon the grave closing upon one of his crew, in some degree, as he would look upon the burial of a brother. I have no doubt there are many more equally humane captains, but, somehow or other, it has fallen to my lot to witness only one such scene, though I have been called to bury many a sailor boy.

Still more affecting is a visit to the sailors' hospital. It never wants for inmates; and usually some are very near their end. I have never in my life seen more gratitude expressed by looks and words than in this hospital, by those neglected sons of the ocean, for a word of kindness and sympathy spoken; and rarely has it been my privilege to find more attentive listeners to religious conversation and instruction. In former years, I used to see more of them than I have of late. The duty of visiting this hospital for the last year has devolved chiefly upon a brother missionary, who has there directed more than one dying sinner to Christ, and also aided in comforting some of God's own people, who were in the last extremity.

Some years ago, Mr Hamlin, one of our mission-

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aries, was passing through a street in Galata, near the water, when his attention was attracted by the crowd, and on inquiry, he learned that a sailor had fallen down in the street, and was dying of the cholera. He immediately made his way through the crowd, and found that it was even so, to all appearance, as had been related to him. There lay, in the middle of the street, a sailor boy, not more than eighteen years of age, apparently very near his end. Mr H. lost no time, but immediately procured a room near by, and had the individual carried there, at the same time sending for a physician. God blessed the efforts so promptly made, and the sailor boy recovered. It was a slow process, however; and during the two or three weeks of his convalescence, Mr H. and the other missionaries visited him frequently, and endeavoured to deal faithfully with his soul. He was exceedingly ignorant of the gospel, but God shined into his heart by the light of his Holy Spirit, and he was soon an intelligent and joyful believer in Christ Jesus. He took passage to Boston in a homeward-bound vessel; and he was not long on shore before he found his way to a prayer-meeting for sailors, in the seamen's chapel. In the course of the meeting, an opportunity was given for any one who pleased to offer prayer. This young man arose, and in the fulness and simplicity of his heart, for the first time in his life, became the organ of address in prayer, for a large assembly. The beginning of his prayer was rather abrupt, but it was an index to the true feelings of his heart towards those strangers in a foreign land who had succoured him in the time of his distress. The first sentence he uttered was, "O Lord God, *bless the missionaries.*" This young man found, on reaching his home, that his parents, and some other of his friends whom he had left in wickedness and unbelief, had been truly converted to God in his absence, and they were prepared to welcome him as one, in a double sense, "*alive from the dead.*" The sequel of the story is, that this same sailor boy, who was found by the missionaries, perishing in the filthy gutters of Constantinople, is now a *preacher of the gospel* in America, zealously labouring to bring multitudes of his fellow-sinners to a saving acquaintance with Christ. He occasionally writes to the missionaries, and seems to possess, in a high degree, the spirit of his Master.

DEATH-BEDS.

THERE lived a young lady in the place where the providence of God called me to labour a short time since, who, after resisting the calls of mercy for several years, at length embraced that kind of infidelity called Universalism. So great was the warmth of her first love, that she declared that she was anxious to die. But a few weeks had passed ere she was seized with sickness, which terminated fatally in a few days. But there was no joy on that dying bed. Her refuge of lies afforded no support in that hour of fiery trial. Agony, that could not find utterance even in the shrieks and groans which she almost continually uttered, sat on every feature of her distorted countenance.

But a few miles from the place above referred to there lived a man whose god was Mammon. He had hoarded up a large amount of property, but had no interest to support or to attend the means of grace. Like Dives he was enlarging his barns, having no concern lest the storm should come and sweep his house from its sandy foundation, and leave him without a shelter in the day of wrath, when rocks and mountains shall flee away. Though in the enjoyment of perfect health when he went forth to his business, in a few hours he was brought back to his house a lifeless corpse. Life's entire day he had devoted to Mammon, even till his sun went down. Not a word did he utter of heaven—of hope—of prayer. He had perhaps intended to seek pardon for a life of sin upon a dying bed; but death allowed him no bed in death but the earth, and completed his work with so much despatch that none could gather around him while consciousness remained—most impressively teaching us the folly of those who

> "To the mercies of a moment leave
> The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

Since there is joy in heaven over every sinner that repenteth, I fancy there fell on this dying man "such tears as angels shed," that so long a life of great industry and golden opportunities should be spent in chasing the dim phantoms of earth, and treasuring up wrath. Mercy's angel gave him a pressing invitation to the gospel feast; but he said, "I have bought a piece of ground: I pray thee have me excused." He was admonished to provide oil in his vessel, and be also ready; but when the cry was made at midnight, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" his lamp was all unfurnished. More than one talent was bestowed on him, but he hid them in the earth, saying, "God is an hard master," till, suddenly, he was called to his account. And thousands—some of whom will read this—are treading in his steps. Oh! my reader, why will you die?

What think you were the sensations of this dying man, if for a moment he was conscious while being thus roughly handled? Well may we exclaim,

> "How dreadful must thy summons be, *O Death!*
> To him that is at ease in his possessions,
> Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
> Is quite unfurnish'd for the world to come."

But how does the Christian die? A few weeks since, I was called to attend the funeral of a woman. For many years she had lived by faith on the Son of God. Her purpose was to be *always* ready to depart. One morning she said to her friends, as she had often before, "If God should call me to-day, I am ready." On that day she was thrown from a carriage, and expired with this expression on her lips, "The Lord is good!"

Death had no terror for her—it was only the taking down of the clay tabernacle, that she might remove to her "house above, not made with mortal hands." Her dying bed was a heap of stones by the way-side; but the everlasting arms were underneath, and made it "soft as downy pillows are."

Christian reader, are you now in a state of mind like hers? Is it a state suitable to die in? A man who constantly expects company, dresses accordingly. Are you dressed for death? O keep the best robe on continually! Do not get so absorbed in the world as to forget that heavenly visitants are expected. "Let me die the death of the righteous," for "happy are the dead that die in the Lord."

> "Oh! never let me dare to live
> Such as I dare not die."

—*Zion's Herald.*

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YE MEN OF BUSINESS!

strong in your manhood, and sunk in the pursuits of a great metropolis, pause ye, and consider your responsible condition. Your strength, your money, your abilities, your resources, your capitals, your profits, are all the Lord's! O what a list is that which pertains to him!—who can write an inventory of his property? who can comprehend the vast extent of your obligations to the Lord? Take heed to your position—ye are trading with Christ's money—ye are trafficking with Christ's merchandise. Go, carry on business for the Lord Jesus Christ! I repeat it—go, carry on business for the Lord Jesus Christ! Ye smile, ye worldly ones, ye smile at the expression, "*Carrying on business for the Lord Jesus Christ;*" yet ye smile not when we say, "*Live* for Christ!" Why this distinction? is not business the chief part of your life? and is the chief part to be the exception? Your ignorance, your selfishness, betray you, that ye are none of Christ's. Oh! there is a blessedness to me in the very thought, in the very imagination, of labouring for the blessed Son of God!—to be gaining, in order to advance his cause—to be spending, in order to publish his glory! Surely, happy is the man who daily, contemplating his calling, says, "This day will I trade for Christ—this day will I buy and sell, that I may lay it all to-night at his feet!" Happy must that man be, and peaceful his slumbers, who, every night surveying his resources, says, "All these, O Lord, are thine—by thy strength have I laboured for them—by thy mercy have I received them all: out of this store will I take my daily bread, and all that is convenient for me and mine, in accordance with thy holy Word; the rest is sacred for thy glory and the salvation of men—teach me how to use it, and do thou draw it forth from me by thine own secret power, for all, all is thine!" O blessed merchant, thou trader in goodly pearls, great shall be thy reward, if thy Master, when he cometh, findeth thee so doing!—*The late Rev. J. Macdonald.*

THE MISSIONARY'S FATHER.

At the recent meeting of the American Board, we noticed an old man, of mild and pleasing aspect, as of one who had suffered and profited much by affliction, and whose appearance indicated a poverty like that of the old disciples. He was absent from no meeting, and manifested all the interest of a joint proprietor in the concern. While contributions of fifties, and of hundreds, and of thousands, were pouring into the treasury to relieve it from its debt, this good old man leaned towards us, as we were seated at the "reporters' desk," and requested us to take a small piece of paper, and to write on it for him these words: "From a Missionary's Father." He took the paper thus inscribed, and rolling in it a single dollar note, taken from a slender stock of money, passed it up to the table of the treasurer, whose anxious visage was beginning to soften down into something like cheerfulness.

We were struck with this as one of the lesser and unchronicled incidents which contribute to swell the tide of holy emotion at such a consecrated hour. We thought of her of whom it was said, "She hath done what she could"—and of another of whom it was said, "She hath done more than they all." Here was one who had invested in the missionary enterprise, perhaps his dearest treasure, the child of his affections and old age, the pride and solace of his heart. He had parted with the very staff and stay of his declining years to help on the good work; and now, by this one more offering from his scanty funds, was showing himself satisfied with his great investmen, contented with its present and prospective dividends, and anxious to take all the additional stock he could procure.

We thought that such a meeting as that must be intensely affecting to a "missionary's father."

We thought it a question painfully doubtful, whether our own present degree of faith and zeal were sufficient to enable us to part with an endeared and precious child, all fitted and polished to the work, to go forth into that great field, to labour for Christ at a returnless distance from our side.

And we thought, too, that when the people of God shall love their Lord and his kingdom enough to give up their best trained, and most creditable, and most reliable children, to the missionary work, there will then be no lack of money, and no deficiency of prayer, such as should annihilate "that miserable monster of a sixty thousand," and cause his frightening visage to be forgotten.

Christian friend, you call yourself the friend of missions—will you give up your son to the work, and feel it an honour and a joy to have him accepted and worn out in it? And if not, how much will you gladly give to be excused from becoming a "missionary's father," and to buy off your idolized darling from his share in the toil, the suffering, the triumph, and the glory?—*Boston Recorder.*

A DESIGN FOR A PICTURE.

Trial and affliction taking away a purse of gold and leaving in its place a bag of diamonds.

The poor patient, when he lost his gold, thought it was all over with him; but see how hopeful and how happy he looks now—he has just discovered the diamonds that have been left him!

How many a thoughtless prodigal has spent his substance in riotous living, till God in mercy has stretched him on a sick-bed, his strength has declined, and the cordials, and comforts, and doctor's bills, have taken away the remainder of his money, and he considers himself lost; but at last he discovers himself to be richer than ever. "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."—"No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby." Here, then, are his diamonds—patience, experience, hope, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Before he was afflicted he went astray, but now he keeps the commandments of God.—*Old Humphrey.*

A MOURNFUL FAILURE.

It is no unusual thing to read of "failures." We see the word, heading an item, in almost every newspaper. For years past we have been so accustomed to it, that we are not surprised when we find it connected with the names of men who have stood high for wealth and integrity. These failures are all more or less melancholy. Some one suffers loss by them. Not unfrequently, the loss falls on the poorer and

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more dependent classes. A manufacturing company fails. Hundreds are thrown out of employment, and men who have laboured hard, and on whom families have depended for support, are defrauded of their earnings. A bank fails. Widows and young females who had there deposited all their earthly estate, are at once reduced to penury and wretchedness, while, in many instances, they who have caused the failure are rioting in luxury. A wealthy individual, or a heavy firm fails. Many who had supposed their money safe in such hands, have lost their little all.

But there is a failure more melancholy than these. It reaches and ruins multitudes unnumbered. It has been common ever since the fall. It is feared that by far the greater proportion of the human family have fallen into it. It is to "*fail of the grace of God.*"

WHAT IS OUR OWN?

A HEATHEN girl was once asked by her teacher if there was anything which she could call her own. She hesitated for a moment, and then, looking up, replied, "I think there is." "What is it?" inquired the teacher, with some surprise. "I think," said the girl, "that my sins are my own." And this is the conclusion of the whole matter.

Whatever we possess, except our sins, is a loan from God. In his sight we are all trustees. Property, influence, talents, children—indeed, all that can be employed in his service—we have received on certain conditions. If we refuse to comply with these conditions, we are guilty of a breach of trust.

Take the case of an executor. He has received the property left by the testator to pay debts and legacies, as directed in the will. If he disregard the injunctions of the testator, and keep the whole estate for his own use, depriving creditors of their rightful dues, he is pronounced a dishonest man. And not only so; a court of justice will compel him to make a suitable disposition of the property.

Reader! in this world, there is no court which can oblige you to perform your duty as God's steward. But there is a tribunal—and we shall soon appear before it—where we must all give an account of whatever has been intrusted to us. And alas for him who shall then be constrained to say, "I went and hid my talent in the earth."—*Day Spring.*

GOD INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

ALL the discoveries of modern science serve to exalt the Deity; but they do not contribute a single iota to the explanation of his purposes. They make him greater, but they do not make him more comprehensible: he is more shrouded in mystery than ever. It is not himself whom we see—it is his workmanship; and every new addition to its grandeur and to its variety which philosophy opens to our contemplation, throws our understanding at a greater distance than before from the mind and conception of the sublime Architect. Instead of the God of a simple world, we now see him presiding, in all the majesty of his high attributes, over a mighty range of innumerable systems. To our little eye he is wrapped in more awful mysteriousness; and every new glimpse which astronomy gives us of the universe magnifies, to the apprehension of our mind, that impassable barrier which stands between the counsels of this Sovereign and those fugitive beings who strut their evanescent hour in the humblest of its mansions. If this invisible Being would only break that mysterious silence in which he has wrapped himself, we feel that a single word from his mouth would be worth a world of darkling speculations. Every new triumph which the mind of man achieves in the field of discovery brings us more firmly to our Bible; and by the very proportion in which philosophy multiplies the wonders of God do we prize that book, on which the evidence of history has stamped the character of his authentic communication.—*Dr Chalmers.*

SELF-DECEPTION.

THE deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable. I know well that I passed among my friends for a person at least religiously inclined, if not actually religious; and, what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian, when I had no faith in Christ, when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith nor love, nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion against him. But, blessed be God, even the God who is become my salvation, the hail of affliction and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It has pleased the Almighty, in great mercy, to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did he break me and bind me up: thus did he wound me, and his hands made me whole.—*Cowper.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIALS—TRIFLES.

WHATEVER change or trouble a child of God meets with, it is all the hell he shall have. Whatever eclipse may be upon his name or estate, I may say of it as Athanasius of his banishment, it is a little cloud which will soon be blown over, and then his gulf is shot, his hell is past. Death begins a wicked man's hell, but it puts an end to a godly man's hell. Think with thyself, What if I endure this? it is but a temporary hell; indeed, if all our hell be here, it is but an easy hell. What is the cup of affliction to the cup of damnation? Lazarus could not get a crumb—he was so diseased, that the dogs took pity on him, and, as if they had been his physicians, licked his sores; but this was an easy hell: the angels quickly fetched him out of it. If all our hell be in this life, in the midst of this hell we may have the love of God, and then it is no more hell, but paradise. If our hell be here, we may see to the bottom of it: it is but skin-deep—it cannot touch the soul, and we may see to the end of it; it is a hell that is short-lived. After a wet night of affliction comes a bright morning of the resurrection. If our lives are short, our trials cannot be long. As our riches take wings and fly, so do our sufferings: then let us be contented.

A THOUGHT FOR PARENTS.

IT is poor encouragement to toil through life to amass a fortune to ruin your children. In nine cases out of ten, a large fortune is the greatest curse which could be bequeathed to the young and inexperienced.

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HOLINESS IN WORLDLY EMPLOYMENTS

FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.

The Christian must express the power of holiness in his particular calling and worldly employments. Holiness must be written upon those, as well as on his religious duties. He that observes the law of building, is as exact in making a kitchen as in making a parlour; so, by the law of Christianity, we must be as exact in our worldly business as in duties of worship: "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation." (1 Pet. i. 15.) We must not leave our religion, as some do their Bibles, at church. As in man, the highest faculty, which is reason, guides man's lowest actions, even those which are common to beasts, such as eating, drinking, and sleeping—man doth, that is, should, if he will deserve his own name, exercise these acts as reason directs, he should show himself in them a rational creature—so grace, that is the highest principle in a Christian, is to steer and guide him in those actions that are common to man, as man. The Christian is not to buy and sell as a mere man, but as a Christian man. Religion is not like that statesman's gown, which, when he went to recreate himself, he would throw off, and say, "There lie, Lord Treasurer, a while;" no, wherever the Christian is, whatever he is a-doing, he must keep his religion on—I mean, do it holily. He must not do that in which he cannot show himself a Christian. Now the power of holiness puts forth itself in our particular callings these ways, but take them conjunctive, the beauty of holiness appears in the symmetry of all the parts together.

First, When the Christian is diligent in his particular calling. When God calls us to be Christians, he calls us indeed out of the world as to our affections, but not out of the world as to employment. It is true, when Elisha was called, he left his plough, and the apostles their nets; but not as they were called to be saints, but because they were called to office in the Church; though some in our days could find in their hearts to send the officers of the Church to the plough again, but upon how little reason let themselves judge who find one trade, if it be well followed, and managed with a full stock, enough to find them work all the week; and sure the minister, that hath to do with, yea, provide for more souls than they bodies, may find his head and heart as full of work in his calling, from one end of the year to the other, as any of them all. But I am speaking to the private Christian. Thou canst not be holy, if thou art not diligent in a particular calling. The law of man counts him a vagrant that hath not a particular abiding place; and the Word of God counts him a disorderly person that hath not a particular calling, wherein to move and act for God's glory, and the good of others: "We hear there are some which walk disorderly among you, working not all." (2 Thess. iii. 11.) God would have his people profitable. Every one should be the better for a Christian. When Onesimus was converted, he became profitable to Paul and Philemon also (Philem. 11)—to Paul as a Christian, to Philemon as a servant: grace made him of a runaway a diligent servant. An idle professor is a scandalous professor. An idle man does none good, and himself most hurt.

Secondly, When he is not only diligent, but for conscience' sake. There are many free enough of their pains in their particular callings, they need no spur; but what sets them on work? Is it conscience, because God commands it? O no! then they would be diligent in their general calling also; they would pray as hard as they work; they then would knock off, as well as fall on at God's command; if conscience were the key that opened their shop on the week-day, it would shut it on the Lord's-day. When we see a man, like the hawk, fly after the world's prey, and will not come to God's lure, though conscience bid him in his name come off, and wait on God in this duty in the family, that in the closet, but still goes on his worldly chase, he shows plain enough whose errand he goes on—not of conscience, but his lusts. But if thou wilt walk in the power of holiness, thou must be diligent in thy calling on a religious account—that which makes thee "fervent in prayer," must make thee "not slothful in business." Thou mayst say, This is the place God hath set me in; I am but his servant in my own shop; and here I

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must serve him as I would have my apprentice or child serve me, yea, much more, for they are not mine so much as I am his.

Thirdly, When he expects the success of his labour from God, and accordingly, if he speeds, gives his humble thanks to God. Indeed, they go together; he that doth not the one will not do the other. The worldling that goes not through his closet, by prayer, into his shop in the morning, when he enters upon his business, no wonder if he returns not at night, by his closet, in thankfulness to God. He began without God—it were strange if he should end in him. The spider that spins her web out of her own bowels, dwells in it when she hath done; and men that carry on their enterprises by their own wit and care, entitle themselves to what they think they have done. They will sooner sacrifice (as they "to their net and drag," Job viii.; Habak. i. 16) to their own wisdom and industry, than to God. Jacob laboured as diligently, and took as much pains for the estate he had at last, as another; yet laying the foundation of all in prayer, and expecting the blessing from heaven (Gen. xxviii. 20), he ascribes all that fair estate he at last was possessed of to the mercy and truth of God, whom he had in his poor state, when with his pilgrim-staff he was travelling to Padan-aram, engaged by a solemn vow to provide for him. (Gen. xxxii. 10.)

Fourthly, When the Christian is content with the portion, little or much, that God upon his endeavours allots him. Not content, because he cannot have it otherwise. Necessity was the heathen's schoolmaster to teach contentment, but faith must be the Christian's, whereby he acquiesces in the dispositions of God's providence with a sweet complacency, as in the will of God concerning him. Here is godliness in triumph, when the Christian can carve contentment out of God's providence, whatever the dish is that is set before him. If he gather little, he lacks not, but is satisfied with his short meal; if he gather much, he hath nothing over—I mean, not more than his grace can well digest and turn to good nourishment—nothing over that turns to bad humours of pride and wantonness. This was the pitch Paul attained unto, (Phil. iv. 14): "He knew how to abound, and how to want." Take contentment from godliness, and you take one of the best jewels away she wears in her bosom: "Godliness with contentment is great gain;" not godliness with an estate, but godliness with contentment. (1 Tim. vi. 16.)

Fifthly, When the Christian's particular calling doth not encroach upon his general. Truly this requires a strong guard. The world is of an encroaching nature; hard it is to converse with it, and not come into bondage to it. As Hagar, when Abraham showed her some respect more than ordinary, began to contest with, yea, crow over, her mistress, so will our worldly employments jostle with our heavenly, if we keep not a strict hand over them. Now the power of holiness appears here in two things: 1*st*, When the Christian suffers not his worldly business to eat up his time for communion with God, but keeps it inviolable from the sacrilegious hands of the world. The Christian may observe, that if he will listen to it, he shall never think of setting about any religious duty, but some excuse or other to put it off will present itself to his thoughts; this thing must be just now done, that friend spoken with, or customer waited for; so that, as the wise man saith, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap" (Eccles. xi. 4); so he that will regard what his own sloth, worldly interest, and fleshly parts suggest, he shall never pray, meditate, or hold communion with God in any other religious duty. O it is sad when the master must ask the man leave when to eat, and when not—when the Christian must take his orders from the world when to wait on God, and when not, whereas religion should give law to that! Then holiness is in its power, as Samson in his strength, when it can snap asunder these excuses that would keep him from his God, as easily as he did his cords of flax—when the Christian can make his way into the presence of God through the throng of worldly encumbrances. "Behold," saith David, "I have in my trouble prepared for the house of the Lord an hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver," &c. (1 Chron. xxii. 14.) He had ways enough to dispose of his treasures if he could have been discouraged from the work: he might have had a fair apology from the wars he was all his reign involved in, which were continually draining his exchequer, to have spared this cost. But as Rome showed her puissance in sending succours to Spain when Hannibal was at her gates, so David will show his zeal for God and his house by laying aside such vast sums, for the building of a temple, in the midst of troubles and expenses of his kingdom. He is the Christian indeed that lays aside a good portion of time daily, in the midst of all his worldly occasions, for communion with God; whoever he compounds with and pays short, he

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dares not make bold with God to serve him by halves. He shall have his time devoted to him, though others are put off with the less; like that devout man, who, when his time for his devotions came, what company soever he was with, would take his leave of them with this fair excuse, "He had a friend that stayed to speak with him:" he meant his God. 2*d*, When his worldly employments do not turn the edge of his affections, and leave a bluntness upon his spirit as to holding communion with God. Here is holiness in the power; as the husband, when he hath been abroad all day, in this company and that, yet none of these makes him love his wife and children the less: when he comes home at night he brings his affections to them as entire as when he went out; yea, he is glad he has got from all others to them again. This is a sweet frame of spirit indeed; but, alas! how hard to keep it! Canst thou say, O Christian, after thou hast passed a day amidst thy worldly profits, and been entertained with the delight and pleasures which thy full estate affords thee, that thou bringest thy whole heart to thy God with thee, when at night thou returnest into his presence to wait on him? Thou canst say more than many can, that have some good in them. O it is hard to converse with the world all day, and shake it off at night, so as to be free to enjoy privacy with God! The world does by the Christian as the little child by the mother—if it cannot keep the mother from going out, then it will cry after her to go with her. If the world cannot keep us from going to religious duties, then it will cry to be taken along with us, and much ado to part it and the affections.

MINOR SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

SIMON'S SON.

He was a thief, but is not so much remembered in this character as in others. But his dishonesty, as well as his higher crimes, was of an atrocious type. He was a thief, even while a professed disciple. An advocate for the poor, he would embezzle the funds of a few poor men which had been intrusted to his keeping; and that too when even a portion of the little stock was devoted to help those who were still poorer than themselves. He was a traitor all round—to his Master, to his associates, to the poor; a traitor as a disciple, an apostle, a co-partner, a treasurer, a steward. He used his office to hide his villany: "Not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag."

Religion has been made a cloak for every sin. He who uses it is a traitor, as well as a hypocrite. As covetousness is the root of all fraud, so in proportion as a Christian is covetous does he partake of the guilt of treachery and hypocrisy. He is not what his name imports; his inconsistency betrays the cause he pretends to have espoused.

We may deceive even ourselves, by performing religious duties from selfish motives. Our very charities may be but masks for vanity; not that we care for the poor, or the heathen, or the kingdom of Christ, but because we would gain credit for our liberality—buy ourselves a Christian reputation—make our money a substitute for the zeal of the heart.

Simon's son was an apostle, but he thought more of the bag than of his office. He considered it a great waste to expend a pound of spikenard in honour of Christ, when it might have been sold, and put more than three hundred pence into his hands. It is an evil time when the servants of Christ would draw to themselves any of the honour that belongs to their Master alone, or exalt themselves by means that should be wholly devoted to his glory. The ambitious, the vain, the self-seeking, as well as the covetous apostle, may be said to carry their own bag. "Not that they care" so much as appear for the objects for which they plead, the self-denial they preach, the success of the Word for which they strive, but that they may gain, besides a livelihood, a reputation for eloquence, a name for influence, and have the popular applause. Some would turn Christ's ointment into money, others into fame. In other words, some would sell the alabaster box, others would break it to fill their own houses and persons with the odour of the ointment.

PAUL'S HELPERS.

The title HELPS, which denotes one of the orders of Christ's house, is very comprehensive. This is probably the reason critics have considered it to be so indefinite, and that the order is commonly supposed to be exploded. But when we look at the services which Paul acknowledged to be those of his helpers, we shall find, that if the succession has been broken, the fault is not in our want either of authority or patterns.

The apostle claimed special regard for "every one that helpeth with us and laboureth," and in that connexion named the house of Stephanas, as having addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints, and Fortunatus and Achaicus, as having exercised the same ministry by their sympathy in refreshing his spirit, and those of other believers, in their trials and labours.

Aquila and Priscilla were his "helpers in Christ Jesus." All the Churches of the Gentiles, he says, were indebted to that pious pair. For their munificent gifts? For the honour of the patronage of these strangers from Italy? No: they were poor exiled Jews, who laboured with their needles for their support. But they helped the work of Christ by their hospitality; by encountering great risks, as private individuals, in behalf of the evangelical objects of Paul; and by their sending out such a preacher as Apollos, who, with all his eloquence, never understood the way of God perfectly until these tent-sewers brought him to their house and expounded it.

Not to speak of such of Paul's helpers in the preaching ministry as Timothy, Titus, and Epaphroditus, we have the names of Clement, Urbane, Aristarchus, Tychicus, Justus, and others, who appear to have been private members of the Churches, and as such, doing what they could, to sustain and promote the gospel; but who, for this co-operation, are honourably acknowledged, not simply as personal friends and benefactors of the apostle, but as "helpers in Christ," "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God," or, as in the case of Gaius, who was faithful in bringing the brethren on their journeys, "fellow-helpers to the truth."

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And as men are thus recognised who were never ordained to their good works by the laying on of hands, so we find the apostle acknowledging many women as his Christian helpers. Not only Priscilla, in connexion with her husband, but such as Phebe, Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis, are enumerated singly, as "labourers in the Lord," and as worthy to be named even in connexion with the apostolic works. Such "teachers of good things" as Lois and Eunice; such friends of the poor as Dorcas, were, doubtless, of this class of the helpers of the gospel.

And Paul would even acknowledge those as his helpers who had but a very silent and obscure way of labouring in the good cause. "Ye also helping together by prayer for us," he says, and often did he cast himself on his believing friends for this assistance.

We may conclude, after this, that there is no believer who cannot be a helper in the kingdom of Christ; that, besides the ordained and consecrated labourers, there are diversities of service required in the Church, which call for all kinds and degrees of gifts; that every disciple is ordained by his baptism to help in training or sending out, or encouraging apostles and prophets, although they may not be called to be apostles and prophets themselves; that those who teach, give, pray, or in any manner show their active zeal for the honour and success of religion, are ranked among the friends and companions of the most eminent, even of Christ's own called and inspired disciples. Furthermore, we learn that these services are necessary links in the chain of gospel duties, and that the professed believer must be essentially deficient in his evidences of faith, who is bearing no such part in the labours of the Church.

FOOTMARKS IN THE SLOUGH.

If I were to give an account of half the scrapes that I get into, many a hearty laugh would be indulged in at my expense. An old man appears absolutely ridiculous, in many situations, wherein a young one would hardly excite attention. The other day, in attempting to go the nearest road to a cottage, I got so completely set in a clayey slough, that I could not for a season stir backwards or forwards. There I stood waving my hand in the air, to keep my balance, my right foot bedded up to my ankle in the clinging clay, while the other was only uplifted for a moment, afterwards to plunge to a deeper depth. Down went my foot, and up squirted the muddy water over my clean lamb's wool stockings, as unerringly as if a well-aimed squib had been purposely directed against my legs. I certainly did cut a most deplorable figure.

It is well for me that, in such circumstances, I can generally extract amusement from my calamity; and what is yet better, the merriment of my heart is frequently followed by a profitable reflection; it was thus with me in the case alluded to. Most likely I should have backed out of the bog, and given up my visit to the cottage, had not some footmarks, in the clayey slough, caught my attention; these plainly told me, that, bad as the place was, travellers had found their way through it. I took courage at the thought. "There are 'footmarks in the slough,'" said I; "somebody has been here before me."

Christian reader, if thou art in the right way to heaven, it is likely enough that thou art passing through "much tribulation;" now look well at thy condition, however sad it may appear, and see if thou canst not take comfort that there are "footmarks in the slough."

Is thine a trying condition? art thou knocking at mercy's gate to obtain forgiveness of sins, and the hope of everlasting life, and does it not yet appear to be opened? Thine is a sorrowful condition, but keep up thy courage. There are "footmarks in the slough," ay, in the very slough in which thy feet are sticking. The Canaanitish woman passed along the same way, and was as fast set for a time as thou art; but mark how gloriously she came out of it: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" (Matt. xv. 28.)

Art thou in a tempted condition, urged on by a vigilant enemy to commit sin? "There are footmarks in the slough." Mark well how Joseph escaped out of this place; keep close to his footsteps, and thou shalt escape too. "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" (Gen. xxxix. 9.)

Art thou in a backsliding condition, ready to give up all, because thou hast departed from the right way? There are "footmarks in the slough." Royal footmarks are before thee; the man after God's own heart came here, and bitter were his lamentations; yet he recovered his footing, and was restored unto favour: for "if we confess our sins," God "is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.)

Art thou in a rebellious condition? Is thy heart cavilling with, and replying to, the Lord, under the dispensations of his providence? There are "footmarks in the slough." Jonah floundered here till he got weary of his life, and thought that he did "well to be angry, even unto death." Humble thyself under the mighty hand of God; and the Lord who spared Nineveh and Jonah also will deal as gently with thee; for "he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness." (Neh. ix. 17.)

Art thou in a benighted condition? Hast thou no light to see the road before thee? Have neither sun, moon, nor stars appeared for many days? There are "footmarks in the slough." Behold the footmarks of the patriarch Abram, who travelled here, when called by God to go forth out of his country, and he journeyed, "not knowing whither he went!" Notwithstanding the horror of great darkness that fell upon him in this place, "to the land of Canaan he went forth, and to the land of Canaan he came." "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." (Isa. l. 10.)

Art thou in a persecuted and despised condition, suffering shame and reproach for thy Leader and Lord? There are "footmarks in the slough." I should marvel if thou couldst tell me of a saint on earth or in heaven who has altogether escaped this place. Nay! Moses even turned out of a smooth path to wade through this quagmire, preferring it to the pleasant paths and broad high-roads of the land of Egypt. Here are the crimson footprints of those who suffered even to the death, "not accepting de-

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liverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." It was in this spot that John the Baptist was beheaded. Here Paul was stoned, and left for dead. Here Stephen cried out, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The noble army of martyrs perished here; and I cannot promise thee a clear escape from it, any more than thy brethren; but I know that He will never leave thee nor forsake thee who has said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 10.)

Art thou in a suffering condition, afflicted in mind, body, and estate; eating thy bread in bitterness, watering thy couch with tears? There are "footmarks in the slough." Observe how deep Job sank in this place; yet he came out again, and found a better road than he had ever known before. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.)

Art thou in a desolate condition? Alone, destitute, forsaken? Is "lover and friend put far from thee, and thine acquaintance into darkness?" There are "footmarks in the slough." Hagar and Elijah laid themselves down in despair in this place; but God appeared for them when they cried to him. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." (Isa. xlix. 15.)

Art thou in a desponding condition, and dost thou envy the ungodly? Art thou ready to faint in the furnace, and cry, "It goes well with the wicked?" There are "footmarks in the slough." David's foot "had well-nigh slipped" here. Good old Jacob was tried hard here, and began to think his grey hairs would go down in sorrow to the grave. "All these things," said he, "are against me." But he had good reason to alter his mind after that, and see things in a very different light. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Prov. iii. 5, 6.)

Art thou in a dying condition? There are "footmarks in the slough"—footmarks in the dark valley! Thousands, who cried out in this place that they should sink to rise no more, are now casting their crowns before the throne of God, and singing everlasting praises to the Redeemer, who lifted them out of the terrors of death, and gave them victory over the grave.

Take courage, then, Christian reader, and be assured there shall no temptation befall thee, but such as is common to man. However sad thy condition, somebody has been in it before thee. There are "footmarks in the slough."—*Old Humphrey.*

WHAT IS YOUR MOVING PRINCIPLE?

Of all principles, a high-principled affection to the Saviour is the steadiest and most secure. Other incentives to action are apt to alter or lose their influence altogether. You once did many things for the sake of friends whose wishes, expressed or understood, were your incentive, and whose ready smile was your recompense. But that source of activity is closed. Those friends are now gone where your industry cannot enrich them, nor your kindness comfort them; or, if they remain, they are no longer the same that once they were. The magic light has faded from off them; the mysterious interest which hovered round them has gone up like a mountain mist, and left them in their wintry coldness or natural ruggedness—no longer those whom once you took them to be. Or you did many things for fame; and were well requited for a winter's work when the hosanna of a tumultuous assembly, or the pæan of a newspaper paragraph, proclaimed you the hero of the hour. But even that sort of satisfaction has passed away, and, meagre diet as these plaudits always were, you stand on the hungry pinnacle, and, like other aspirants of the same desert-roaming school, you snuff; but, alas! the breeze has changed. The popular taste, the wind of fashion, has entirely veered about; and, except an occasional tantalizing whiff from the oasis of a receding popularity, the sweet gust of its green pastures regales you no more. Or you used to work for money—for literal bank-notes and pieces of minted metal. Yes, mere money was your motive. And you would sit up till midnight, or rise in the drowsy morning, to get one piece more. And so truly was this money your chief end—"Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also"—do you not feel as if your money-safe were the metropolis of your affections? Where your money is, is not your heart there also? Were your fortune to clap its wings and fly away, would not you feel as if your happiness had fled away? Have not your very thoughts got a golden tinge? and, tracing some of this Sabbath's meditations back to their source, would you not soon land in the till, the exchange, the counting-room? Is not gold your chiefest joy? But have not flashes of truth from time to time dismayed you? "What am I living for? For a make-belief like this?—for a glittering cheat which (in the way that I am using it) will be forgotten in heaven or felt like a canker in hell? How shall I wake up my demented self from this spell-dream, and seek some surer bliss, some more enduring joy? For, grant that I shall be buried in a coffin of gold, and commemorated in a diamond shrine, what the happier will it make the *me* that then shall be?" And even without these brighter convictions, without these momentary breaks in the general delirium of covetousness, do you not feel a duller dissatisfaction occasionally creeping over you and paralyzing your busy efforts? "Well—is this right? This headlong hunt of fortune, is it the end for which my Creator sent me into the world? Is it the highest end for which my immortal self can live? Is it the best way of bestowing that single sojourn in this probation-world, which God has given me? And what am I the better? Am I sure that I myself am the happier for it? Dare I flatter myself that, in bequeathing so much money, I bequeath to my children consolidated happiness, a sure and certain good, an inevitable blessing?" And such intrusive thoughts, whose shadows, at least, flit across most serious minds, are very damping to effort—very deadening to diligence in business. Merely serving your friends, in mere pursuit of fame, merely seeking a fortune, you are in constant danger of having all motive annihilated, and so all effort paralyzed. But, whatever be the business in hand, from the veriest trifle up to the sublimest enterprise—from binding a shoe-latchet to preparing a highway for the Lord—if only you be conscious that this is the work which He has given you to do, you can go on with a cheerful serenity and strenuous satisfaction, for you will never want a motive. And it is just when other motives are relaxing into languor, that the compensation we spoke of comes into play, and the constrain-

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ing love of Christ restores the soul and keeps its rate of activity quick and constant as ever. The love of Christ is an abiding motive, and can only lose its power where reason has lost its place. No man ever set the Lord before him, and made it his supreme concern to please his Master in heaven, yet lived to say, "What a fool am I! What a wasted life is mine! What vanity and vexation has Christ's service been! Had I only my career to begin anew, I would seek another master and a higher end." The Lord Jesus ever lives, and never changes; and therefore the believer's love to his Saviour never dies. Growing acquaintance may bring out new aspects of his character; but it will never disclose a reason why the believing soul should love him less than it loved at first. Growing acquaintance will only divulge new reasons for exclaiming, "Worthy is the Lamb!" and fresh motives for living not unto ourselves, but unto Him that loved us and gave himself for us.—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Come, messmates! 'tis time to hoist our sail;
It is fair as fair can be;
And the ebbing tide and the northerly gale
Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,
We must part with the setting sun;
For ere we can spread out our nets in the deep,
We've a weary way to run.

As, through the night-watches, we drift about,
We'll think of the times that are fled,
And of Him who once call'd other fishermen out
To be fishers of men instead.
Like us, they had hunger and cold to bear;
Rough weather, like us, they knew;
And He who guarded them by His care
Full often was with them too!

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
And but little way they had made,
When He came o'er the waters and stood in their sight,
And their hearts were sore afraid;
But He cheer'd their spirits, and said, "It is I,"
And then they could fear no harm;
And though we cannot behold him nigh,
He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toil'd all the night, and had taken nought;
He commanded the stormy sea;
They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
An hundred and fifty three.
And good success to our boat He will send,
If we trust in His mercy aright;
For He pitieth those who at home depend
On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are toss'd
About on the stormy deep,
We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost,
When their Lord 'was fast asleep;'
He saved them then—He can save us still—
For His are the winds and the sea;
And if He is with us, we'll fear no ill,
Whatever the danger be.

Or if He see fit that our boat should sink,
By a storm or a leak, like lead,
Yet still of the glorious day we'll think,
When the sea shall yield her dead;
For they who depart in His faith and fear
Shall find that their passage is short,
From the troublesome waves that beset life here,
To the everlasting port.

Neale.

SARAH MARTIN.

(Abridged from the Edinburgh Review.)

In August 1819, a woman was committed to the jail of Yarmouth for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who "had forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth who was most deeply moved by it. She was a poor dressmaker, a little woman, of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-labourer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners, to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God—how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the Scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt; but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother—so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but him." She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance—fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid, modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

There has been published an interesting account of Mrs Fry's first entry into the female ward of Newgate. Locked up with viragos, amongst whom the turnkeys had warned her that her purse, her watch, and even her life, would be in danger, "she addressed them with dignity, power, and gentleness," and soon awed them into compliance with a code of regulations which there was a committee of ladies ready to aid her in carrying into execution. All this was very

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admirable, and, in its results, has been most beneficial. But Mrs Fry was a woman of education, and had something of the dignified bearing of a person accustomed to move in the higher walks of life; she was also a practised speaker in the meetings of the religious community of which she was a member, and was supported by influential and well-tutored assistants. Sarah Martin's position was the reverse of this in every respect. "My father," she says, "was a village tradesman. I was born in June 1791; an only child, deprived of my parents at an early age, and brought up under the care of a widowed grandmother," a poor woman of the name of Bonnett, and by trade a glover, at Caister. Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after-life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and, after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick ward in the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding, the labours of Mrs Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more heroical, in the conduct of her humbler sister. Of Mrs Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drunk deep into the spirit of that book "which ever tells," she says, "of mercy;" and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears, and thanked me!" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life. If she had been rudely repelled, even her fortitude might have given way. But the messenger of mercy is ever welcome to those who feel their guilt, and the more guilty the more welcome, if the glad tidings be but kindly proclaimed. "I read to her," she adds, "the 23d chapter of Luke"—the story of the malefactor, who, although suffering justly by man's judgment, found mercy from the Saviour.

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labours. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labour interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, . . . to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday, and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; . . . but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby clothes; and having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. . . . . By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. . . . . The fund of £1, 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase), soon rose to several guineas, and since its establishment, above £466 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the Chess-player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The Chess-player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge—"affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline, moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally en-

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gaged in carrying out these objects has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so, and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself." These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"*Sunday, November* 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

Sarah Martin is here brought before us in a new character. Hitherto we have seen her pursuing, energetically and successfully, certain definite practical ends of plain and obvious utility. She now claims our attention as a moral teacher. From the commencement of her Sunday labours, which began probably in 1820, or shortly afterwards, up to 1832, she read printed sermons; from that time to 1837 she wrote her own sermons; from 1837 to the termination of her labours in 1843, "I was enabled," she says, "by the help of God, to address the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the Holy Scriptures." We were curious to know what kind of addresses a person so intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of criminals would think it right to deliver to such an audience, and have been kindly permitted to peruse her unpublished notes of various sermons delivered by her in the year 1835. They have certainly surprised us.

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of ordination, but every one amongst us knows and feels that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number of its benefits. The cold, laboured eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor uneducated sempstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation—pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steam-boat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a sea-port town; sailors who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a workhouse, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness. Their characters were as distinct as their crimes. A few extracts from Sarah Martin's "Prison Records," will exhibit their variety:—

"W. W. Homely villager. Very good natural powers; temper good; grateful for instruction; desirous of improving."

"W. Wa. Inferior capacity; inoffensive; always behaved well; does not seem to have had a bad character."

"J. B. Extremely ignorant; low habits.

"B. P. Quiet; slow in capacity and habits; shrewd in his way, and sly.

"W. T. Depraved; deceitful; full of pretence; obsequiously obliging; troublesomely forward in manners.

"J. S. With me, still and almost dumb—he soon compelled the governor to order him to the cell for the most violent conduct.

"J. C. One of the very worst; foolish; hardened; idle; lazy; and destitute of the wish to improve. Is prison a corrupter."

(To be continued.)

THE SYMBOLS OF SPRING.

BEHOLD that wonderful insect, that light and graceful inhabitant of the air, which in our gardens resembles a flying flower, and by the elegance of its shape, and the splendour of its colours, forms the delight of our eyes! What was it at first, and what has it become? It was at first a crawling insect, a loathsome caterpillar. Some weeks or some months ago it seemed to die. It was seen to grow pale, to change colour, then to stop eating and moving, and afterwards to shut itself in a kind of sepulchre, to get rid of its eyes, its mouth, and even its head and feet, and become like a corpse wrapped in a winding-sheet, or a mummy in the catacombs, which had been plunged in bitumen, and rolled up in bands. Nay, more, before yielding to death, it buried itself in the earth, where it took the precaution even to lay itself out upon a bier; and *there* it might have been seen in its follicle, as the bodies of embalmed Egyptians have been discovered in their coffins of sycamore! But as soon as it has felt the quickening breath of spring, how surprising the change which it undergoes by the power of God! Would it be said that it is the same creature? Yes, it is the same, and yet it is not the same! It has torn asunder its winding sheet, it has broken its bier; and it has been seen rising up to newness of life—a creature, aerial, winged, glorious, radiant with beauty, endued with new

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senses and new faculties—to seek in a higher element purer food and nobler enjoyments. This new creature appears to have retained none of the humiliations and miseries of its old condition. The abject caterpillar which was buried, and the happy winged animal seen rising from it, seem to you entirely different; the living one reminds you of that which was dead only by contrast. The first crawled upon the ground, like us, unceasingly exposed to a thousand accidents; the other soars into the air, and disdains, as it were, to light upon the earth from which it sprang. The first shocked our sight by its disgusting appearance; the second, adorned with the richest colours, is the delight of our eyes. The first was blind; the second is furnished with the most marvellous eyes, resembling, by their innumerable and brilliant *faces*, richly cut diamonds. It has even acquired, as some suppose, a new sense in its *antennæ;* it enjoys a thousand sensations of which it formerly knew nothing. The first nourished itself on gross and common aliment; but, this, since its resurrection, is seen flying from flower to flower, living upon honey and dew, rejoicing in the freedom of nature, forming even its ornament, and gladdened by the purest joys. . . . . .

My brethren, beholding these prodigies of Divine power, can you conceive how one living among the innumerable resurrections of spring, can say with the sceptics of Corinth, of whom the Apostle Paul speaks, "But how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" Ought we not to reply to them, as our Lord to the Sadducees, who denied the resurrection, "Ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God?" or rather, as St Paul, "Thou fool!" Is not thy Creator omnipotent? Does he not call things which are not as though they were? Are not his invisible perfections, "his eternal power and Godhead," discovered "by the things that are made?" "Thou fool!" Is not the God of the spring also the God of the promises? Can he not exercise his power in the sepulchres of men, as you see it exercised each spring, in the numberless sepulchres of plants which renew their life, and of winged insects which spring from the tomb? Cannot that God who from the earth of our furrows causes to spring up anemones, lilies, rich fruits, and clusters of grapes, also cause to rise from the dust a man, a child of God, a friend of Jesus, whom we have laid there with so many prayers and tears? Cannot that God, who perhaps a hundred years ago, from a simple acorn which a child might have concealed in his hand, caused that magnificent tree to grow which covers our church with its shadow and all the fruits which it has borne, also cause the body of a child of Adam to spring up from the silence of the tomb? Insensate ones! ye know neither the Scriptures nor the power of God. Will that God, think you, who each hour changes the water into sap, in the trees of our vineyards, and in the stems of our corn—who will soon change that sap into grapes and ears of corn—who condescends finally to change those grapes and ears, eaten as food, into quickening blood, circulating through our veins and arteries—who each instant causes to rise from the earth, millions upon millions of winged insects—who, on the sixth day of creation, formed from dust the body of our first parent—will that God find more difficulty in raising the same body a second time from the same dust, on the day of the resurrection? "Thou fool," says the apostle, "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body, and to every seed his own body." So shall it be in the resurrection. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."—*Gaussen.*

THE DREADFUL PRAYER-MEETING.

SOME prayer-meetings are spoken of as animated, interesting, affecting, &c; but the one now in question must have some stronger appellation. It has not yet been held, yet we have the best authority concerning what its character shall be. It may be some time before it takes place, but it will certainly occur; and every one of my readers is personally interested in having some acquaintance with it beforehand. The account of it may be found in the 6th chapter of Revelation: "And they said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." This is the prayer that will be offered.

And there will be a *great multitude* at that prayer-meeting. Many prayer-meetings are thin—very thin—few are present. Not so the one before us. All that have ever treated the Lamb of God unworthily, and persisted in it, will be present. Millions have done this. Millions more will probably do it. They will all be at this meeting.

Distinguished persons will be present. Those who ride upon the high places of the earth usually have little or nothing to do with prayer-meetings. They are above such things—they leave such meetings for the less elevated, for the poor, the unlearned, the low in life. But they will come to *this* meeting. We have express mention of this: "And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the mighty men, said, Fall on us," &c. They may never have been in a meeting where there was prayer before. But they cannot stay away from this. There will be *great emotion* in that prayer-meeting. It will not be dull, and drowsy, and formal. There will be feeling, the deepest feeling. Men must have the most terrible emotions, when they are led to ask the rocks and mountains to fall on them. How dreadful must be the sight of Him that sitteth on the throne, and the Lamb, when the fear of them inspires such a prayer as this!

They will *all* pray. Some prayer-meetings have but two or three, a few at most, that take any part in them. The mass often take little or no decided interest in the object of the meeting. Not so of this meeting. The record runs, that not only the great men above mentioned shall pray, but "*every* bondman, and *every* freeman." And then the nature of the object before them decides that *all* will pray, viz., God on his throne of judgment, and the Lamb in his wrath! The whole assembly being inspired with the same terrible emotions of dread, will be constrained to offer the same prayer.

And *what a prayer!* It is not addressed to God or to the Lamb. They never received any spiritual

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homage from the multitude present at this meeting. They so ill-treated the blessed God, and carried it to such desperate length, that they now despair, as they well may, of any mercy. Hence the dreadful prayer before us. They would have anything but an interview with God: "Hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne." They begged to be crushed beneath the mountains, rather than meet the frowning face of God! They chose that the rocks should fall on them and grind them to powder, rather than encounter the wrath of the Lamb! To what desperate misery must men be driven, when they can offer so dreadful an imprecation upon themselves!

The attendants upon this meeting are all from this world: "The kings of the *earth*," &c. We have divine assurance that all who persist in treating Christ unworthily are on their way to this meeting. The multitudes who are now doing this think little of this matter; yet every day spent in sin is hastening them toward it. Most of them have little to do with prayer-meetings in this world, and none of them have anything to do with the spiritual service of God. They refrain from prayer now, but they will pray at this meeting. God's character and claims had few thoughts here, but there will be no want of emotion in view of them there.

Reader, are you on your way to this meeting? You hope not. But it is your *manner of life*, and not your *hope*, that determines this. If you have little or nothing to do with prayer in this world—if no domestic or secret altar is fragrant with the incense of your supplications—if you are now averse to drawing nigh to God, you are certainly on your way to this meeting. If you do not pray here, you assuredly will there.

Be persuaded to avoid that meeting. There will be enough there without you. Let the blessed duty of prayer be your joy here, from day to day. Watch unto it. Persevere in it. In faith and humility carry it on. Let nothing but death stop you. Then, while others pray for the rocks and mountains to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, you will sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that hath redeemed me unto God, by his blood."—*New York Observer.*

WHAT THE SPIRIT CAN DO.

NEVER, never will the Spirit turn away from a soul because of its corruption. He never has done so—he never will. It is his glory that he has purified the minds of the most impure, and made them temples for his own abode. He may yet take the worst of you, and make you a vessel of grace.

Why, indeed, should it not be so? The Spirit is an almighty Spirit. He can break the strongest bad habits, like tow before the fire. He can make the most difficult things seem easy, and the mightiest objections melt away like snow in spring. He can cut the bars of brass, and throw the gates of prejudice wide open. He can fill up every valley, and make every rough place smooth. He has done it often, and he can do it again.

The Spirit can take a Jew—the bitterest enemy of Christianity—the fiercest persecutor of true believers—the strongest stickler for Pharisaical notions—the most prejudiced opposer of gospel doctrine—and turn that man into an earnest preacher of the very faith he once destroyed. He has done it already. He did it with the Apostle Paul.

The Spirit can take a Roman Catholic monk, brought up in the midst of Romish superstition—trained from his infancy to believe false doctrine, and obey the Pope—steeped to the eyes in error—and make that man the clearest upholder of justification by faith the world ever saw. He has done so already. He did it with Martin Luther.

The Spirit can take an English tinker, without learning, patronage, or money—a man at one time notorious for nothing so much as blasphemy and swearing—and make that man write a religious book, which shall stand unrivalled and unequalled in its way, by any since the time of the apostles. He has done so already. He did it with John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The Spirit can take a sailor, drenched in worldliness and sin—a profligate captain of a slave ship—and make that man a most successful minister of the gospel—a writer of letters, which are a storehouse of experimental religion—and of hymns, which are known and sung wherever English is spoken. He has done it already. He did it with John Newton.

All this the Spirit has done, and much more, of which I cannot speak particularly. And the arm of the Spirit is not shortened. His power is not decayed. He is like the Lord Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He is still doing wonders, and will do to the very end.

Once more, then, I say, I never despair of any man's soul being made alive. I should, if it depended on man himself. Some seem so hardened, I should have no hope. I should, if it depended on the work of ministers. Alas! the very best of us are poor, weak creatures. But I cannot despair, when I remember that God the Spirit is the author of life, for I know and am persuaded that with him nothing is impossible.

I should not be surprised to hear, even in this life, that the hardest among you had become softened, and the proudest had taken his place at the feet of Jesus as a weaned child. Ah! you may be high, but the Spirit can bring you down. You may stand afar off, but the Spirit can bring you near.

I shall not be surprised to meet many on the right hand in the day of judgment, whom I shall leave, when I die, travelling in the broad way. I shall not start, and say, "What! you here?" I shall only remind them, "Was not this my word, when I was yet among you—Nothing is impossible with Him that quickeneth the dead."

Brethren, does any of you desire to help the Church of Christ this year? Then pray for a great outpouring of the Spirit. He alone can give edge to sermons, and point to advice, and power to rebukes, and cast down the high walls of sinful hearts. It is not better preaching and finer writing that is wanted in this day, but more of the presence of the Holy Ghost.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE ACTIVE DISCIPLE.

WE missed him when he was gone. When he went hence he left something more than a tomb behind him: he left a goodly heritage of holy deeds. There is a fragrant perfume yet lingering about his "precious" memory—the trail of *light* that followed his luminous pathway has not yet died away from our saddened vision.

He was a *legible* Christian. There was no mistaking him. He never stood upon debatable ground—he never required one to search the Church records to see whether he was a "professor of religion." We all *felt* his religion.

You might follow him at any time by the fragrance of his Christ-like deeds of well-doing. You might enter the house of sorrow and see that he had been there, by the weeping eyes once more dried, and the broken hearts bound up. You might enter he abode of poverty, and see that he had been there,

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by the plentiful stores which his bounty had left behind, by the food and the raiment, by the consoling tract left upon the table, and the Bible set there as a household lamp to cheer the thick darkness. If you saw a group of children gathered by the wayside, you might conjecture that he was there "in the midst of them," opening his package of little books, and dealing them out to the happy little throng. We *all* felt him in every good enterprise—in the social prayer-circle, in the Sabbath-school, in the church, and (quite as much as anywhere else) at his own hearth-stone.

But now there is a great blank in our social gatherings, in our evening meetings, in *everything*. We wait in vain for his beseeching tremulous voice, that well we knew "sank in the ear of Jesus." The teachers' prayer-meeting is not the same thing that it once was, now that he is gone. And as for the little flock of cottagers that used to gather into Widow M——'s Wednesday evening meeting, they are left as sheep without a shepherd. The good old mother in Israel, will hear no longer the cheerful salutation that was wont to greet her, as his slender form appeared in her doorway, sometimes covered with snow, sometimes dripping with the rain. She need not set out the little table any longer, with its white napkin, and the tattered Bible and "Village Hymns" upon it. "Poor Henry!" she used to say, as he closed her cottage-door, "I fear he is not long for this world; there is a red spot on his cheek, that looks like consumption: he is ripening fast for heaven."

It is but a little time since a long procession wound its way, with many a weeping eye, out of the village church-yard. That grave, beside which you may sometimes see an aged woman in black, bending at the hour of twilight, is his. There is a touching pathos in the date—"*aged twenty-four years.*" His slight form and boyish expression made him look younger than that, but his piety had the ripe maturity of three-score.

"How short his day! the glorious prize
To our sad hearts and weeping eyes
Appeared too quickly won;
The soldier rushed into the field,
With arm invincible to wield
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
When, lo! the fight was done!"

GOD IN HISTORY.

NAPOLEON'S career was providential: there is no name in history whose whole course bears so palpable a proof of his having been created for a historic purpose. Europe, in the partition of Poland, had committed a great crime. France, in the murder of her king, had committed a great crime. The three criminal thrones, and the regicidal republic, were alike to be punished. Napoleon was the appointed instrument for both purposes. He first crushed the democracy, and then he broke the strength of the three powers in the field—he thrice conquered the Austrian capital—he turned Prussia into a province—and his march to Russia desolated her most populous provinces, and laid her Asiatic capital in ashes. But France, which continually paid for all these fearful triumphs in her blood, was still to suffer a final and retributive punishment. Her armies were hunted from the Vistula to the Rhine, and from the Rhine to the Seine. She saw her capital twice captured- her government twice swept away—her conquest lost—her plunder recovered by its original possessors, and her territory garrisoned by an army of strangers—her army disbanded—her empire cut down to the limits of the old monarchy—her old masters restored, and her idol torn from his altar. Thus were thrown away the fruits of the Revolution, of the regicide, of the democracy, and of a quarter of a century of wretchedness, fury, and blood. On Napoleon himself fell the heaviest blow of all. All the shames, sorrows, and sufferings of France were concentrated on his head. He saw his military power ruined—his last army slaughtered—his last adherents exiled—his family fugitive—his whole dynasty uncrowned—and himself given up a prisoner to England, to be sent to an English dungeon, to be kept in English hands, to finish his solitary and bitter existence in desertion and disease, and be laid in an English grave—leaving to mankind, perhaps, the most striking moral of blasted ambition ever given to the world.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE JEWISH BROTHERS.

THE Jews sometimes display a lofty principle, which shows that the divine light exists among them, although frequently concealed by the old incrustations of rabbinical institutions. In my own family an interesting and characteristic incident occurred. My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility, and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on a Friday. As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the Sabbath-day. "Come, dear Joseph," she exclaimed, "the night is approaching; come and light the Sabbath lamp!" But he, full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down in the room. His good wife spoke again in anxiety: "See the stars are already shining in the firmament of the Lord, and our Sabbath lamp is not yet lighted." Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. "Now, dear Rebecca," he exclaimed, "now I am ready." He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the Sabbath lamp. Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding: "I could not pray and light my lamp before becoming reconciled with my brother Isaac." "But how did you manage to do it so soon?" "Oh!" he replied, "Isaac had been as much troubled as I was; he could not begin the Sabbath either without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street; he was coming to me and I was going to him, and we ran to each other's arms and wept."—*Dr Capadose.*

THE LIGHT OF CHRIST.

As at the first dawning of the day the loftiest summits of the mountains are first seen, feebly detaching themselves from the darkness, while the light gradually descends and envelops their base; anon that same light, becoming brighter and brighter, is reflected from one object to another, sweetly in-

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sinuates itself into the smallest crevices and the deepest recesses, till at last everything is defined and discovered to the eye; so, advancing from truth to truth, all truth is finally known to us—light engenders light, experience joins itself to revelation, and revelation gives a meaning to experience, so that our knowledge ever embraces more and more objects, penetrates all things more thoroughly, and judges of them more surely—thus proving that the path of faith is as the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Such is the promise of the apostle to all those who, obeying their conscience, have, to a certain extent, awaked and arisen from the dead. "Christ shall give them light;" yes, Christ, and none other, for he alone knows at once all the secrets of God and all our secrets—what God is, and what we are—what he desires to be towards us, and what we ought to be towards him—our obligations and our powers, our dangers and our resources—the regulation of our life, the employment of each of our moments, the art of being happy, and the way to suffer—in a word, to omit nothing, the art of knowing, and the art of being ignorant. This is what we have to expect from Jesus Christ; this is what faith more and more will receive from him. O blessed light of the man truly awakened, truly resuscitated!—only light amid the darkness of the world!—light and life at once, light and energy of man!—rise upon us, illuminate our difficult pathways, surround us on every side! One of thy rays ravishes a soul in anguish; what, then, would be the effect of thy full radiance?—what of a perfect day, without decline? O Spirit of light! refuse not to shine upon us! And if thou hast aroused us from that heavy and fatal sleep which oppresses the entire posterity of Adam, grant that thou mayst not have awakened us in vain, either for ourselves or others; but let us receive the light, and spread it, so that, seeing our works of light, others may glorify with us, and we with them, our Father who is in heaven! —*Vinet.*

THE EARLY TRIALS AND FAITH OF METHODISM.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Wesleyan*, gives the following reminiscence of one of their most venerable preachers—the Rev. Henry Moore:—

At a local preachers' meeting, where Mr Moore presided, a proposal was made to abandon preaching at the village, or rather hamlet of ——. The reasons alleged were—1. The congregation was very small—generally less than twenty persons. 2. The journey embraced full twenty-four miles' walking. The old gentleman was extremely loath to relinquish the place; several persons, however, urged its abandonment: and one good local brother, about forty years of age, was rather obstreperous in his opposition, and hinted to Mr Moore, "You *gentlemen* preachers, always stopping at home in large towns, know nothing about it." The venerable chairman became roused, and twitching his waistcoat repeatedly, which he was wont to do when excited, replied, "Don't I know anything about it? I don't know anything about it! I wish you to understand, *boy*, I do know something about it. Not long after I entered upon my work, I sometimes knew what hunger was, having travelled all day, preached three or four times, and had no food, except a turnip or carrot by the road-side. Once I borrowed J. B.'s coat, while my own was being patched at the elbows; my board wages were then about half-a-crown per week. I wrote to Mr Wesley, detailing my situation, and requesting his help. What was Mr Wesley's answer? 'Dear Henry—'Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.' Take the cup with thankfulness. I am, dear Henry, your affectionate brother, J. WESLEY.'" I scarcely need say that we "boys" were hushed into silence: we held to our work as before; and now, in that hamlet, there is a commodious chapel and a flourishing society!

HINTS FOR DAILY USE.

LET not mirth be thy profession, lest thou become a make-sport. He that hath but gained the title of a jester, let him assure himself the fool is not far off.

Wouldst thou multiply thy riches?—diminish them wisely; or wouldst thou make thy estate entire?—divide it charitably: seeds that are scattered increase, but hoarded up they perish.

Rebuke thy servant's fault in private: public reproof hardens his shame. If he be past a youth strike him not: he is not fit for thy service, that after wise reproofs will either deserve thy strokes or digest them.

Let not thy table exceed the fourth part of thy revenue. Let thy provision be solid, and not far-fetched—fuller of substance than art. Be wisely frugal in thy preparation, and freely cheerful in thy entertainment. If thy guest be right, it is enough; if not, it is too much. Too much is vanity: enough is a feast.

Let thy apparel be decent, and suited to the quality of thy place and purse: too much punctuality, and too much morosity, are the two poles of pride. Be neither two early in the fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precisely in it: what custom hath civilized is become decent, till then ridiculous. Where the eye is the jury, the apparel is the evidence.

If thy words be two luxuriant, confine them, lest they confine thee: he that thinks he can never speak enough, may easily speak too much. A full tongue and an empty brain are seldom parted.

Detain not the wages from the poor man that hath earned them, lest God withhold thy wages from thee. If he complain to thee, hear him, lest he complain to Heaven, where he will be heard. If he hunger for thy sake, thou shalt not prosper for his sake. The poor man's penny is a plague in the rich man's purse.

If any speak ill of thee, flee home to thy own conscience, and examine thy heart. If thou be guilty, it is just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction. Make use of both, so shalt thou distil honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy create a secret friend.—*Quarles.*

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SIX QUESTIONS TO THE UNCONVERTED.

BY JOSEPH ALLEINE.

1. *What state did my soul come into the world in?* Was it not in a state of death? (Eph. ii. 1)—a state of wrath? (Verse 3.) Sirs, awake, and bethink yourselves where you are, and whither you are going. While you are in your natural, unconverted unbelieving, state, all your sins are unpardoned, and the wrath of God abideth on you. (Acts iii. 19; John iii. 36.) Suppose you saw a poor creature hanging over a burning fiery furnace, by nothing but a slender thread, like to break every moment, would not your hearts ache for such a one? Sirs, it is your very case; you hang over the infernal burnings by nothing but the small thread of your lives, while you know not but it may break the next moment, and then where are you? Is this a case for you to go on contentedly and merrily in?

2. *What condition is my soul now in?* Am I changed and renewed by conversion, or am I not? Speak, conscience; hath this man, this woman, this child, been soundly and savingly changed, both in heart and life? Where are your evidences? Can you show the marks of the Lord Jesus upon your soul? Let your conscience answer. Where was the place, what were the means, when was the time, that your soul was thoroughly renewed? At least, if you cannot show the time, place, or means, can you prove the thing? Can you say with him that was born blind, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see?" (John ix.) Sirs, be not deceived; I tell you, whatever you do, nothing will avail you to salvation, except you be new creatures. (Gal. vi. 15.)

3. *What if I should lose my soul? What sad work should I make of it then!* This is very possible. (Matt. xvi. 26.) Yea, it is the case of the most. There are but few of the children of men that escape safe to heaven. (Matt. vii. 14.) Sirs, beware of your danger, and fear lest a promise being left of entering into rest, any of you should at last come short of it. (Heb. iv. 1.) Suppose a man were to travel through some perilous wood or wilderness, having but one jewel in all the world, in which his all was bound up, and should see some stand on one hand, and some on the other, and hear one company in this place, and another in that, cry out under the hands of some cruel robbers; oh! in what fear would this traveller go lest he should lose this jewel, and be robbed of all at once! Why, thou art the man; this traveller is thyself; this jewel is thy soul; this wilderness or wood is this world thou art to travel through: swarms of sins, legions of devils, and a whole world of temptations — these are the robbers that lie in wait for thy soul; and if all that these can do can keep thee out of heaven, thou shalt never enter there. Oh! what if thy pride or worldliness, thy delays and triflings in religion, should at last betray thy soul into the robbers' hands? Other losses may be repaired; but thy soul being once lost, God is lost, Christ is lost, heaven is lost—all lost for evermore.

4. *What do I do for my soul?* What! have I a soul, an immortal soul to care for, and look no better after it, and bestow no more of my time or pains upon it, no more of my thoughts about it? When Augustus the emperor saw the outlandish women carrying apes, and such kind of strange creatures, in their arms, he asked, "What! have the women in these countries no children?" So it may be said of many among us, that are early and late at their worldly business, but let the care of religion lie by neglected, "What! have these men no souls?" Why, man! hast thou a soul, and yet dost so little in thy closet, so little in thy family, from day to day, for it? What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, that thou perish not. (Jonah i. 6.) What will become of thy soul, if thou lookest to it only at this careless rate?

5. *What if God should this night require my soul? Where would death land me?* (Luke xii. 19, 20.) There was one that promised himself many merry days and years, as it is likely thou doest, but that same night God called for his soul. Sirs, are you prepared? Are you fit to die? Oh! dare not to live in such a case, nor in that course, in which you would not dare to die.

6. *Should I not be in a happy case, if I had but secured my soul?* O if this were but once done, how sweetly mightst thou live! Then thou mightst eat thy bread and drink thy wine with

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a merry heart, when assured that God accepteth thee and thy works. (Eccles. ix. 7.) Then thou mightst lie down in peace, rise up in peace, and go out in peace. Then thou mightst look death in the face, thou mightst look dangers in the face, yea, look devils in the face, and never be afraid. Go, then, to Christ, seek the pardon of your sins through his death, commit your soul into his hands, believe in him, and then this happiness shall be yours: but go, I beseech you, without delay.

And now, let me know your mind. What do you intend to do? Will you go on and die, or will you set upon a thorough and speedy conversion, and lay hold on eternal life? How long will ye linger in Sodom? "How long will ye halt between two opinions?" (1 Kings xviii. 21.) Have you not yet resolved whether Christ or Barabbas, whether bliss or torment, whether this vain and wretched world or the paradise of God, be the better choice? Is it a disputable case, whether the Abana and Pharpar of Damascus be better than all the streams of Eden? or whether the vile puddle of sin is to be preferred before the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb? Can the world in good earnest do that for you, which Christ can? Will it stand by you to eternity? Will pleasures, land, titles, and treasures, descend with you? (Ps. xlix. 17; 1 Tim. vi. 7.) If not, had you not need look after somewhat that will? What mean you to stand wavering, to be off and on? Shall I leave you at last, like Agrippa, no farther than almost persuaded? Why, you are for ever lost, if left here! as good be not at all, as not altogether, Christians. You are half in mind to give over your former negligent life, and set to a strict and holy course; you could wish you were as some others are, and could do as they can do. How long will you rest in idle wishes and fruitless purposes? When will you come to a fixed, firm, and full resolve? Do you not see how Satan cheats you, by tempting you to delay? How long hath he drawn you on in the way of perdition? How many years have you been purposing to mend? What if God should have taken you off all this while.

And is it true indeed? Are life and death at thy choice? Why, then, what hinders but that thou shouldst be happy? Nothing doth or can hinder, but thine own wilful neglect or refusal. It was the remark of the eunuch to Philip: "See here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" So I may say to thee, "See, here is Christ, here is mercy, pardon, life; what hinders but that thou shouldst be pardoned and saved?" One of the martyrs, as he was praying at the stake, had his pardon set by him in a box, which indeed he refused rightly, because upon unworthy terms; but here, the terms are most honourable and easy. O sinner! wilt thou burn with thy pardon by thee? Do but forthwith give up thy consent to Christ, to renounce thy sins, deny thyself, take up the yoke and the cross, and thou carriest the day—Christ is thine—pardon, peace, life, blessedness, are all thine. And is not this an offer worth embracing? Why shouldst thou hesitate or doubtfully dispute about the case? Is it not past controversy, whether God be better than sin, and glory than vanity? Why shouldst thou forsake thy own mercy, and sin against thy own life? When wilt thou shake off thy sloth, and lay by thine excuses? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow: thou knowest not" where this night may lodge thee. (Prov. xxvii. 1.)

Beloved, now the Holy Spirit is striving with you: he will not always strive. Hast thou not felt thine heart warmed by the word, and been almost persuaded to leave off thy sins, and come in to Christ? Hast thou not felt some good motions in thy mind, wherein thou hast been warned of thy danger, and told what thy careless course would end in? It may be, thou art like young Samuel, who, when the Lord called once and again, knew not the voice of the Lord (1 Sam. iii. 6, 7); but these motions and desires are the offers, and essays, and callings, and strivings of the Spirit. O take advantage of the tide, and know the day of thy visitation!

Now the Lord Jesus stretcheth wide his arms to receive you; he beseecheth you by us. How movingly, how meltingly, how pitifully, how compassionately, he calleth! The Church is put into a sudden ecstasy, at the sound of his voice, "The voice of my Beloved!" (Cant. ii. 8.) Oh! wilt thou turn a deaf ear to his voice? Is it not the voice that breaketh the cedars, and maketh the mountains to skip like a calf—that shaketh the wilderness, and divideth the flames of fire? It is not Sinai's thunder, but a soft and still voice. It is not the voice of Mount Ebal, a voice of cursing and terror, but the voice of Mount Gerizim, the voice of blessing and glad tidings of good things. It is not the voice of the trumpet, nor the voice of war, but a message of peace, from the King of peace. (Eph. vi. 15; 2 Cor. v. 18–20.) I may say to

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thee, O sinner, as Martha to her sister, "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee." (John xi. 28.) Oh! now, with Mary, arise quickly, and come unto him. How sweet are his invitations! He crieth in the open concourse, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (Prov. i. 21; John vi. 37.) How bountiful is he! He excludeth none. "Whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) "Whoso is wise, let him turn in hither. Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine that I have mingled. Forsake the foolish and live." (Prov. ix. 4–6.) "Come unto me—take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls." (Matt. xi. 28, 29.) "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) How doth he bemoan the obstinate refuser! "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matt. xxiii. 37.) "Behold me, behold me! I have stretched out my hand all the day to a rebellious people." (Isa. lxv. 1, 2.) O be persuaded now, at last, to throw yourselves into the arms of his love!

SARAH MARTIN.—*continued from p. 536.*

(Abridged from the Edinburgh Review.)

JUDGING from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to this strange auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points —1. The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow—the great fact that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery "doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue," and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. 2. Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seemed to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly, but if approached, or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it was not in their power to gratify, and that, unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy, only because he is immutably good; and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. 3. Her third point was to lead her auditors to the ever-open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible eloquence, to invite, entreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of his own sinless happy nature to all who came to him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer—ready by his own Spirit to purify and guide them—to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble—a pavilion in which they should be kept secretly from the strife of tongues—a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head, a way of escape was pointed out, and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful.

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and, from that time, devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labours. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in the week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress—customers fell of, and eventually almost entirely disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labours, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessaries to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words:—"In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported: God was my master, and would not forsake his servant—he was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support, as in the case of Naomi and Ruth, of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and *my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation, so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others.*"

Noble woman! A faith so firm and so disinterested might have removed mountains: a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

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This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them, converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them: the manner of their instruction is described as follows:—"And those who could not read I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day, according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory, to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable—always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, "It would be of no use;" and my reply was, "It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have." Tracts and children's books, and larger books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more, were supplied with larger books."

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers, and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favour of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course would only be followed by the prisoners doing less, and not doing it well." The ascendency she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watch'd, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all," rendered her the general depositary of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood! and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succour the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labours at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the workhouse, and afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, whilst Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was rivetted upon her; and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference-book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the workhouse, or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labours were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connexion with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands." There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners, notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long beyond the period of their imprisonment, with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs Fry, and of all other monies committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labours. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

During all this time she went on living upon her bare pittance, in a state of most absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied many of her necessities by occasional presents; but, unless it was especially provided, "This is not for your charities, but for your own exclusive use and comfort," whatever was sent

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to her was given away to persons more destitute than herself. In this way she was furnished with clothes, and occasional presents were sent to her of bread, cheese, eggs, fruit, and other necessaries of a simple kind. Some members of the corporation were desirous that a pecuniary provision should be made for her out of the borough funds; but the proposal was soon laid aside, in deference to her own most strenuous opposition. In 1841, the question was renewed, and the wife of one of the magistrates wrote to her: —"We consider it impossible, from the manner in which you live, that you can long continue your arduous labours at the jail, &c. Mr ——— and myself will feel angry and hurt if you refuse to accept it. I must entreat you to do this," &c.

Angry, forsooth! Poor lady! Sarah Martin's answer ran thus:—

"Here lies the objection which oppresses me—I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive that, in receiving payment, my labours may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat, to know if it will cut. . . . . Were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believed would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me, and my conscience too, and these would follow me everywhere. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."

Such scruples should have been held sacred. Corporation gratitude should have been exhibited in some way which would not have excited a feeling of self-degradation; but, alas! a jail committee does not enter into questions of feeling. It was coarsely intimated to this high-souled woman, "If we permit you to visit the prison you must submit to our terms," and these worshipful gentlemen, who were then making use of Sarah Martin as a substitute for the schoolmaster and the chaplain, whom it was by law their bounden duty to have appointed, converted her into their salaried servant by the munificent grant of £12 *per annum!* If the domestic liberality of these gentlemen bears any proportion to their corporate generosity, one would be curious to know after what rate they remunerate their maids-of-all-work and their shop-boys.

Sarah Martin lived for two years in the receipt of this memorable evidence of corporation bounty. In the winter of 1842 her health began to fail, and it was with pain and difficulty that she continued, day by day, up to the 17th of April 1843, to visit the jail, "the home" she says, "of my first interest and pleasure." From that day she was confined to her apartments by a painful disease, accompanied by extreme bodily weakness. But nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a solitary chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose and peace and love"—when, speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked in words of singular beauty,

> ——— "I seem to lie
> So near the heavenly portals bright,
> I catch the streaming rays that fly
> From eternity's own light"—

at such a time, she resumed the exercise of a talent for the writing of sacred poetry, which had been early developed, and had even been occasionally exercised in the midst of the occupations of her busy life.

Sarah Martin struggled against disease for many months, suffering intense agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. A few minutes before her death, she begged for more of the opiate, to still the racking torture. The nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. She, clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and never spake more. This was on the 15th October 1843. She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the church-yard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues. The Yarmouth corporation ought to erect a tablet to her memory, either in the jail, or in the chancel of the church of St Nicholas, in which she taught her class of factory girls. Her services, and the debt of gratitude which the whole town owes to her, will not be forgotten although no marble tell the tale; but such a monument, if erected by the corporation, would relieve them from the suspicion that they were as ignorant of the moral worth as they were of the money value of such labours as Sarah Martin's. Since her death, the corporation has been compelled to appoint both a jail chaplain and a schoolmaster.

"Her simple, unostentatious, yet energetic, devotion to the interests of the outcast and the destitute," remarks Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, who had many opportunities of judging of her labours, and whose experience gives great value to his testimony—"her gentle disposition, her temper never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity. . . . . She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one, by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works."

It is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the benevolent of mankind.

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

SUCH is the solemn warning of God—such also is the earnest remonstrance of every good man: how many painful facts also repeat the same urgent admonition! How many undone souls, alas! now in final ruin, could they only be heard, would be found uttering the same exclamation, "Oh! quench not the Spirit!"

"My dear children," said an old man, "the words of your dying father will be few. I wish them to sink deep into your hearts." Then raising himself a little in his bed, with a degree of strength which he had not been able to command for several weeks, he proceeded: "When I was young, I enjoyed many religious privileges, and was the subject of occasional serious reflections. When just entering my SIX-

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TEENTH YEAR, religious impressions were made on my mind with unusual force. I seemed to hear a voice continually saying to me, SEEK RELIGION NOW. I became consequently unhappy; amusements lost their relish. Still I was unwilling wholly to relinquish them, and obey the voice which urged me to seek my Saviour early. One day, after much reflection, I deliberately promised to God, that, as soon as the season of youthful amusement was past, I would then give myself up to religious pursuits. This resolution dismissed my anxieties: I returned to my frivolities again.

"When at the age of TWENTY-FIVE, the monitory voice, which had been hushed for nearly ten years, returned; it reminded me of my promise, and again pressed on me the importance of eternal things. Though I had scarcely ever thought of my promise for years, I could not but acknowledge its obligations; but an immediate fulfilment seemed more impracticable than before. I vowed, however, again, with increased solemnity, that, after the cares of a rising family should subside, I would certainly attend to the concerns of religion.

"Once more I applied myself to worldly avocations, and once more buried all thoughts of my duty to God. O the long-suffering of that merciful Being who spared my life—who continued my health—who opened my way in business, and whose *goodness* might have led me to repentance! but, alas!—I refused to yield to his heavenly call. At the age of FIFTY, when you, my dear children, were diminishing, instead of increasing my cares, this holy monitor again returned. 'Fulfil your promise—*seek religion now*,' was continually urging itself upon my mind. I could not deny the pledge I had given, but still I felt dissatisfied that its fulfilment should be claimed so soon. I regretted, indeed, that I had not attended to the subject before, when it would have been less difficult; but such was the extent and pressure of my business, that to do it then seemed impossible. I became very uneasy, and, after much deliberation, I sought relief to my troubled feelings by most solemnly renewing my promise to God. I remember with what apparent decision I said, When a few months enable me to get released from my harassing concerns, when my worldly affairs are more nearly arranged, I will devote my undivided attention to a preparation for eternity.

"No sooner had I fixed my mind on this course than I felt relieved—THE STRIVINGS OF THE SPIRIT AGAIN CEASED IN MY BOSOM, AND CEASED FOR EVER! I had become joined to my idols, and he let me alone. True, indeed, after this, I had several misgivings of conscience, but these never were so strong as to shake me from my spiritual slumber. When my present sickness told me of approaching death, I sought to fix my mind on holiness and heaven, but it was in vain. There was a gloom and terror drawn around religion now, at which my soul shuddered—it seemed as if I was forsaken of God; and even this did not move me. I felt no love to God—no repentance for sin—no wish to forsake it. Despair now settled over me; I knew I was in the hands of a justly offended God, from whom I could not now expect mercy. With these awful feelings I am now about to enter the eternal world. To you, my dear children, I can only say, Profit by my example—QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT—seek religion now, if you would avoid a miserable eternity—put not off the concerns of your soul till" ——. The sentence died upon his lips; his strength, which had been all summoned to make this last effort, suddenly failed; he fell back upon his bed, and with a groan, that seemed to bespeak the agony of another world, his immortal spirit took its flight from that body which it had inhabited nearly fourscore years, to receive according to that it had done!

This narrative was given by a grandson of the old man, who witnessed his dying hour. He was a minister of the gospel, and dated his first permanent convictions of sin to that awful scene. The descendants of the old man were numerous, many of whom became pious: several were first awakened by his dying charge.

Three years before the old man's death there was a revival of religion in the place where he resided, and his son with whom he lived became a subject of its influence. He had made the most violent opposition to his son's religious feelings, and never, whilst able to move about the house, did he remain in the room during family prayer, nor, till his dying hour, did he suffer a prayer to be offered in his hearing.

My young reader, learn from this melancholy narrative—to accept of Jesus while you are young. Youth is the best time to become a follower of Christ, and, to multitudes, you know it is the only time. Should you neglect the Saviour now, death may cut you down, all unprepared, or the world may so engage your affections as to cause the Spirit of God to leave you to a hardened heart. Few find the way to heaven, if they do not enter it while young. The greater part, by far, of all that are converted to God, are CONVERTED IN YOUTH. Say not, "I will seek the Lord when I am old:" you may never live to age, or if you should, the Lord may say, "I will not give that trifler my Spirit, to seek me then: I will *leave* him to himself, and to Satan, whose service he has preferred to that of his God and Saviour." The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. O be wise TO-DAY; O cherish the *sanctifying Spirit of God:* He takes of the things of Christ, and shows them to man. You will never know Jesus, and never love Jesus, but by the Spirit. Ask, then, this divine helper, and you shall receive: He will lead you to Christ. Blessed Jesus stands with outstretched arms to receive you. He offers himself as the guide of your youth. Think of his promise, "I love them that love me; and *they that seek me early* shall find me."

If this narrative should be read by one who has already reached advanced life, and has spent his years without God and without hope in the world, let it be heard as addressing him thus: "O reader! flee from destruction! Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in his name cry mightily to God, that he may yet have mercy upon you. The best part of your life is past; the remainder will soon be gone; and, if you die as you are, you must be lost for ever. Know, then,

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and believe, that God waiteth to be gracious even to thee. Such is the efficacy of Christ's blood, which you have so long despised that, *even now*, if you but come to him, he will save you, and blot out the aggravated sins of fifty, sixty, seventy years or more. Such miracles of mercy are indeed rare. O haste, then, and be thou one of the blessed few! Let your prayer be, "O take not thy Holy Spirit away from me—let him create a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me, ere I go hence, and be no more! Save thou me, and I shall be saved, for thou art the Lord my God."

THE LOG-CHURCH OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

THE groves were God's first external temple in New-England, under the roof of heaven. By their watch-fires on the land, and in their open shallop on the sea, our fathers worshipped, and in the cabin of the "May-flower," and in all their perilous expeditions, before yet the foundation of a hut was laid. It was not the temple first, the consecrated temple, and the heart afterwards, but the heart first and the temple afterwards.

We love that old-fashioned, pilgrim, New-England designation, "The meeting-house." It seems to carry us back to a time when, to have a meeting of any kind was to worship God—when the people were all Christians, and their meetings for devotion were so much the habit, the joy, and the main business of life, as to Christianize even the generic idea of a public assembly. The Sabbath meetings of our fathers began in the first dwelling-house; where the first household prayer ascended to God, there also did the colonists gather for their Sabbath and social services. Just so, of a long time, did Christ's early Churches gather together and worship in Jerusalem, in Antioch, in Ephesus, in Corinth; and *the Church that is in thy house* became one of the designations, local and formal, of primitive Christianity.

But at length there was a structure of special service and appointment, as God's house of prayer. That first house for the pilgrims was but a rude tabernacle in the wilderness, yet it had a beauty and a glory such as the grandest temple since erected in all this land possesses not. It was God's pavilion for his people, yet it had nothing of a temple save the heavenly purposes to which, on the Lord's-day, it was devoted; for, as God meant that they should come to this country unsanctioned, unconsecrated, untolerated, unaccepted, unacknowledged, yea, despised as a church, unconstituted either by king, or priest, or prelate, and flung forth from a human establishment to God's uncovenanted mercies in the wilderness—uncovenanted of man, but chosen of God—so he meant that they should worship in a temple desecrated by no mere self-willed human consecration—a conventicle, a garrison, not *set apart* for the sacredness, but *used* for the convenience and security of the holy duties of divine worship—duties that made the house beautiful and sacred, and not the house the duties.

God led *them* into it, and not they God; it was God's choice *for* them, not theirs for God; and here, in the following record, is the account of the ceremonies of its construction and dedication, under date of July 1622:—

"This summer we build a timber fort, both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements, on which ordnance are mounted, a watch kept; and it also serves as a place of public worship."

In Old England, under the Establishment, with an Archbishop's consecration, this would have been a place of public worship, serving as a fort, bristling with Bancroft's canon, and with the ceremonies, ordinances, commandments, and doctrines of men.

In New England it was simply the pilgrims' first meeting-house, where, by God's mercy, they could say, "Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." In Old England it would have been God's house, devoted to man's purposes: in New England it was man's house, devoted to God's purposes. "One thing have I desired of the Lord," said the pilgrims, "that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." And who can tell the unspeakable delight with which they must have enjoyed that uninterrupted communion with God according to the rule of his Word, for which they had fled into this savage wilderness, where God's house was not only a place of spiritual freedom, but a pavilion of defence against the heathen. "We have thought of thy lovingkindness," said they, "O God, in the midst of thy temple. Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

Let us enter with the congregation there, on a day like some of our sacred days in August, a Sabbath combining the softness of summer with the clearness and brilliancy of autumn in the frosty October. Standing here alone, in the still solemnity of noon, upon this hill of graves, and looking abroad upon the harbour and the islands, so beautiful at high tide, it is not difficult to go back in imagination to the days of our pilgrim fathers, and to stand with them amidst the changing scenes of their labours. Changing they were even then, beneath the hand of their scant industry, the very first year, when half the colony died, and there were but nineteen men to build houses and defend them, and to clear and plant their land. But now how changed! That one street of seven rude dwellings, like a prophecy in hieroglyphics upon a blank scroll, between which and this burial hill there was a wide untrodden space, as also below, down to the water's edge, has spread into a net-work of streets and buildings, winding and crossing all around the base of this sacred mount, which itself would, perhaps, have been also covered with residences, had not its sacredness as the enclosure of the dead forbidden. But the growth of this place is mere nothing in comparison with that of many other towns and cities in our country, where the wave of each successive generation obliterates all traces of the past, and fierce, remorseless progress permits men only to compare themselves with the future, never looking back, and hearing only one voice of destiny, "Clear the way!" Glad we are that *present* Plymouth is an *old* town, and no bigger, for here imagination is not so oppressed and looked out of countenance by reality, but that it *can* go back two hundred years, and see things as when our fathers landed. The houses disappear, and the dim woods and corn-fields take their places, and we can see the solitary "May-flower" at anchor, and the pilgrims on shore cutting and carrying timber, marking out their lots, thatching their houses, impaling this hill, under which their little settlement is seated, and making bulwarks or jetties whence they can defend their dwellings, by day and by night, keeping watch and guard against the Indians.

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This Sabbath morning—let it be October or the beginning of November, instead of August—the smoke rises early and peaceful on the clear frosty air, from the single line of dwellings. There is no busy stir in or about the little settlement, as on the week days. Almost the first sign of life that you behold, except the tell-tale smoke from the thatched roofs, is the winding of the pilgrims up the path that leads from their dwellings to the fort upon the hill, where they hold their worship. There goes their venerated elder, William Brewster, a pilgrim older than all the rest, already beyond the three-score years of our earthly pilgrimage, but active and cheerful—"a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and much people were added to the Lord." Yea, he is the Barnabas of this little Church and colony.

So the congregation gather into this log fort, and begin to praise God. They are but a very little handful, enough for a social prayer-meeting; and some have to remain in the dwellings, to tend the sick, and watch against surprisal from the Indians; others are on guard also at the fort with muskets, watching as sentinels, while all watch and pray. If the naked children of the forest are watching also, with bow and arrow, they hear sweet and solemn music this morning, and it is one of God's means to keep them in awe, and defend his people from them. The whole congregation sing, and the hymn rises as from one heart, with the sweetness of the unison of all voices. Our pilgrim fathers were good singers. We have the testimony of Mr Winslow to this point. When they were embarking from Leyden, he says, "We refreshed ourselves with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts as well as with the voice, there being many of our congregation very expert in music; and, indeed, it was the sweetest melody that mine ears ever heard." It was congregational singing, and so was it at each Sabbath's worship in this timber fort in the wilderness. It were well if our congregations in modern times would follow this delightful pilgrim and scriptural habit of expertness in music.

The song ended, they unite in prayer. Mr Brewster was a gifted man in this sacred exercise, especially in the humble confession of sin and pleading for pardon. He was not long in prayer, but frequent, and he set the heart and conscience at work, as in Paul's expression, *labouring earnestly* in prayer. He prayed fervently, with and for the people, and they with and for him. They came to God in great want, and prayed for great blessings.

And then with equal power and beauty, under the teachings of the Saviour, he opened unto them the Scriptures, and applied both the law and the promises, being plain and distinct, as well as affectionately stirring and moving in his teachings. Powerfully and profitably he taught, twice every Sabbath, to the great contentment of the hearers, and to their comfortable edification. This he continued to do till the church had another minister, and many were brought to God by his ministry. "Yea, he did more in their behalf in a year than many that have their hundreds a year do in all their lives." He was a man that had done and suffered much for the Lord Jesus and the gospel's sake; and so doing and suffering, God upheld him to a great age, and kept him actively useful to the last.

From the enjoyment of his ministrations, and of God's Spirit in them, they would go down to their dwellings with renewed hope, and faith, and courage, to bear the exceeding trials of the week. Though their outward man was weak and wasting, yet the inward was renewed day by day, and, perhaps, the darker and gloomier it grew externally, the brighter was all within. Mr Brewster loved to dwell upon God's promises, and to show his faithfulness and lovingkindness in all the severe discipline they were passing through. He preached that winter in the midst of sicknesses, fears, and deaths, and the next in the midst of a wasting famine. And his own confidence in God, and his cheerful endurance of personal suffering, did much to keep up the spirits of his fainting flock. He would address them almost in the words of Baxter:—

> "Why art thou, fainting soul, cast down,
> And thus disquieted with fears?
> Art thou not passing to thy crown,
> Through storms of pain and floods of tears?
>
> Fear not, O thou of little faith,
> Art thou not in thy Saviour's hand?
> Remember what his promise saith,
> For life and death are his command."

MOTHERS! LOOK TO YOUR SONS.

It is a very painful fact, which both parents and ministers attest and lament, that very few of the *sons* of our more *wealthy members* become truly pious. Many of the daughters are brought under the influence of true piety, and come into our fellowship, but comparatively few of the sons. I am aware that, as a general fact, far more women are pious than men; but the disproportion is, I think, still greater in the class to which I now allude than in any other. Many concurring causes will account for this. Young men go out into the world, and are exposed to its temptations, while the daughters remain at home under the sheltering care of their parents. It requires greater moral courage in a young man to profess religion than in a female. Young men are more swallowed up in business, and have their minds more drawn away from religion, by this means. They are more exposed to the influence of bad companions, and are more in the way of being injured by scepticism and heresy. They are allured to out-of-door recreations and games, which lead them into company. And from the fact of a large proportion of pious people being females, young men are carried away with the shallow and flippant notion that religion is a matter pertaining to the weaker sex, rather than to them. These things will account for the fact to which I now allude, which is indeed a very painful one. Our Churches and our institutions need the aid of pious young men of this class. We know the soul of a female is as precious in the sight of God as one of the opposite sex, and we know how valuable are female influence and agency in all religious matters; but women cannot be in such things a substitute for men; and therefore we do lament that so few of our respectable young men become truly pious.

To what use ought this painful fact to be turned, and to what specific efforts should it give rise? First of all, it should lead Christian parents to pay a more diligent and anxious attention to the religious education of their *sons*. Daughters must not be neglected, but *sons must have special pains taken with them*. As in good agriculture most labour is bestowed on an unproductive soil to make it yield a crop, so in this religious culture of the heart, the main solicitude should be directed to the boys.

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Mothers, I beseech you, look to these, and from the very dawn of reason exert your plastic influence over their more sturdy nature. Be anxious for your sons; think of their danger and their difficulty. Imagine sometimes that you see that lovely boy a future prodigal, lost to himself, to his parents, to the Church, and to society, and yourself dying under the sorrows of a heart broken by his misconduct; at other times, look upon the enrapturing picture of his rising up to be a minister of religion, or the deacon of a Church, foremost in aiding the religious institutions of the day, and yielding the profits of a successful business to the cause of God in our dark world. Oh! dedicate that boy to God, with all the fulness of a mother's love both for him and for his Lord, and pour over him all the influences of a mother's judicious care and culture. Fathers, I say to you also, look well to your sons; be doubly solicitous, and doubly laborious, and doubly prayerful, in reference to them. Be the friend, the companion, the counsellor of your sons, as well as their father. Be intensely solicitous to see them not only by your side in the counting-house or the warehouse, but in the Church of Christ, and in the transactions of our religious societies.

Mothers, much devolves on you. Let a mother's vigilance, and care, and affection, all be most earnestly consecrated to the blessed work of sowing the seeds of piety in childhood's heart, and thus forming the young immortal. Scarcely a character of eminence has ever appeared, either in the Church or in the state, but confessed his obligations to a judicious mother. Pious mothers have done more to people heaven than any other class of persons, next to the preachers of the gospel; and even the usefulness of ministers must be shared with those who had prepared the minds of their converts to receive impression from their sermons. Napoleon once asked Madame Campan, what the French nation most wanted. Her reply was compressed into one word —"Mothers." It was a wise, beautiful, and comprehensive answer. Ask me what the Church of God wants next to earnest ministers, and I answer—"*Intelligent, pious, earnest* MOTHERS."—*J. A. James.*

A FAITHFUL EMIGRANT.

A HOME missionary in one of the colonies, writing of accessions to the Church, says:—

"Two of these we look upon as the fruit of Sabbath-school instruction. Five years ago or more, a worthy Christian brother came from England, and settled in a remote corner of an adjoining town. He had been a Sabbath-school teacher; and the Sabbath before he left his English brethren, he was publicly commended to God, with special prayer that he might be faithful in Sabbath-schools. From that time, he says, he felt himself consecrated to this particular work. On surveying his new home, he found no preached gospel, no prayer-meeting, no religious institutions or influence. He gathered his own family together, and taught them on the Sabbath, and as his influence increased, he induced his neighbours to send their children to his house. Ere long, the place was too strait for them, a log school-house was built, and opened for their assembly, and there for five summers he has faithfully laboured at his Master's work. Some unknown friends have supplied him with a fine library; his scholars have increased to sixty; and on the 4th July, one hundred children, with their parents and friends, gathered on the edge of the wild prairie, to celebrate the national festival. All these would have been without any religious instruction, had this one man neglected his duty to the Master. His example and success have stimulated others, and recently, two other Sabbath-schools have been established not far distant, and they, in like manner, will probably become sources of light and blessing to their respective neighbourhoods.

"It is from this Sabbath-school that we received the two members of whom I spoke; and there are others, who will, I hope, unite themselves with the Church of Christ, from the same vicinity. God is evidently there by his Spirit, and I verily believe is about to honour the faith of his servant in a far more signal manner.

"If, now, the conduct of this one man be compared with his who, coming hither, conceals his light, and neglects his sacred obligations to labour for Christ, it will be seen that God leaves not himself without the witness of his own faithfulness to his faithful servants. His children, instead of growing up profane, and reckless in guilt, are serious, thoughtful, deeply interested in the Sabbath-school, in the sermon, and in the prosperity of religion. His neighbours have profound respect for his full-grown manly piety; the children, at first rude and unmanageable, have become attentive and teachable; and the flame of piety and holy love *in his own heart*, instead of being dimmed and quenched, shines all the brighter and clearer for the trial of his faith."

THE LORD'S VOICE TO BRITAIN.

By many voices has God spoken to the land, and spoken, alas! in vain; he is now speaking by this. He cut the sinews of our temporal prosperity, and threw down the props of commercial enterprise, striking panic into the nation, and turning many a domestic circle into a place of smitten hopes and broken hearts. He lightly afflicted the land, in every city and village, with a disease, weakening, though not deadly. He sent the scourging famine. He shook the pillars of the throne and realm by those convulsions that have transformed Europe into the seat of ruined empires and fallen crowns. He made our statesmen to stagger in their place of power, confounding their schemes, and turning their counsels into foolishness. And now he is preparing the dreaded pestilence! It is already on the wing! It is hovering over the land!

During these two past years there has been a strange succession of voices heard throughout the realm, each one speaking terror, and giving forth warning to its inhabitants of the uplifted hand of God—a God slow to anger and of great mercy, yet a God who will by no means clear the guilty. All these voices come laden with the same burden, uttering the same message—"Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of his judgment is come!"

The prophets had their burdens for Israel, and for Babylon, and for Moab, and for Tyre. There are burdens for Britain, too—burdens that come to us not from prophet-lips, but from the judgments of Jehovah. The storm, the earthquake, the famine, the pestilence, each has its burden. Prophet-tongued,

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they proclaim God's purpose in these last days, and tell that he has arisen to deal with the nations of the earth. Prophet-tongued, they speak to Britain as Ezekiel spoke to Israel, threatening infinite woe, yet saying, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that he turn from his ways and live; turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die?"

The closing burden of each of them is the same—*Repent!* They may vary much in other respects, but they end in this. Their message is that of Elijah or the Baptist—a message of solemnity and sadness—a message to an apostate nation, fast filling up its cup of wrath.

Britain, REPENT!

Long-blest, long-disciplined, long-entreated, long-sinning England, REPENT!

Land of the Bible and the Reformation—land of martyrs and saints—REPENT!

Land of the gospel—land of missions—land of the ambassadors of peace—REPENT!

Bulwark of the faith—citadel of Protestantism—old enemy of Rome—REPENT!

Land of the godly—island over which and around which there floats the incense-cloud of three centuries of prayer and blessing—REPENT! —*Rev. H. Bonar, in tract, "What of the Night?"*

BEHOLD, HE COMETH!

"HE that shall come will come, and will not tarry." And what a wail shall then arise from the affrighted world, when they see him in his glory, as the Judge of all! Oh! the outcry that shall then be heard, when in his eye they read condemning wrath, and feel damnation sure! But the Judge has not yet arrived. There is still delay, however brief. The mercy-seat is still on earth. The gate still stands open. Go in and receive from a Saviour's hands forgiveness, and life, and righteousness, that you may be ready for his appearing. "He that believeth hath everlasting life." That life is no distant blessing, hard to win and costly to purchase. It is free. It is yours for the taking. It becomes yours the moment you believe. And though this were the world's last hour, and you the vilest outcast that ever begged or stole your daily bread, even you shall be saved, in believing the record that God hath given of his Son. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." It is not *working* that will save you: it is simply *believing*. All your good works, if you have any, cannot help, and all your bad ones shall not be able to hinder, your entrance into the kingdom, if you will but receive the free gift of God which he is presenting to you in his Gospel. Take God at his word—give him credit for speaking the honest truth when he sets life before you so freely and so lovingly, and tells you with such explicit plainness, that "he who *believeth* is justified from all things." Nothing but the belief of this free love can make you holy or blessed. It will make you both. This grace of God which bringeth salvation will not only fill your troubled soul with peace, but it will teach you to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts."

Children of the world, awake! The Judge standeth before the door! It may be death to slumber another hour! Forsake your lusts, your pleasures, your gaieties, your sports— for in these there is not life, but death, and "the fashion of this world passeth away." "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Children of God, awake! Ye are of the day, not of the night—therefore, sleep not as do others. Your sleep may not be the sleep of death, but it is not less sinful, less hateful to God. The time that remaineth is short. Are your loins girt? Are your lamps trimmed and burning? Is your raiment clean and unsoiled? Are you much upon your knees—"instant in prayer"—waiting for the appearing of your Lord from heaven?—*Ibid.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

A GENTLEMAN jumping from an omnibus in the city of New York, dropped his pocket-book, and had gone some distance before he discovered his loss, then hastily returning, inquired of every passenger whom he met if a pocket-book had been seen; finally, meeting a little girl of ten years old, to whom he made the same inquiry, she asked,

"What kind of a pocket-book?"

He described it—then unfolding her apron, "Is this it?"

"Yes, that is mine; come into this store with me."

They entered; he opened the book, counted the notes and examined the papers.

"They are all right," said he, "fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each; had they fallen into other hands, I might never have seen them again; take, then, my little girl, this note of a hundred dollars as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson to me to be more careful in future."

"No," said the girl, "I cannot take it, I have been taught at Sunday school not to keep what is not mine, and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home—they might suppose I had stolen it."

"Well, then, my child, show me where your parents live."

The girl took him to an humble tenement in an obscure street, rude but cleanly. He informed the parents of the case. They told him their child had acted correctly; they were "poor, it was true, but their pastor had always told them not to set their hearts on rich gifts." The gentleman told them they must take it, and he was convinced they would make a good use of it.

The pious parents then blessed their benefactor, for such he proved; and the benevolent giver afterwards gave him employment in his occupation as a carpenter, enabling him to rear an industrious family in comparative happiness. This little girl is now the wife of a respectable tradesman of New York, and has reason to rejoice that she was born of pious parents, who had secured their daughter's happiness by sending her to a Sunday school.

THE JUDGMENT.

BY THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER.

AND is it certain that I must appear at the judgment? Yes: "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." And must I there give an account of my actions? Undoubtedly; every one will be judged "according to that he hath done, whether it

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be good or bad." And will my most secret iniquities be revealed in the light of that day? They will; "for God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

Must I render an account of my *words* as well as my actions? Even so: "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Will any account be taken of our *thoughts*, and of the desires and imaginations of the heart, on that day? Most certainly; for the heart is the source of all wickedness, and God knows and remembers every evil thought which ever passed through the minds of men: these come under the class of "secret things;" and it is written, "God will judge the secrets of men" in that day, "by Jesus Christ." Perhaps this relates to secret actions. Not alone; for it is written, "Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts."

Will all sinners fare alike on that day? All impenitent sinners will be condemned to everlasting misery; but there will be a wide difference between the punishment of those who sinned in ignorance and those who sinned in the midst of light and against light. It will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for Bethsaida and Capernaum. "That servant that knew his master's will, and committed things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with many stripes; while he that knew not his master's will, and committed things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." Every man shall receive according to his work. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men chose darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

Is the judgment-day determined? Yes: "For he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained." Is there reason to think that that day is near at hand? It is nearer now than ever before. It comes on apace; "but of that day and that hour knoweth no man, nor the angels in heaven."

Will any man be able to stand in the judgment? None but such as are clothed in the righteousness of Christ: these shall not only be acquitted, but their imperfect works of faith and labours of love shall be richly rewarded. All others shall be condemned. No man's morality or good works can stand the scrutiny of that day. All not interested in Christ will be cast into outer darkness; they will hear the Judge's sentence, "Depart, accursed, into everlasting fire."

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

In the year 1795, the Rev. George Biddulph, at that time chaplain to the Earl of ——, and my college associate, was in London; we spent much time together, and as he was a man of an earnest, serious turn of mind, our conversation was very much on religious subjects, he being anxious to dissever me from the free-thinking principles of French and German philosophy, to which I was at that time much addicted.

One day being at Woolwich, we took a stroll on Blackheath, when we accidentally came upon a young man, who having been overturned in a gig, had slightly injured his arm. The little service which we were enabled to render him, led to our spending the remainder of the day together, and as it was then hardly past noon, this consisted of several hours, which were sufficient to enable young men socially inclined to become tolerably familiar before parting.

Our new acquaintance informed us that he was Lieutenant Macintosh, in the service of the East India Company, and that the following day he was to embark for his destination. He was a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance and lively manners. In the course of conversation, some words dropped from myself with reference to an unfinished argument with my clerical friend, on our often contested religious subject. This led to the discovery that the young soldier was even more sceptically disposed than myself, and now, with such an ally, the argument was resumed and continued till we were about to part, when the lieutenant, asserting his positive belief in no other life than the present, declared that, if after death his soul really existed, and he died before his new clerical acquaintance, he would pay him a visit and confess his error; and added that he would not fail to enlighten me also.

We parted, and we saw the lieutenant no more, at least in this life. One remark I must make in this place, which is of importance, namely, that although the lieutenant had told us his name, yet he had not mentioned his family, nor his native place, nor had we inquired about them; and after that time, neither of us thought more of him, I believe, than is commonly thought of any passing, agreeable acquaintance, who has enabled us to spend an hour or two pleasantly.

One night, however, about three years afterwards, I dreamed that I was sitting in my library as usual, when the door opened, and a young man entered, whom I immediately recognised to be Lieutenant Macintosh, though he was then wearing a captain's uniform. He looked much sunburnt, as one might naturally expect a man to be after about three years' exposure to a tropical sun. His countenance, however, was grave, and there was a peculiar expression in it, that even in my dream excited an unusual degree of attention. I motioned to him to be seated, and without addressing him, waited for him to speak; he did so immediately, and his words were these:—

"I promised, when we were at Woolwich together, to visit you if I died. I am dead, and have now kept my word. You can tell all your friends who are sceptics that the soul does not perish with the body."

When these words were ended, I awoke, and so distinctly were they, as it seemed, impressed upon my senses, that for the moment I could not believe but that they had been spoken to me by the actual tongue of man. I convinced myself that the chamber was empty, and persuaded myself that this was but the effect of my excited imagination, and again slept.

The next morning I regarded it merely as an ordinary dream. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when, early in the day, I received a visit from my friend Biddulph, who instantly accosted me with the inquiry, whether I had heard any news of that Lieutenant Macintosh, whose acquaintance we had accidentally made three years before. I related my

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dream. "Strange, indeed" he said; "then of a truth he is dead!" He then related, that the preceding night he also had a similar dream, with this difference, that it was twice repeated, and that each time he was desired to write to ———, in Inverness-shire, where lived his mother and sister, and to inform them of his death—the apparition in his dream adding each time, that this would be a great affliction to them, and therefore he laid it earnestly upon him to offer them all the consolation in his power.

After the first dream, Biddulph, like myself, on awakening, had persuaded himself that it was *merely* a dream, and after some time had again slept, when it was repeated precisely as before, and then on waking, he had risen and written down not only the address, but a letter to the clergyman of the parish, inquiring from him if a family such as had been intimated to him lived at the place mentioned, but without giving him the reason for this inquiry.

When day came, however, the whole thing seemed to him so extraordinary, that he determined to come and consult with me, who had known the young man equally as well as himself, before he took any decided step.

The whole thing appeared so strange, and so contrary to all human experience, that I could only advise him to send the letter which he had written to the clergyman, and be guided by his answer. We resolved not to mention the subject to any one, but we noted down the date and hour of these remarkable dreams. A few posts afterwards settled the whole thing. Mrs Macintosh and her daughter were living, as had been told in the dream, at ———, and the clergyman added, that he hoped his correspondent had news to communicate respecting Captain Macintosh, about whom they were anxious. Thus two points were proved—our lieutenant had become a captain, and his mother and sister were living at the address communicated in his dream; as a natural inference, therefore, the third fact was true also.

In the course of a few months, official tidings came of the death of Captain Macintosh, who had died by a *coup de soleil*, while hunting up the country with a party of brother officers, and the time of his death exactly corresponded with that of our dreams. —*Howitt's Journal.*

THE BOOK FOR BUSINESS MEN.

I SAT beside a dying Christian. He had been called in the prime of life to give up all business, and for months to watch and wait for a sudden death. I asked him of his spiritual state. He said, "I have no rapture, but all is peace, settled, abiding peace." Then, in illustration of the manner in which he was supported in view of the interruption of his worldly plans, and of leaving a dependent wife and infant child, he related the following incident:—

"Last year I became considerably embarrassed in business. On Saturday evening I would come home, not knowing how I should meet my obligations the following week, and with my mind so distracted, that it seemed as if the Sabbath would be worse than lost. I was then teaching a Bible class. With sadness I would sit down to prepare the lesson for the next day; but as I advanced, truth took possession of my mind, faith took the place of distrust, and hope of fear. I was led almost insensibly to leave my affairs with my covenant God; and invariably I found these Sabbaths precious and delightful. And, moreover, in returning to business on Monday, a way was always provided to meet my responsibilities. Thus have I learned to trust the Lord."

As I listened to this simple statement, I could not but say to myself, How much wretchedness and ruin would be avoided, if this plain truth were only believed—"The Bible is the book for business men!"

THAT'S THE LAST OF IT.

How often do we hear that the problems of perpetual motion and quadrature of the circle have been satisfactorily solved! The papers from the Atlantic to the Pacific tell us so, and *that's the last of it.*

A sinner, and he the type of a large class, under some alarming and threatening providence, very earnestly promises, if he should escape this time, he will reform the whole course of his life. He does escape, and *that's the last of it.*

An agent charged with an important mission, hastens to a rich professor of religion, and solicits his aid to send the gospel to the destitute, to sustain some falling Church, or to relieve some distressed widow and orphan. He does not receive a blunt refusal; the rich man only requests that he may have time to think of it—and *that's the last of it.*

The great mass of mankind are regardless of the claims of religion. They care only for the things of this world, and in due course of time they die; but *that is* NOT *the last of it*—for after death cometh the *judgment.*

RUN FOR IT.

THEY that will have heaven must run for it, because the devil, the law, sin, death, and hell, make after that soul. And I will assure you, the devil is nimble; he can run apace, he is light of foot; he hath overtaken many; he hath turned up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the law, that can shoot a great way; have a care that thou keep out of the reach of those great guns, the ten commandments. Hell also hath a wide mouth, and can stretch itself farther than we are aware of. If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, wouldst say, They that will have heaven must run for it.—*Bunyan.*

AN EMBLEM.

A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanc'd to grow:
"Why art thou here with a gaudy dye,
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the church-yard low?"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shiny track—
"I was a worm till I won my wings;
And she whom thou mournest like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

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THE DISTANCE OF DEATH.

BY THE LATE W. NEVINS, D.D., BALTIMORE.

How far from any human being is death? This is not equivalent to asking when he will actually die. That may not be for years to come. But all that time how far off is death from him? Not far—only a step. "There is but *a step* between me and death." Death is always at just the same distance from every man, though all do not die at the same time, and some live to a much greater age than others. Death is as contiguous to childhood and youth as it is to manhood and old age. Facts are every day proving it. From no subject of human life, and from no point or period of it, is death ever at a greater distance than may be measured by a step. *David* said what I have quoted, of himself. It is just as true of all men, unless some are protected, as Hezekiah was, by a promise of God, that he should live a number of years. David said it in a moment of panic. He might have said it in his calmest hour. It is no piece of extravagance. It is a sober reality. It is a plain matter of fact, that all we who live, live at precisely this little distance from death, and no more. David said it in view of a particular danger. But there are a thousand dangers besetting every man, any one of which could justify the language. We sometimes *seem* to be nearer death than at other times; and we are actually sometimes nearer dying. Every hour brings us nearer dying, but not nearer death; for that is never but *a step* off. That is always close at our side—our companion through life. The whole course of life is in the closest proximity to death. We are not merely tending *towards* a brink, over which ultimately we are to plunge, but we are all the time travelling *on* that brink. We are not journeying towards a precipice which may be more or less distant from us; but our whole way winds along the frightful edge of the precipice. Our danger does not commence just before we actually die; but it attends us all the way of life. It is true, some escape it for a long time; but there is not a point in the path which has not been so dangerous as to prove fatal to some travellers.

It is this, if I mistake not, which makes our condition here so fearful—this perpetual insecurity—this ever-present and imminent peril. It is not the certainty of the fact in regard to death that is so very appalling to the soul: it is the uncertainty of the time. It is not that ultimately we *must* die, but that presently we *may*. It is the thought of being necessarily always so near that great evil—always immediately adjacent to the judgment—always close upon the confines of eternity, and always within a little of our everlasting abode—the journey from every point of our path so short—a single stage, a single step! now here—anon there; this hour with men—the next with God; to-day only candidates for immortality—to-morrow its incumbents; to day on trial for eternity—to-morrow tried, and the case decided irreversibly and for ever; on earth to-day—to-morrow in heaven or in hell—nor yet the interval always so great as a day. I do not think the fearfulness of man's condition in view of these considerations is capable of being exaggerated No language can overstate it. If the change awaiting us were gradually brought about, it would not be so fearful. If, one by one, the mysterious ligaments of life were sundered, and one by one the objects of earth faded from our view, and the novelties of eternity were slowly and separately unfolded to our vision—if the summons of death designated a distant day for our appearing at the bar of God, and our way thither were long and difficult, dying would not constitute so formidable a prospect as now it does. But the fact is, the change is as sudden as it is great. The familiar scenes of the one world all vanish at once, and the unimagined realities of the other all at once burst on the beholder. The summons requires immediate attendance, and the way is but a step. There is no doubt about this. There are not two minds on the subject. Every one, when asked what his life is, answers in similar language, "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." No one contends for the power or right to boast of to-morrow. All see that the Son of man cometh at such an hour as men think not. The frequent sudden precipitation into the grave and the eternal world of persons of all ages, and of every condition of body, evinces that between them and death there was but *a step*. And how should there be more between us and death? The reasons which determine God in the dispensations of life and death are perhaps more

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inscrutable than those which govern any other part of his conduct. There is no class of facts out of which it is so perfectly impossible to construct a theory, as those which relate to human mortality.

So then, death is but *a step* off, and we cannot move him farther from us. He will keep just at that distance, though he may long maintain it. He will be ever threatening us—his weapon ever uplifted and over us, though he cannot strike until the word is given him from another. Is it so? Is death but *a step* removed—so near as that? Then, if there be anything in death which requires preparation, (and is there not?) how important that, from the earliest dawn of reason, it should be made, so that we may be ever prepared for that which is ever so near—always in panoply to meet an enemy always at hand! How absurd to put off preparation for death, when one cannot put off death itself! Is the reader prepared to die? He has entertained less momentous questions than this. Is he in readiness to take the step which separates him from all that is final and formidable in death? Will he not seriously institute and faithfully prosecute this inquiry?

But if death is so near, there are other things even more formidable than death, which cannot be far off. *Judgment* is near, if death is. Yes: "The Judge standeth before the door." How near to every accountable being is the place and period of his final reckoning! To-morrow he may have to answer for the deeds of to-day; or to day, for yesterday's. How many accounts are closed every day—how many cases decided daily at that court of ultimate adjudication! And are we so near the awful interview—the tremendous audit? And does it not affect us at all? Are we so well prepared for it, or so careless of being prepared for it?

Retribution ensues immediately on judgment. That also is but the distance of *a step*. Now, if that retribution were temporal and mutable, the thought would be alarming. But it is eternal and irreversible. Ah! then, if these things be so, how near to some is *perdition*! It is the verge of that dark and fathomless abyss on which they so securely tread. What a risk they run! The prize ought to be great which is sought at such a peril. So near to *hell!* What a position to occupy! But if the sinner will repent, and behold the Lamb of God, and yield his heart to the Lord, then he shall be as near to *heaven*. There shall be but *a step* between him and it. Some are as near as all that to heaven. It is not a day's journey there. It is but to take *a step*, and, follower of Jesus, thou art where no night is, and no sound of moaning is heard, and every tear is wiped away. So near to heaven! How frequent, then, and fond should be your thoughts of it! *All* so near! Then, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!" How carefully and circumspectly ought they to walk whose path lies along such a brink!

And, since the end of all our opportunities is as near as death, whatever our minds meditate, or our hands find to do, for our own souls, for the good of others, or for the glory of God, let us do it with our might.

PASSAGES FROM LEIGHTON.

RAILINGS.

RAILINGS cry out the matter openly, but detraction works all by surprises and stratagem, and mine under ground, and therefore is much more pernicious. The former are as the "arrows that fly by day," but this, "as the pestilence that walketh in darkness," as these two are mentioned together in Ps. xci. 5, 6. It spreads and infects secretly and insensibly—is not felt but in the effects of it; and it works either by calumnies altogether forged and untrue, of which malice is inventive, or by the advantage of real faults, of which it is very discerning, and these are stretched and aggravated to the utmost. It is not expressible how deep a wound a tongue sharpened to this work will give, with a very little word and little noise—"as a razor," as it is called in Ps. lii. 2, which with a small touch cuts very deep—taking things by the worst handle; whereas charity will try about all ways for a good acceptation and sense of things, and takes all by the best. This pest is still killing some almost in all companies; it "casteth down many wounded," as it is said of the strange woman. (Prov. vii. 26.) And they convey it under fair prefacing of commendation; so giving them poison in wine, both that it may pass the better and penetrate the more. This is a great sin, one which the Lord ranks with the first, when he sets them in order against a man: "Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother." (Ps. l. 20.)

HEART-CRIES.

There must be fire in the sacrifice, otherwise it ascends not. There is no sacrifice without incense, and no incense without fire. Our remiss dead hearts are not likely to do much for the Church of God nor for ourselves. Where are those strong cries that should pierce the heavens? "His ear is open to their cry." He hears the faintest, coldest prayer, but not with that delight and propenseness to grant it; his ear is not on it, as the word there is (Ps. lv. 17); he takes no pleasure in hearing it. But cries, heart-cries, oh! these take his ear, and move his compassion; for these are the voice, the cries of his own children. A strange word of encouragement to importunity is that, "Give him no rest" (Isa. lxii. 7); suffer him not to be in quiet till "he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." A few such suitors in these times were worth thousands such as we are. Our prayers stick in our breasts, scarcely come forth; much less do they go up and ascend with that piercing force that would open up the way for deliverances to come down.

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IMITATION.

There is an imitation of men that is impious and wicked, which consists in taking the copy of their sins. Again, there is an imitation which, though not so grossly evil, yet is poor and scrvile, being in mean things, yea, sometimes descending to imitate the very imperfections of others, as fancying some comeliness in them; as some of Basil's scholars, who imitated his slow speaking, which he had a little in the extreme, and could not help. But this is always laudable, and worthy of the best minds, to be "imitators of that which is good," wheresoever they find it; for that stays not in any man's person, as the ultimate pattern, but rises to the highest grace, being man's nearest likeness to God, his image and resemblance; and so following the example of the saints in holiness, we look higher than them, and consider them as receivers, but God as the first owner and dispenser of grace, bearing his stamp and superscription, and belonging peculiarly to him, in what hand soever it is found, as carrying the mark of no other owner than him.

"THE END IS AT HAND."

Oh! foolish man, that hunteth such poor things, and will not be called off till death benight him, and he find his great work not done, yea, not begun, nor even seriously thought of. Your buildings, your trading, your lands, your matches, and friendships, and projects, when they take with you, and your hearts are after them, say, "But for how long are all these?" "Their end is at hand; therefore be sober, and watch unto prayer." Learn to divide better; more hours for prayer, and fewer for them; your whole heart for it, and none of it for them. Seeing they will fail you so quickly, prevent them; become free: lean not on them till they break, and you fall into the pit.

It is reported of one, that, hearing the 5th chapter of Genesis read, so long lives, and yet, the burden still, "They died"—Seth lived nine hundred and twelve years, "and he died;" Enos lived nine hundred and five years, "and he died;" Methuselah nine hundred and sixty-nine years, "and he died;"—he took so deeply the thought of death and eternity, that it changed his whole frame, and turned him from a voluptuous to a most strict and pious course of life. How small a word will do much when God sets it into the heart! But surely, this one thing would make the soul more calm and sober in the pursuit of present things, if their term were truly computed and considered. How soon shall youth, and health, and carnal delights, be at an end! How soon shall state-craft and king-craft, and all the great projects of the highest wits and spirits, be laid in the dust! This casts a damp upon all those fine things. But to a soul acquainted with God, and in affection removed hence already, no thought so sweet as this. It helps much to carry it cheerfully through wrestlings and difficulties, through better and worse; they see land near, and shall quickly be at home: that is the way. "The end of all things is at hand;" an end of a few poor delights, and the many vexations of this wretched life; an end of temptations and sins, the worst of all evils: yea, an end of the imperfect fashion of our best things here—an end of prayer itself, to which succeeds that new song of endless praise.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

This is indeed our joy, that we have so light a burden, so sweet an exchange—the weight of sin quite taken off our backs, and all bound on His cross only, and our crosses, the badges of our conformity to him, laid indeed on our shoulders, but the great weight of them likewise held up by his hand, that they oppress us not. These fires of our trial may be corrective, and purgative of the remaining power of sin, and they are so intended; but Jesus Christ alone, in the sufferings of his own cross, was the burnt-offering, "the propitiation for our sins."

Now, although he hath perfectly satisfied for us, and saved us by his sufferings, yet this conformity to him in the way of suffering is most reasonable. Although our holiness doth not stand in point of law, nor come in at all in the matter of justifying us, yet we are called and appointed to holiness in Christ, as assimilating us to him, our glorious Head; and we do really receive it from him, that we may be like him. So these our sufferings bear a very congruous likeness to him, though in no way as an accession to his in expiation, yet as a part of his image; and therefore the apostle says, even in this respect, that we are "predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son." (Rom. viii. 29.) Is it fit that we should not follow where our Captain led, and went first, but that he should lead through rugged, thorny ways, and we pass about to get away through flowery meadows? As his natural body shared with his head in his sufferings, so ought his body mystical to share with him, as its Head—the buffetings and spittings on his face, the thorny crown on his head, a pierced side, nailed hands and feet: if we be parts of him, can we think that a body finding nothing but ease, and bathing in delights, can agree to a head so tormented? I remember what that pious duke said at Jerusalem, when they offered to crown him king there, "No crown of gold, where Christ Jesus was crowned with thorns."

ETERNAL GLORY.

"Eternal!" oh! that adds much! Men would have more reason so to affect and pursue the glory of the present world, such as it is, if it were lasting, if it stayed with them when they have caught it, and they stayed with it to enjoy it. But how soon do they part! They pass away, and the glory passes away, both as smoke. Our life itself is as a vapour. And as for all the pomp and magnificence of those that have the greatest outward glory, and make the fairest show, it is but a show, a pageant that goes through the street, and is seen no more. But this hath length of days with it—"eternal glory!" Oh! a thought of that swallows up all the grandeur of the world, and the noise of reckoning years and ages. Had one man continued, from the creation to the end of the world, at the top of earthly dignity and glory, admired by all, yet at the end, everlasting oblivion being the close, what a nothing were it to "eternal glory!" But, alas! we cannot be brought to believe, and deeply to take the impression of eternity; and this is our undoing.

THE PREACHING LIFE.

The Sunday's sermon lasts but an hour or two, but holiness of life is a continued sermon all the week long.

THE DRUNKARD.

(*From Rev. Mr Guthrie's Second Plea for Ragged Schools.*)

On the forenoon of a winter day, some seven years ago, we received a note, urging us, if we wished to save his life, to hurry to the abode of the writer. We knew the man. He possessed more than ordinary

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talent, along with an uncommon knowledge of Scripture. He had seen a great deal of the world, and had now returned to spend his days at home, possessed of what, with a little industry on his part, amply sufficed for the maintenance of his family. A prudent, tidy, sober, sensible wife, with two or three fine children, made up his domestic circle; and a sweeter circle or happier home there need not have been in Edinburgh. But what availed all these?—he was a drunkard; and in exploring that district in the first instance, he was found, a woe-begone wretch, sitting idle and gloomy in a foul apartment, his wife heart-broken, and himself the terror of his sweet children, who, clad in rags, waited on no ministry, and went to no school. Mainly through the kindness and Christian attention of our excellent elder of the district, there was wrought a visible and sensible change on this man's home and habits. Efficient allies of Him who seeks to recall the wanderer and reclaim the lost, our efforts were powerfully seconded by a conscience that had not yet lost its power to sting, and the tender affection with which, during his periods of sobriety, he regarded his wife and children. They came at length to the house of God; and it was as pleasant a sight as a man could desire to look on, to see that man on the Sabbath-day—his family seated beside him, the rose in their cheek, the light of love in their eye, and the rags exchanged for a comfortable and becoming attire. True to the summons of the Sabbath bell, they were there in the house of God; and on that man, as he sat before us, drinking in the truth, his glistening eye raised to the pulpit, and fixed upon the speaker, we have often looked with wonder, and with thanks and glory to God. A corresponding change was presented by his house: how had the wilderness become an Eden, and the desert a garden of the Lord! In course of time, his home was comfortably and fully furnished; and there was even no little taste exhibited in the cheap and simple ornaments which adorned its once naked walls. Bent on being another man—sincerely anxious to reform his habits—he committed his income to the keeping of his elder, and studied with the utmost care to avoid the neighbourhood of temptation; and it was impossible to stand on the clean-swept hearth, before the bright, brisk fire, amid so many comforts, with such a changed and cheerful family around, and not cling to the hope, that this was a brand plucked from the burning.

Such, for a while, had been the state of matters; and therefore, when we received the ominous note, it was with dark forebodings we made for the locality, and climbed the five flights of stairs, at the top of which stood the room to which drunkenness and poverty had driven W——, and in which, though brighter days had dawned, he had continued to reside. His wife—"her eyes consumed with grief"—with her three children, who were clinging in terror to their mother, was the first sight that met us. Making a sign of silence, she led us into a neighbour's room, and there, in whispers, told how he had been mad with drink for some days gone by; and, bent on mischief, had compelled her, trembling for her own and children's lives, to seek an asylum beneath this kind neighbour's roof. She warned us of his deadly purposes, so that we used some caution in approaching the man himself. The door, which was bolted, he opened when we knocked, and announced our name. And on pushing up the door, how did we stand astonished at the scene! The furniture was gone, the bedding gone, the fire was quenched on the hearth, the very grate was removed from the cold, black chimney—all sold for drink! And on the bare boards of this dismantled dwelling, that cold winter day, stood the man himself, without coat or vest, or stockings or shoes—the sleeve of his shirt rolled up to the shoulder, and a large knife in his hand! He was weary of life, and stood, uncertain by which of three passages to leave the scene. The knife would open the shortest; the window was thrown up for a leap, and it was six storeys down to the street; while our eye fell on rope and noose which hung ominous and frightful from a post of the bed—too cumbrous an article to be removed without help. We shall not stay to tell how we dealt with this terrible and troubled spirit; but can we forget the agony into which he was thrown when we introduced his wife and children!—what groans rent his bosom!—what tears streamed from his eyes!—how he humbled himself on the floor, at the feet of his wife!—how he kissed his little ones, and pronounced himself the veriest, vilest wretch on earth! The scene would have melted a heart of stone; and it afforded us some hope that, from the struggle with his enemy, which had commenced anew, he might at length come off victorious, earning the blessings of his family, and the praise of Him who hath said, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Alas! his goodness was like the morning cloud: the storm gathered and burst again; and at length he left his home, adding one to the vast number of miserable families which have been deserted by their natural protectors. He was soon forgotten, as a broken vessel flung among the rubbish—as a dead man out of mind; and yet, when we supposed that he had ended his days in the canal, or perished by some hedge-side, we met again. Engaged, one day, in visiting in the Grassmarket, we entered a low lodging-house, kept by an Irishwoman; and while we were conversing with some of her countrymen, the mistress told us, there was one in the back room who wished to see us. She lighted a candle—which seemed strange enough in broad daylight, but of which we found the use on ascending two or three steps—and, bending down, entered a low, long, dark, narrow apartment, with a passage up the middle, and beds, as thick as they could be placed, ranged on each side. We followed her, till she stopped at a bed, on which, beneath a dirty coverlet, which was drawn over both face and feet, lay the form of a human being, like a corpse beneath its shroud. The only answer we could obtain to the question, Who sought to see us? was a heavy sigh; and our attempt to pull the coverlet from the face being resisted, we were left to wonder who this could be. Yielding at length, the face was uncovered, and the light of the candle fell on the haggard features of W——. We were shocked at the sight, and

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deeply affected by his first question—the tone in which he uttered it, and the look he cast on us, as if eternity hung on our poor answer—"Is it possible, sir, after all, I can be saved?' Unhappy man, and unhappy family!

A MODE OF ROBBING GOD.

We mentioned, in very general terms, some things as due to God. To specify particulars were endless; but we will name *one*; that is, *the duty of promoting the cause of God in the world*. That cause being in the world, there is, in *his* estimate (in which he cannot be mistaken) some certain amount of what is due from men in promotion of it, due, therefore, to him. Now it might be a formidable revelation, if he were to declare that amount, and then set it against what is rendered. And if each professed servant of God and follower of Christ could be supposed to be asked—"Will you have your individual part of the statement set before you?" he must be a bold man who should, instantly, and free from all apprehension, say, "Yes, I am sure of what it will testify;" for instance, a man who sees that religious good, in his neighbourhood, might be done by him, in various ways, or *one* way, *if* he had zeal, activity, liberality, &c.—a man who sees worthy attempts, commenced trials to do good, struggling, almost sinking under difficulties which he could effectually aid—a man who, if he could be content with less of state, and show, and style, in his mode of life, might afford much to the good cause—a man who is economically and successfully saving, and thinks he may as well save God's share with the rest, or even does not recollect that any accounts are kept in heaven—we hardly need specify, a quite opulent man, continually augmenting his wealth; but, though a professed Christian, regarding the slenderest outgoings for the cause of God as quite enough. One has come in the way of knowing, here and there, divers such individuals—members of Christian Churches—punctual in attendance on ordinances—("fills up his place,")—very regular in their conduct—free from the ordinary and external vices—but, while perfectly well known to be vastly rich, not less notorious for niggardly parsimony in their contributions to the cause of God—plainly "*robbers of God.*" *Now, I cannot pretend to know much of the right formation and discipline of Churches, but it does always appear to me, that there must be something very unsound in the constitution of a Church that retains such a member.* They are expected, and justly so, to exercise discipline in various things very censurable, but not of the worse kind, (great imprudences, temporary lapses under sudden temptation or provocation, injurious actions of a minor degree, &c.) But here is a great flagrant IDOLATER in their communion, who might just as well go on his knees, and literally worship his gold and silver, if put in the form of an image; (his objection to have it put in that form would be that it would pay "*no interest!*" yet he would affect to admire Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego!)—and yet, it would be thought a fanatical excess to rise up and assert that he is no fit member.

But, however, we have no great number of "*passing rich*" men in our dissenting societies; and must mainly depend on persons of moderate (some of them very moderate) means. The claims come, indeed, very often—the stronger needs to be the impression *whose* claims they are, and the assurance that though men can give to God "*only of what is his own*," yet he accepts it less as the payment of a debt than as a free tribute of love to him. For it is remarkable that every form of generous language is employed by him. There is, then, a certainty that what is given to his cause will be, on the whole account, no loss. What men in a pure spirit render to God, will come back to them here, or meet them hereafter, in a manner to testify that their Lord has not forgotten.

And, as the "*gifts* OF *God are without repentance*," so will the "*gifts* TO *God be without repentance.*"—*John Foster.*

DEATH IN A JOURNEY.

Close by the travellers' bungalow, at Toomcoor far from any place where Christians bury, stands the lonely tomb of a British officer. One morning, about three o'clock, Mr Jenkins was called up by a man, who delivered a note, dated Toomcoor, from a lady with whom he had some acquaintance, in which she informed him that her husband was dead, and begged he would hasten to her assistance. He found that Captain —— had left his regiment at Hurryhur, to accompany his wife to Madras, who was obliged to go to England, by a total failure of health. Their three children were with them. On their route lay Chittledroog, where the cholera was raging. When between it and Toomcoor, Captain —— was seized with those symptoms, dreadful anywhere, but doubly so on a lonely march. They urged on in hopes of reaching Toomcoor; but when seven miles from it, his sufferings became so great that he could proceed no farther. The bearers laid him down on an open plain without either house or tree. He could not, for agony, remain in the palankeen: he writhed upon the sand. For hours he lay there enduring the pain of the disease, aggravated by the bare ground and burning sun. His poor wife was too feeble even to walk: she could only watch and weep. Shade, or help, or friend, she had none. The only white faces near were those of her children, whom she felt to be already fatherless. They now came to mourn over papa, and now went off to play. There sat that weakly lady, hour after hour, watching her kind and excellent husband torn with pains, till, at last, he lay a corpse on the lone roadside. She got the bearers to carry their sorrowful burden to Toomcoor, certain, at least, of all that Christian hospitality could do, in the house of the estimable Captain Dobbs. But he was from home, and the servants in charge, finding she had a dead body with her, refused admittance. The travellers' bungalow, only just built, was incomplete, damp, and unfurnished. Thither she went, her only care being how she could place the remains of her husband in a decent grave. She could not get any one to procure a coffin, or aught else, fit for interment. She was ill and weak, and not able to bully the Mussulman attendants, who care little for a woman in sorrow. Happily, she remembered there was an Englishman within twelve miles. Mr Jenkins soon obtained the things necessary for burial, and committed the body to its lonely home. It was an affecting funeral; but hope, far better than a crowd of mourners, was there. Captain —— had long been seriously disposed, but a few months before had evinced a decided religious change. For some days he had seemed to be under a presentiment of death, and spoke of its coming with

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a Christian's confidence. The same evening the widow proceeded on her sorrowful journey.—*Arthur's Mission to the Mysore.*

THE GROWING CHRISTIAN.

BY THOMAS WATSON.

A TRUE Christian is a wonder: he is the most contented, and yet the least satisfied; he is contented with a morsel of bread, and a little water in the cruse, yet never satisfied with grace; he pants and breathes after more: this is his prayer—"Lord, more conformity *to* Christ, more communion *with* Christ;" he would fain have Christ's image more lively pictured upon his soul. True grace is always progressive: as the saints are called lamps and stars in regard of their light, so "trees of righteousness" for their growth (Isa. lxi. 3); they are indeed like the tree of life, bringing forth several sorts of fruit. A true Christian grows—

1. In beauty. Grace is the best complexion of the soul; it is at the first plantation like Rachel, fair to look upon; but still, the more it lives, the more it sends forth its rays of beauty. Abraham's faith was at first beautiful; but at last it did shine in its orient colours, and grew so illustrious, that God himself was in love with it, and makes his faith a pattern to all believers.

2. A true Christian grows in sweetness. A poisonous weed may grow as much as the hyssop, or rosemary—the poppy in the field, as the corn; but the one hath a harsh, sour taste, the other mellows as it grows. A hypocrite may grow in outward dimensions, as much as a child of God—he may pray as much, profess as much; but he grows only in magnitude, he brings forth sour grapes—his duties are leavened with pride: the other ripens as he grows; he grows in love, humility, faith, which do mellow and sweeten his duties, and make them come off with a better relish. The believer grows as the flower—he casts a fragrance and perfume.

3. A true Christian grows in strength: he grows still more rooted and settled. The more the tree grows, the more it spreads its root in the earth, (Col. ii. 7): a Christian, who is a plant of the heavenly Jerusalem, the longer he grows, the more he incorporates into Christ, and sucks spiritual juice and sap from him; he is a dwarf in regard of humility, but a giant in regard of strength. He is strong to do duties, to bear burdens, to resist temptations.

4. He grows in the exercise of his grace. He hath not only oil in his lamp, but his lamp is burning and shining. Grace is active and dexterous. Christ's vines do flourish. (Cant. vi. 11.) Hence we read of a lively hope (1 Pet. i. 3), and a fervent love (1 Pet. i. 22): here is the activity of grace. Indeed, sometimes grace is as a sleepy habit in the soul, like sap in the vine not exerting its vigour, which may be occasioned through spiritual sloth, or by reason of falling into some sin; but this is only for a while—the spring of grace will come, the flowers will appear, and the fig-tree put forth her green figs. The fresh gales of the Spirit do sweetly and powerfully revive grace. The Church of Christ, whose heart was a garden, and her graces as precious spices, prays for the heavenly breathings of the Spirit, that her sacred spices might flow out. (Cant. iv. 16.)

A true Christian grows both in the kind and in the degree of grace To his spiritual living, he gets an augmentation: he adds to faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; to knowledge, temperance, &c. (2 Pet. i. 5, 6); here is grace growing in the kind: and he goes on "from faith to faith" (Rom. i. 17); here is grace growing in the degree: "We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren—because that your faith groweth exceedingly" (2 Thess. i. 3), that is, it increaseth over and above. And the apostle speaks of those spiritual plants which were laden with gospel fruit. (Phil. i. 11.) A Christian is compared to the vine—an emblem of fruitfulness: he must bear full clusters. We are told to perfect that which is lacking in our faith. (1 Thess. iii. 10.) A Christian must never be so old as to be past bearing: he brings forth fruit in his old age. (Ps. xcii. 14.) A heavenly plant is ever growing; he never thinks he grows enough; he is not content unless he add every day one cubit to his spiritual stature. We must not be content just with so much grace as will keep life and soul together: a drachm or two must not suffice; but we must be still "increasing with the increase of God." (Col. ii. 19.) We had need renew our strength as the eagle (Isa. xl. 31): our sins are renewed, our wants are renewed, our temptations are renewed; and shall not our strength be renewed? O be not content with the first embryo of grace—grace in its infancy and minority. You look for degrees of glory: be you Christians of degrees. Though a believer should be contented with a little in his estate, yet not with a little in religion. A Christian of the right kind labours still to excel himself, and come nearer unto that holiness in God, who is the original, the pattern and prototype of all holiness.

FAILINGS OF TEMPER.

(*From the Life of Simeon, by Carus.*)

MR SIMEON was much tried at times by a certain irritability of temper, which was doubtless not a little aggravated by occasional attacks of the gout. No one, however, could be more sensible of the evil than he was himself; and never was any one more ready to confess and deplore his own failings. Occasionally these outbreaks would almost provoke a smile, from the nature of the incidents out of which they arose. The following is an instance exemplifying these traits of character. Mr Edwards, in a letter to the Editor, describes the scene as he witnessed it. "You know how particular our friend was about stirring the fire; and there was also another and greater infirmity of his, of speaking at times as if he were very angry about mere trifles. We were one day sitting at dinner at Mr Hankinson's, when a servant behind him stirred the fire, in a way so *unscientific*, that Mr S. turned round and hit the man a thump on the back, to stay his proceedings. When he was leaving me, on horseback, after the same visit, my servant had put the wrong bridle on his horse. He was in a hurry to be gone, and his temper broke out so violently that I ventured to give him a little humorous castigation. His cloak-bag was to follow him by coach; so I feigned a letter in my servant's name, saying how high his character stood in the kitchen, but that they could not understand how a gentleman who preached and prayed so well should be in such passions about nothing, and wear no *bridle* upon his own tongue. This I signed "John Softly," and deposited it in his cloak-bag. The hoax so far succeeded, that at first he scarcely discovered it; but it afterwards produced these two characteristic notes."

The first is to "John Softly:"—

"*April* 12, 1804.

"I most cordially thank you, my dear friend, for

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your kind and seasonable reproof. I feel it to be both just and necessary; and will endeavour, with God's help, to make a suitable improvement of it. If it do not produce its proper effects, I shall be exceedingly thankful to have a second edition of it. I trust your 'precious balm will not break my head;' but I hope it will soften the spirit of your much indebted friend, "CHAS. PROUD AND IRRITABLE."

The second is to Mr Edwards:—

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—You have no occasion to think of apologies; for I have day and night thanked God for you, and prayed for blessings on your head, and watched and prayed against my besetting sin, or rather, against one out of a thousand of my besetting sins. I know and feel that I am extremely blameable on the side you referred to; but in spite of all my wishes and endeavours, if I am not much upon my guard, I fall again and again into the same sin.

. . . . . .

"Give my kindest, best love to my dear sister. I told her what a privilege I felt it to be suffered to give friendly admonition; and would not heaven and earth cry out against me, if I were not thankful for a monitor? Dearest brother, God alone knoweth how corrupt I am. It is not for nought that I wonder at the mercy of being out of hell. Go on (but without apologies), and cease to be faithful to me when I kick at you for it, or when, if I rise against reproof at the time, I do not humble myself for it afterwards with shame and sorrow of heart: or rather, never cease, whether I receive it well or ill; but if you be not a savour of life to me, be, however reluctantly, a savour of death. With earnest prayers that all your love may return a hundredfold into your own bosom, I remain, yours most affectionately, C. S."

"*Saturday.*—I open this again to entreat that, if John's mind was hurt by my conduct, you will tell him that I earnestly beg his pardon, and am sorry for what I said to him."

NO HAPPINESS WITHOUT HOLINESS.

THE constitution of our own nature is essentially a moral constitution, and a holy character must be essential to our happiness, so long as man is man. The principles of our own nature, the very constitution of our being, must be reversed before we could be happy in God's kingdom without a holy and spiritual character. Let me advert to some of these principles; and, viewing them in connexion with the character of God's kingdom, you will at once perceive that we must be holy if we would be happy there.

It is a principle of our nature—a law indelibly written on the tablets of our hearts, and by which every one feels that he is a law to himself—that our *character* must be brought into conformity with our *conscience*, otherwise happiness is impossible. Conscience is God's vicegerent in the soul—a secret minister within, which marks the difference betwixt good and evil, and approves of the one but condemns the other; and, while it responds to the unseen Lawgiver, acts sometimes as an accuser, preferring a charge—sometimes as a judge, pronouncing a verdict—sometimes as an executioner, carrying judgment into effect; and, though it slumbers and sleeps, it still awakens with greater strength, and is always present, so that we cannot flee from it, but go where we will we must carry it along with us; and, as a part of our imperishable nature, it will survive death itself, and appear with us at the judgment-seat, and remain with us in eternity. Now, sin and the conscience are opposed the one to the other; and where both meet in the same bosom, there is a fearful conflict—sin struggling against conscience, and seeking to stifle it—conscience protesting against sin, and appealing to the justice of God. This fearful conflict is, and must be, destructive of happiness. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked; for the wicked is as the raging sea when it cannot rest." One or other, therefore—either sin or the sinner's conscience—must be destroyed before his happiness can be secured. As we cannot get rid of conscience, we must get rid of sin: sin is the disease of our moral nature; conscience is a part of its constitution; and we must not expect that God will alter the structure of our being in order to make us happy without being renewed. Conscience cannot be destroyed, but *sin may;* and it must be destroyed if you would enter into God's kingdom.

It is a principle of our nature, that, in order to happiness, there must be some correspondence betwixt the *tastes*, the *dispositions*, the *habits* of a man, and the *scene* in which he is placed—the *society* with which he mingles, and the *services* in which he is employed. A coward on the field of battle, a profligate in the house of prayer, a giddy worldling standing by a death-bed, a drunkard in the company of holy men, feel instinctively that they are misplaced: they have no enjoyment there. Now, suppose the scene to be "the kingdom of God"—a kingdom which is described as consisting in "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—and that an unregenerate man were translated into God's immediate presence, and placed among the society and engaged in the services of the upper sanctuary—oh! if he were not thoroughly changed at the instant when he crossed its threshold, can you conceive it to be possible that he could be happy there? Well, then, either our characters must become holy, or the whole style and nature of God's kingdom must be changed. We must be raised to a state of meetness for heaven, or heaven must be lowered and accommodated to our carnal tastes. The latter is impossible: God's kingdom must be holy, and if we would enter into the kingdom, we must be holy too.—*Dr James Buchanan.*

CHEQUERED PROVIDENCE.

GOD doth chequer his providences white and black, as the pillar of cloud had its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate. Suppose thou art cast in a law-suit—there is the dark side; yet thou hast some land left—there is the light side. Thou hast sickness in thy body—there is the dark side; but grace in thy soul—there is the light side. Thou hast a child taken away—there is the dark side; thy husband lives—there is the light side. God's providences in this life are various, represented by those speckled horses among the myrtle-trees, which were red and white, (Zech. i. 8;) mercies and afflictions are interwoven: God doth speckle his work. Oh! saith one, "I want such a comfort:" but weigh all thy mercies in the balance, and that will make thee content. If a man did want a finger, would he be so discontented for the loss of that, as not to be thankful for all the other parts and joints of his body? Look on the light side of your condition, and then all your discontent will easily be dispersed. Do not pore upon your losses, but ponder upon your mercies. What! wouldst thou have no cross at all? Why should one man think to have all good things, when

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he himself is good but in part? Wouldst thou have no evil about thee, who hast so much evil in thee? Thou art not fully sanctified in this life, how, then, thinkest thou to be fully satisfied?—*Thomas Watson.*

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

It is an all-important rule to strike while the iron is hot; and there is another quite as important, which requires us to do good while we have opportunity. We often throw away a vast amount of strength and zeal in very commendable efforts to promote objects of real value, and fail of success, because we went to work at the wrong time.

It is the part of wisdom to choose the favourable moment to do good. There are times when it would be useless to address an unrenewed man on the subject of religion: the position in which he was placed at the moment might induce a mental resistance to our appeals, and our well-meant effort might be a real injury. The same man would have received the same appeals under other circumstances with kind attention and perhaps saving profit.

The same principle applies to works of Christian benevolence and common philanthropy. The public mind should be taken at the right time, and in the right way; and the reformer who studies human nature, and watches the signs of the times, will strike when he knows his blow will tell.

A class of men who never did any great amount of practical good in a life-time, but who have a zeal like Jehu's, are given to denouncing others who seek wisdom from above, and endeavour to temper their zeal with knowledge. Alas for the ark when such men take it in charge!

"I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence,"—"He that winneth souls is wise."—these are very foolish texts with some who profess to be great men in the Church, and who would be the ruin of the Church if they could have their own way.

But the danger of prudent men is found in their fear of doing wrong, which sometimes leads them to do nothing. The tendency of conservatism is to inertia. It needs the goad of the ultraist to make it work as it ought. We have often been asked if we could tell what such and such men were made for, and we have often answered, "To try the patience of the saints." But more than this, they rouse the "saints" to duty, spur them on when disposed to repose, and thus do more good than they intend.

There is always something for us to do in this world. If the times are not friendly to one enterprise let us try another. Be doing something always. There is no life without action, no enjoyment, no heaven.—*New York Observer.*

SPEAK TO THAT LITTLE CHILD.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days"

There are some professing Christians who neglect the most favourable opportunities of speaking a word in favour of religion, because they "can do no good in the world."

It is certainly surprising that an individual with such an opinion should make a profession of religion and become a member of the Church. The Lord would never employ any one in his service who was incapable of doing good. He has appointed human means to accomplish a god-like work. The following fact may, perhaps, meet the eye and encourage the heart of some one who has grown weary in well-doing.

A few of the inhabitants of the town of Andover had met in a private house one evening, to listen to the word of life from the lips of one who was preparing for the ministry. He was at that time a student in the Theological Seminary. During the meeting he noticed a little girl, and after the services were over, as he was passing out of the house he laid his hand upon her head, and gently, yet earnestly, inquired, "Do *you* mean to follow Christ?" These simple words made an impression on the tender heart never to be effaced. The history of that little girl I know full well. She grew in stature, and in favour with God and man; her name is on the records of the Church. Children have gathered around her, and address her by the endearing name of mother. But the recollection of that evening is still fresh in her memory; and although many years have since passed away, she says, "There are times when I feel the gentle pressure of that hand on my head, and the fervent inquiry again comes home to my heart, 'Do you mean to follow Christ?' That act and these words have had an influence upon my whole life. It has taught me to improve every opportunity of speaking a word for God; and from experience I can heartily respond, 'A word spoken in season, how good is it!'"

THE LATTER DAY.

Prophecy and Providence seem to unite in pointing to important developments in the history of the Church and of the world. That a crisis in the affairs of the Redeemer's kingdom is not far off seems to be a very general impression. Under these circumstances, what should be the feelings with which Christians should abide the issue?

1. These providential developments should find Christians *watching*. A state of indifference or of negligence is inexcusable. The era of overturnings, so full of interest to Zion, demands a watchfulness of all events. The Church must have her watch-towers duly occupied, and all her outposts ready for emergencies. Providential opportunities to spread abroad the gospel must be embraced without delay. And not only must Christians watch for outward changes and opportunities, they must watch also for those inward feelings suitable to the terrors and hopes of the approaching crisis. The language of our Saviour still applies: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

2. The coming events of the latter day should find Christians *praying*. The spirit of earnest supplication well becomes those who know that the most mighty and eventful changes are at hand. Prayer is the privilege of Christians in time of trial. The events of providence, which are ordered for the welfare of the Church, require the acknowledgment of her dependence upon the King of kings. Those who desire to see, amidst the general overturnings, the walls of Zion standing for "salvation," and her gates established with "praise," must earnestly entreat the mercy and the power of God. The graces, which should shine brightly in the Christian's heart amid the gloom of an awful interval of darkness, must be kept burning on the altar of intense devotion. The duty of prayer is peculiarly incumbent at such a time as this—prayer in the closet, in the family, at the monthly concert, in the sanctuary—prayer for the favour of God towards his people, and for his interposition to restrain "the remainder of wrath," for the good of Zion and for the glory of his name.

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3. The latter times should find Christian's *trusting*. Fear and despair are dishonouring attributes of the Christian character. God is to be trusted when most his presence is needed. Calamities which shake our confidence in the Head of the Church, should make us distrust our own interest in the Redeemer's atoning work. The only hope of the Church is from above. He who has led her thus far through the wilderness to the confines of the promised land, will not forsake her in the presence of the latter day Canaanites. Let every Christian renew his trust in the Lord of hosts, both as regards his own personal hopes, and the general safety of the Church.

4. The impending changes should find Christians *denying themselves*. A state of luxurious ease is inconsistent with the duties of an arduous warfare. "Deny thyself" is the command of Christ from the earliest period of personal discipleship; and it is a duty peculiarly to be exercised in times that call forth the most earnest energies of the whole sacramental host. Now, in a special manner, does the Lord invite his people to take up the cross and follow him.—*Pres. Treasury.*

A GROUND-SWELL AT LABRADOR.

A PARTY of Moravian missionaries were engaged in passing across an arm of the sea, on the northern coast of Labrador, on sledges drawn by dogs, when they were suddenly aware of the first symptoms of a *ground-swell* in the ice, one of the most terrible phenomena of the polar regions. The first alarm they received was from some passing Esquimaux, and afterward by their own attendants; but the approach of danger was then scarcely perceptible, except on lying down, and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow grating noise was heard ascending from the abyss. By-and-by the wind rose to a storm, and the swell had increased so much, that its effects on the ice were extraordinary, and really alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding smoothly along, as on an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and sometimes seemed with difficulty to ascend a rising hill. Noises, too, were now distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, from the bursting of the ice at a distance. Alarmed by these frightful phenomena, our travellers drove with all haste toward the shore; and, as they approached it, the prospect before them was tremendous. The ice, having burst loose from the rocks, was tossed to and fro, and breaking in a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a dreadful noise; which, added to the raging of the sea, the roaring of the wind, and the driving of the snow, so completely overpowered them, as almost to deprive them of the use both of their eyes and ears. To make the land was now the only resource that remained, but it was with the utmost difficulty that the frightened dogs could be driven forward; and, as the whole body of the ice frequently sank below the summits of the rocks and then rose above them, the only time for landing was the moment it gained the level of the coast—a circumstance which rendered the attempt extremely nice and hazardous. Both sledges, however, succeeded in gaining the shore, though not without great difficulty. Scarcely had they reached it, when that part of the ice from which they had just escaped, burst asunder, and the water, rushing up from beneath, instantly precipitated it into the ocean. In a moment, as if by a signal, the whole mass of ice, for several miles along the coast, and extending as far as the eye could reach, began to break, and to be overwhelmed by the waves. The spectacle was awfully grand. The immense fields of ice, rising out of the ocean, clashing against one another, and then plunging into the deep with a violence which no language can describe, and a noise like the discharge of a thousand cannon, was a sight which must have struck the most unreflecting mind with solemn awe. The brethren were overwhelmed with amazement at their miraculous escape; and even the pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for their deliverance.

TERROR AND TRUST.

(From the Life of Thomas Cranfield.)

I WAS called upon to visit a poor man, who had been confined to his room six weeks, and was supposed to be dying. The moment I was introduced, he sprang out of bed, and earnestly seized my hand, as though I had been an angel from heaven. His whole appearance was truly appalling; his hair stood up like one that was in the utmost state of alarm. His lips quivered, his knees trembled, and agony and despair were strongly expressed in his countenance. I begged of him to be composed, and to re-enter his bed. He seated himself on the side of it, and in a state of distraction, cried out, "Oh! the burning lake! the burning lake!" I requested him to be silent, and to hear what I had to say; but he paid no attention to me, and continued to vociferate, "Oh! the burning lake! —I saw their horrid countenances, and they told me that I should be there, and remain for ever and ever!" He again grasped my hand, and gnashing with his teeth, continued to utter similar expressions. Dreadful as was this scene, I still pressed the man to hear me, if it were only for one minute, as I had good news to tell him; but all was in vain—he still continued to cry, "Oh! the burning lake! I am the vilest sinner that ever lived! I shall go there, and be lost for ever!" "Will you," said I, at length, with great earnestness, "hear me just for one moment, or not?" He then said, "Well sir, I will hear you," and for a moment ceased. Seizing the opportunity, I said to him, "Look on me, and listen to what I am about to say—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" He looked at me with attention, and replied, "But I am the greatest sinner that ever existed!" "Oh!" said I, "I will challenge you upon that score. I have been a soldier, and you know that soldiers in general are very wicked: I have been a blasphemer." —"So have I," said the man. "I have been a persecutor."—"So have I." "I have," said I, "set at nought God himself, and would, if I could, have pulled him from his throne. Nay, I have been so alarmed on account of my sin, that I have been afraid the ground would open its mouth and swallow me up; but I obtained mercy, and so may you." The man now ceased to reply; and I went on for about an hour, showing him, from God's Word, his readiness

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to forgive. But the Word seemed to make no impression on his mind; and after prayer I took my leave, having promised to visit him again. As I bade him farewell, he looked at me very earnestly, and said, "I shall be dead, sir, before you see me again." At six o'clock, I repeated my visit, and he appeared to be in the same state of mind, crying out that he should go to the lake. Since I had called in the morning, the Rev. Mr Stevenson had visited him, but without any apparent success. After some conversation, I told him that I would go home, and pray for him, but that, at the same time, he must pray for himself. He replied that he could not pray. I then asked him, as a favour, to say these words—"God be merciful to me, a sinner," and to keep on saying them until God should answer him, and pardon his sins. I returned home, with my mind deeply impressed with the awful scene I had witnessed. I retired to bed, but could not sleep; and I may say, that I continued nearly the whole of the night in prayer to God for him. In the morning, at nine o'clock, I hastened to the house again, not expecting to find him alive; but, behold! I saw him below-stairs, clothed and in his right mind, with the Bible on his knees. I looked and looked again, and with astonishment said, "Am I deceived?" He answered "No; it is I. O sir, I have had such a comfortable night as I never experienced before. I have lost the burden; blessed be God, here I am, with my precious Bible." He then broke out with these words—"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." "Where," said I, "did you find that blessed scripture?" "Here," he replied, pointing to Malachi iii. 17, "in my precious Bible." After some delightful conversation, I engaged in prayer, and again took my leave; and the next day he went into the country for the benefit of his health, and I saw him no more; for very soon after his arrival at the place of his destination, he died."

"SHE LOVES THE PLACE OF PRAYER."

A FEW years since a young lady was visiting the pious and talented Mrs M——. The day was passed in cheerful conversation, and as the evening advanced, Mrs M—— inquired if her friend would like to attend the prayer-meeting with her?

Emily declined, pleading as an excuse that she had no taste for the exercises of a religious meeting.

Here was a dilemma. The enemy immediately suggested the fashionable excuses of the day, and urged them as a sufficient reason for not attending the prayer-meeting "just for one evening"—it would be uncivil to leave company—Emily would be offended and never visit her again—and what would people say if they knew that she had left company at home and gone to the meeting. But Mrs M—— would never avail herself of an excuse which she dare not plead at the bar of God. She regarded the forms of society; but she thought of the words of Him whose commands she delighted to obey, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." And she remembered also the promise to the faithful, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."

Taking a book from the library and handing it to Emily, she said, "It is a fixed principle with me, always to attend the prayer-meeting when it is possible for me to be there. I shall be absent but a short time, and I doubt not your time will be passed very pleasantly in reading."

Emily could not but admire the decision of her friend. She had often thought she would never make a profession of religion unless she was willing to follow in the footsteps of Him whose meat and drink it was to do the will of His heavenly Father.

"Now," said she, "I have found a consistent Christian—one who is resolved to serve God, let others do as they may. She *loves* the place of prayer."

In a few days Emily returned to her home, but not until she had resolved to become a Christian. And "I will always be punctual at the prayer-meeting," she said, as she bade her friend farewell.

Years passed on, and Emily was true to her word; she became an active Christian. She too found sweet delight in prayer. It was the love and regard Mrs M—— had showed for the prayer-meeting that sent the arrow of conviction to her heart.

SPIRITUAL MUSIC.

IT is said that David praised God upon an instrument of ten strings; and he would never have told how many strings there were, but that without all doubt he made use of them all. God hath given all of us bodies, as it were, instruments of many strings; and can we think it music good enough to strike but one string, to call upon him with our tongues only? No, no; when the still sound of the heart by holy thoughts, and the shrill sound of the tongue by holy words, and the loud sound of the hands by pious works, do all join together, that is God's concert, and the only music wherewith he is affected.—*Sir Richard Baker.*

LIFE LIKE UNTO DEATH.

A PHILOSOPHER asking one, which of these two he had rather be—either Crœsus, who was one of the richest, but most vicious in the world, or Socrates, who was one of the poorest, but one of the most virtuous men in the world—his answer was, that in his life he would be a Crœsus, but in his death a Socrates. So, if many in these days were put to their choice, they would be Dives in their life, but Lazarus in their death—they would, with Balaam, "die the death of the righteous," but live the life of the wicked. But that cannot be; for death is a kind of truck or exchange. Here it is that the Israelites make the bricks, and the Egyptians dwell in the houses; but he that hath had his consolation, his heaven in this world, shall at the time of death meet with torments and hell in that which is to come.—*Old Author.*

INFIDEL PREDICTION.

WE recollect to have had our attention called some years ago to the following facts and coincidence. In

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the early history of Virginia, every man was compelled to pay for the support of religion. When this law was repealed, and Christianity was thrown for support upon the affections and resources of its friends, an infidel statesman of the first eminence remarked, "The death-blow is given to Christianity; in fifty years from this time there will not be a Bible in the United States."

By a very strange coincidence, it so happened that in just fifty years from that time, the American Bible Society announced that *every family in the United States was furnished with a Bible.*

In this there may have been nothing more than a mere coincidence of facts; if so, it was a coincidence as strange as pleasing.

THE BEE.

That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the "virtuous sweets" which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, a third for the royal, glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so sharp that, were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be inclosed within half an inch in length, and two grains of matter, while in the same "small room" the large heart of at least thirty distinct insects is contained—is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism.—*Quarterly Review.*

WORLDLY CARES.

It is no wonder that man can enjoy no privacy with God in a duty, who hath so many from the world knocking at his door to speak with him when he is speaking to God. Religion never goes in more danger than when in a crowd of worldly business. If such a one prays, it is not long before something comes in his head to take him off. "Isaac went out to meditate, and beheld the camels." The world is soon in such a one's sight; he puts forth one hand to heaven in a spiritual thought, but soon pulls it back, and a worldly one steps before it, and so makes a breach upon his duty. "Dreams," Solomon tells us, "come from a multitude of business," and so do dreaming prayers: they are made up of heterogeneal, independent thoughts. The shop and barn are unfit places for prayer—I mean the shop and barn in the heart. I have read of one who was said to be a walking library, because he left not his learning with his books, in his study, but carried them about with him, wherever he went, in his memory and judgment, that had digested all he read, and so made them his own. And have we not too many walking shops and barns, who carry them to bed and board, church and closet? And how can such pray with a united heart who have so many sharers in their thoughts? O holy soul! get thee alone, if thou wouldst have Christ give thee his love. Jacob sends away his company to the other side of the river, and then God gave him one of the sweetest meetings he had in all his life: let him now pray even a whole night, if he will, and welcome.—*Gurnall.*

FALSE PEACE.

To consider religion always on the comfortable side; to congratulate one's self for having obtained the end before we have made use of the means; to stretch the hands to receive the crown of righteousness before they have been employed to fight the battle; to be content with a false peace, and to use no efforts to obtain the graces to which true consolation is annexed—this is a dreadful calm, like that which some voyagers describe, and which is a very singular forerunner of a very terrible event. All on a sudden, in the wide ocean, the sea becomes calm, the surface of the water clear as a crystal—smooth as glass—the air serene; the unskilled passenger becomes tranquil and happy, but the old mariner trembles. In an instant the waves froth, the winds murmur, the heavens kindle, a thousand gulfs open, a frightful light inflames the air, and every wave threatens sudden death. This is an image of many men's assurance of salvation.—*Saurin.*

OPPORTUNITIES.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—Gal. vi 10.

We are not to conclude that there is ever the want of an opportunity to do good. The whole course of life is a series of such opportunities. Were there ever a time in which we could do no good, that time would be in vain.

Two things are necessary in doing anything either good or evil—a disposition and an opportunity to do it. To do good as we have opportunity requires that we do good as our present circumstances and relations furnish an occasion, not neglecting duties of this nature waiting for an opportunity to perform others.

Of a compliance with this duty, the patriarch Joseph is an eminent example. By prophetic dreams he was to be a chief ruler, yet he fulfilled the duty of all intermediate stations and trials through which he was led. He was faithful as a shepherd. When placed in the family of Potiphar as a slave, he consulted, in all respects, his interest. When confined in prison as a criminal, he endeavoured in every possible manner to be useful. When invested with the highest office, next to the king, he sought the public welfare. He manifested in all circumstances the same disposition to do good. He was especially attentive to his father and family, who composed the household of faith.

BROODING OVER INJURIES.

A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound, and making it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he who, by little injuries or insults or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look to it again!—*Rev. C. Simeon.*

FAITH.

From faith flows love to God; from love flows a life full of liberty, charity, and joy. Oh! but the Christian

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life is a noble and an elevated life! But, alas! no one knows it, and no one preaches it. By faith, the Christian exalts himself to God; by love, he descends to man, yet always abiding in God. Such is true liberty—a liberty that surpasses all other liberty as much as the heavens are high above the earth.—*Luther.*

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

ROWLAND Hill paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr Hill, it is just *sixty-five* years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" This was excellent advice, well worth remembering *sixty-five* years! Multitudes, because they have not learned the lesson taught by Rowland Hill, lose much of the benefit and enjoyment they might derive from hearing the gospel preached.

THE CONVERSION OF THE CHURCH.

THE Church itself requires conversion. The object of conversion is two-fold—personal and relative, to bless us, and to make us blessings. Now, the prevailing sin of Christians is, that they are inclined to stop short at the first of these stages. They are, perhaps, sufficiently alive to the importance of preaching Christ as the author of redemption, for they have their own personal experience in evidence of its necessity; but they are not proportionately alive to the necessity of divine influence as the means of usefulness, for of that they have not the same evidence. Their conversion to Christ, as individuals, was scarcely more necessary to answer the first aim of the gospel, in their own salvation, than their conversion to the Spirit, in their collective capacity, is necessary to answer the second, in the salvation of others.—*J. Harris.*

THE HEATHEN.

A MISSIONARY speaking of the Hindus, says: "They traverse the burning plains, and sandy deserts, and fatal jungles, of Hindustan, for thousands of miles, measuring their way through mud and water by the length of their bodies, to bathe in some sacred stream, with the vain hope of washing away their sins, or of beholding the car of Juggernaut. They stretch themselves on planks pierced with sharp iron spikes, and there lie, till the blood oozes from every pore. They suspend themselves from large iron hooks, thrust through the muscles of the back, and there hang until life is sometimes extinct. They pierce their tongues with spears, and are led about for hours by the inserted weapon. They thrust bamboos, some eight feet in length, and an inch in diameter, through their sides, and thus walk about for the amusement of their equally infatuated beholders. And yet, after undergoing all these modes of torture, I have heard them exclaim, "We have no peace—we have not yet found God—where is he, that we may find him?"

WORK FOR ALL.

IT is a fundamental error, a practical heresy of most pernicious influence, to consider the conversion of souls as merely ministerial work. This is Popery and Puseyism, which would restrict the conveyance of renewing grace to the medium of priestly hands and sacramental channels. Against this the whole Church of God ought to rise up in the attitude of firm resistance. As an honour—and it is one of the brightest and richest that can light upon the head of mortal or immortal—the work of saving souls is as truly and as legitimately within the reach of the pious pauper in the work-house, or the godly child in a Sunday-school, or the religious maid-servant in a family, as within the grasp of the mitred prelate.—*J. A. James.*

SCOFFING.

To a young infidel who scoffed at Christianity on account of the misconduct of some of its professors, Dr Mason said, "Did you ever know an uproar made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted he had not. "Then," said the Doctor, "you admit Christianity is a holy religion, by *expecting* its professors to be holy; and thus, by your very scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power?"

GOOD MOTHERS.

How often may it be that scholars stay away from Sabbath school from want of a little encouragement from the parents at home. "My boy thought he could not come to-day," said a mother to us a short time since, as she took her seat by the side of a teacher, in the Sabbath-school, "as the weather seemed too cold, he said; but I thought I would accompany him, and so he was ready to come." A few such examples in many families we know of would do a great deal of good.

Blessings on faithful mothers! What would our children be—what our world, without them?

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell,

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

Oh! not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the "hoary head,"
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer, 'mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove, to fly!—
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife;—
O for its home in the upper life!
When, when will death draw nigh?

R. B. Thatcher.

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THE KINGDOM WHICH CANNOT BE MOVED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS."

WHEREVER we look abroad at present, we see all human society heaving with the surges of portentous and wide-spreading change. The solid earth rocks under our feet, and the pillars of the world are tottering and falling. But amidst the wreck of earthly dynasties stands forth a heavenly and stable kingdom, that kingdom of which Christ is the glorious Head, and every believer a privileged citizen. Its foundations were long since laid in troublous times; it has stood the shock of a thousand revolutions; and when they have cleared the ground for its full expansion, it will extend its conquests through every land, and spread its beneficent shadow over all the kingdoms of men. "For yet once more," saith the Lord, "I will shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. Wherefore we, receiving *a kingdom which cannot be moved*, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear: for our God is a consuming fire." It is the stability of this kingdom, Christian reader, which we would place in the light of recent changes; and we appeal to you if it does not present at once a most striking and a most instructive contrast.

1. The *throne* of this kingdom can never be overturned.—There is no object of human ambition higher than a throne; but no position on earth is more unstable. The lofty turret first yields to the shock of the earthquake, and the tallest pine of the forest is first prostrated by the tempest. How slight are often the immediate causes which hurl the mighty from their seats, and how sudden and extensive the changes produced by their fall! "He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way; yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock." We have seen the refusal of a political banquet unseat one of the most powerful princes of modern times, and the shock of his fall unsettle every throne in Europe. Within the space of a few days, how many a sceptre that seemed firmly grasped has dropped from the palsied hand of its occupant—how many an ancient political fabric has crumbled into dust—how many a royal race has been scattered like a flock of birds at the shot of the fowler, while thrones have been carried as baubles through the streets, and consigned to the flames, and splendid palaces have been occupied, in a temporary frolic, or as a permanent residence, by the dregs of the populace!

In the midst of these stupendous convulsions, one throne, however, remains unshaken. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." And what is true of the essential kingdom of God is equally so of the delegated sovereignty of the Messiah. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." This glorious potentate had no predecessor, and he shall have no successor. His title is unquestionable—his power is irresistible—and his authority and dignity shall never be impaired. Once, indeed, he laid aside his royal state, and "took upon him the form of a servant." He stooped not only to an inferior condition, but to an inferior nature, and to an infamous death—a descent with which the beggary or execution of the greatest earthly potentate is not once to be compared. But his humiliation was a voluntary homage to eternal justice; and while it lessened not, even at the time, his royal prerogative, it has proved the establishment of his right, the confusion of his foes, and his elevation, even in that nature which formed the badge of his humiliation, to the highest dignity and most extensive empire. "Because he humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross, God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue should swear." Many have been the efforts made to overturn his throne, but he "sits king upon the floods." Many have been the combinations formed, and rebellions raised, against his royal authority, but "he ruleth in the midst of his enemies." Popular commotions tend even to consolidate his power, and the fall of other thrones to fix his on a broader and firmer basis. "Why do the heathen rage, and the

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people imagine a vain thing? He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision." "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool. His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. And I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like unto the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

2. The *constitution* of this kingdom shall never be altered.—By the constitution of a state is meant those fundamental ordinances which determine the form of its government, and define, on the one hand, the limits of authority, and, on the other, the duties of subjection. To prevent lawful authority from degenerating into tyranny, and liberty from breaking out into licentiousness, how many forms have human constitutions assumed, and to how many changes have they been subjected! Sometimes the supreme power has been lodged in a single person—sometimes in a select few—sometimes it has been diffused over the many. What balancing of separate interests has been attempted—what checks and counterchecks have been applied to the complicated wheels of the political machine! The best earthly constitution has been that of our own country—a happy combination of all the three forms above mentioned, but which owes its advantages more to the plastic hand of a special Providence than to the wisdom of its earthly founders. Even *it*, however, seems to bend under the decrepitude of age, while the worn-out systems of the other European nations have fallen into ruins, and given place to something little better than the gourd of the prophet, which sprang up in one night, and which perished in another.

Contrasted with all these stands forth, in all its original completeness, the constitution of the kingdom of Christ. Like all the other parts of divine workmanship, it is eminently simple, but gloriously perfect. It is *an absolute monarchy;* but let none be startled at a term which, in human systems, often implies the height of tyranny. It is the rule of absolute wisdom, of absolute justice, of absolute goodness, of absolute truth. Its blessed Head combines in himself the sum of all perfection; and the sole management of all its administrations could not be safer than in his hands. There is nothing like it on earth but the paternal government of the family—another ordinance of Heaven which has survived the shock of man's fall, and which, though deeply injured by that most melancholy of all revolutions, still continues to shed unspeakable blessings on the successive generations of our ruined family. As in that divine constitution, the fundamental law of Christ's kingdom is the law of love, and the limits which it fixes to rightful authority and dutiful obedience are such as can never be removed.

To the citizens of Zion how great is the privilege of being placed into a system of such perfection and of such permanency! Fond as men often are of new-modelling political constitutions, and necessary as it often is to do so, every change does not turn out an improvement, and nothing is more harassing to society than a state of perpetual fluctuation. As the house which is undergoing continual repair is never a comfortable, and seldom a safe, habitation, so the constant change of social institutions is seldom favourable either to public prosperity or to public morals. Men's principles are apt to become as unsettled as their condition, the proper object of obedience is often rendered questionable, and the sense of obligation itself is in danger of being effaced. "This is the thirteenth time," said Talleyrand, with a smile, as he swore fealty to the late government of France; "I hope it will be the last." Had he lived a little longer, he would have found it necessary to modify his language. But how simple, how sacred, how unalterable, the vow of the subjects of Zion's King! Recognising all power, executive, judicial, and legislative, as permanently vested in his almighty and unerring hand, they can come forward, and "lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting," they can say with an honest heart and unfaltering lips, "The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king, he will save us."

3. The *laws* of this kingdom shall never be repealed.—There is nothing more variable than human statutes. To a certain extent, this necessarily arises from the ever-changing aspect of human affairs. New contingencies are always occurring, which call for new provisions. To give permanency to the imperfect, and often unjust, decrees of fallible men, has been attempted both in ancient and more modern

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times; but the experience of Persian despotism and Popish infallibility has not tended to recommend the preposterous and blasphemous pretension. To the natural variableness of human laws is often added the perplexing and ruinous uncertainty engendered by the caprice of those who administer them, by a spirit of innovation, and by a period of revolution. "New lords have new laws," and even where the statute-book remains substantially the same, how often have we seen novel enactments and contradictory decisions throw loose all fixed principles of legal interpretation, alter the whole complexion of statutes, and unhinge the whole fabric of civil and ecclesiastical society.

In the laws of Christ's kingdom, however, no such uncertainty can ever occur. As its infallible lawgiver, not only does he claim the sole power of enacting them, but he has already established a code absolutely and unchangeably perfect. Like the constitution of his kingdom, it is distinguished for its beautiful simplicity and boundless comprehension. Condensed into ten short precepts, which are capable of being still farther compressed into two, it yet expands into such "exceeding breadth" as to comprehend within its decision every possible case of sin and duty. Clear also as a sunbeam, it requires no interpreter but an enlightened conscience. A child can apply its unerring rules, "Love the Lord with all thine heart," and, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." To this heavenly code, therefore, no addition can be made, and from it nothing shall be taken. Ceremonial ordinances, intended to regulate its application, have been repealed (though even the institutions now substituted for these shall continue to the end of time); human decisions founded upon it may often call for an appeal "to the law and to the testimony;" but of that law itself it is emphatically declared, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but one jot or one tittle shall not pass from it till all shall be fulfilled."

What a privilege to all those who are amenable to its dictates, and dwell under its shadow! The *glorious uncertainty* of human law, as it has been humorously termed, has long been a proverb even in the most favoured communities, and the experience of legal changes, both formerly and of late, has not been calculated to remove the unsatisfactory feeling which it inspires. How often have these shaken the pillars of public confidence, paralyzed the hand of industry, checked the progress of improvement, and even rendered life and property insecure! Men know not what to prosecute nor what to enjoy while what is loyalty to-day may become treason to-morrow, and that which you now claim as your rightful property may, by a legal fiction, or a change of statute, pass next day into the hand of another. But no uncertainty need perplex the minds, no novel decision can unsettle the interests, of the citizens of Zion. Their inattention to God's statutes, and frequent violation of them, no doubt, often expose them to grief and suffering; but these will always remain, in unchanging clearness, "a light to their feet, and a lamp to their path." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple: the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned, and in the keeping of them there is great reward."

(*To be continued.*)

ELI.

BY THE REV. J. J. HEADLEY.

Eli was a high priest of Israel, possessing great goodness of heart, but wanting firmness of purpose and energy of action. Of tender feelings and vacillating will, he appears to me like one who would rather submit his neck to the executioner's axe, than himself inflict the blow on one every way deserving his fate. This weakness of character was exhibited in the manner in which he educated his sons. He allowed their bad passions to grow unchecked, so that from wayward children they became wicked men. His conscience compelled him to reprove them, while he failed in energy to enforce his rebuke. This was the more culpable, since, as a high priest, his sons would necessarily themselves be priests, and hence it became him to see that they did not minister with impure hands. Instead of this, however, he let their evil tendencies have such scope that, when they assumed the sacerdotal robes, they used their office for selfish ends and the gratification of their base passions. When a man came to offer a sacrifice, they appropriated a great part of it to themselves, and insulted the women assembled at the door of the tabernacle. So gross and open was their conduct, that the people turned with disgust from the sacrifice, feeling that no good could come from such mercenary and brutal priests. These enormities were told to Eli, but the doting old man only said, "Why do ye such things?—nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear." A very safe remark of his, and no doubt fully appreciated by his contemptuous sons.

At length a man of God came to Eli, and placing before him his past conduct, and recounting, in concise but plain language, the solemn obligations that

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lay upon him, and the sin he had incurred in not restraining his vicious children, pronounced the doom of utter extermination on his family. Not long after, the same malediction was uttered by the Lord to Samuel, to which the old man bowed his head, saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." He had done wrong, and he knew it, and now he would meekly suffer the penalty of his deeds.

Time wore on, and at length war was declared between the Israelites and Philistines, and a battle was fought, in which the former were beaten, with the loss of four thousand men. Attributing their defeat to the absence of the ark of the covenant, they sent for it; and Hophni and Phinehas, the sons of Eli, of course accompanied it. The two armies lay opposite each other, awaiting each the onset of his antagonist, when the Israelites saw the ark slowly approaching over the plain, the mercy-seat of solid gold glittering in the sunbeams. In a moment despondency gave way to courage, despair to triumph, and there went up a shout that rocked the mountains. "*The Ark of God! The Ark of God!*" rolled in deep Hebrew accents from tens of thousands of lips over the field of battle, sending terror and dismay to the hearts of the enemy. "What shout is that?" ran from lip to lip; and when it was told that the ark of the Lord was in the camp of Israel, they exclaimed, "We are lost! These are the mighty gods which smote the Egyptians and strewed the way from Egypt hither with dead armies; and how shall we escape?" Their leaders, however, encouraged them, saying, "Be men, and fight bravely. Will you be the Hebrew's slave as he has been yours? Quit yourselves like men!" Rousing their courage by such appeals they led them to the onset.

What a terrific sight did the battle-fields of old present! Not in solid columns, flanked by clouds of cavalry and headed by fierce batteries, did they advance slowly to the work of death, but ten times ten thousand men rushed suddenly and savagely upon each other's bosoms, and the battle became so many fierce hand-to-hand contests. Hence it was longer protracted and more murderous than now.

As these two immense hosts, like two dark clouds, closed on each other, the shout of each drowned for a moment the braying of trumpets and clash of instruments of music. Straight on the ark of God went the Philistine thousands, bearing down everything before them. Israel saw it, and all over the tumultuous field arose the cry—"*To the rescue!*" Begirt with ten thousand foes, the sacred emblem stood still on the plain, while that strong Hebrew shout rolled like thunder to the heavens, and the countless masses went pouring forward. Around the holy Shechinah, swords dripping with blood flashed and waved, spears glanced and banners rose and fell. Wicked but brave, Hophni and Phinehas fell pierced with a hundred wounds, and the boldest of Israel's warriors sealed their fidelity with their blood. Vain valour!—trampled under foot, borne backward by the on-rushing thousands, the defenders of the ark broke and fled. With a shout that fell like a death-knell on their brave spirits, their enemies seized the ark and bore it triumphantly away! Faintness, terror, and utter despair, seized every heart—the shriek rang out over the din of combat—"*The ark is lost! The ark is lost!*" and that magnificent host became a herd of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the plain. How well they fought, how freely they bled, we know from the fact that there fell of Israel that day *thirty thousand footmen*.

On this same terrible day of battle and of defeat, far off in the beautiful plains of Shiloh, sat an old man by the wayside, listening eagerly to every passing footstep. Bowed over his staff, with pallid cheek and lip, the venerable high priest of Israel was filled with gloomy forebodings. The ark of God, the idol of his heart, the more than his life, had gone to the dreadful battle-field. Ah! was the long-impending curse now to be fulfilled, and the approaching night to be the one which should close on him a withered trunk, with every green branch lopped away? Each passer-by regarded the blind old man with pity, and spoke cheering words which fell on unheeding ears. His heart was far away with the host of Israel and the ark of God, and on his dreaming, excited spirit there came the noise of conflict and sounds of alarm. Thus he sat till evening; and as the glorious sun of Palestine stooped behind the western hills, flooding the valley below with beauty, his melancholy face took an expression of intenser anxiety. The gentle breeze lifted his thin silver locks from his temples, but still he sat like a statue cut from stone, and listened. Hour after hour had worn heavily away, but now, just as the last sunbeams fell in a shower of gold on his venerable head, the sound of hasty footsteps smote his ear. Not the startled deer lifts his head in more eager attitude than did that blind old man when first roused from his reverie by that rapid tread, which his heart foreboded too well brought heavy tidings. It was one of the fugitives from the battle-field, still crimson with the slaughter—his clothes rent, and dust on his head, and despair in his eye. And, lo! as he sped onward with the sad news, a cry of distress and anguish followed him. Eli heard it, and asked its meaning. The next moment the messenger of evil stood before him and cried, "I am just from the army, and all is lost. Israel is fled before the Philistines, and her bravest lie dead on the field. Thy two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, are slain; and the ark of God is taken." Under the defeat of Israel the patriarch bore firmly up—even the death of his two only sons did not shake his aged frame; but when it was told him that the ark of God was taken, he fell dead to the earth. All, all else could be borne; the slaughter of his people, his own and his sons' death, were nothing in comparison to the honour of his God. This last blow broke his heart as with a sudden crash, and he died without uttering his sorrow. Ah! who can tell the tide of feeling that swept over him at the fatal news. That his sins should be visited on the people and his sons was natural—the prophetic curse had prepared him for this; but that the honour of God, which was dearer to him than life, should suffer for his misdeeds was more than he could bear. The curse had struck deeper than he had anticipated; and in that day of terrible suspense,

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and in that moment of unspeakable anguish, he received the punishment of a fond but erring father.

Of a noble heart, full of all gentleness and love, pure and upright himself, yet he did not fulfil the responsibilities of a parent. His defects were rather mental than moral, and his crime consisted in not restraining others, instead of not controlling himself. All his thoughts, wishes, and desires, were pure; but he refused to arrest the vices of his children. Too easy in his temper and doting in his affections, he would not see the evil he was bringing on them, on the people, and on himself. Thus does the fondness of parents, when allowed to blind their eyes to the faults of their offspring, or prevent them from punishing their misdeeds and checking their passions, always end in the misery of both. This is the lesson intended to be taught in this chapter of history; and it must be confessed that it is a fearful one, accompanied with fearful warnings.

HISTORY OF A PIECE OF WOOD. *

"CAST him into the sea! into the sea with him!"—"No, no, hang him in the public square, as an example to all heretics!"—"No, throw him from the rock into the gorge below; the crows will have time enough to avenge our good mother!"—"No, to the sea, I say!"—"No, to the scaffold!" And the crowd roared aloud, and ran to and fro, pressing the while around a poor stranger, who, the subject of all these execrations, was being bruised almost to death by the kicks of the men, and torn by the fair fingers of the women. He had just come out of the chapel of the Virgin, where they said he had committed a horrible sacrilege—and two monks were conducting him to the dungeon of the most holy Inquisition. What was his crime? Let us follow the crowd, and we shall soon learn. Whether from humanity, or from the desire of preserving their prey for the approaching *auto-da-fe*, the two conductors did all they could to keep their unfortunate charge from the vengeance of the maddened people, and at length got him safely to the palace of the formidable tribunal, which at that moment was sitting. The people were still loud in their cries, and menaced even to enter by force if instant justice were not done for this outrage on the Madonna: so, to appease them, the Grand Inquisitor announced by one of his familiars, from the grand balcony of the palace, that the holy tribunal was going to examine the affair on the spot, and would immediately pronounce judgment on the culprit—a ceremony equivalent to the sentence of death. Loud and repeated cheers greeted these words. But whilst the populace abandon themselves to their joy and *Christian* hope, let us follow the unknown to the bar of the tribunal. Scarcely had he been ushered in by his two conductors, when the president instituted his examination, and accordingly one of the two commenced:—"This man is guilty of blasphemy. The faithful, met together in the chapel of our Lady, the most Holy Virgin and Mother of God, knelt before her, and adored in silence. A priest was praying at the foot of her altar, the young servants were swaying their censers in her presence, the organ was playing the prelude to a hymn that was to be sung in her honour, all were devout and silent, when this stranger, this heretic, this son of Satan—Satan himself perhaps—who had been standing behind a column, advances leisurely to our Holy Mother, lifts up the chaste veil that conceals her divine figure, and then letting it fall with a sigh, cries out—'*The idolaters! the poor idolaters!*'" At this recital a feeling of indignation seized all the judges; the president could not contain himself. "Who are you?" cried he to the accused. "William Knox, an English sculptor," was the reply. "From whence do you come?" "From India." "What have you to answer to the accusation brought against you?" "Nothing. It is all true." "Whom did you mean to call idolaters?—your Indians?" "No; you." "Us?" "Yes, you." A thrill of anger ran through the sombre frames of the inquisitors; the president gnashed his teeth, and striking his clenched fist on the table, "Do you know," cried he, "that in one hour I can send you like a bundle of straw to light up the coming *auto-da-fe*?" "You can do no more than God wills." "Ah, well! I tell you that God wills that you shall be burned alive: do you hear me?" "That is to say, you condemn me without a hearing?" "No, no, speak away, you can burn afterwards." "Well, then, listen; and let God judge between us. The pile you thirst to kindle for me in this world, may perhaps be kindled for you in the next. Meanwhile, hear my justification, and remember that in pronouncing my fate you pronounce your own sentence." "Keep your menaces to yourself; speak to your defence." "Listen then:—Many years ago I set out to India as officer of an English regiment. After a month's voyage our ship was wrecked on a desert island. The crew and provisions were saved, but the ship, damaged in every part, went to pieces a few days afterwards. Reduced to inaction on this uninhabited island, I took a fancy to exercise my talent for sculpture, whilst we waited for Heaven to send us help. I cut down a tree, stripped it of its branches, cut the trunk into two equal portions, which I fashioned one after another—and in short, at the end of a month, I had hewn them into two female figures so like as to be readily mistaken the one for the other. Scarcely was my work finished, when one day the cry was raised, 'A sail! a sail!' A merchant vessel was in sight, our signals were seen, and the day after we were received on board with much kindness by the captain, who was an Italian. All our crew were eager in expressing their gratitude to him by words, gifts, or promises. For me, I had lost everything, and had no other means of testifying my thankfulness than by offering him my figures. He accepted them with pleasure, and I saw him even smile and touch his forehead as if he were struck with a happy idea. I was glad he was pleased, and thought no more of the matter." "What has all this to do with your crime?" interrupted one of the judges. "Wait a moment," replied the culprit. "Two years afterwards I visited

* Translated from the French of the Rev. N. Rousse', for the *Scottish Presbyterian Magazine*.

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one of the most renowned pagodas in India, whither flock crowds of pilgrims to worship the queen of the temple, honoured by the titles of Blessed, Holy, and Most Holy. Penetrating to the sanctuary of this idol, I was struck by the resemblance of the statue to that which I had chiselled on the desert island. Full of curiosity, I approached it, examined it minutely, and saw that without doubt it was the half of my trunk of wood that these poor Hindus adored." "Say these poor idolaters," interrupted the president. "Yes, that is true, and I bitterly regretted the day I had conceived the thought of sculpturing these figures. I saw myself in some measure accomplice in an act of heathen worship, and I prayed to God for pardon." "What! you pray to God! you, the blasphemer of his holy Mother! But come to the point, for this story about India has nothing to do with your crime. Speak quick, for time presses" — . . . . . "I finished my military service, and some years afterwards I returned to Europe. I came yesterday to this city, and the first person I met on the quay was the Italian captain who had received us on board his ship. As I spoke to him of my unexpected meeting with my handiwork in an Indian pagoda, he said, with a smile that recalled to me that which had accompanied his happy idea, that in truth he had found no better way of mystifying these idolatrous priests than by selling them, for a goddess fallen from heaven, one of the figures with which I had presented him. I blamed him for what he had done; but he answered by a shout of laughter, and added, in bidding me good-by, 'That is not the last of them you may see!' As I am naturally fond of information, and above all curious in aught that concerns the different forms of religious worship, I set out this morning to visit one of your chapels. When I entered I saw that the eyes of the congregation, as well as the censers, the adoration, and the prayers, were directed to a white drapery that seemed to shroud the mysterious object of their worship. I approached, lifted up the veil, and saw"— . . . . . "What?" cried out his judges— . . . . . "The sister of my Indian Madonna—the work of my own hands—the other half of my piece of wood!" "Liar! Impostor! Our Virgin came from heaven!" "Yes, like her of the pagoda." "It is the image of our most Holy Mother!" "Just as that of the pagoda was." "She merits our adoration!" "Just as she of the pagoda did." "No, the one was an idol, and the other is the holy image of the Mother of God." "Both came from the same log of wood, and with their branches I often lit my fire!" "But though your story were true, do you not understand that our prayers have sanctified the work of your heretical hands?" "The Brahmans also made prayers for the purification of the other." "But it is not the image itself we adore, it is the Queen of heaven whom it represents." "The Indian priest also told me that it was the resemblance of the Goddess who reigned over the universe." "But, fool, don't you see that your Indian priests are idolaters, and that we, Catholic priests, are the worshippers of the true God?" 'No! But I see that between you and them there is no difference; for, once more, the same trunk of tree, the same hands, the same chisel"— . . . . . "Silence, blasphemer! You merit the flames as an obstinate infidel." "I an infidel? I believe in God." "You'll be burned, then, as a deist!" "I believe in Jesus Christ, sent from heaven." "You'll be burned as a socinian!" "I believe in Jesus Christ, Son of God, and Saviour of men." "Yes, but you don't believe in the Virgin, and therefore you'll be burned as a Huguenot!" "I believe that the Virgin Mary conceived by the Holy Spirit." "Well, but you don't"— . . . . . "No, in truth, I don't worship a piece of wood—no more in Europe than in Asia, no more in a chapel than in a pagoda, no more in the Roman church than in an Indian temple; and nothing in the world will ever make me bend my knee before a piece of wood that I myself"— . . . . "Silence, heretic!"

Thus the stranger was compelled to be silent, and listen to his sentence of death. An hour afterwards he was led forth to the scene of execution accompanied by other heretics, and the crowd rejoicing followed after. Already the executioner was preparing to tie him to the fatal stake, when, turning to the people he made a sign with his hand that he wished to speak to them. "Listen! hear him!" cried several voices. "Put a gag in his mouth," said the executioner to one of his assistants. But it was too late; the curiosity of the people had been awakened, and when the man tried to stop his mouth by force, they redoubled their cries of "No, no, let us hear him!" Profiting by the moment, the unknown mounted the pile and addressed the people. "They deceive you," cried he, "believe me, they deceive you! It is not the religion of Christ they teach you; it is paganism Christianized!" "Silence! silence!" "Yes, yes! It is the same paganism that the Bible anathematizes in every page. Open the book of the law of your God, and you will find there written, ye who bow down to stocks and stones, these words that came from the mouth of God: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image; thou shalt not bow down unto them, nor worship them in ANY wise.' (Exod. xx. 4, 5.) And you, poor Catholic heathens, ye do like the idolater whom the prophet Isaiah ridicules: 'He heweth him down a tree of the forest; he burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh, he roasteth roast and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire; and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.'" (Isaiah xliv. 14, and following verses.)

Furious at hearing these words, a monk snatched a torch from the hands of the executioner, and approached the base of the pile. "No, no," cried the crowd from every side, "let us hear him to the end." "No," bawled out other voices, "he is the blasphemer of our good Mother; force him to go down on his knees before the Virgin, the Mother of God, the Queen of heaven, the source of every grace." "Listen to the Virgin herself, then, if you will not listen to me," interrupted the stranger, "she will speak herself!" Surprised by this announcement,

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the populace, always ready to believe in the marvellous, imagined that the Virgin Mary was going to descend from heaven to speak to them in person; all their eyes were turned upwards to witness her advent, and the condemned man, profiting by the silence, continued: "This is what the Virgin Mary has said, and her words are written in the book of God: 'My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour: for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden.' (Luke i. 47, 48.) Thus, she whom you adore tells you herself that God her Saviour hath looked upon her *low estate*, and that she is nought but his *servant* or *handmaiden*; and you, you dethrone God to place his *servant* upon his throne; you keep the Saviour of the world in swaddling-bands to make a woman reign in his stead. Give each his place—God his throne, Jesus his right hand, and the Virgin Mary her rank amongst the blessed of mankind who prostrate themselves before his throne in adoration. Believe in God who has created you, believe in Jesus Christ who can save you, but place yourselves by the side of Mary, created and saved like you. Jesus Christ is the Son of God—the Virgin Mary is the daughter of man; Jesus Christ is God—the Virgin Mary is a woman. And if you have the courage to shake off the yoke of your priests, and to place, not their words above the Gospel, but the Gospel above their words, you will see that the Gospel, the New Testament, the whole Bible, condemns your idolatry—that in every page it is written, Worship God alone, believe in Jesus Christ, invoke the Holy Spirit—but that not a word of adoration, of faith, of prayer, is asked for the Virgin Mary. This is what the word of Christ says. If you will not hear it, if you will listen only to the voice of your Catholic Church, you may be Catholics, but you are not Christians." . . . . . .

This time, however, the monk had succeeded; and whilst the crowd, attentive to these words, had forgotten all the rest, he had set fire to the four corners of the pile. The flame suddenly arose, and the inconstant people, who at any time preferred such a spectacle to hearing words of truth, threw off very quickly the impression this discourse had made, in their anxiety to see how the martyr would deport himself in his fiery trial. He joined his hands together, raised a look of resignation to heaven, and then his head fell forward motionless on his breast. A few instants sufficed to reduce his body to ashes; but his soul had escaped to heaven, to witness the glory of his God, and to rejoice in his love, in the midst of a crowd of martyrs and apostles, and side by side with the Virgin Mary.

THE ASHES OF WICKLIFFE.

In obedience to the orders of the Council of Constance, Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick scent at a dead carcase) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Lutterworth they come. Sumner, commissary official, chancellor, protector, doctors, and their servants, take what was left out of the grave, burn them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean—and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—*Fuller's Church History.*

E'en when his bones to dust were turn'd,
Beyond the grave their vengeance burn'd;
His warnings fill'd their guilty ear—
They saw his awful phantom near,
And sent their mandate forth:
"Go, tear the accused from the grave—
Scatter his dust o'er stream and wave—
Void be his place on earth!"
They lay the charnel's secrets bare,
The awful dust unmask;
Priest, sumner, friar, are marshalled there,
To aid the godless task.
They tear the relics from the shroud—
High springs the flame's red glow—
Anathema and curse ring loud
As they tramp on their mighty foe:
"Yon brook will bear him to the deep,
Far as our deadliest curse can sweep—
Cast out his poisonous clay!"
The scatter'd dust the menials lift,
And down the waves of dancing Swift
His ashes float away!
O'er quiet mead, by green hill-side,
Swift hastes to Avon's broader tide;
And Avon sweeps through vale and wood
To melt in Severn's kingly flood;
And Severn, calm and free,
Floats downward on his lordly wave
Triumphant to the sea!
Where doth our first reformer sleep?
Ask of the wild waves—where?
Search where the winds of heaven may sweep,
Seek his bright ashes there!
Where'er high truth's immortal light
Bursts the thick gloom of error's night,
Where reason wings her eagle flight,
Where breathe religion's notes,
Where godlike freedom's mighty voice
Bids the weak heart of slaves rejoice,
Where human worth a home may claim,
Where genius soars an earthly frame,
Our first reformer's glorious name,
Like holiest music floats:
The chainless waves of ocean trace,
Follow the rushing river—
Each altar makes *his* burial place,
Where Wickliffe lives for ever!

THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM.

[This awful narrative is from a small volume on "Gambling in its Infancy and Progress," from the pen of J. H. Green, a reformed gambler]:—

In the year 1840, in company with several others of the gambling fraternity, I took passage at Louisville, Kentucky, on board a steamer bound to New Orleans. The boat was crowded with passengers, but there appeared to be very few who gave promise of being profitable to me or my companions. It was therefore determined that several of the party should return, and await the departure of another steamer. I went to the hurricane deck to observe their depar

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ture. As the boat left the steamer, I discovered a very young man anxiously gazing upon the party in the boat. He maintained this position till the boat returned to the steamer, when, turning on his heel, he exclaimed, "I am ruined! I am lost!" and hastened into the cabin, wholly unconscious of observation.

I followed him into the cabin, and renewed my observations. He was apparently about eighteen years of age. His countenance was pleasant, and his features were delicate. As he walked backward and forward in the cabin, agony was depicted on his countenance in marks too decided to be mistaken.

I approached and addressed him as follows: "Are you bound for the south?" He replied, "I do not know where I am bound," and turning away from me, resumed his walk.

I approached him a second time, and remarked that he appeared to be in ill health. "I *am* sir—I am sick," he replied, turning upon his heel, and walking into the state room. In a few moments he approached me, and said it was strictly true that he did not know where he was going; and if I would hear him, he would give me a full account of his troubles and his reason for answering me in the manner he had. We sat down, and he gave me the following narrative:—

"I am a native of one of the eastern states; my parents now reside in an eastern city. I have a sister residing in Louisville, Kentucky, whom I have never seen. She married and removed to Louisville before my birth. Her husband died a few months since. Shortly after her husband's death, my sister wrote to my father, requesting him to send me, her eldest brother, to live with her.

"The request was granted, and I fitted for the journey. Before my departure, my parents gave me strict caution concerning the vices of the day. I received sufficient money for the expenses of my journey, and permission to spend a few days in any of the largest cities on my route.

"My first delay was in Philadelphia, where I spent some days, during which time I formed some very pleasant acquaintances, among whom were two of those gamblers who just now left the steamer. Shortly after my acquaintance with these persons, I was invited to a card-party, where "*whist*" was the game introduced. This was a game taught me by my parents, and their strict caution had not interdicted it. I was induced to make the small bet of twenty-five cents a corner, during the evening. The party had several similar meetings. At the last of these meetings, I made known my intention of leaving the next morning. The two persons before referred to immediately proposed to accompany me if I would remain one day longer. I readily acceded to their proposal. On the day appointed we left by way of Pittsburgh, on the canal. We had scarcely left when cards were introduced. We played for small stakes, until I found myself minus some twenty-five dollars. I became excited, and enlarged my bets, with a hope of regaining what I had lost. I continued to lose, and on my arrival at Pittsburgh had barely sufficient money left to pay my passage to Louisville. I paid my fare immediately on going on board. The boat had scarcely left the wharf, when the two gamblers proposed a game, that I might make myself *whole*. When they found I had no money, they proposed to stake money against my watch. I lost it; and my breastpin, rings, &c., were disposed of in the same manner. Becoming desperate, I sought my trunk, where I had a package in charge to carry to my sister. I forced open the casket, which contained a bracelet, with a beautiful gold chain, sent as a present by my mother to her daughter. I discovered an unsealed letter, which contained a hundred-dollar bank note. The letter was from my father to my sister, directing her to give the money to me when she should deem it proper to do so. I seized upon the note, and soon the gamblers fleeced me of that. I again resorted to the casket, and lost the jewellery it contained. Desperate in every respect, when I arrived at Louisville, I called at the door of my sister's house, rang the bell, and leaving the package I had robbed on the threshold, hastened on board the boat, where the two villains who had robbed me had taken passage. They appeared glad that I came on board," said he, "and I felt confident that I should be assisted by them. They both left in the yawl, and without even bidding me farewell; and *that*, sir, was what caused me to weep."

I looked at him—*desperation was painted in every feature.* I was then a hardened gambler, and had been for eight years; but this tale of sorrow made me feel that if the curse of heaven ever fell on wicked men, it would descend and rest upon the gambler.

"What did you expect to gain by the course you have taken?" I said. "Why did you not go to your sister, tell her freely what you had done, and ask her forgiveness and protection?"

"Oh, sir!" said he, "I can never go to her until I am able to replace what I have lost."

Poor deluded youth! thought I, as I discovered the slender point on which his hopes were suspended, you can never recover the money or property those gamblers have stolen from you; far better if you could think so.

"I don't know, sir," said he, "I have no money, no friends. I am here, and what to do I know not."

"I think," said I, "you had better return; I will lend you sufficient money, which you can repay when convenient."

"You are very kind, indeed, sir," said he; "but I *cannot* return—no, *never*. But, sir, I will, if you feel safe in lending me sufficient to carry me to St Louis, accept it as a great favour."

I lent him twenty-five dollars. When we arrived at the mouth of the Ohio, he left the boat for another bound for St Louis.

In 1841, I was passenger in another steamer, on her upward passage from New Orleans to Louisville. Not far from New Orleans, we broke a shaft, which caused several hours' delay. I had been on shore; and as I was returning, a gentleman informed me that he had just witnessed a revolting sight—a number of convicts on the deck of a steamer, under the charge of an officer, who was conveying them to

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the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, state prison. I went to look at them for a moment. As I approached, I recognised the face of the same unfortunate youth. He turned his head, and attempted to evade my notice. He had large irons upon his ankles, and handcuffs upon his wrists. I inquired of the officer what crime he had committed. He said, "Forgery," and added, "he is under five years' sentence."

In 1845, I was lecturing in one of the principal cities of the East, when I related this same incident, mentioning, as near as I could remember, the name of the unfortunate youth. After my lecture closed, a young man came to me and asked my address. I gave it; and on the following day he called with a carriage, and invited me to accompany him. I acceded, and we shortly drew up at the door of a handsome house. I entered a parlour richly furnished, where the family were assembled, consisting of the father, mother, two sisters, and three brothers. They were silent. The two brothers who had accompanied me addressed me as follows:—

"Sir, you may think this a strange visit. Last night, at the lecture, we learned something of the fate of the son of this old gentleman and lady. We are the brothers of that ruined youth. Five years have elapsed since he left this house guiltless. The strange deposit of the box at his sister's door could not permit us to hope anything but his ruin. Now, sir, could you tell us how we may learn whether he is living?"

I suggested that they should write to the agents of the Louisiana penitentiary, giving the name the young man had assumed at the time of his conviction. They followed my suggestion, and learned that in eighteen months after his incarceration he had died of the fever.

To the moralist, this incident will teach a lesson. To fathers and mothers, this young man's ruin and premature death should teach the danger of the innocent game of whist. This his unhappy friends acknowledged to be the primal cause of the ruin of one of the members of their family and their own lasting reproach. We call upon all friends of religion and morality to decide whether it is not wrong to indulge in any amusement which carries in its train misery and death. May we not safely challenge any man to produce the first instance where one single individual has been benefited, in a moral point of view, by such amusements? Then cast for ever from your parlours those games of chance, which, step by step, lead on so many youths of bright promise and high hopes to dissipation, disgrace, and premature death.

PRAYER ANSWERED IN JUDGMENT.

A WIDOWED mother had an only son, who, while yet a youth, was seized with an alarming illness. Her heart was in the greatest tumult of grief at the prospect of his removal. She sent for her minister, to pray for her child's recovery. It was his preservation from death that was to be the subject of the minister's petitions rather than the mother's submission to the will of God. Like a faithful pastor, he begged her to control her excessive grief and solicitude, and resign her son to God's disposal; but to no avail: it seemed as if she neither could nor would give him up. Prayer was to pluck him from the borders of the grave, whether God were willing to spare him or not. Her son lived: the mother, with ecstatic joy, received him back, as from the borders of the tomb. He grew to adult age; but it was to die in circumstances ten thousand times more afflictive to the mother's heart than his earlier removal would have been. As he came to manhood, he turned out profligate, extravagant, dishonest. His crime became capital; he was detected, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged: and seven years from the day when that minister prayed for his life, he went to visit this wretched mother, to be with her, and comfort her, if, indeed, her heart could receive consolation, on the day of his execution. Oh! widow, is there not a heavier calamity than the death, in ordinary circumstances, of an only son? Would not this distressed woman look with envy upon others, whose children had died in honour and reputation, and think their affliction not worthy of the name, compared with hers? Would she not look back with deep compunction upon her own rebellious grief and unwillingness to give up her child to the will of God?—*James.*

LABOURS OF CALVIN.

DR HOYLE, mentioning Calvin, says, "What shall I speak of his indefatigable industry, almost beyond the power of nature, which, paralleled with our loitering, will, I fear, exceed all credit. It may be the truest object of admiration, how one lean, worn, spent, and wearied body could hold out. He read, every week of the year through, three divinity lectures; every other week, over and above, he preached every day: so that (as Erasmus said of Chrysostom) I know not whether more to admire his constancy or theirs that heard him. Some have reckoned his yearly lectures to be *one hundred and eighty-six*, and his yearly sermons *two hundred and eighty-six*. Every Thursday he sat in the presbytery. Every Friday, when the ministers met to consult upon different texts, he made as good as a lecture. Besides all this, there was scarcely a day that exercised him not in answering, either by word of mouth or writing, the doubts and questions of different Churches and pastors; so that he might say with Paul, "The care of all the Churches lieth upon me." Scarcely a year had passed wherein, over and above all these employments, some great volume, in folio, or other size, came not forth.

This celebrated man, even in his dying illness, would not refrain from his labours; but when his friends endeavoured to persuade him to spare himself, he replied, "What! shall my Lord come and find me idle?"

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

THE *season of sorrow will come!* What will you do then? To whom will you turn for consolation? To your gay companions? They will desert you. To the remembrance of past pleasures? It will torture you. To the world you have idolized? It has no balm for a wounded heart. To the God whose love you have slighted—whose very existence you have practically denied? Will you not fear to look to Him in affliction, whom in prosperity you have insulted and despised? Would not one hour of a Christian's consolation—one smile of a Saviour's love—be then felt to be worth all the gratifications this world ever gave?

The hour of death will come! What will you do then? When the world is giving way under your feet—eternity opening on your view—your body tortured with pain, or sinking in decay—your soul

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hovering on the brink of a dark and fearful abyss, unillumined by one ray of light from heaven, down which it dare not look, yet must plunge into its blackness of darkness for ever—when all that meets your view is an angry God, a dissolving frame, a departing world, a yawning hell—what, O what will you do *then*?

The day of judgment will come! And what will you do then? Yes! "He that cometh will come! for, behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." How soon, who can tell? For we know not now the day nor the hour when he may come! But we do know that ere long "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." The Lord Jesus Christ, the Crucified One of Calvary, will be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, with ten thousand times ten thousand angels! From before his face the heavens and the earth shall flee away! "Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory—the judgment shall be set, and the books opened"—and *you* shall stand before his judgment seat! You, if you persevere and perish in your present state, you, in *that* day, shall find that "it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for you!"

But even this is not the worst, for even this day of terror will pass away. Even this is only the beginning of sorrows that will never end; for

The ages of eternity will come! And what a thought! To you they will be ages of eternal woe! Oh! to be everlastingly tormented in that flame that never can be quenched! To feel the everlasting gnawings of that worm that can never die! To be plunging deeper and deeper, throughout eternity, into the dark bottomless abyss of inconceivable despair! To endure, without a moment's mitigation, throughout endless ages, anguish most bitter, "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth"—a full appreciation of what has been rejected, and an agonizing consciousness of what is incurred—the total absence of hope—"the blackness of darkness" to be known and felt "for ever and ever."

It is too horrible to *think* of!—what will it be to *endure*? The very *idea* is too dreadful—what will be the *reality*? The mere *vision* of hell is intolerable—what a *home* will hell *itself* be, to dwell in for *eternity!* Are you resolved to make the fearful experiment? God in his infinite mercy forbid! It is *this* which stamps such madness on your choice, reader, in preferring Satan to God as a master, and hell to heaven as a home! It is this appalling consideration, that you cannot give up the prospect of being eternally happy with God in heaven, without incurring the penalty of being eternally miserable with Satan in hell! There is no intermediate state—God or Satan *must* be your master—heaven or hell *must* be your home—for ever, and ever, and ever! *Which* will you choose?—*Hugh White.*

THE WIDOW SAVED.

In the course of my pastoral walks among my flock, I one day called upon a young widow, who has become a member of the church under my care since the death of her husband. I found her at her mangle, by which, and by letting a room or two to lodgers, she earns a scanty and precarious support for herself and child. I found her somewhat indisposed, exhausted by labour, and depressed, though not desponding, in consequence of her lodgings being unoccupied, and her work rather short. I entered into conversation with her on her necessitous and afflictive circumstances, when she expressed her strong confidence in God, and her expectation she should be provided for. She soon reverted to her husband, who had been a consistent member of my flock. Her eulogy upon his memory was in strong and tender language. She described him as having been one of the kindest and most indulgent of husbands, and implied that she had, of course, been a happy wife. "But," said she, "*I can thank the Lord for his death; for, in consequence of that sad event, I now hope to associate with him in the presence of Christ in heaven.*" The fact is, the death of her husband was the painful means, in the hands of the Spirit, of her saving conversion to God. In this you see one instance among many in which widowhood has been the furnace of affliction where God has chosen some of his people, and called them to pass through the fiery trial to bring them to himself. The female whose case I am now narrating, by the piety she then obtained, and by the sweet hope of meeting her deceased husband in the land where there shall be no more death, endures with a sorrowful cheerfulness the desolation of widowhood and the rigours of poverty.—*James.*

"O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD!"

Often are these words of Cowper on the lips of Christians. They express what ought to be constantly the language of our hearts—a constant "reaching forth unto those things which are before." It will be most the desire of those whose walk is nearest. The nearer they are to him, the more they see of his loveliness and glory, and the stronger is the attraction to him. Those who hate Christ turn their backs upon him, and are constantly going faster and farther from him. They who love but little are distant towards him. As Peter once did, they follow "afar off."

But those who love Christ much, love to walk with him. How sweet and sacred was the privilege of those disciples who walked with Jesus on the way to Emmaus! In referring to it afterwards, they exclaimed, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" It is often so with disciples now. Christ walks with them in the way of their pilgrimage, and comforts them, and opens to their understandings the more perfect knowledge of his Word; and their hearts burn within them with love and sweet consolation. They walk with him. They do not merely make a ceremonious call, and then go away satisfied, without the expectation or desire of seeing him again: they walk with him from day to day, and they are never wearied by this walking; on the contrary, to walk is to be refreshed.

There is a great difference between walking with Jesus and being constantly near to catch the gracious words which fall from his lips, and only occasionally greeting him as we unexpectedly meet with him. Many there are, we fear, who have no more communion with him than this. When he meets them, they express great joy; and they wonder that they could have been so long contented to be absent from him. They are sure that they will never forsake him again! But, alas! "the early cloud and morning dew." The excitement is soon followed by a relapse. Again they forsake the Saviour, and look for some quiet place of indolent repose, or plunge deeper than ever into the cares, turmoil, and snares of worldliness. There are some who are active in the morning, but when the "burden and heat of the day" come on, their vigour languishes and their zeal dies.

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Some at their setting out in the Christian race seem to outstrip all others; but ere long they are out of breath, and halt, and fall in the rear, and make on the whole slow and sorry progress.

It is not the poor pilgrim alone who finds it of the greatest importance to look well to the company he keeps. If we fall in with Mr Legality, or Mr Worldly-mind, or hold discourse with Miss Talkative, Miss Self-conceit, or with Dame Censorious, we shall be quite certain to get out of the way. There is no safety but in keeping near to Jesus. All the brood of liers-in-wait are very shy of the King. They have no relish for his instruction, and they dislike his presence. If we would shake them all off, there is no method so sure as to keep near to him. Every day should our prayer be, "O for a closer walk with God!" This is the way to have the heavenly temper, and lead the heavenward life. The nearer we are to Christ, the more shall we catch of his spirit, and the less shall we be exposed to the snares of Satan. The nearer we live to Jesus, the more shall we promote his glory and the salvation of souls. Would that it were the cry of all—"O for a closer walk with God!"—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE STARS WITNESSES.

So the Lord teaches Abram. From his tent, where first He met with him—from his bed, perhaps, which he had been watering with his tears—the Lord raises the patriarch, and leads him out, and places him beneath the glorious midnight sky. Seest thou these hosts of heaven? Canst thou reckon them? No. But He who speaks to thee can. He can count them. "He telleth the numbers of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." Here is the perfection of science—the highest sublimity of the most sublime of all the sciences—the most glorious lesson in astronomy the world ever learned. In the still and solemn silence of earth's unbroken slumber—under the deep azure arch of heaven—not a breath stirring, not a cloud passing—then and there, to stand alone with God—to stand with open eye, and behold his works—to stand with open ear, and hear his word—his word to thee! These stars—canst thou number them? Look now towards heaven, and tell them—these all, I ordained, and even such a seed have I ordained to Abram. Such a lesson might Chaldean sage or simple peasant learn of old; and such far more may be the lesson now, as art reveals her myriads of new worlds, and science threads among them her lofty and mysterious way, till the aching sight begins to fail and imagination itself to reel. Alas! that the starry heavens should ever be read otherwise than thus, as if either they claimed worship for themselves or a power to rule the destinies of our race, or as if they had no tale at all to tell of but a dreary, dark materialism. Surely, if thou wilt but look and listen, they speak to thee of their Creator; or rather, their Creator speaks to thee by them. He points and appeals to them as the tokens of his power, and the pledges of his faithfulness; and in the undimmed glory of their multitudinous hosts, shining still, as they shone when he talked to Abram, he calls thee, on each returning night, to hail the renewed assurance of that promise on which all thy hope, as well as Abram's, must hang. So shall the seed of Abram—his seed, embracing Christ and all that are his—and therefore not excluding thee—so shall the seed of Abram be.—*Candlish on Genesis.*

FOLLY OF INFIDELITY.

MAN has for the most part misconceived the use of the great facts which have been graciously placed within his reach through the instrumentality of science and research. In his fond conceit he would throw aside his allegiance to God, and, arrogating to himself the command of the very elements, would, from having learned to use, fool himself into the vain imagination that he could create the world afresh, and fashion it more in accordance with his infinite understanding. To this end does the age of reason insidiously urge its victims; nor are they few, for the plant is of rapid growth. Deadly though the poison is which lies concealed within the captivating exterior of this plant, we fear that there are few of its cultivators who have taken the trouble to analyze it, and to test its properties with patient assiduity, and an earnest desire to elicit the truth. Captivated by the perfumed atmosphere which ever floats around the object of their admiration, they are dead to all its inherent defects; and pluming themselves on their fancied superiority over those who acknowledge the trammels of loyalty, subjection, faith, and allegiance to the Supreme, they on all sides spread their toils for the waverer and wanderer from the fold of the true Shepherd. Of these there is never any lack, and many there be who fall into the net thus laid for them; for the creed of the free-thinkers is, to minds untutored by education and moral culture, a most inviting study: it can be shuffled of or on, as the humour suits, with the slightest exertion of the wearer; and if it holds out no prospect of reward, it at least is silent as to punishment.

Little matter of wonder is it, then, that during the excitement of pursuit, and at a period when the life-blood courses through man's veins and arteries with healthy rapidity, such notions as were professed by a Bolingbroke, a Volney, or a Shelley, appear in their holiday attire. If, however, we trace these men to their hiding-places, and sift their secret thoughts in that fearful moment when the pulse flags and the limbs refuse their office, while the restless soul, hanging between heaven and hell, can find no city of refuge, and compare their last hours with those of the meek but stedfast believer and the practical Christian, the tinsel will soon drop from off the worthless theory, and the doubting disciple of a creed which begins and ends in nothing, will be rudely awakened to his danger, and fly for succour and protection from his own devices to the foot of his Saviour's cross.—*The London Times.*

THE REST ON HIGH.

THE following lines are from the pen of the lamented Mrs Scott, late missionary to India. They were written on the Ganges river, while journeying for the restoration of her health:—

"THERE REMAINETH, THEREFORE, A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

How fair is that clime, how transcendently fair
That land which no mortal hath seen!
The "river of life" flows unceasingly there,
And the pastures for ever are green.

No sin ever enters that region of rest;
No sickness hath power to smite;
No feeling of sorrow e'er crosses the breast:
All is glory, perfection, and light.

The Lamb is the light of that city divine—
The Lamb who for sinners was slain;
Around him bright seraphs and cherubim shine,
And his kingdom shall ever remain.

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Bent low at his feet in devotion sincere,
Are the sinners of Adam's lost race;
Their robes have been washed, and now they appear
As saints, rescued only by grace.

List! the music of heaven breathes sweet on my ear,
As my faith loves its beauties to trace;
And my soul would fain quit this terrestrial sphere,
To gaze on Immanuel's face.

Then speed ye, my days of probation below:
World! spread not thy trifles abroad;
I can bid them adieu, and most joyfully go,
To rest on the bosom of God!

LIFE'S CHANGES.

How affecting are the changes that occur within a single year; but add a few years together, and what a mighty revolution is seen, strongly indicative of the progress of time, and the certain and amazing results which it is destined to produce.

Where are the children which a few years since were seen sporting in these streets? They are grown to manhood, and their sports have given place to the never-ceasing cares and toils of life. They have become heads of families, parents of other children fast ripening into maturity. Where are the men of business who, but a little while ago, took the lead in the various branches of human occupation? Some have been removed by death; and others, worn out with labours, or withering under the blight of time, have retired from the bustle of the world, as unequal to their former tasks, and are gradually sinking into that oblivion which the grave, the land of forgetfulness, will soon complete. Where are the old men, whose heads, blossoming like the almond tree, used to whiten our assemblies, and give a venerable aspect to our devotions? The dark and silent tomb hides them almost all. Look around you, my dear brethren. Is this the congregation that first united for the worship of God in this place, and dedicated this house to the Lord? Some of them, indeed, still remain; but, for the most part, it is a new generation, succeeded to the inheritance of their fathers. What is the language of these affecting changes? Is it not, O man, that thou art a pilgrim, hastening away from this earthly scene? A few years more, and another will take thy place in the house of God, in the work-shop, in the field, or wheresoever thou hast laboured or enjoyed, and thou thyself wilt have gone to thine everlasting home.—*Dr Richards' Sermons.*

EXAMPLE BEFORE PRECEPT.

THERE are Christians who intend and do many things for their children, and thus acquit themselves of all blame in regard to character. Here, alas! is the perpetual error of Christian parents, so called, that they endeavour to make up, by direct efforts, for the mischiefs of a loose and neglected life. They convince themselves that teaching, lecturing, watching, discipline, things done with a purpose, are the sum of duty, as if mere affectations and will-works could cheat the laws of life and character ordained by God. *Your character* is a stream, a river flowing upon your children hour by hour. What you do here and there to carry an opposing influence is, at best, only a ripple that you make on the surface of the stream. It reveals the sweep of the current—nothing more. If you expect your children to go with the ripple instead of the stream you will be disappointed. I beseech you, then, as you love your children, to admit other and worthier thoughts—thoughts more safe for them, and certainly for you. Understand that it is the family spirit—that which works by an unconscious, unseen power, and perpetually—the silent power of a domestic godliness, this it is which forms your children to God. And if this be wanting, all that you may do besides will be as likely to annoy and harden as to bless.—*Bushnell.*

LIMITED VIEWS OF PROVIDENCE.

ALTHOUGH man's intellect were far more penetrating than it is, and his heart free from every moral defect, his situation alone, independently even of the shortness of his life, must utterly preclude him from a thorough perception of the whole plan of Providence. Can he who peeps through the chinks of a shattered wall perceive the whole extent of a country, the relative situation of its districts, or the rivers, hills, and valleys, which diversify its surface? Chained to the bottom of a deep and narrow pit, could you tell the number of the stars, or describe their courses over the wide expanse of heaven?

Our mind is shut up in the body, as in a prison; and it is but through a few imperfect openings that external objects are discerned. Hence, of necessity, our knowledge is narrowly circumscribed, and hardly extends farther than a few gross matters of fact. Our reasoning, consequently, can proceed but a little way; and even then is liable to almost unavoidable defect.

Is it possible, then, that the providence of God, of which so small a portion comes under our observation, can be otherwise than incomprehensible? This, even the apostles, enlightened as they were by inspiration, acknowledged: "For now we see through a glass darkly: now I know in part."—*Coutts of Brechin.*

FRAGMENTS.

What a folly it is to dread the thought of throwing away one's whole life at once, and yet have no regret of throwing it all away by parcels and piecemeal.—*Howe.*

The preacher, of all workmen, seldom finds his work as he left it.—*Chrysostom.*

God's choice acquaintance are humble men.—*Leighton.*

Man's merit makes hell; Christ's merit makes heaven.—*Traill.*

Many a one works for the Church of God that hath yet no part in it.—*Bishop Hall.*

It is comfortable to reflect upon an affliction borne patiently, an enemy forgiven heartily, and a Sabbath sanctified uprightly.—*Philip Henry.*

Peace is such a precious jewel, that I would give anything for it but truth.—*M. Henry.*

I think a Christian may examine himself by this unerring rule of his growth in grace—he may know it by the exercises of secret prayer. This is the pulse of a Christian, by which he may know his constitution; and the slow beatings of the pulse of the Christian of this generation doth prove this unto us, that grace is in a remarkable decay.—*Gray of Glasgow.*

He that sits nearest the dust, sits nearest the heavens.—*Ibid.*

There are many to whom this is a mystery—through fasting and prayer, to crucify an idol or lust.—*Ibid.*

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THE KINGDOM WHICH CANNOT BE MOVED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS."

(*Concluded from Page* 567.)

4. The *rights* and *privileges* of this kingdom can never be impaired. The great immediate end of all human governments is the security and happiness of their subjects—an end which selfish rulers often forget, but never without *ultimately paying* the penalty of their folly. The government of Christ, indeed, proposes to itself a higher end—the glory of its divine Head. Like the sun in the centre of the system, he is immeasurably superior to all that encircle him, and imparts far more than he receives (the true secret of the stability of all the ordinances of Heaven); but, even when directed towards his own glory, as its supreme end, his administration secures the highest interests and the perfect happiness of all his dependent subjects. Life, liberty, and property, are the principal objects which earthly governments propose to secure; but, compared with what is enjoyed under the protection of Zion's King, how slight at best, and often how brittle, is that security! Earthly institutions may throw a temporary fence around the life that perishes: Christ secures to all his subjects "a life that never ends." Human laws may guard from depredation a little fleeting property: he confers "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." They may protect the body from undue restraint by the hand of man: he translates the soul "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Many boast of their liberty, while they themselves are the slaves of licentiousness; many acquire a temporary freedom, to fall again under a sterner yoke: "but if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Sin shall have no more dominion over you: ye are not under the law, but under grace."

Compared with their privileges, how poor are the most boasted rights of the freest earthly commonwealth! It is the boast of the free-born Briton, that his house is his castle, and that, though only a straw-built shed, the sovereign himself dare not, except in extreme cases, force an entrance. The believer dwells under the shelter of the blood of sprinkling; and neither in the house nor by the way can the law of the Almighty itself touch him. It is the privilege of every British subject to be tried by his peers, and even under the gravest charge, to enjoy the advice of the ablest counsel. Every believer can claim the services of a divine and ever-prevailing Advocate, while on that tribunal before which his eternal interests are decided, sits one who is possessed of infinite intelligence, and the highest judicial authority, and yet is "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." By an invaluable statute, jealously guarded, and suspended only in times of public convulsion, no inhabitant of this country can be long imprisoned on bare suspicion, but can, within a limited time, compel a fair hearing before the bar of his country, and a determination of his cause either by legal conviction or honourable acquittal. By a statute of Heaven, which will never be placed in abeyance, every subject of Christ, on the slightest or gravest charge, can bring his instant appeal to the highest tribunal, and is furnished with a plea that, pled in faith, shall bring off as innocent the most guilty offender. "Who, then, shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

Nor is this all; we might run through the questionable and impracticable demands of modern liberalism, and find in the privileges of the subjects of Christ their full and legitimate gratification. Here we have true *fraternity:* "All ye are brethren." Here we have *community of property,* and that too without division: "All things are yours, whether things present or things to come." Here we find *equality,* procured, not by pulling down all to the lowest level, but exalting all to the highest—not by abolishing all honorary titles, which have not been acquired by personal merit, but by bestowing on all many a glorious title, which has been gained by the merits of another. Happy commonwealth, where all is freedom — all equality — all will be harmony for ever!—where there is but one interest and one voice: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even the Father,

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to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen!"

5. The *prosperity* of this kingdom can never be blighted.—Good laws and stable rights greatly promote the prosperity of kingdoms. Under the protection of these, arts flourish, industry is fostered, and wealth accumulates; while no sooner does the social fabric receive a shock than the wheels of commercial enterprise become instantly impeded, and with a rapidity which is altogether astonishing, "wealth takes to itself wings, and flies away." Public prosperity, however, is much more fluctuating than are even the changes of earthly politics. It depends on a thousand contingencies, over which these have no control. No public encouragement to agriculture can secure to the husbandman a plentiful harvest; no sanatory regulations, though they may modify disease, can ward off or expel the pestilence; no laws in favour of commerce can open up the gorged channels of trade, relieve the labouring wheels of industry, fix the tottering pillars of public credit, or retain the capital which the breath of the Almighty is blowing away.

In the kingdom of Christ, however, is to be found the most durable prosperity. Its land flows with milk and honey. Its climate breathes health into the diseased soul, and maintains it in undying vigour. Its riches are unsearchable in their value, and durable in their nature. The spiritual well-being, both of this blessed community and the individuals that compose it, is liable, no doubt, to occasional elevations and depressions, but no subject of Christ's kingdom was ever involved in spiritual bankruptcy. His divine Lord is his surety and curator, and the very fluctuation of his interests shall be made to tend to their ultimate establishment. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." The wealth of the believer is lodged in a bank that can never fail. His trade with heaven is often the most prosperous when his worldly affairs are in the most gloomy condition; and when others are mourning over unexpected casualties and ruined prospects, he can look up and say, "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." It was the boast of ancient Tyre, and is now the glory of modern Britain, "Her merchants are princes, her traffickers are the honourable of the earth;" but here is a kingdom in which there are no paupers, and the poorest man that enters it becomes the heir of a boundless inheritance. "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of a kingdom which cannot be moved."

6. The *duration* of this kingdom is eternal.—The duration of some earthly kingdoms counts by centuries, but, like all earthly things, they come to an end. They contain within themselves the elements of decay; and even when not overturned by external violence, they grow old and fall to pieces by internal dissolution. Where are now Egypt and Babylon, the glory of ancient kingdoms? And of the celebrated republics of Greece and Rome nothing now remain but the names. How often has the political map of modern Europe changed its form? and how many new divisions may be expected to start up before the present commotions finally subside? The literal kingdom of David was long extinct before his great Representative appeared, and the stem out of which he sprang was buried under the rubbish of a carpenter's shop. But the kingdom which he has founded is destined to subsist "while sun and moon endure;" "for unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

Yes, this at once explains the reason and constitutes the pledge of its everlasting permanency. Other kingdoms owe their origin to human ambition, or, at least, to human policy: this was planned in the counsels of heaven, and is erected by the immediate hand of God. Others lean on an arm of flesh, and are often managed by the most short-sighted maxims of temporizing expediency: this is supported by almighty power, and guided by a mind that takes in all events at one glance, and sees the end from the beginning. In others, the reins of authority are generally held with too tight or too loose a hand; but "justice and judgment are the habitation of this throne," "mercy and truth always preserve it." The downward progress of human corruption undermines all other communities, and all external means for

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their regeneration, as it is vainly called, prove inadequate to arrest the decline; but genuine subjects of this kingdom are made new creatures, old things are passed away with them, and all things are become new. This is the true secret of its permanence: "Thy people shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified."

O happy community, and blessed prospect for the world in which it has been erected! Hitherto, that kingdom, like other kingdoms, has indeed had its periods of contraction and enlargement; but, unlike them, it has revived after all its defeats, risen superior to all its enemies, and is yet destined to attain the most glorious expansion. Victory itself has extinguished some kingdoms, and the conquerors have lost their national character, and their very language, in that of the vanquished; but the kingdom of Christ *Christianises* all that it subdues, and will in the end cast all into its own blessed mould. "And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." The world, indeed, and all that is in it, shall pass away, but even then this kingdom shall not be destroyed. Transferred to a happier region, completely delivered from external and internal foes, made perfect in the whole will of God, and placed under the immediate and visible rule of their blessed Sovereign, all the subjects of this kingdom, from all ages and kingdoms of men, shall be collected into one glorious association around his throne, and shall serve him and reign with him for ever and ever. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world."

What a privilege, then, it is to dwell under the shadow of this blessed rule! "Thank God," said the late king of the French when he set his foot on this favoured shore, "Thank God, I am on British ground!" But, oh! what cause have we to say, "Thank God, we are on gospel ground!" If we enjoy, as a people, any present advantages above other nations; if our institutions are more stable—our borders more peaceful—our people more contented—we owe it to the overshadowing protection of gospel ordinances, and the pervading influence of gospel truths. But happy is that people, however externally situated, "who *know* the joyful sound." 'In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his people's children have a place of refuge." No convulsions of society can shut them out of the protection of their divine Head—no change on human systems invalidate the charter of their spiritual freedom: "Yea, though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

In fine, we see the true stability of earthly kingdoms—to entwine their interests with those of the kingdom of God. Let them bow to the sceptre of Christ. It is one of the legitimate titles of its glorious Sovereign, "King of kings, and Lord of lords;" and he has expressly declared, that "The nation and kingdom that will not serve him shall perish." Too long have earthly potentates vainly thought that they would strengthen the pillars of their own authority by usurping his prerogatives, and trampling upon the liberties of his special kingdom. And in the striking events of our times, men are scarcely beginning to unlearn the dangerous lesson; but let them beware of falling into the opposite extreme. Without the sanctifying influence of the pure religion of Christ, no civil society can long prosper; and without the special acknowledgment and protection of human laws, Christianity can maintain itself only by a constant and harassing struggle. How easy is it for an infidel government, by merely fixing its elections on the Lord's-day, virtually to disfranchize all that fear his name! and how little dependence can be put upon that liberalism which owns no fountain of authority nor standard of law superior to the popular will! On this subject both statesmen and churchmen, both rulers and people, still require a lesson; but, though it will probably be written in letters of blood, that lesson they shall certainly receive. "Be wise, therefore, ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss ye the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, if once his wrath be kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

THE FIRST OFFENCE.

IN the cheerful dining-room of my bachelor friend, Stevenson, a select party was assembled, to celebrate his birth-day. A very animated discussion had been

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carried on for some time, as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency. Various were the opinions, and numerous the arguments brought forward to support them. The majority appeared to lean to the side of "Crush all offences in the bud," when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed, "Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offence being treated with injudicious severity, than from the contrary extreme. Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed—that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offence committed, perhaps, under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to render it irresistible.

"In the outset of my business career," said he, "I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and, according to a rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my service, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible, until sufficient time had been given to form a correct estimate of his character. This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family. He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him. After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith. My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as on this occasion it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so. Therefore, calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting-house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct. Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

"'From whom,' said I, 'did you receive this money?'

"He replied, 'From Mr ——,' naming my confidential clerk.

"'It is strange,' said I, looking steadily at him; 'but this money is incorrect, and it is the first time I have found it so.' He changed countenance and his eye fell before mine; but he answered, with tolerable composure, that it was as he had received it.

"'It is in vain,' I replied, 'to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavour to cast suspicion on one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now, I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly confess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty; restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavour, by your future good conduct, to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you.' The poor fellow was deeply affected. In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, he acknowledged his guilt, and said, that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being intrusted with it himself, the idea flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded. 'I cannot now,' he continued, 'prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me; time alone can show that it has not been misplaced.' He left me to resume his duties.

"Days, weeks, and months passed away, during which I scrutinized his conduct with the greatest anxiety, whilst at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness; and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention, the utmost devotion to my interests, marked his business habits, and this without any display; for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable. At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored, that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and increased emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it; and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I had acted towards him. Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow-creature from a continued course of vice, and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society, but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend. For years he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous, honesty, was so well known, that 'as honest as Smith' became a proverb amongst his acquaintances. One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and upon inquiry, learned that he was detained at home by indisposition. Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his house to inquire after him, I found the family in great distress on his account. His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind. From almost the commencement of his attack, he had, as his wife (for he had been some time married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician could give little hopes of his recovery. For some days he continued in the same state. At length a message was brought me, saying that Mr Smith wished to see me; the messenger adding, that Mrs Smith hoped I would come as soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

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"On entering his chamber, I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved. As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me his dying countenance, full of gratitude and affection, and said, 'My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you that I may give you the thanks and blessings of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it, that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave to my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father. O God!' he continued, 'thou who hast said, 'Blessed are the merciful,' bless him. According to the measure he has meted to others, do thou mete unto him.' Then turning to his family, he said, 'My beloved wife and children, I intrust you, without fear, to the care of that heavenly Parent who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, and I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them as you have been to me—guide, protector, and friend.' That," continued the kind old man, looking round upon us with glistening eyes, "though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life. As I stood by the bedside of the dying man, and looked around upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent, and upright, respecting and honouring, as much as they loved, their father; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope, but even in that moment of agony deriving comfort from the belief that she should meet him again in that world where

'Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;'

when I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him calmly awaiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God in Christ, and at peace with his fellow-men; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonoured life, perhaps a shameful and violent death—had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation—I felt a happiness which no words can express. We are told that there is more joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance. With such a joy as we may imagine theirs, did I rejoice over poor Smith, as I closed his eyes, and heard the attendant minister in fervent tones exclaim, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I set out in life, to 'temper justice with mercy.'"

Such was the story of our friend. And I believe not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow-creatures, and, as far as lay in his power, to extend to all who might fall into temptation that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling "that it is more blessed to save than to destroy."—*Presbyterian Herald.*

VISITATIONS OF PESTILENCE.

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY, LONDON.

SINCE the Christian era there have been recorded twenty extensive European pestilences, besides others whose devastations were more local. In the year 265, a pestilence burst upon the Roman empire, then comprehending the civilized world. It continued for fifteen years, and "raged without interruption in every province, in every city, and almost every family in the empire. During some time, five thousand people died daily in the city of Rome."

A reference to the Register of Alexandria shows that "about half the population of that city has perished; and could we venture to extend the analogy to the other provinces, we might suspect that war, pestilence, and famine, had consumed, in a few years, the moiety of the human species."

In the middle of the sixth century, Constantinople, then the capital of the world, was startled by the approach of the plague. From the terror of the time it is difficult to discover its origin; but it is supposed to have come from Egypt. Its mortality was indescribable. During three months, five, and at length ten thousand, persons died each day in Constantinople. Many cities of the East were left vacant; and in several districts of Italy, the harvest and the vintage perished on the ground.

The disease pursued a double path; it spread to the east over Syria, Persia, and the Indies; and penetrated to the west along the coast of Africa, and over the continent of Europe. This pestilence was of such peculiar malignity, that it was not abated by the change of season. In time it vanished, but revived; and "it was not till the end of the calamitous period of fifty-two years, that mankind recovered their health, or the air recovered its salubrious qualities."

"The triple scourge of war, pestilence, and famine, afflicted the subjects of Justinian; and his name is disgraced by a visible decrease of the human species, which has never been repaired in some of the fairest countries of the globe."

Another most memorable pestilence was brought, by the commerce of the Levant, to Europe in the fourteenth century. In the imperfect narratives of those days of universal distress, the place of its origin, and the degree of its havoc in the East, remain unknown. But its mortality in Europe was felt along the borders of the Mediterranean. From its first appearance in the Levant to its close, it ravaged Europe for nearly three years. It was calculated to have destroyed a third part of the population.

In those general devastations, London frequently suffered. But the plague of 1665 has made the deepest impression on the national memory. Though it scarcely passed beyond the limits of the capital,

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(then, perhaps, not a third of its present size), its mortality was vast and almost exterminating. A large part of the population fled into the country; yet, from the beginning of June to the end of the year, the deaths exclusively by the plague were calculated at sixty-eight thousand.

A large portion of this mortality might probably have been prevented by due precaution, and the early employment of medical science. The closeness of the streets, the crowding of the people, and the habitual disregard for ventilation, must have fostered this dreadful disease. But they cannot account for its origin, for its direction, or its virulence. These were independent of man.

It has been remarked as extraordinary, that the Mosaic law, which contains so many regulations on the prevention and treatment of disease, should have made no provision against the plague. And the twofold reason has been assigned, that the ravages of the disease were so rapid as to make all precaution useless; and that human sagacity must be the best guide in a disease whose coming depended on such a variety of circumstances. The more probable reason appears to me, its being regarded as a direct weapon of divine judgment, against whose power the law, of course, would offer no means of contending. We observe that Moses spoke of it as the direct equivalent to slaughter: "Lest he smite us with pestilence and the sword." The divine displeasure, on the numbering of the people by David, was expressed by giving him the choice of three punishments—seven years' famine, three months' flight before an invader, or three days' pestilence. It conveys an intense conception of the horrors of pestilence, that even the word of inspiration should regard its three days to be equal to three months of slaughter by the rage of man, or even seven years of famine—both the deepest trials of mere national endurance. The king chooses pestilence, as being the most rapid and exclusive action of divine wrath. And David said, "Let us fall now into the hands of the Lord." "So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, from the morning even unto the time appointed, and there died of the people, even from Dan to Beersheba, ninety thousand men." (2 Sam. xvi. 15.)

Another remarkable circumstance is, that no plague ever appeared to have produced a moral reformation. Instead of a natural awe of heaven, it seems to have been signalized by the wildest excess —by the fiercer crimes and more reckless carousals of despair. Rebellion, murder, and the frantic indulgence of every passion and appetite, have, in general, characterized the progress of mortality. Thucydides dates the especial profligacy of Athens from the era of the plague. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the strong expression used by Isaiah to represent the last mad festivity of a city about to be stormed, and despairing of resistance; the words used by St Paul to express the condition of man hopeless of immortality, were evidently the popular impulse in the majority of instances—perhaps all. The plague was simply a divine punishment—the scourge, and not the teacher.

THE VOICE OF THE PESTILENCE.

BY THE REV. J. J. WOOD, DUMFRIES. *

It seems to be quite impossible, in our circumstances, to rest on secondary causes in reference to the present visitation of pestilence. It is most true that sufficient drainage, and the removal of all filth from our streets and closes and dwellings, and a plentiful supply of pure water, and sober, regular habits, are things that conduce to health; but they cannot secure it. You cannot truly say that it is the want of these which has caused the visitation of disease that we have had. Things were much in the same state for years before it came, yet it came not. God has concealed from us the cause in which it originates, and he is presenting it to us simply as the minister of his will, with the view of rousing us to admit and recognise the great truth, that both when we can detect a secondary cause and when we cannot, the energy and power are of God. The secondary cause is but God's agent, or the mode of his operation.

Again, you must see the hand of the Lord in this disease, if you mark how it fixes on its victims. The rich, surrounded with every comfort, and the poor in abject wretchedness, the hale old man and the blooming child, the sober and the dissipated, those living in confined closes and those inhabiting well-aired elegant mansions, the vigorous and the feeble, the courageous and the timid, the believer and the scoffer, have fallen by it. Unquestionably, the dissipated, ill-fed, ill-lodged, and delicate, are peculiarly liable to disease, and many of these have been its victims; but at the same time, many of whom nothing of the kind can be said have been cut off. The disease has not followed any fixed or known rule in respect to locality, or age, or circumstances, or character, or previous state of health. And so, all our reasonings and calculations being at fault, we feel that he is truly the man of understanding who, in this disease, hears the voice, and sees the hand of the Lord.

The course that the disease runs tends still farther to press on us the conviction that God has sent it as his messenger. Medical science can neither avert nor arrest it. It begins, and increases often to an appalling extent, in spite of the utmost efforts of vigilance and skill. Through God's blessing on the labours of our medical men, many lives are preserved. But in numerous instances, the disease is utterly unmanageable. The remedy that benefits one fails to do any good to another. The young and vigorous die in a few hours after being attacked—die in despite of every remedy that can be thought of—die amidst the hands of the anxious, confounded, distressed, kind medical attendant, who finds himself utterly powerless in the presence of this awful destroyer. Would that the sight made every one who witnesses it a man of understanding, to see the name of the Lord!

And then the destroying disease seems, when it has done the work of Him who sent it, to depart at

* This forms part of an earnest and most impressive tract, entitled, "Hear the Rod," lately published by this able and esteemed minister of Christ. It is admirably fitted for wide circulation at the present time.

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his bidding. We cannot see that the efforts of men sweep it away and expel it. By God's blessing on them, these efforts are undoubtedly the means of saving lives while the pestilence rages. But it seems, despite all human exertions, to come and increase to a certain point, and then it decreases and disappears. In every place that cholera has visited, this has been its history. It comes and goes like the winds of heaven—as mysterious in its origin, and uncontrollable as they.

Surely this awful disease has a message for us.

Believers! the rod has a message to you. You need rousing, quickening, a more vigorous and lively faith, a holier walk and conversation. Whilst God has been smiting down many of your neighbours, has he spared you merely that you may go on as before—perhaps uncertain whether you be in a state of salvation or not—perhaps so little different from a vain, godless world, that it is matter of doubt whether you belong to the world or to Christ? Surely it cannot be. In taking away so many others and sparing you, the Lord is saying to you, "Be ye also ready"—"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure"—"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Live near to the Saviour. Live much to God. Life is short—awfully uncertain; yet it suffices, through grace, to gain an immortal, glorious crown, and a never-fading inheritance. Up, then, in the Lord's name: in the Lord's strength be earnest and diligent for your soul. The work is great and important, the time for it is short, and, as you have seen, strikingly uncertain.

To those who have in any measure been impressed and convinced of sin, the rod saith, "Do not forget: do not return to carelessness and unconcern: go not back to the practice of iniquity, when the danger seems to be over. The convictions which you have had of sin and danger are realities. The feeling was not a fancy, or an imagination. You are a sinner; you are in awful danger. You were so before you thought of it. You will be so still more, should you now cease to think of it. There is a way, and but one way, in which you can escape from your state of sinfulness and danger; take the blessed Jesus forthwith as your Saviour. God makes a free offer of him to you as a Saviour from guilt, pollution, hell; and with him he offers you pardon, peace, holiness, happiness, glory, heaven. By solemn dealings in providence, he has roused you to serious thought. Perhaps he may have done so before: you can tell. If your seriousness passes away with the immediate occasion of it, you will be left more wicked and more hardened in your wickedness than you have ever yet been. And be sure that at length—how soon and how suddenly you have lately had many instances—destruction will come, if you remain impenitent—destruction without remedy. This that you now feel may be the last awakening appointed for you. If it send you to Christ, you will be saved. If you cast off your concern, or suffer it to die away, it may trouble you no more, and your next conviction that you are a sinner may be caused by your feeling the agonies of that fire which shall never be quenched. O be persuaded, be entreated to take Christ for your Saviour, without delay, and without reservation! I want no promises and no resolutions—these often satisfy and deceive; but I want *an immediate closing with the gospel—an immediate reliance on Christ as your righteousness*, with an honest putting of yourself into his hands, to be by his grace and Spirit made in heart and life what he would have you to be.

To you who, amidst all God's most solemn dealings with us, have remained unmoved and unimpressed, the rod saith, Destruction cometh, since ye refuse conviction and warning. Ye cannot harden yourselves in sin, and prosper. As certain as there is a God, ye cannot escape awful, never-ending perdition. Be sure your sins will find you out in eternity, at the judgment-day, and in hell. You may not be swept away by an awful flood of destruction like that which has passed over us. It may not be in a season of public calamity that your summons to doom shall come: God will probably cut you down in your sins quietly, and in the common course of nature. Most likely yours will be heard of as an ordinary death; but whilst others are speaking of your decease in cold common-place terms, the poor lost soul will have entered into its place. You know what that place is, for the Word of God says, "The wicked shall be cast into hell." You who have been stout-hearted and obstinately sinful, amidst most solemn and striking events, cannot, shall not escape. So prepare to meet your God. Believe me, your only safety is in repentance—immediate repentance—and instant fleeing to Christ. O hear this warning! It may be the last that shall be given you. Think of your sinfulness and danger. Think of the love of God—of the death of Christ—of the great and blessed salvation that may be yours, if you will but accept of it—of the dreadful folly and danger of delaying to decide whether you wish to go to heaven or to hell.

To you who have been bereaved of dear relatives, the rod says, Be still. Know ye that the Lord he is God. If you are a believer, this bereavement will exercise your submission to the will of God, and your faith in his Word. If you are an unbeliever, it is a loud call to repentance. How would it have stood with you, if you had been cut off instead of your departed relative? On this occasion, the stroke has come very close to you; another time it will come closer still. Take warning. Seek to be always ready. If you have good hope that the departed was a believer, take comfort in thinking that sin and sorrow are ended, and holiness and glory begun. If you have doubts and fears regarding those who have been taken away, what can we say but entreat you to acquiesce in the will of God, who can do only what is right?

How solemn our circumstances! how critical our position! Warned—spared—perhaps roused and impressed! God is as it were waiting to see what will be the issue. The feeling that we have when the disease is raging, and many are dying, and we know not how soon we may be in its fell grasp, cannot continue; it is not needful that it should. But the lesson which is taught us of the uncertainty of life, of the sovereign power of God, of the necessity

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of resting on Christ by a simple, lively, active faith, and of living lives of holy, earnest obedience to God, ought to produce abiding practical results. Wherefore have you been spared? Is it to sink into unconcern, and to add transgression to sin? If so, prolonged life will be no blessing. Each year, and month, and day, will only load you heavier with guilt, and a more awful condemnation will at last sink you deeper into endless torment. But if God's judgments sweetly constrain you to draw near to Christ, and to walk constantly and closely with him, then prolonged life will indeed be a blessing, inasmuch as thereby you will glorify God on the earth, do substantial good to your fellow-creatures, and obtain a more glorious crown in your Father's kingdom. "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee,
Then I shall be
Prepared to see thy face!

THE PASTOR'S VISIT.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

IT was towards evening of a delightful day in June. The pastor had finished his first sermon for the ensuing Sabbath. He kneeled down and prayed that the truths it contained might become living truths in his own soul, and that the blessing of God might attend their delivery in the sanctuary.

"Where are you going?" said Mrs B——, as she saw him leaving the house.

"I am going over the hill, to see old Mr Barker. I noticed that he was not at church last Sabbath. He must be ill."

It was safe to reason thus with respect to Mr Barker. Though he was over seventy years old, and lived more than a mile distant from the church, yet he was always in his seat on the Sabbath, unless prevented by serious illness. The storms which prevented the attendance of some who lived within a stone's throw of the sanctuary, had no effect upon him. The preacher was always sure of one attentive and sympathizing hearer.

The pastor passed along the main street of the village, receiving from young and old greetings indicative of true affection, till he came to a narrow lane which led over the hill to Mr Barker's dwelling. He turned down the lane, and passed along between beautiful meadows, and to the summit of the hill, which was clothed with a second growth of maples. There he paused and looked back upon the village where stood the house of God, and the home of his affections. His heart swelled with gratitude that the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places, that he had a goodly heritage. He thought not of the abundant supply of his temporal wants. He thought of the handiwork of God around him—of the praying souls who sustained him in his labours—of the numerous means of usefulness bestowed upon him.

At length he passed on till he came in sight of Mr Barker's lowly abode. It stood at the foot of the hill, on the bank of a small stream which formed a beautiful cascade as it passed over some moss-grown rocks. "There," thought the pastor, as he gazed upon the humble and time-worn dwelling, "is a place more honoured than the richest palace upon earth. Angels, I doubt not, are stationed round about and within its walls. God himself dwells there." With a prayer for its aged inmate, and for himself, that he might be enabled to speak a word in season, he descended the hill and turned into the foot-path which led to the door. It was open, and Mr Barker was standing in the middle of the room. He had seen his pastor coming, and had risen to receive him. He was a tall spare man, unbent by age, with a head of silvery whiteness, and a countenance beaming with benevolence.

"How do you do?" said he to Mr B——, and extending at the same time his hand; "you must come to me, for I have the rheumatism so badly that I find it very difficult to move about: otherwise I am as well as I ever was in my life."

"I am glad to hear that it is nothing worse," said Mr B——. "I knew you were sick when I saw your seat vacant on the Sabbath."

"I knew I should see you before the week was out, and that was one consolation, when I was kept away from meeting. God never sends a cross but he sends a mercy with it. The difficulty is, we think so much of the cross, and murmur about it, and try to throw it off, that we do not notice the mercy. I hope you had a good day." The day alluded to was the Sabbath.

"I tried to deliver the message of God with fidelity, but I did not see that any effect was produced. The hearers gave me their attention; but so far as I could perceive, no deep impression was made upon any one."

"You must not judge according to appearance. Impressions are not always shown by tears or talking. In my impenitent days, the word used often to take hold of me strongly when no one knew it. I used to sit up and look at the minister, and no one thought I had any feeling, and yet I sometimes used to be afraid that those who sat near me would hear my heart beat, or notice my quickened breathing. For many months previous to the time when I

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thought I was converted, every sermon that the minister preached made a deep impression upon my mind, but he knew nothing of it. I never shed a tear till I got a view of the amazing mercy of God through Christ. Then I wept. I went right to the minister, and he wept with me. He could not say a word for a long time. At length he said, 'I had pretty much given you up for lost; but God has given me a most merciful rebuke for my want of faith.' Then he talked with me a long time; and I perceived that he thought my heart had been changed. That put me upon inquiring whether old things had passed away, and I was permitted to come to the conclusion that they had. I have known many other cases in which the work of God has been going on through the instrumentality of the Word, and the preacher in ignorance of it at the time. 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.'"

"I hope you will soon get relieved from your complaint," said Mr B——, "that you may enjoy this fine weather."

"I am much obliged to you for your good wishes, but I enjoy it as it is—I enjoy everything. A friend asked me the other day if I was not lonesome here in winter. I told him no, I enjoyed it. I enjoy cold and heat, summer and winter—everything that God sends."

"Can you add prosperity and adversity to the catalogue?"

"Yes. There is no difficulty in enjoying prosperity—nor adversity. I have had my experience of adversity. About ten years ago, my pension was stopped for a season, and at the same time the rheumatism set in, so that I could not do a stroke of work, and I had nothing laid up. That, some would call adversity; but I enjoyed the sweetness of depending upon God for my daily bread. 'Always rejoicing,' is my motto. Redeemed sinners ought always to rejoice. 'Rejoice evermore,' 'Rejoice in the Lord,' is the command of the Spirit."

After an hour spent in conversation similar to the above, the pastor prayed with his friend and took his leave. He returned to his study refreshed in spirit. Previously to making preparation for the prayer-meeting, which he was to attend that evening, he entered in his note-book several subjects for discourse which had been suggested during his interview with the aged Christian.—*New York Observer.*

ANTI-PRAYER-MEETING DISCIPLES.

THAT class of professing Christians who rarely or never enter a prayer-meeting may properly be designated by this name, if we are careful to except those who would, but cannot, attend such meetings—those who are absent in body, but not in spirit—those whom distance of residence, or ill health, or indispensable employment prevents. They constitute a class, having distinct characteristics, known and read of all men; and it is worth while to inquire what important services this numerous class of disciples render to the cause which they have by profession espoused.

It is plain, in the first place, that, as far as the force and usefulness of the Church consist in the aggregate of its living and God-fearing piety, they contribute nothing to that force and usefulness; for they that fear the Lord are such as speak often one to another. To those who have a living, regenerate character, it is as natural as breath to seek those gratifications to spiritual appetites, and those aids to growth in grace, which are to be had in the prayer-meeting: and those who have no such appetites, have, to say the least, a type of piety that is far from being efficient.

Nor are they serviceable in increasing the aggregate amount of prayer ascending from a Church. The exerted strength of any Church is in proportion to the acceptable prayer which it lifts to heaven; so that every praying one added to the number brings an addition of strength. But when we have added one of the anti-prayer meeting disciples, we have added no strength, because his habits show that he does not love to pray. He who loves prayer, will love the place where prayer is wont to be made; and a whole regiment of men who avoid the prayer-meeting, would not add the weight of a feather to the aggregate power of intercession.

Nor can we rely on the aid of such efforts to revive religion. Justice, however, here requires it to be said, that this class of disciples are not unfrequently fond of protracted meetings, and whatever goes by the name of extra efforts; and during such efforts, they are wont to suspend their aversion to prayer-meetings, and even for the time to be extra zealous in them—as if they would do up their whole religious work in a month, and then have done with it. But to revive religion, by entering individually into a quickened and earnest devotedness to the cause of Christ and conversion of men, they have no disposition. They have become estranged from the prayer-meeting, because they have no heart to pray for revivals.

Nor is this class of disciples much given to labours and sacrifices in Christian instruction. The next time you enter the Sabbath-school, look around and see how many of the teachers belong to the class above-named. There is a more intimate connexion between the Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting than many suppose.

Nor are they serviceable in any way of general fruitfulness of Christian life and example. They have many negative qualities becoming Christians—that is, they abstain from many scandalous sins. But they show a want of heart and active interest in all forms of positive Christian obedience.

And yet they must be of some service in some way. In a great house, there are both vessels to honour and to dishonour: and it is reasonable to expect that, in the great house of God, even such vessels will be actually made to subserve some good ends. And they actually do, in the first place, serve to show the difference between mere profession and real piety. And thus they become the means of correcting the mistake of those who would charge upon religion all the delinquencies of its professed friends. They make it clear to the public eye that they are not all Israel that are of Israel.

Their example also goes to another result—to show that living piety cannot be maintained in a state of voluntary isolation from the heart of the Church, and in neglect of the means of sustaining a living sympathy with the common life of the members of Christ.

They are also a means of good in promoting the humility, and checking the self-sufficiency, of the Church. They do a work like to that done by the surplus men, whom Gideon separated from his little army—leaving the rest to know how small their

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really effective force is, and how much depends on each one, and how the whole result must depend on God. Their absence from the prayer-meeting humbles and instructs, by letting us know how slender is the human arm, on which we would fain rely.

Furthermore, they are serviceable in cultivating our Christian charity, by giving us difficult cases on which to exercise it. We would fain believe every one to be a Christian who professes to be such, and in whom nothing appears plainly to contradict the profession: and this class of disciples furnish many specimens of that kind. And in order to exercise desired charity, we must be ingenious and laborious to frame excuses for doubtful acts, and give a favourable construction to what may seem unchristian. And thus our charity is in a way to have her perfect work, and cover a multitude of sins.

These being the facts of the case, it is of no use to scold, tease, and upbraid this class of disciples. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. We never knew an evening lecture or prayer-meeting filled by such means. Nor is much really lost by the bodily absence of those whose hearts cannot be present; and there is also this consolation: When the prayer-meeting consists only of those who feel it good to be there, it embraces the choice spirits of the Church—the *multum in parvo*—a condensation of the spiritual character of the Church. And it may be that the prayer of this little band goes up with as much force and acceptance, as that uttered in the great congregation. In this view, the very thinness of the meeting brings it nearer to God and heaven. And, reader, let us never be discouraged from attendance by the expectation that the numbers will be few, for the fewer they are, the more choice and select will be the company.—*New England Puritan.*

ANSWERING OUR OWN PRAYERS.

In the vicinity of B——, lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labour. His wife fell sick, and, not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick-bed and the family. His means of support being thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbour near, he determined to go and ask him for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbour's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers. As he sat on the door-stone, he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labour. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, as he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbour —— would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said, "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort mourners?" "Yes: why?" "Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer." It is needless to add, that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbour, and *gave* him as much as he needed.

Now, Christian reader, do you thus answer your own prayers?

My brother, when you fear your parish will be left destitute of a pastor, for lack of competent support, do you pray God that the Church may not be left as a flock without a shepherd; and then rising from your knees, use every means, both through your purse and through your influence, to answer that prayer?

My sister, when you hear of or see the wretchedness to which sin, in one form or another, has reduced multitudes of your own sex, and from the fulness of your heart beseech a merciful God to pity and relieve, do you see to it, that your prayers go not wholly unanswered?

Christian friend, when you see a *world* perishing in sin, and hear the actual death-groan of hundreds of millions, who are making their last fearful leap into hell, and your agonizing soul cries, "Lord, save, ere they all perish," do your self-denying efforts to do and to give show to all what you can do in answering your own prayers shall not go undone?

Is not our willingness or unwillingness to come up to the work of answering our prayers, as far as it is within our power, a true but fearful test of our sincerity?

AWAKING IN HEAVEN.

A few years since, a young man entered college with the purpose of preparing to preach the gospel. From the first day of his college life, it was manifest to all that his great object was to please God. He stood high as a scholar, and his influence as a Christian was felt throughout the institution. His teachers loved him, and indulged the most pleasing anticipations with respect to his future usefulness. But God saw fit to lay his afflicting hand upon him. Repeated attacks of bleeding at the lungs constrained him to relinquish his studies and his cherished purpose of becoming an ambassador of Christ. He submitted without a murmur, and engaged in a secular employment. For a season, his health seemed to improve; but ere long, the bleeding returned, and it was plain that he must die. With the dew of his youth upon him, he looked into the open grave without fear and without complaint. His strong faith rendered him calm, and even rejoicing. His strength failed rapidly, and the hour of his departure drew near. His friends were gathered around his bed, and received his parting counsels. He then requested them to unite with him in singing a hymn. With a clear, full voice he sung that beautiful hymn which has furnished consolation to so many wounded hearts—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

When the hymn was finished, he said, "I am weary; I am going to sleep, and shall awake in heaven." He fell into a gentle slumber, and his spirit passed from earth.

Who is not ready to exclaim—"Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his!" But let us remember that in order to this, we must LIVE THE LIFE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

A CONTRAST.

PICTURE FIRST.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."—Byron.

In the saloons of a spacious mansion, in the fashionable part of town, was gathered, and gathering, a large company. It was a noble mansion. Wealth had

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been lavished upon it, and the inventions of art for luxury and ease were grouped in tasteful array throughout its lofty rooms. The richly gemmed lamps threw a softened splendour over the carved and figured ceiling. All the various forms that the art of man could fashion from massive mahogany and stainless marble, for the ease of man, were there. Gorgeous tapestry, every heavy fold of which was studiously graceful, might put to shame the richest webs of Tyre. No footfall echoed from the soft and yielding carpet, though many on that night passed over it.

New comers were still pouring in; and as the night grew dark without, the life grew high within. There were men and women of different dispositions, but all of the upper grade, whose misfortune it was to be rich, and whose pride it was to be supercilious. No publicans and sinners were there. Sorry Poverty was not invited and of course did not come, though he cast many a wistful glance to the lofty portal, as he plodded on his way. Shivering Want sighed as he involuntarily halted in the blaze of light that streamed from the windows, and his wondering fancy pictured the comfort and joy within. Let us go in. The Babel of voices swells, and jest and sally are bandied about with untiring industry. The hoary head of age is almost cheated of its frost. The ear of beauty is flattered. The severity of matronly dignity unbends. Even the coxcomb expands his butterfly wings, secure at least in the sunshine of his own approbation. Good elder B. rejoices to see his magnificent rooms so well filled, and fosters the gaiety with well-bred art. Deacon C. has a ready jest for all. Miss D. draws most eloquent music from the splendid piano; and Miss E., the best voice in the choir of a Sunday, after much solicitation, entertains the company with a variety of sentimental and lively songs. The night wanes—the company whirl in the dance. Then comes the feasting, and still the hilarity is "fast and flowing." "Midnight!" sings the watchman; but still the lights flash, the tongues rattle. Dawn, and the party separate, and the clattering wheels go out in various directions to convey the tired revellers to their homes and to bed.

PICTURE SECOND.

"And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."—LUKE vi. 12.

The dusky haze of a summer evening was gradually deepening into night. The tall spires of the temple, and its turreted roofs, and its light pinnacles, stood out with bold distinctness against the southern sky. The hum of the flowing multitude came fainter and fainter from the narrow streets, and the evening song floated from many a family group, gathered upon the flat roofs to enjoy the evening twilight. The darker shades of night had already veiled the rugged ravines, and were stealing up to the summits of the mountains. The song of the way-faring man was hushed, and the distant tinkling of bells came clear and musical up the valleys. Earth, with its multitudinous sounds, was sinking to slumber.

On the way that leads from Jerusalem to Olivet was a single person, walking slowly. Silently he ascended the rough way, and leaving the road, turned aside into the more sequestered parts of the mountain. What would he there at this late hour? As he gazes with a look of benignity and sadness upon Jerusalem, what are his thoughts? But he goes farther, and falling on his knees, *he prays*. The stars come forth—those silent watchers—and still he is engaged in prayer. The chilly dew begins to moisten the leaves, and nought is heard save its faint dropping from some trembling bough. The hours pass. Clearer shine the stars in their cold brilliancy, and more heavily come down the dank dews—still that watcher prays; nought disturbs him. While the thousands of the quiet city, now hidden in the dark shadow beneath him, are slumbering, he is pouring forth the words of prayer. Higher climb the stars, and still he prays. The night wanes—*all night long he prays*. And not until the grey dawn ascends over the Eastern mountains does he arise from his knees and begin to go down the mountain." *It is the "Son of Man."—Presbyterian Herald.*

THE DISHONESTY OF ROMANISM.

IT is a melancholy fact that the most respectable divines of the present day in the Church of Rome do not hesitate to quote passages in favour of their doctrines, as the most decisive authorities, knowing them to be false. This sort of dishonesty taints the whole religious literature of that Church. They seem to think it perfectly innocent. We make this remark with pain, but we make it deliberately, being obliged to advert to one glaring instance of it in connexion with our subject. Bellarmin quotes a homily ascribed to Athanasius, in which there is a prayer to the Virgin, and gives it as a proof that the great champion of orthodoxy invoked the mother of Jesus; yet, when pronouncing his judgment on the different works assigned to Athanasius, he condemns the treatise containing this homily as a forgery, declaring the evidence against it to be irresistible! Ever since Bellarmin, it has been excluded from the works of Athanasius, and condemned by the most strenuous defenders of the Church of Rome. The Benedictine editors, in 1698, classed it among the spurious works ascribed to him. They begin their preface thus:—"That this discourse is spurious, there is no learned man that does not now adjudge." They prove from the style, and other internal evidence, that it must have "been written three hundred years after the time of Athanasius."

"And yet," says Mr Tyler, "after the utter repudiation of the whole homily, as a work falsely attributed to Athanasius; after its unqualified condemnation by Bellarmin; after the Benedictine editors have declared that there was no learned man that did not adjudge it to be spurious, the forgery being self-condemned by evidence clearer than the sun; after Baronius has expressed his assurance that all learned men desirous of the truth, would agree with him in pronouncing it to be spurious—after all this, we find it quoted in evidence as the genuine work of Athanasius, in the middle of the nineteenth century, without the faintest shadow of an allusion to the combined judgment by which it has been condemned, or even any suspicion ever having been entertained of its being a forgery." (P. 170.)

The author referred to is no less a personage than the Right Rev. Dr Wiseman, recently appointed by the Pope, Bishop of the Metropolis, and well

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known to be the most distinguished champion of Romanism in the United Kingdom, an accomplished scholar, and an eloquent writer. Could he be ignorant that he was deceiving his readers? He refers to a work as the production of Athanasius (Serm. in Annunt., tom. ii., p. 401), the irrefutable proof of whose spuriousness "is drawn out at large by the Benedictine editors in the very edition and identical volume of the works of Athanasius to which Dr Wiseman refers for his authority when he quotes the passage as genuine!"—(Dr Wiseman's Lectures, vol. ii., p. 108. London, Booker. 1836. See also Berrington and Kirk, pp. 430, 431.)

There are many other instances in which Dr Wiseman has been convicted by Dr Tyler, the Rev. W. Palmer, and others, of adducing quotations in evidence which betray either the most unaccountable ignorance or the most culpable fraud.—*North British Review.*

HARD TIMES.

CHRISTIANS have not been prevented, by the hardness of the times, from expending large sums on mere luxuries. There is not an article of luxury in common use which does not cost the Christian public more than all the contributions to every benevolent society and religious institution in the land. For Christ's sake, and for the sake of perishing immortals, let not the curtailment of expenses begin with the treasury of the Lord. I do hope that, upon reflection, many even of those who are in embarrassed circumstances will be induced first to part with superfluous ornaments and furniture, and lessen the expenses of their richly spread tables, before they abstract anything from the sum which they have been accustomed to lay upon the altar of the Lord. Even in this world, none of our expenses bear reflection like those which were incurred to aid in advancing the kingdom of the Redeemer. The curse of the Almighty has fallen on our pecuniary institutions. Confusion, failure, disappointment and ruin, have been visited on those things which among men were considered the most stable. But to what should the Christian attribute this unhappy state of things? Ought he not to see the hand of God in all those matters? Jehovah is vindicating his own right, and while he punishes grasping avarice, he sends a blast on that property which has not been sanctified by the consecration of the first fruits to him.—*Dr Alexander.*

DON'T FORGET TO PRAY.

DR Payson, writing to a kinsman, in an important crisis of religious experience, remarks:

"In your present situation, and for some time to come, your greatest difficulty will be to maintain the daily performance of closet duties. On your maintaining that part the fate of the whole battle will turn. This your great adversary well knows. He knows that if he can beat you out of the closet, he shall have you in his power. You will be in the situation of an army cut off from supplies and re-enforcements, and be obliged either to capitulate or to surrender at discretion. He will, therefore, leave no means untried to drive or draw you from the closet. And it will be hard to maintain that post against him and your heart. Sometimes he will probably assail you with more violence when you attempt to read and pray than at any other time; and thus try to persuade you that prayer is rather injurious than beneficial. At other times he will withdraw, and lie quiet, lest, if he should distress you with his temptation, you might be driven to the throne of grace for help. If he cannot prevail on us to be careless and stupid, he will really distress us. He will not disturb a false peace, because it is a peace of which he is the author; but if he cannot succeed in lulling us asleep, he will do all in his power to distress us. And when he is permitted to do this, and the Holy Spirit withdraws his sensible aid and consolations—when, though we cry and shout, God seems to shut out our prayers—it is by no means easy to be constant in secret duties. Indeed, it is always most difficult to attend to them when they are most necessary. But never mind, your Lord and Master is looking on. He notices, he accepts, and he will reward every struggle. Besides, in the Christian warfare, to maintain the conflict is to gain the victory. The promise is made to him that endures to the end. The object of our spiritual adversaries, then, is to prevent us from enduring to the end. If they fail of effecting this object, they are defeated. Every day in which you are preserved from going back, they sustain a defeat. And if by praying yesterday you gained strength enough to pray to-day, and if by praying to-day you gain strength to pray again to-morrow, you have cause for thankfulness. If the food which you take every day nourishes you for one day, you are satisfied. You do not expect that the food you ate yesterday will nourish you to-day. Do not complain, then, if you find it necessary to ask every day fresh supplies of spiritual nourishment, and do not think your prayers are unanswered so long as you are enabled to struggle on, even though it should be with pain and difficulty. Every day I see more clearly how great a mercy it is to be kept from open sin and from complete apostasy. If you are thus kept, be thankful for it."

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

IT is said of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English Church poet, that once, in a walk to Salisbury, to join a musical party, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and afterward to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed. But he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "that the thought of what he had done *would prove music to him at midnight*, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for; and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and bless God for this occasion." O how many might have the anxious thoughts which infest often their midnight hours changed into sweet music, if they would only be more frequently seen with full hands and friendly words in the abodes of poverty and suffering!—These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies!

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RULES ABOUT CONTENTMENT.

BY THOMAS WATSON, 1653.

RULE I. *Advance faith.*

All our disquiets do issue immediately from unbelief. It is this that raiseth the storm of discontent in the heart. O set faith a-working! —it is the property of faith to silence our doubtings, to scatter our fears, to still the heart when the passions are up. Faith works the heart to a sweet, serene composure: it is not having food and raiment, but having faith which will make us content. Faith chides down passion. When reason begins to sink, let faith swim.

Quest. How doth faith work contentment?

Ans. 1. Faith shows the soul, that whatever its trials are, yet they are from the hand of a Father. It is indeed a bitter cup, but, "Shall I not drink that cup which my Father hath given me to drink?" It is in love to my soul. God corrects with the same love he crowns me. God is now training me up for heaven. He carves me, to make me a polished shaft. These sufferings bring forth patience, humility, even "the peaceable fruit of righteousness." (Heb. xii. 11.) And if God can bring such sweet fruit out of a sour stock, let him graft me where he pleases. Thus faith brings the heart to holy contentment.

Ans. 2. Faith sucks the honey of contentment out of the hive of the promise. Christ is the vine; the promises are the clusters of grapes that grow upon this vine; and faith presseth the sweet wine of contentment out of these spiritual clusters of the promises. I will show you but one cluster—"The Lord will give grace and glory" (Ps. lxxxiv. 11): here is enough for faith to live upon. The promise is the flower out of which faith distils the spirit and quintessence of divine contentment. In a word, faith carries up the soul, and makes it aspire after more noble and generous delights than earth affords, and to live *in* the world *above* the world. Would you lead contented lives? Live up to the height of your faith.

RULE II. *Labour for assurance.*

O let us get the interest cleared between God and our own souls! Interest is a word much in use, a pleasing word—interest in great friends, interest on money. Oh! if there be an interest worth looking after, it is an interest between God and the soul. Labour to say, "My God." To be without money, and without friends, and without God too (Eph. ii. 12), is sad; but he whose faith doth flourish into assurance, —that can say, "I know whom I have believed," as St Paul (2 Tim. i. 12)—that man hath enough to give his heart contentment. When a man's debts are paid, and he can go abroad without fear of arrest, what contentment is this! O let your title be cleared! If God be ours, whatever we want in the creature, is infinitely made up in him. Do I want bread? I have Christ, the bread of life. Am I defiled? His blood is like the trees of the sanctuary, not only for meat but medicine. (Ezek. xlvii. 12.) If anything in the world be worth labouring for, it is to get sound evidences that God is ours. If this be once cleared, what can come amiss? No matter what storms I meet with, so that I know where to put in for harbour. He that hath God to be his God, is so well contented with his condition, that he doth not much care whether he hath anything else. To rest in a condition where a Christian cannot say God is his God, is matter of fear; and if he can say so truly, and yet is not contented, is matter of shame. "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God" (1 Sam. xxx. 6): it was sad with him—Ziklag burnt, his wives taken captive; he lost all, and had nearly lost his soldiers' hearts too, for they spake of stoning him; yet he had the ground of contentment within him, namely, an interest in God, and this was a pillar of support to his spirit. He that knows God is his, and all that is in God is for his good—if this doth not satisfy, I knew nothing that will.

RULE III. *Get a humble spirit.*

The humble man is the contented man. If his estate be low, his heart is lower than his estate. Therefore, be content. If his esteem in the world be low, he that is little in his own eyes, will not be much troubled to be little in the eyes of others. He hath a meaner opinion of himself than others can have of him. The humble man studies his own unworthiness; he looks upon himself as less than the least of God's mercies (Gen. xxxii. 10), and then a little will content him. He cries out, with Paul, that he *is* the chief of sinners (1 Tim. i. 15); therefore doth not murmur, but admire.

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He doth not say his comforts are small, but his sins are great. He thinks it a mercy he is out of hell; therefore is contented. He doth not go to carve out a more happy condition to himself: he knows the worst piece God cuts him is better than he deserves. A proud man is never contented—he is one that hath a high opinion of himself; therefore under small blessings is disdainful, under small crosses impatient. The humble spirit is the contented spirit: if his cross be light, he reckons it in the inventory of his mercies; if it be heavy, yet takes it upon his knees, knowing that, when his estate is worst, it is to make him better. Where you lay humility for the foundation, contentment will be the superstructure.

RULE IV. *Keep a clear conscience.* (1 Tim. iii. 9.)

Contentment is the manna that is laid up in the ark of a good conscience. O take heed of indulging any sin! Sin lies as Jonah in the ship: it raises a tempest. If dust or motes get into the eye, they make the eye water, and cause a soreness in it: if the eye be clear, then it is free from that soreness. If sin get into the conscience, which is as the eye of the soul, then grief and disquiet breed there; but keep the eye of conscience clear, and all is well. What Solomon saith of a good appetite, I may say of a good conscience: "To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet" (Prov. xxvii. 7); so to a good conscience every bitter thing is sweet: it can pick contentment out of the cross. A good conscience turns the waters of Marah into wine. Would you have a quiet heart? Get a smiling conscience. I wonder not to hear Paul say he was in every state content, when he could make that triumph, "I have lived in all good conscience to this day." (Acts xxiii. 1.) When once a man's reckonings are clear, it must needs let in abundance of contentment into the heart. Good conscience can suck contentment out of the bitterest drug: under slanders, "our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience" (2 Cor. i. 12); in case of imprisonment, Paul had his prison songs, and could play the sweet lesson of contentment when his feet were in the stocks. (Acts xvi. 25.) One calls it the paradise of a good conscience; and if it be so, then in prison we may be in paradise. When the times are troublesome, good conscience makes a calm: if conscience be clear, what though the days be cloudy? Is it not a contentment to have a friend always by, to speak a good word for us?—such a friend is conscience. Good conscience, as David's harp, drives away the evil spirit of discontent. When thoughts begin to arise, and the heart is disquieted, conscience saith to a man, as the king did to Nehemiah, "Why is thy countenance sad?" (Neh. ii. 2.) So saith conscience, Hast not thou the seed of God in thee? art not thou an heir of the promise? hast not thou a treasure that thou canst never be plundered of? Why is thy countenance sad? O keep conscience clear, and you shall never want contentment. For a man to keep the pipes of his body, the veins and arteries, free from colds and obstructions, is the best way to maintain health: so, to keep conscience clear, and to preserve it from the obstructions of guilt, is the best way to maintain contentment. First conscience is pure, and then peaceable.

RULE V. *Learn to deny yourselves.*

Look well to your affections; bridle them in. Do two things:

1. Mortify your desires.
2. Moderate your delights.

1. Mortify your desires. "Mortify therefore your inordinate affection." (Col. iii. 5.) In the Greek it is, your evil affection; to show that our desires, when they are inordinate, are evil. Crucify your desires, be as dead men: a dead man hath no appetite.

Quest. How should a Christian martyr his desires?

Ans. 1. Get a right judgment of the things here below. They are mean, beggarly things: "Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?" (Prov. xxiii. 5.) The appetite must be guided by reason. The affections are the feet of the soul, therefore they must follow the judgment, not lead it.

Ans. 2. Often seriously meditate on mortality. Death will soon crop those flowers which we delight in, and pull down the fabric of those bodies which we so garnish and beautify. Think, when you are locking up your money in your chest, who shall shortly lock you up in your coffin.

2. Moderate your delights. Set not your hearts too much upon any creature. (Ps. lxii. 10.) What we over-love, we shall over-grieve. Rachel set her heart too much upon her children, and when she had lost them, she lost herself too; such a vein of grief was opened as could not be stanched—she refused to be comforted. Here was discontent. When we let any creature lie too near our heart, when God pulls away that comfort, a piece of our heart is rent away with it. Too much fondness ends in frowardness. Those that would be content

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in the want of mercy, must be moderate in the enjoyment. Jonathan dipped the rod in honey, he did not thrust it in. Let us take heed of engulfing ourselves in pleasure: better have a spare diet, than, by having too much, to surfeit.

Rule VI. Get much of heaven into your heart.

Spiritual things satisfy. The more of heaven is in us, the less of earth will content us. He that hath once tasted the love of God (Ps. lxiii. 5), his thirst is much quenched toward sublunary things. The joys of God's Spirit are heart-filling and heart-cheering joys: he that hath these hath heaven begun in him (Rom. xiv. 17); and shall we not be content to be in heaven? O get a sublime heart; seek the things that are above (Col. iii. 1); fly aloft in your affections; thirst after the graces and comforts of the Spirit: the eagle that flies above in the air, fears not the stinging of the serpent—the serpent creeps on his belly, and stings only such creatures as go upon the earth. Discontent is a serpent that stings only an earthly heart; a heavenly soul that, with the eagle, flies aloft, finds abundantly enough in God to give contentment, and is not stung with the cares and disquiets of the world.

Rule VII. *Consider in what a posture we stand here in the world.*

1. We are in a military condition; we are soldiers. (2 Tim. ii. 3.) Now, a soldier is content with anything. What though he hath not his stately house, his rich furniture, his soft bed, his full table? yet he doth not complain; he can lie on straw as well as down; he minds not his lodging, but his thoughts run upon dividing the spoil, and the garland of honour that shall be set upon his head; and for hope of this, he is content to run any hazard, endure any hardship. Were it not absurd to hear him complain that he wants such provision, and is fain to lie out in the fields? A Christian is a military person; he fights the Lord's battles; he is Christ's ensign-bearer. Now, what though he endures hard fare, and the bullets fly about?—he fights for a crown, and therefore must be content.

2. We are in a sojourning condition, pilgrims and travellers. A man that is in a strange country is contented with any diet or usage—he is glad of any thing; though he hath not such respect or attendance as he looks for at home, nor is capable of the privileges and immunities of that place, he is content; he knows when he comes into his own country he hath lands to inherit, and there he shall have honour and respect. So it is with a child of God. He is in a pilgrim condition: "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." (Ps. xxxix. 12.) Therefore, let a Christian be content: he is *in* the world, but not *of* the world; he is born of God, and is a citizen of the New Jerusalem (Heb. xii. 22); therefore, though he hunger and thirst, and have no certain dwelling-place (1 Cor. iv. 11), yet he must be content: it will be better when he comes into his own country.

3. We are in a mendicant condition. We are beggars; we beg at heaven's gate, "Give us this day our daily bread;" we live upon God's alms, therefore must be content with anything. A beggar must not pick and choose: he is contented with the refuse. Oh! why dost thou murmur that art a beggar, and art fed out of the alms-basket of God's providence?

Rule VIII. *Let not your hopes depend upon these outward things.*

Lean not upon sandy pillars. We often build our comfort upon such a friend or estate, and when that prop is removed, all our joy is gone, and our hearts begin either to fail or fret. A lame man leans on his crutches, and if they break, he is undone: let not thy contentment go upon crutches which may soon fail; the ground of contentment must be within thyself. The Greek word which is used for contentment signifies self-sufficiency: a Christian hath that from within which is able to support him; that strength of faith and good hope through grace, which bear up his heart in the deficiency of outward comforts. The philosophers of old, when their estates were gone, yet could take contentment in the goods of the mind—their learning and virtue; and shall not a believer much more in the grace of the Spirit, that rich enamel and embroidery of the soul? Say with thyself, If friends leave me, if riches take wings, yet I have that within which comforts me, namely, a heavenly treasure: I bear all my treasure with me; when the blossoms of my estate are blown off, still there is the sap of contentment in the root of my heart, I have still an interest in God, and that interest cannot be broken off. O never place your felicity in these dull and beggarly things here below.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOPEFUL ONE.*

A good minister having occasion to call upon a gentleman in a neighbouring town, was introduced to his family circle, which consisted of several young people of various ages, from ten or twelve to eighteen

* From "Contributions" by Jane Taylor.

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or twenty. The bloom and sprightliness of youth graced their countenances; and as the stranger's eye glanced around the lively party, a glow of benevolence warmed his heart. During his visit he had an opportunity to make some observation on the manners and engagements of these young persons.

One of the elder ladies amused him, for a time, by playing, which she did with much taste and skill; she was considered indeed to excel; and it was evident she had devoted much time and pains to this pleasing accomplishment. Two younger sisters were occupied in working muslin, on which they appeared intently engaged: of the excellence of the work their visitor was no great judge; but he observed their dexterous fingers were rapidly producing a very rich and elegant effect: he remarked, too, the interest they appeared to take in their employment. The eldest son, a fine youth of eighteen, talked a great deal, sometimes rattling with his sisters, sometimes giving his opinion on what was passing, with an energy and decision that occasionally tempted the stranger to smile. Any question on which his father hesitated, he would settle instantaneously, with a rapidity and positiveness which left no room for further discussion. There appeared, however, an agreeable openness in his temper; but it was a pity that he disguised and disfigured his naturally agreeable manner by a certain *dash* and *spirit!* and by the frequent use of *cant phrases*, which, though easily acquired by every blockhead who hears them, are yet sometimes employed by young men of sense who are weak enough to adopt them, with a view, it should seem, to show that they are men of the world. He seemed especially anxious to impress every one with this idea just now, and to form a contrast between his own dashing air and the plain dress and simple manners of their guest. Once he cut short a more important topic by abruptly inquiring of their visitor if he played chess, declaring that it was "an excellent game"—wondering he had never given his attention to it, for that, "positively, it was an excellent game." Then again, holding out his cup of tea, with an air, to the servant, he sent it back to his sister, declaring that "it was not tea, and that he could not take it." And yet (though nobody would have guessed it just then) this youth was not destitute of sense and intelligence. He had not, however, sagacity enough to discover, that beneath the plain appearance of the stranger there was concealed a keen discernment of character, and the real knowledge of men and things, instead of the mere affectation of it. Still less did he suspect that his own silly, artificial manner was at that time the subject of his smiling observation.

But there was one of the party who, while he did and said nothing to attract it, yet excited the minister's attention more than any of the rest. This was a lad of about fifteen: he was rather less blooming than the other young folks; but his look was not less cheerful, while it was more interesting than any of theirs. He spoke less than the others, and with more modesty; and what he did say was more to the purpose. He appeared to listen attentively to the minister's conversation.

"You have an interesting family, sir," said he to the father, when they were for a moment left alone; "I hope they are great comforts to you." "Sir," replied he, "my children are, I believe, much like other young people: I have no particular occasion to complain of them. But, sir, I *have* great comfort in *one* of my children. Did you see that boy, Edward?" The tears came into the father's eyes as he spoke. "That boy has appeared to fear God from his childhood; he has long been in the habit of private prayer; he loves serious conversation when we are alone: and his general temper and conduct show that his piety is genuine. Yes, thank God, I have *one* hopeful child."

The conversation which was here interrupted, left a painful impression on the mind of the good minister. The gaiety of the young people, which at first amused him, now gave him uneasiness. The words "*one* hopeful child," dwelt upon his mind. "What! only *one*," thought he, "of this interesting group that fears God! only *one* that is concerned about salvation, and that is prepared to die!"

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the youthful party continued laughing, and talking, and joking: they were eager and animated in all they said and did, and frequently spoke of things that were of no importance—the most contemptible trifles—with a degree of earnestness, which they would have pronounced to be canting, hypocritical, or, at least, quite overdone, if the subject had been any thing connected with their immortal destiny.

Poor young people!—But we must now leave them and the good minister, who is probably thinking of some way, that would be deemed least offensive, of introducing useful conversation. Reader, we have invited you to this domestic party, only with a view to your own improvement. Do you wonder where the family lives, and what is their name? Rather look around amongst the families of your friends and neighbours; but especially look into your *own*, and see if the description will not suit many that you know. Alas! this is no singular instance. Observe the trains of young people who fill the pews of our places of worship; behold the gay attire, the wandering eye, the irreverent deportment; listen to their discourse as they issue from the place; or follow them home; enter one dwelling after another; hear the remarks that are made upon the dress, and other unimportant concerns of those they have seen; listen to their *criticisms* upon what they have heard, and mark their prevailing levity; scarcely checked by the restraining eye of anxious and disappointed parents, who, Sabbath after Sabbath, watch in vain to see if the good seed has taken root in the hearts of any of them; remark the eagerness that is evinced about the showy accomplishments and vanities of life. Observe all this, and say, if there was any thing rare or singular in the description of this family. Alas! in some cases, would not the singularity of such an account consist in this, that there *was* one hopeful child in the family? How many even of pious parents, have not this consolation—not *one* hopeful child!

What a melancholy, what a strange state of things

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was implied in the account the father of this family gave of his children, when he said, that they were "much like the generality of young people!" In other words, that the generality of young people are thoughtless about ETERNITY—unconcerned for the salvation of their souls.

Reader, you are a member of some family: you have brothers and sisters. It may be that some of them are seriously disposed, while others are thoughtless and indifferent. To which party do *you* belong? Are you one of the *many*, or one of the *few*? Does a peaceful conscience allow you humbly to answer, that you hope you may be numbered with the latter—that you have chosen the narrow way—that you have joined the small, the happy company that are walking therein? Go on, then, rejoicing; but take heed lest you fall. At present you are ignorant of Satan's devices; you have not yet discovered half the deceitfulness of sin; and it is only by prayer, and watchfulness, and deep humility, that you can hope to avoid these snares. Especially guard against a spirit of pride, and a feeling of superiority towards those of your companions who are not walking with you. There is much danger here to persons who are seriously disposed. But, remember, it is only by a spirit directly opposite to this—by humbleness of mind and behaviour, by gentleness, by affection, and by an *unpretending* deportment, that you can satisfy either yourself or others of the reality of your profession, or engage any to come over to your company.

But, reader, is it far otherwise with you? Are you among the thoughtless ones? are you still on the broad road—still endeavouring to stifle the voice of conscience, and to put away the thought of death? Are you, at least, resolving to enjoy the world exclusively during the years of youth? Then, be assured, that whatever agreeable qualities you may possess, or whatever specious arguments you may use to satisfy your mind, you are an unhappy, a pitiable individual. You are a being upon whom wise and good men look with anxiety and sorrow—upon whom angels must look with surprise and pity—upon whom God looks with displeasure—upon whom none but devils can look with complacency. It may be, indeed, that you are possessed of so many agreeable accomplishments, and have manners and tempers so pleasing, that you may congratulate yourself upon the admiration and regard of those around you. But consider how much of their approbation depends upon their seeing only what is *external*. Look within—search the inmost recesses of your heart; behold in that chamber of imagery the vanity, the love of admiration, the evil thoughts, the high thoughts that exalt themselves against the knowledge of God—and ask if you are authorized to feel *self*-complacency, or if you deserve the esteem of which you boast.

In order to form some excuse for your neglect of religion, are you fond of detecting errors and inconsistencies in the lives of those who profess it? are you more gratified, or at least more amused, to discover faults in good men, than you are grieved or shocked at the crimes of bad men? What does this prove, but that you are an enemy to God? Consider that for a moment. Whatever mistakes you may imagine religious people often make, however you may suppose they sometimes deceive themselves, be assured you are making the worst and the most absurd mistake that it is possible for a rational being to fall into, even that of neglecting *the only important thing*: and you are deceiving yourself more grossly than they can possibly do, by imagining that you are wise when you are foolish, happy when you are miserable.

Now, what an unspeakable happiness it would be, if this moment's recollection should lead you to some such reflections as these—"Yes, I am one of the thoughtless ones of this family; I have hitherto neglected religion—I even dislike it; I endeavour to be happy without it; yet this cannot be even here, and what would it be hereafter? Unless my heart is changed I must perish; and I may never be more willing than I now am: besides, I may not have opportunity in future. What, then, hinders me, even *me*, from being a Christian? There are difficulties, but how many have overcome them! Why should not *I*? will not God open if I knock? shall not *I* also receive if I ask? especially if I ask what he commands me to pray for, and what he has promised to bestow. I will arise, and go to my Father."

But some who have read this question may feel at a loss how to answer it. They know, indeed, that they are not yet what they ought to be; yet they have some desires, and have made some efforts. At least, they are sure that they do not scoff at religion, or at religious people—on the contrary, they respect them, and wish to be like them: they read; sometimes they pray; and they tremble at the thought of not becoming one day decidedly religious: but at present, they are continually yielding to temptation, and cannot yet tear themselves from the love of the world. This is the state of many young persons: reader, is it yours? What, then, can be said to you? So many of those who have, at last, cast off all fear of God, and who are now, it is to be feared, beyond the reach of mercy, have in early life felt just the same, and *intended* as well as you, that we dare not encourage you with hopes of present safety. But why remain in this uncomfortable and dangerous state? That it is comfortless you feel: you know that you are no better prepared to die than your more thoughtless companions. Why, then, will you not at once exchange this dreary bondage for happy liberty—these gloomy fears for joyful hopes—this constant uneasiness for perfect peace? Your faint, inconstant prayers are a burden and a task; but pray fervently and regularly, and they will become a delightful employment. Delay no longer: you will gain nothing by waiting, but increased difficulty and greater danger. Resolve, then, to be the *hopeful one*, and to gladden the hearts of your parents and Christian friends by a prompt decision, lest, like so many, you go on hesitating till you become finally hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.

THE CONTRAST.

WE saw him at the fashionable resort, with the flush of youth on his cheek, and with spirits elated—fair and elegant in form, the admired of all, polished in

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manners, cultivated in intellect, with all the accomplishments to constitute the finished gentleman of the world. In all the amusements and festivities which engrossed the attention of the worldly portion of the company he was chief, charming his companions by the blandness of his manners, and entertaining them with the flashings of his wit. If his secret thought passed beyond the boundaries of time, and contemplated the solemnities of a coming eternity, no such secret musings could be detected under the gaiety of his demeanour. Pleasure and excitement seemed to be his absorbing pursuits.

A few months roll past. The same fascinating youth lies prostrate under a sudden and acute disease. Does he now think? Does he now make a different and wiser estimate of his former vanishing pleasures? Alas! disease has invaded the seat of reason. He is alike unconscious of the world around him, and the world before him. Those gay companions of the former scene are widely scattered, and know nothing of his sufferings. The bright assemblage is exchanged for the solemn stillness of the sick chamber; the light and sparkling conversation for the ravings of delirium. Sad contrast! Death, at length, executes his commission, and nought is left but the rigid and inexpressive mould of youthful manliness and beauty. The future is veiled; and yet, how can we refrain from exclaiming, "O that thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belonged to thy peace! but now, alas! they are hidden from thine eyes."

A PAGE FOR PARENTS.*

OBSERVE the conduct of earnest parents. In addition to the communication of knowledge, they admonish, entreat, warn, and counsel. They direct the reading of their children, and watch carefully what books come into their hands. They analyze their character, and make themselves intimately acquainted with their peculiarities of disposition and tendencies, that they may know how to adapt their treatment to each. They encourage habits of subjection, modesty, reflection, conscientiousness, frankness, and, at the same time, respect for all, especially for themselves. They dwell on the pleasures of religion, and the miseries of sin. They repress faults, and encourage budding excellencies. They speak to them of the honour and happiness of good men, not only in another world, but in this. They endeavour to implant the fear of God, the love of Christ, the desire of holiness, in their hearts. Everything is done to render religion attractive, and yet to exhibit it as a holy and an awful reality. They watch the conduct, look out for matter of commendation and of censure. In short, their object and aim are the real, right, permanent formation of the religious character, the character of the genuine Christian.

Parent, you are always educating your children for good or for evil. Not only by what you say, but by what you do—not only by what you intend, but by what you are—you yourself are one constant lesson which many eyes are observing, and which many a heart receives into itself. Influence, power, impulse, are ever going out from you: take care, then, how you act.

Let me, then, here remind you of the immense importance of three things: first, parental *example*.

What example is so powerful as that of a parent? It is one of the first things which a child observes; it is that which is most constantly before his eyes, and it is that which his very relationship inclines him most attentively to respect, and most assiduously to copy. Every act of parental kindness, every effort to please, every favour conferred, softens a child's heart to receive the impressions which such an example is likely to stamp upon the soul. Vain, worse than useless, is that instruction which is not followed up by example. Good advice, when not illustrated by good conduct, inspires disgust. There are multitudes of parents to whom we would deliberately give the counsel never to say one syllable to their children on the subject of religion, unless they enforce what they say by a better example. Silence does infinitely less mischief than the most elaborate instruction which is all counteracted by inconsistent conduct. It is no matter, either of wonder or regret, that some professing Christians discontinue family prayer. How can they act the part of a hypocrite so conspicuously before their households, as to pray in the evening, when every action of the day has been so opposed to every syllable of their prayer. O what consistent and uniform piety, what approaches to perfection, ought there to be in him who places himself twice every day before his household at the family altar, as their prophet, priest, and intercessor with God! It seems to me as if the holiest and best of us were scarcely holy enough to sustain the parental character, and discharge the parental functions. It would seem as if this were a post for which we could be fitted only by being first raised to the condition of spirits made perfect, and then becoming again incarnate, with celestial glory beaming around our character. What an additional motive is there in this view of our duty for cultivating with a more intense earnestness the spirit of personal religion!

Would you see the result of parental misconduct, look into the family of David. Eminent as he was for the spirit of devotion—sweet as were the strains which flowed from his inspired muse—and attached as he was to the worship of the sanctuary—yet what foul blots rested upon his character, and what dreadful trials did he endure in his family! What profligate creatures were his sons! and who can tell how much the apostasy of Solomon was to be traced up to the recollection of parental example. Parents, beware, I beseech you, how you act. O let your children see religion in all its sincerity, power, beauty, and loveliness; and this may win them to Christ.

But there is another thing to be observed, and that is the mischief of *excessive indulgence*. Read the history of Eli as recorded by the pen of inspiration. The honours of the priesthood and of the magistracy lighted upon him. He was beloved and respected by the nation whose affairs he administered, and to all appearance seemed likely to finish a life of active duty in the calm repose of an honoured old age. But the evening of his life, at one time so calm and so bright, became suddenly overcast, and a storm arose which burst in fury upon his head and dashed him to the ground by its dreadful bolts. Whence did it arise? Let the words of the historian declare: "I have told him," said the Lord, "that I will judge his house for ever, for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." (1 Sam. iii. 13.) Poor old man! who can fail to sympathize with him under the terror of that dreadful sentence, which crushed his dearest hopes, and beclouded all his prospects? but the sting, the venom of the sentence, was in the declaration that a criminal unfaithfulness on his part had brought upon his beloved sons ruin both temporal and eternal. All this destruction upon his children, all this misery

*From the *Church in Earnest*. By the Rev. J. A. James.

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upon himself, was the consequence of weak and criminal parental indulgence. Doubtless, this began while they were yet children; their every wish and every whim were indulged, their foolish inclinations were gratified; he could never be persuaded that any germs of malignant passions lurked under appearances so playful and so lovely; he smiled at transgressions on which he ought to have frowned; and instead of endeavouring kindly but firmly to eradicate the first indications of pride, anger, ambition, deceit, self-will, and stubbornness, he considered they were but the wild flowers of spring, which would die of themselves as the summer advanced. The child grew, in this hot-bed of indulgence, into the boy—the boy into the youth—the youth into the young man—till habit had confirmed the vices of the child, and acquired a strength which not only now bade defiance to parental restraint, but laughed it to scorn. Contemplate the poor old man sitting at the way-side upon his bench, in mute despair, his heart torn with self-reproach, there listening with sad presages for tidings from the field of conflict. At length the messenger arrives—the doleful news are told. The ark of God is taken, and Hophni and Phinehas are slain! His aged heart is broken; and he and his whole house are crushed at once under that one sin—the excessive weakness and wickedness of a false and foolish parental indulgence.

Parents, and especially mothers, look at this picture, and tremble: contemplate this sad scene, and learn the necessity of judicious, affectionate, firm, and persevering discipline.

To all this, add earnest, believing, and persevering *prayer*. Let family devotion be maintained with regularity, variety, affectionate simplicity, and great seriousness. As conducted by some, it is calculated rather to disgust than to delight. It is so hastily, so perfunctorily, and so carelessly performed, that it seems rather a mockery than a solemnity—there is neither seriousness nor earnestness. On the other hand, how subduing and how melting are the fervent supplications of a godly and consistent father, when his voice, tremulous with emotion, is giving utterance to the desires of his heart to the God of heaven, for the children bending around him! Is there, out of heaven, a sight more deeply interesting than a family gathered at morning or evening prayer, where the worship is what it ought to be?—when the good man takes the "big ha' Bible," and, with patriarchal grace, reads to the household the words of heavenly truth? And then the hymn of domestic gladness, in which even infants learn to lisp their Maker's praise—not better music is there to the ears of Jehovah in the seraphim's song, than that concord of sweet sounds; and last of all the prayer—oh! that strain of intercession in which each child seems to hear the throbbing of a father's heart for *him!* Ah! when this is the type of the families of professors; when family religion is conducted after this fashion; when the spectator of what is going on in such households shall be compelled to say, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" when earnestness, after beginning in the soul of the Christian, shall communicate itself to the parent, what a new state of things may we expect in the Church of Christ!

DO YOU FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES?

To love our enemies is a duty enjoined by the Saviour. Unless we forgive, we cannot hope to be forgiven. But the unchanged heart of man finds it hard to yield obedience to this divine precept. Many have been lost by refusing to obey. Many more may seal their destinies, by resisting the sweet spirit of the gospel, under the influence of a cherished enmity towards those who have injured them. They are in danger, and the danger is imminent. O that they may learn of Christ, who was meek and forgiving to his bitterest enemies! We must be like him.

I lately witnessed a striking example, both of the evil and its remedy. It was at a meeting, where I was assisting a worthy brother in his pastoral labours. The Holy Spirit was melting and moving many hearts to repentance. The religious exercises of the Sabbath were peculiarly solemn, and strongly marked with the evidences of God's presence among his people. A respectable and venerable-looking man, with his wife, who was a member of the Church, came forward and presented their children for baptism. My attention was arrested by his serious and solemn deportment. On Monday morning he came to me, took me by the arm, and requested a private interview. As we walked aside, he said to me, "One thing, and only *one*, prevents me from becoming a Christian. That has long prevented me, and I fear it always will. *I must be lost. I cannot forgive my enemies.*" His whole look and manner, as he said this, showed the depth of his conviction. "Oh! sir," I replied, "you need not be lost. Jesus Christ is able and willing to save you, as he is to save the very chief of sinners. Go to him, he will save. True, you must forgive your enemies, or you cannot be forgiven; for that is the statute law of heaven." "I know it, I know it," exclaimed he, with emphasis; "but I cannot do it. I have often tried, and I find I cannot if I am damned. Certain persons combined to cheat me out of my property. And they have done it, and done it in such a *mean* and *base* manner, that I cannot forgive them, even to save my soul." I looked at him with amazement. It was indeed obvious that it had been a subject of much reflection—that he hung his salvation on that point. It was indeed an awful crisis. "My dear sir," I replied, "remember God, in his providence, permitted the wicked Jews to crucify the Saviour, that by means of his death he might bless a lost world. How, then, do you know, but he has permitted these men to cheat you out of your property to save your soul?" He melted into tears, as if struck by a *new* thought. I continued, "You are not able to forgive them with your natural heart. That may, indeed, be impossible to you: pray God to give you a new heart, a heart filled with the spirit of Christ. An Indian chief, when told by a missionary that Jesus Christ required a man to love his enemies, threw up his hands, and walked the room in astonishment and displeasure. 'Impossible, impossible,' says he. But on reflection he turned, saying, 'If the great Spirit will give a man a *new* heart, it may be possible. He may *love* his enemies, but he cannot do it with his old one.' Now *you*, sir, must have a new heart: your old heart will ruin you." At these searching words he broke away from me, and went into the grove. That day was to him a day of darkness. At night, however, the terrific storm which agitated his bosom abated. The troubled ocean was at rest, his soul was at peace with God and man.

PASSAGES FROM GURNALL.

I. THE EVIL DAY.

As the evil day is of great concernment in respect of its events, so the placing of our care for it in the right season is of chief importance; and that, sure, must be before it comes. There are more doors than one at which the messenger may enter that brings evil tidings to us, and at which he will knock we know not; we know not where we shall be arrested,

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whether at bed or board, whether at home or in the field, whether among our friends, that will counsel and comfort us, or among our enemies, that will add weight to our sorrow by their cruelty. We know not when, whether by day or night; many of us, not whether in the morning, noon, or evening of our age. As he calls to work at all times of the day, so he doth to bed; it may be while thou art praying or preaching, and it would be sad to go away profaning them, and the name of God in them: possibly when thou art about worse work; death may strike thy quaffing cup out of thy hand, while thou art sitting in the ale-house with thy jovial mates, or meet thee as thou art reeling home, and make some ditch thy grave, that, as thou livedst like a beast, so thou shouldst die like a beast. In a word, we know not the kind of evil God will use as the instrument to stab us—whether some bloody hand of violence shall do it, or a disease out of our bodies—whether some acute disease, or lingering sickness—whether such a sickness as shall slay the man while the body is alive, I mean, take the head and deprive us of our reason, or not—whether such troubles as shall make our friends afraid to let us breathe on them, or themselves look on us—whether they shall be afflictions aggravated with Satan's temptations, and the terrors of our own affrighted consciences, or not. Who knows where, when, or what the evil day shall be? Therefore doth God conceal these, that we should provide for all. Cæsar would never let his soldiers know when or whither he meant to march. The knowing of these would torment us with distracting fear; the not knowing them should awaken us to a providing care. It is an ill time to caulk the ship when at sea, tumbling up and down in a storm: this should have been looked to when on her seat in the harbour And as bad it is to begin to trim a soul for heaven when tossing on a sick-bed. Things that are done in a hurry are seldom done well. A man called out of his bed at midnight, with a dismal fire on his house-top, cannot stand to dress himself in order, as at another time, but runs down with one stocking half on, may be, and the other not on at all. Those poor creatures, I am afraid, go in as ill a dress into another world, who begin to provide for it when on a dying bed: conscience calls them up with a cry of hell-fire in their bosoms; but, alas! they must go, though they have not time to put their armour on; and so they are put to repent at leisure in hell of their shuffling up a repentance here.

II. HAVE PITY ON YOUR OWN SOUL.

Can you pity the beggar at your door, when you see such in a winter day, shivering with naked backs, exposed to the fury of the cold, and not pity your own far more dismal soul-nakedness, by which thou liest open to heaven's wrath and hell's malice? Shall their nakedness cover them with shame, fill them with fear of perishing, which makes them, with pitiful moans, knock and cry for relief, as it is reported of Russia, where the poor (through extreme necessity) have this desperate manner of begging in the streets: "Give me and cut me, give me and kill me!" and canst thou let Satan come and cut thy throat in thy bed of sloth, rather than accept of clothes to cover, yea, armour to defend thee? (I mean Christ and his grace, which in the gospel are tendered to you.) And do not lightly believe your flattering hearts, if they shall tell you, you are provided of these already. I am afraid many a gaudy professor will be found as naked in regard of Christ, and truth of grace, as drunkards and swearers themselves: such there are, who content themselves with a Christ in profession, in gifts, and in duties, but seek not a Christ in solid grace, and so perish; those indeed are an ornament to the Christian, as the scarf and feather to the soldier; but these quench not the bullet in battle, it is Christ and his grace doth that: therefore labour to be sound rather than brave Christians. Grace embellished with gifts is the more beautiful; but these without grace, only the richer spoil for Satan.

III. BE LOYAL TO CHRIST.

Art thou a minister of the gospel? Thy employment is high—an ambassador; and that not from some petty prince, but the great God to his rebellious subjects—a calling so honourable, that the Son of God disdained not to come in extraordinary from heaven to perform it, called therefore the "Messenger of the covenant;" yea, he had to this day stayed on earth in person about it, had he not been called to reside as our Ambassador and Advocate in heaven with the Father: and therefore, in his bodily absence, he hath intrusted thee and a few more to carry on the treaty with sinners, which, when on earth, himself began. And what can you do more acceptable to him, than be faithful in it, as a business on which he hath set his heart so much? If ever you would see his face with joy (you that are his ambassadors), attend to your work, and labour to bring this treaty of peace to a blessed issue between God and those you are sent to. And then if sinners will not come off, and seal the articles of the gospel, you shall, as Abraham said to his servant, be clear of your oath. Though Israel be not gathered, yet you shall be glorious in the eyes of the Lord. And let not the private Christian say he is a dry tree, and can do nothing for Christ, his Prince, because he may not bear the magistrate's fruit or minister's: though thou hast not a commission to punish the sins of others with the sword of justice, yet thou mayst show thy zeal in mortifying thy own with the sword of the Spirit, and mourn for theirs also; though thou mayst not condemn them on the bench, yet thou mayst, yea, oughtst, by the power of a holy life, to convince and judge them. Such a judge Lot was to the Sodomites. Though thou art not sent to preach and baptize, yet thou mayst be wonderfully helpful to them who are. The Christian's prayers whet the magistrate's and minister's sword also. O pray, Christian, and pray again, that Christ's territories may be enlarged! Never go to hear the word but pray, "Thy kingdom come." Loving princes take great content in the acclamations and good wishes of their subjects as they pass by; a *Vivat Rex*, (long live the king,) coming from a loyal breath, though poor, is more worth than a subsidy from those who deny their hearts while they part with their money. Thou servest a Prince, Christian, who knows what all his subjects think of him, and he counts it his honour not to have a multitude feignedly submit to him, but to have a people that love him, and cordially like his government; who, if they were to choose their king, and make their own laws, they should live under every day, would desire no other than himself, nor any other laws than what they have already from his mouth. It was, no doubt, great content to David, that he had the hearts of his people, so as "whatever the king did pleased them all." (2 Sam. iii. 26.) And surely God took it as well that what he did pleased David; for, indeed, David was as content under the rule and disposure of God as the people were under his. Witness the calmness of his spirit in the greatest affliction that ever befell him (2 Sam. xv. 26): "Behold, here am I; let him do to me as seemeth good unto him." Loyal soul! he had rather live in exile with the good-will of God, than have his throne, if God will not say, It is good for him.

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF A BIBLE. *

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, KINGSLAND.

CHAP. I.—IMPORTANT OCCURRENCES WHILE RESIDING WITH A FAMILY OF FORTUNE.

AFTER remaining a close prisoner for some months in a bookseller's shop, I was liberated, and taken to the country, to be a companion to a young gentleman who had lately come of age. The moment I entered the parlour where he sat, he rose up, and took me in his hands, expressing his surprise at the elegance of my dress, which was scarlet, embroidered with gold. The whole family seemed greatly pleased with my appearance, but they would not permit me to say one word. After their curiosity was satisfied, they desired me to sit down upon a chair in the corner of the room. In the evening I was taken up stairs, and confined in the family prison, called by them the Library. Several thousand prisoners were under the same sentence, standing in rows round the room; they had their names written upon their foreheads, but none of them was allowed to speak.

We all remained in this silent, inactive posture for some years. Now and then a stranger was admitted to see us; these generally wondered at our number, beauty, and the orderly manner in which we stood; but our young keeper would never allow a person to touch us, or take us from our cell.

A gentleman came in one morning, and spoke in high commendation of some Arabians and Turks who stood at my right side; he said they would afford fine amusement on a winter evening. Upon his recommendation, they were all discharged from prison, and carried down stairs. After they had finished their fund of stories, and had not one word more to say, they were all remanded back to prison, and one who called himself Don Quixote was set at liberty. This man being extremely witty, afforded fine sport for Mr William (for that was our keeper's name). Indeed, for more than a fortnight he kept the whole house in what is called good humour. After Quixote had concluded his harangues, Mr William chose a Man of Feeling for his companion, who wrought upon his passions in a way which pleased him vastly. Mr William now began to put a higher value upon his prisoners, and to use them more politely. Almost daily he held a little chit-chat with one prisoner or another. Mr Hume related to him the history of England down to the Revolution, which he intersected with a great many anecdotes about Germany, France, Italy, and various other kingdoms. Dr Robertson then described the state of South America when first discovered, and related the horrid barbarities committed by the Spaniards, when they stole it from the natives. Mr William wept when he heard of their savage treatment of Montezuma. Rollin next spoke. He related to him the rise and fall of ancient empires; he told him that God was the supreme governor among the nations—that he raiseth up one to great power and splendour, and putteth down another. He told him, what he did not know before, that God had often revealed to some men events which were to happen hundreds of years afterwards, and directed him to converse with me, and I could fully inform him on that subject. Mr William resolved to converse with me at a future period; but having heard some of his relations speak rather disrespectfully of me, he was in no hurry. At length my prison door was unlocked, and I was conducted to his bed-room.

My first salutation struck Mr William. "In the beginning," said I, "God created the heaven and the earth; and then proceeded to make man, whom he placed in a garden, with permission to eat of every tree that was in it, except one." I then related the history of Adam, the first man; how he was urged and prevailed on by the devil not to mind God's prohibition, but to eat of the forbidden tree—how, by this abominable act, he had plunged himself and his posterity into misery. William, not relishing this conversation, closed my mouth, desiring me to say no more at that time.

A few days afterwards, he allowed me to speak of the wickedness of the old world—how God sent Noah to reprove their iniquity, and to threaten the destruction of the whole world, if they did not repent and turn to the Lord—that the world were deaf to his remonstrances—and that God at last desired Noah to build an ark of wood, such as would contain himself and family, for he was soon to destroy the inhabitants of the earth by a deluge of water. This conversation was rather more relished than the former.

The next opportunity, I gave him a history of the ancient patriarchs, showing the simplicity, integrity, and holiness of their lives, extolling their faith in God, and promptness in obeying all his commandments. Mr William became much more thoughtful than I had seen him upon any former occasion. What I told him he generally related to his friends at table. Their conversation was now more manly and rational; formerly they conversed about horses, hounds, dress, &c.—now, about the history of the world, its creation, the remarkable men who had lived in it, the different changes which had taken place in empires, kingdoms, &c.

He was wonderfully taken with the account I gave of that nation whom God had chosen for his own people, viz., the Jews. I told him how wonderfully God had delivered them from captivity in Egypt—how he drowned in the Red Sea the army of the Egyptians, with their king at their head, who were pursuing the Jews. But when I told him of the holy law of God, and expatiated a little upon it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said it was too strict for him. "Well, William," said I, "cursed is every one who continueth not in *all things* written or commanded in that law." He pushed me aside, ran down stairs, and soon became sick and feverish. His mother begged of him to tell her the cause of his sudden distress. He said that I had alarmed him exceedingly—that he found himself a great sinner, and saw no mercy for him in the world to come.

* We met recently with this old acquaintance, and thought, whenever we saw him, that our readers would be glad to be introduced to him. Very many of them, probably, have never seen him before, while those who have will not object to meeting him again.

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His mother came running up stairs, and in the heat of passion locked me in my old cell, where I remained in close confinement for some days. But as William could not be happy without my company, I was sent for. I found him very pale and pensive; however, I faithfully told him that the imaginations of the thoughts of the heart were only evil, and that continually. He said he lately began to feel that; he had tried to make it better, but could not. Upon this a stranger entered the room, and I was hidden at the back of a sofa, because the family were quite ashamed that I should be seen talking with William. The stranger remarked, he had observed him talking with me; assured him that I should do him much more harm than good—that I had occasioned great confusion in the world, by driving many people mad. On this, they all joined in scandalizing my character; and I was again confined in my old cell in the library.

But when my God enables me to fix an arrow in a sinner's heart, the whole universe cannot draw it out. William was always uneasy when I was not with him; consequently, he paid me many a stolen visit. I told him one day not to trust in riches, for they often took to themselves wings, and flew from one man to another, as God directed them. Job once possessed houses, lands, sheep, a flourishing family, all of which were taken from him in a few hours; but God never forsook him.

William was advised by his friends to take a tour for a few weeks, to remove the gloom which hung upon his mind. He did so; but he returned more dejected than ever. The moment he arrived, I was sent for to talk with him. I desired him to behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. I said there was no other name given under heaven among men, but the name of Jesus, by which they could be saved—that God so loved the world as to send his Son into it, to save it by his death. I then went over the whole history of the Saviour, from his birth at Bethlehem to his death on Calvary, describing his resurrection, and pointed out the evidence of it; then led his attention to Bethany, describing the marvellous circumstances attending his ascension to his Father, and testified to him the wonderful effects which followed in the immense increase of conversions to the faith. I then enlarged upon Christ's commission to his apostles, his commanding them to publish to every creature under heaven the glad news, that Christ had died for the ungodly, had finished redemption, and ascended up on high to receive gifts for men, and to bestow them on all who believe God's testimony concerning him.

God opened the mind of William to perceive the importance and truth of these things. He began to hope in God, through the offering of his Son a sacrifice for sin. I advised him to follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord in heaven, nor can he continue to see his glory on the earth—to have no fellowship with wicked men—to be a faithful steward of what God had given him. I told him how Christ rewarded those who overcame all their enemies through faith in his blood, and by believing the word of his testimony. This conversation made him very happy, and he left me rejoicing in the Lord.

Some time after, he came with a sorrowful heart, complaining that he did not feel the Lord's presence—that God had forsaken him. I assured him that was impossible; for God expressly says, He will never leave, no, nor forsake his people; and that he changes not in his love to them. I warned him to be cautious how he spoke against God, for such language is calling God a liar. I told him, likewise, that the Church had once preferred a similar complaint against her God; upon which Jehovah said it was possible for a mother to forsake her infant child, but impossible for him ever to leave or forsake his people, for he had pledged his *word* to the contrary; whereupon I warned him to be no more faithless, but believing, and by doing so he would glorify God greatly before men: it would tend to make men think more favourably of God, and probably lead some to seek an interest in his favour, who otherwise would not. Upon this he cried out with tears, "Lord, I believe; help my unbelief! I change in my love, but thou changest not." William left me, determined to rejoice evermore, and to pray without ceasing.

At first his friends thought religion made him less happy than before—now they declared they had never seen him in such good spirits, and so truly happy. They began to wish they were like him. William longed for the coming of the Lord, while they trembled at the very thought of it: they rather wished he might never come. This was a great advantage he had over them, by the grace and tender mercy of the Lord. He exhorted them to come to the same Saviour, who would receive them with open arms.

William was afterwards brought into great affliction. I told him God sent it to him for good—to make him more holy, humble, dead to sin and the world, and fitter for heaven. He believed me, and praised God for his attention to him, to send his messenger, affliction, to do him good. A person who came in expressed sorrow at seeing him so pained. William replied, "Don't sorrow for me; rejoice rather, because God has said, that our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory. I am willing to be sick, or to die, or to recover, just as God pleases; whatever pleases God pleases me."

I was never from him during his sickness; he praised God daily he had ever seen me. He was only happy when he was talking with me or about me. He recommended me to all who came near him, declaring that my words created a heaven in his soul. He found me to be the mouth of God to him.

William completely recovered from his indisposition; his knowledge of God, and experience of his faithfulness and love, were much increased by it. I continued his bosom companion for many years. He walked in the fear of God, and in the comforts of the Holy Spirit, till at length he entered with triumph into the eternal joy of his Lord.

CHAP. II.—INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES.

After conducting Mr William to the gates of the New Jerusalem, I was sent for to reside with a young

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man in the middling rank of life, who had received a liberal and religious education from his parents, lately removed from this poor world. The effects of their example and counsel were evident in all his conduct. He lived what men call a good moral life, his deportment was very agreeable, and his sobriety was commended by many. He regularly conversed with me twice every day, and prayed in his closet morning and evening. On the Sabbath, I talked to him from dinner to tea, and from tea to supper.

An old uncle of his perpetually exhorted him to go abroad to amass a fortune. He did not at first relish the advice. One day he consulted me. I bluntly told him to be content with such things as he had—not to hasten to be rich, for he would thereby pierce himself with many sorrows—that numbers were ruined through the deceitfulness of riches. "Labour not for the meat that perisheth," said I, "but for that which endureth to everlasting life." After this conversation he reasoned with his uncle against leaving his country and friends, merely to make money in a foreign land; he declared that the object was a pitiful one to an immortal creature, who must soon bid an eternal adieu to the affairs of time. However, after standing his ground for some months, he consented to go a voyage to the West Indies.

He set sail from Liverpool, and took me along with him. As there were several passengers in the ship, all of whom were profane sinners, he was ashamed to let me be seen; of course, I was hid in a corner of the state-room completely masked. On the first Sabbath morning, he took a single peep at me before the other passengers awoke. I hastily told him to remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy—that God was everywhere present to witness the works of men. He resolved to abide by my advice, and keep at as great a distance from those on board as he well could. They asked him to take a hand at cards, but he refused. "Poh!" said they, "we have got a Methodist along with us; we shall have nice sport with him." They teazed him about his religion the whole day, and poor George could not well bear it. One bold sinner asserted, that, before they reached their destination, they would have all his enthusiasm hammered out of him.

George, having none to encourage and countenance him, and not possessing firmness sufficient for confessing me before men, resolved to give up his religion during the voyage, and to comply with their abandoned customs while he continued in the ship; thus he fell before temptation.

One day, in the midst of his merriment, he recollected an advice which I had solemnly given him. It was this: "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Immediately he rushed out of the cabin, threw himself on his bed, and wept bitterly. He called out (but not so loud as to be heard), "I have ruined my soul. O what would my worthy mother have said, had she witnessed my conduct for days past!" On his return to the cabin, the sadness of his countenance was observed by the company. They laughed heartily, and assured him that his reluctance to join them in what *they* termed their sociality, arose from the prejudice of education—that he must endeavour to banish all his fears of futurity, and mind present enjoyment. These, and similar observations, gradually unhinged the principles of young George, and before reaching their destined port, his checks of conscience were almost gone. What a dreadful state, when a man's conscience ceases to be a reprover! Men are often glad when they obtain this deliverance, but the infatuation is as shocking to a pious mind as to see a man in the flames, rejoicing in the heat which will infallibly consume him away.

After the arrival of the ship, we all went ashore, and George was soon fixed in a very advantageous situation for getting money. When the first Sabbath arrived, he protested against transacting business on that day, declaring that he had never been accustomed to do anything of that kind. They advised him to labour hard seven days in the week, and he would return sooner to the country whence he came. They told him that only a few superannuated whites in the whole island went to church, and sometimes a few slaves. In this manner he was prevailed upon to conform to the infidel practices of the place. I told him that for all these things God would bring him into judgment—that he was like the rest of the wicked, who waxed worse and worse—that he did not love Jesus Christ, else he would keep his commandments, notwithstanding all the raillery and reproach to which he was exposed. I warned him, that whoever was ashamed to confess Christ before men, of him would He be ashamed in the presence of his Father, and the holy angels. George began to condemn his uncle for forcing him to leave his father's house; but as he had come off, he was ashamed to return.

In a few months he became as wicked and abandoned as any on the island. He made a present of me to a poor native, who could read a little English. I frequently conversed with him, but he could not understand what I said. He often desired me to speak to his companions. A few were greatly affected with what I said. They often called upon me. Sometimes they pleasantly said, my words made them very happy: they desired to go to that happy world which I commended so highly. They fervently prayed to Jesus to take them to it. An old slave crept in one day, inquiring if Jesus could do any thing for very bad people. I replied, "It is a faithful saying, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. He is able to save to the very uttermost all who come unto God through him." The black man, bathed in tears, exclaimed, "Good book; tell me good news!" Like the Ethiopian eunuch, he went away rejoicing.

After some years I was sent for in great haste to visit my old proprietor, George, who, by his intemperance, was brought to the gates of death. In his affliction he remembered me. I told him, fools make a mock at sin, but sin finds them out. God had been long angry with him every day. He confessed he had been a great sinner. He said that bad company had been his ruin—that, by following their example, he had destroyed a fine constitution—that, in his distress, his bottle companions had all forsaken him: they could not bear the thoughts of death. "Had I my days to begin again," said he, "I would flee from a

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swearer or drunkard, as I would from the plague. He prayed frequently that God would forgive his iniquity, for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ. His fever increased, and in a few days he went the way of all the earth.

When George died, I was put into his trunk, and sent home, with his effects, to his friends in England. Upon my arrival, I was soon released from my confinement in the trunk, and carried to a dark closet, where I remained unknown and unnoticed for several years.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LESSONS OF TROUBLE.

Set your hearts to the lessons which God teacheth by his chastisements. Prize creature comforts more, and surfeit upon them less: be more thankful, and less sensual. Especially prize a gospel while ye have a gospel; prize it by its worth, that you may not prize it by the want (Amos viii. 11); prize it that you may keep it, lest you prize it one day when you cannot recover it. That is a dreadful word, "They shall go with their flocks and with their herds to seek the Lord, but they shall not find him" (Hosea v. 6)—"And I will send a famine, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord" (Amos viii. 11)—"And they shall run to and fro, to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it" (ver. 12). Study Scripture evidence for your interest in Christ: rest not in any evidence which you will not venture your souls upon, if you were to die this moment.

Labour to maintain sweet communion with God—to be able to say with the apostle, and to say truly, "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John i. 3.) Make God your choice, and not your necessity; and labour to maintain such constant converse with him, that, when you die, you may change your place only, but not your company.

Live up in the exercise of your graces: "Add to your faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance godliness, and to godliness brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." (2 Pet. i. 5–7.) Be adding one grace to another, and one degree of grace to another, and one exercise of grace to another exercise of grace, that you may not put God to add affliction to affliction, and sorrow to sorrow. While others are adding sin to sin, drunkenness to thirst, do you add grace to grace: "Be stedfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," *&c.*

Mind, I beseech you, while you are in your strength and peace, that one thing necessary: there is but one thing necessary; there are many *may-be's*, but one *must-be*. O take heed of industrious folly, and dispirit not yourselves in the pursuit of trifles: mind your work.

Redeem the time, the days are evil. O that Christians would study the worth of time! Value a day. Say of every hour, yea, of every moment, This is time. Redeem time while you have it: redeem time while time may do you good. Evil days are coming, wherein you will say, "I have no pleasure in them." Yea, the days are evil—evil with sin, evil with sorrow: redeem the time to do good, to receive good, that neither you may be the worse for the times, nor the times for you. Happy shall that man be called who contributeth not to the heap of God-provoking abominations, nor receiveth impressions from the hypocrisy and prevarication of the present generation!

Study the sufferings of Jesus Christ. Resolve, with Paul, to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. A due contemplation of the cross will heighten Christ's love, and lessen your own sufferings.

And labour to get your conversation in heaven: looking for, and hasting to, or, as the word signifies, hasting, the coming of Christ. (2 Pet. iii. 12.) Say, "Come, Lord Jesus Christ, come quickly."

In a word, brethren, study, and study thoroughly, the sinfulness of sin, the emptiness of the creature, the fulness of Christ. And in all these and the like lessons, labour for an inward, convincing, experimental, powerful, sweet, abiding teaching.

Content not yourselves, Christians, with a general, slight, superficial, unsavoury, powerless, flitting knowledge. Rest not in notions; be not satisfied with expressions without impressions, nor with impressions that are not abiding impressions, that are like figures written in the sand: this is the ruin of professors. Those professors, their names shall be written in the dust, who write divine instructions in the dust: at least, if God have a mind to do you good, expect that he should send you into the house of correction, and there teach you with scourges, and write his instructions in your blood.

And, therefore, if you would prevent so severe a discipline, O improve your time well in the school of the Word: "While you have the light, walk in the light, lest darkness come upon you." (John xii. 36.) While you sit under the teachings of the Gospel, labour to get knowledge answerable to the means, and grace answerable to your knowledge.—*Case.*

WATCH FIRST DECLININGS.

He that will find his house in good repair, must stop every chink as soon as discovered; and he that will keep his heart, must not let a vain thought be long neglected: the serpent of heart-apostasy is best killed in the egg of a small remission of care. Oh! if many poor decayed Christians had looked to their hearts in time, they had never come to that sad pass they now are in! We may say of heart-neglects, as the apostle doth of vain babblings, that they increase to more and more ungodliness. Little sins neglected will quickly become great and unconquerable: the greatest crocodile once lay in an egg; the greatest oak was once but an acorn. The firing of a small train of powder may blow up all, by leading to a greater quantity. Men little think what a proud, vain, wanton, or worldly thought may grow to: behold how great a matter a little fire kindles!

Fragments.

Too much folly displeases men, but too much wisdom displeases God.

The office of "fellow-worker with God," would have been no mean honour to have been conferred upon the archangel nearest the everlasting throne.—*Bridges.*

God's promises are like the beams of the sun, they shine as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage as of the prince's palace.—*Gurnall.*

To be full of religious zeal everywhere but in our own houses, and to profess great anxiety for the spiritual welfare of others, while we are very negligent respecting those who more especially appertain to us, and who are more immediately, by Providence, placed under our care, is a very fearful mark that all is not well.—*Rev. Charles Overton.*

Like as the dry earth coveteth the rain, even so the law maketh troubled and afflicted souls to thirst after Christ. To such, Christ savoureth sweetly; to them he is nothing else but joy, consolation, and life. And there beginneth Christ and his benefits rightly to be known.—*Luther.*

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RULES ABOUT CONTENTMENT.

BY THOMAS WATSON, 1653.

(*Concluded from page* 591.)

RULE IX. *Let us often compare our condition.*

Quest. How should I compare it?

Ans. Make this five-fold comparison.

1. Let us compare our condition and our desert together; if we have not what we desire, we have more than we deserve. For our mercies, we have deserved less; for our afflictions, we have deserved more.

(1). In regard of our mercies, we have deserved less. What can we deserve? Can man be profitable to the Almighty? We live upon free grace. Alexander gave a great gift to one of his subjects. The man being much taken with it, "This," saith he, "is more than I am worthy of." "I do not give thee this," saith the king, "because thou art worthy of it, but I give a gift like Alexander." Whatever we have is not merit, but bounty. The least bit of bread is more than God owes us. We can bring fagots to our own burning, but not one flower to the garland of our salvation. He that hath the least mercy, will die in God's debt.

(2.) In regard of our afflictions, we have deserved more. "Thou hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve." (Ezra ix. 13.) Is our condition sad?—we have deserved it should be worse. Hath God taken away our estate from us?—he might have taken away Christ from us. Hath he thrown us into prison?—he might have thrown us into hell; he might as well condemn us as whip us. These considerations should make us contented.

2. Let us compare our condition with others, and this will make us content. We look at those who are above us: let us look at those who are below us. We see one in his silks—another in his sackcloth; one hath the waters of a full cup wrung out to him—another is mingling his drink with tears. How many pale faces do we behold, whom not sickness but want hath brought into a consumption! Think of this, and be content. It is worse with those who perhaps deserve better than we, and are higher in God's favour. Am I in prison?—was not Daniel in a worse place, namely, the lions' den? Do I live in a mean cottage?—look on those who are banished from their houses. We read of the primitive saints, that "they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins—of whom the world was not worthy." (Heb. xi. 37, 38.) Hast thou a gentle fit of an ague?—look on those who are tormented with racking pains. Others of God's children have had greater afflictions, and have borne them better than we. Daniel fed upon pulse, and drank water, yet was fairer than those who ate of the king's portion. (Dan. i. 15.) Some Christians who have been in a lower condition, that have fed upon pulse and water, have looked better, namely, been more patient and contented, than we who enjoy abundance. Do others rejoice in affliction, and do we repine? Can they take up their cross and walk cheerfully under it, and do we under a lighter cross murmur?

3. Let us compare our condition with Christ's upon earth. What a poor, mean condition, was he pleased to be in for us! he was contented with anything. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." (2 Cor. viii. 9.) He could have brought down a house from heaven with him, or have challenged the high place of the earth; but he was contented to be in the wine-press, that we might be in the wine-cellar, and to live poor, that we might die rich. The manger was his cradle. He who is now preparing mansions for us in heaven, had none for himself on earth: he had not where to lay his head. Christ, "being in the form of God, took upon him the form of a servant." (Phil. ii. 6, 7.) We read not of any sums of money he had: when he wanted money, he was fain to work a miracle for it. (Matt. xvii. 27.) Jesus Christ was in a low condition: he was never high, but when he was lifted up upon the cross, and that was his humility: he was content to live poor, and die cursed. O compare your condition with Christ's!

4. Let us compare our condition with what it was once, and this will make us content.

Let us compare our *spiritual* estate with what it was once. What were we when we lay in our blood? We were heirs-apparent to hell, having no right to pluck one leaf from the tree of the promise: it was a Christless and a hopeless condition (Eph. ii. 12); but now God hath cut off the entail of hell and damnation; he

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hath taken you out of the wild olive of nature, and engrafted you into Christ, making you living branches of that living Vine. He hath not only caused the light to shine upon you, but into you (2 Cor. iv. 6); and hath interested you in all the privileges of sonship. Is not there here that which may make the soul content?

Let us compare our *temporal* estate with what it was once. Alas! we had nothing when we were born. "For we brought nothing into the world." (1 Tim. vi. 7.) If we have not that which we desire, we have more than we brought with us. We brought nothing with us, but sin. Other creatures bring something with them into the world: the lamb brings wool, the silkworm silk, &c.; but we brought nothing with us. What if our condition at present be low?—it is better than it was once; therefore, having food and raiment, let us be content. Whatever we have, God's providence fetched it in to us; and if we lose all, yet we have as much as we brought with us. This was that which made Job content, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb" (Job i. 21); as if he had said: "Though God hath taken away all from me, yet why should I murmur? I am as rich now as I was when I came into the world; I have as much left as I brought with me: naked came I hither; therefore blessed be the name of the Lord."

5. Let us compare our condition with what it shall be shortly. There is a time shortly coming, when, if we had all the riches of India, they would do us no good. We must die, and can carry nothing with us. So saith the apostle: "It is certain we can carry nothing out of the world" (1 Tim. vi. 7); therefore it follows, "having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." O lay up a stock of grace, be rich in faith and good works: these riches will follow us. (Rev. xiv. 13.) No other coin but grace will pass current in heaven: silver and gold will not go there. Labour to be rich towards God. (Luke xii. 21.) And as for other things, be not solicitous: we shall carry nothing with us.

RULE X. *Be not anxious to bring your condition to your mind, but bring your mind to your condition.*

The way for a Christian to be contented is, not by raising his estate higher, but by bringing his spirit lower—not by making his barns wider, but his heart narrower. One man a whole lordship or manor will not content; another is satisfied with a few acres of land. What is the difference? The one studies to satisfy curiosity—the other necessity; the one thinks what he may have—the other what he may spare.

RULE XI. *Study the vanity of the creature.*

It matters not whether we have more or less of these things: they have vanity written upon the frontispiece of them. The world is like a shadow that declineth; it is delightful, but deceitful; it promiseth more than we find, and it fails us when we have most need of it. All the world rings changes, and is constant only in its disappointments: what, then, if we have less of that which is at best but voluble and fluid? The world is as full of mutation as motion; and what if God cuts us short in sublunaries? The more a man hath to do with the world, the more he hath to do with vanity. The world may be compared to ice, which is smooth, but slippery, or to the Egyptian temples, without very beautiful and sumptuous, but within nothing to be seen but the image of an ape. Every creature saith concerning satisfaction, "It is not with me." The world is not a filling, but a flying comfort. It is like a game at tennis: providence bandies her golden balls first to one, then to another. Why are we discontented at the loss of these things, but because we expect that from them which is not, and repose that in them which we ought not? Jonah was "exceeding glad of the gourd." (Jonah iv. 6.) What a vanity was it! Is it much to see a withering gourd smitten, or to see the moon dressing itself in a new shape and figure?

RULE XII. *Get fancy regulated.*

It is the fancy which raiseth the price of things above their real worth. What is the reason one tulip is worth five pounds, another perhaps not worth one shilling? Fancy raiseth the price: the difference is rather imaginary than real. So, why it should be better to have thousands than hundreds is, because men fancy it so. If we could fancy a lower condition better, as having less care in it, and less account, it would be far more eligible. The water that springs out of the rock, drinks as sweet as if it came out of a golden chalice. Things are as we fancy them. Ever since the fall the fancy is distempered; God saw that the imagination of the thoughts of his heart was evil. (Gen. vi. 5.) Fancy looks through wrong spectacles. Pray that God will sanctify your fancy: a lower condition would content, if the mind and fancy were set aright. Diogenes preferred his cynical life before Alexander's loyalty: he fancied his little cloister best. Fabricus, a poor man, yet despised the gold of king Pyrrhus.

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Could we cure a distempered fancy, we might soon conquer a discontented heart.

RULE XIII. *Consider how little will suffice nature.*

The body is but of small capacity, and is easily recruited. Christ hath taught us to pray for our daily bread. Nature is content with a little. "Not to thirst, not to starve, is enough," saith Gregory Nazianzen. "Meat and drink is a Christian's riches," saith Jerome. And the apostle saith, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

The stomach is sooner filled than the eye. How quickly would a man be content, if he would study rather to satisfy his hunger than his humour.

RULE XIV. *Believe the present condition is best for us.*

Flesh and blood is not a competent judge. Surfeited stomachs are for banqueting stuff; but a man that regards his health is rather for solid food. Vain men fancy such a condition best, and would flourish in their bravery; whereas a wise Christian hath his will melted into God's will, and thinks it best to be at his finding. God is wise, he knows whether we need food or physic: and if we could acquiesce in providence, the quarrel would soon be at an end. O what a strange creature would man be, if he were what he could wish himself! Be content to be at God's allowance; God knows which is the fittest pasture to put his sheep in; sometimes a more barren ground doth well, whereas rank pasture may cause rot. Do I meet with such a cross?—God shows me what the world is. Doth God stint me in my allowance?—he is now dieting me. Do I meet with losses?—it is that God may keep *me* from being lost. Every cross-wind shall at last blow me to the right port. Did we believe that condition best which God doth parcel out to us, we should cheerfully submit, and say, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places."

RULE XV. *Do not too much indulge the flesh.*

The flesh is a worse enemy than the devil; it is a bosom traitor. An enemy within is worst. If there were no devil to tempt, the flesh would be another Eve to tempt to the forbidden fruit. O take heed of giving way to it! Whence is all our discontent, but from the fleshly part? The flesh puts us upon the immoderate pursuit of the world, it consults for ease and plenty; and if it be not satisfied, then discontents begin to arise. O let it not have the reins: martyr the flesh. In spiritual things the flesh is a sluggard, in secular things a horse-leech, crying, "Give, give." The flesh is an enemy to suffering; it will sooner make a man a courtier than a martyr. O keep it under! put its neck under Christ's yoke, stretch and nail it to his cross. Never let a Christian look for contentment in his spirit, till there be confinement in his flesh.

RULE XVI. *Meditate much on the glory which shall be revealed.*

There are great things laid up in heaven. Though it be sad for the present, yet let us be content, in that it will shortly be better; it is but a while, and we shall be with Christ, bathing our souls in the fountain of his love. We shall never complain of wants or injuries any more. Our cross may be heavy, but one sight of Christ will make us forget all our former sorrows. There are two things should give contentment:—

1. That God will make us able to bear our troubles. (1 Cor. x. 13.) "God," saith Chrysostom, "doth like a lutist, who will not let the strings of his lute be too slack, lest they spoil the music; nor will he suffer them to be too hard stretched or screwed up, lest they break. So doth God deal with us: he will not let us have too much prosperity, lest this spoil the music of prayer and repentance; nor yet too much adversity, lest the "spirit fail before me, and the souls which I have made." (Isa. lvii. 16.)

2. When we have suffered a while (1 Pet. v. 10), we shall be perfected in glory: the cross shall be our ladder by which we shall climb up to heaven. Be, then, content, and the scene will alter. God will ere long turn our water into wine. The hope of this is enough to drive away all distempers from the heart. Blessed be God, it will be better: "Here have we no continuing city" (Heb. xiii. 14), therefore our afflictions cannot continue. A wise man looks still to the end: the end of the just man is peace. (Ps. xxxvii. 37.) Methinks the smoothness of the end should make amends for the ruggedness of the way. O eternity! eternity! think often of the kingdom prepared. David was advanced from the field to the throne. First he held his shepherd's staff, and shortly after the royal sceptre. God's people may be put to hard services here; but God hath chosen them to be kings to sit upon the throne with the Lord Jesus. This being weighed in the balance of faith, would be an excellent means to bring the heart to contentment.

RULE XVII. *Be much in prayer.*

The last rule for contentment is—Be much in prayer. Beg of God that he may work our hearts to this blessed frame. Is any man af-

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flicted?—let him pray. (James v. 13.) So, is any man discontented?—let him pray. Prayer gives vent. The opening of a vein lets out the bad blood: when the heart is filled with sorrow and disquiet, prayer lets out the bad blood. The key of prayer, oiled with tears, unlocks the heart of all its discontents. Prayer drives away trouble; prayer is the unbosoming of the soul, the unloading of all our cares in God's breast, and this ushers in sweet contentment. When there is any burden upon our spirits, by opening our minds to a friend, we find our hearts finely eased and quieted. It is not our strong resolutions, but our strong requests to God, which must give the heart ease in trouble. By prayer the strength of Christ is brought into the soul; and where that is, a man is able to go through any condition. Paul could be in every state content: but that you may not think he was able to do this of himself, he tells you, that though he could want and abound, and do all things, yet it was through Christ strengthening him. (Phil. iv. 13.) It is the child that writes, but it is the teacher that guides his hand. Paul arrived at the hardest duty in religion, contentment; but the Spirit was his pilot, and Christ his strength, and this strength was ushered in by holy prayer. Prayer is a powerful orator. The best way is to pray down discontent. What Luther saith of concupiscence, I may say of discontent: prayer is a sacred leech to suck out the venom and swelling of this passion. Prayer composeth the heart, and brings it into tune. Hath God deprived you of many comforts?—bless God that he left you the spirit of prayer.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF A BIBLE.

(Continued from page 600.)

CHAP III.—SECOND VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES.

Being released from my solitary confinement, in consequence of the death of my owner, I was seized by a captain of a West Indiaman, carried on board his ship, and placed at the head of his hammock, there to rest in silence during his pleasure. Indeed, when he brought me on board, he had no design of ever permitting me to speak a word; only supposing it was lucky to have such a companion in a ship, and that I should be useful for this purpose, though I lay as still as the ballast at the bottom of the vessel. How little did he know that his great Creator spoke through me to him, and to all on board!

In this uncomfortable state I remained for some weeks, like Joseph in Pharaoh's prison, neglected and forgotten by all. Every one was busy in getting in and stowing the cargo, in receiving visits from their friends, whom they generally sent away intoxicated, and in making all things ready for their departure. At length we set sail with a favourable wind. I frequently overheard them thanking my Master in an unmeaning way for the fine weather they enjoyed, which, if continued, they said, would in a few weeks bring them to their destined port. But suddenly their hopes were disappointed; a gloomy cloud appeared in the west, which indicated a dreadful storm. All hands mounted aloft and reefed the sails, and got everything ready for weathering the storm.

The wind rose, and continued rising, till it blew a perfect hurricane. Now they began to think of me. I was taken from my confinement, and placed on the captain's table; but the rolling of the vessel was such that I could not remain steady, but was frequently thrown with violence upon the floor.

About midnight, the captain allowed me to speak, when I gave him a faithful relation of the conduct of Jonah and the mariners, in similar circumstances, and how they called upon the gods whom they knew. The captain and others in the cabin perceived, from what I said, that storms were raised by the power of the God of heaven and earth, that He had some end in view by every such storm, and none but he who raised a storm could create a calm. On this the captain called all hands into the cabin who could be spared from managing the vessel. They knelt down, and the captain prayed to the God of heaven to have mercy upon them, and preserve them from foundering in the midst of the ocean. Any one acquainted with me, could have easily perceived from his prayer, that he and I had had very little previous intercourse, for notwithstanding the imminent danger in which we were, he could not say more than two or three sentences, and these he repeated several times for want of others.

In the morning the clouds began to disperse, and the wind to fall; and, consequently, the sea became less tempestuous. This change occasioned my dismission from the cabin, and being thrown as useless lumber into my old hammock. Next evening, being found troublesome to the captain's head, when he laid it on the pillow, I was ordered into his chest under lock and key. I made no complaints, but silently submitted to these insults. There I lay almost smothered; for I had not a friend on board to intercede for me, nor even to say a word in my behalf; on the contrary, I overheard some of them laughing at their having allowed me to address them the former night, and still more at the impression my speech made upon their minds at the time. Is not the patience of my God wonderful with the rebellious sons of men? Is it not astonishing that he did not in ire plunge them into a watery grave? But he is slow to anger, and possesses great pity.

For nearly a week there was hardly a breath of wind, and the vessel lay like a log in the water, moving neither one way nor another. The people on board hardly knew how to employ themselves. Sometimes they sung songs, and at other times they amused themselves with games; but they were so discouraged by the continuance of the calm, that

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these things lost their power to please. The captain one morning went to his chest, and opened it without knowing what he wanted. He stood motionless for some time, looking down upon the articles which it contained, when, observing the corner of my red coat, he took me up, and brought me forth to the light. Now I had once more my liberty to speak, when I addressed to him the substance of the 107th Psalm. I saw he felt the force of what I said. He desired me to be silent till he considered what I had now stated. I greatly approved of his conduct. He soon remembered many deliverances God had wrought for him besides the last, for which he had never praised the Lord.

He now began in good earnest to attend to my instructions, and sometimes would continue consulting me about various things till midnight. He made a rule that no one should swear an oath on board his ship; at the same time he endeavoured to convince all of the sinfulness thereof. This conduct in the captain made a wonderful change in my circumstances. I was locked up no more; indeed, most people on board professed a desire to hold a little converse with me every day. Being the only one of my nation on board, I had abundant employment for a while. A fine breeze springing up, we were soon wafted to our desired haven, which occasioned great joy to all on board.

While all were busy unloading the cargo, I had a good deal of leisure, though now and then some one or other would turn aside for a few minutes, and speak with me.

CHAP. IV.—VARIOUS OCCURRENCES DURING A SECOND RESIDENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

While our vessel was waiting for a fresh cargo in one of the islands, and most of our crew were on shore, a young black slave came on board to view her. He happened to step into the cabin while I was lying on the table, and seeing that none were in the cabin but himself and me, he took me into his arms, though ignorant who or what I was, ran off with me, and brought me once more to a bookseller's shop, where I was placed in the book ranks, to remain silent for some time, except only to call out my name to the people who visited the shop. I told my name at least a thousand times before any one inquired if I could say any thing more.

One day a gentleman called, and while taking a view of our ranks, when he came to me, he expressed considerable surprise to find any of my species in the West Indies; "for," said he, "I have resided here for upwards of twenty years, and this is the first Biblician I have met with." He acknowledged, at the same time, that the inhabitants of these islands were a barbarous kind of people, and had but little relish for talking with such a sedate person as I was; however he determined to have me home, to which my new master had no objection, provided he left three or four dollars, in lieu of me, which he readily did. His wife, I recollect, was not well pleased to find me in her husband's company, and declared they had no occasion for me in their house. However, when I related the history of David, from his feeding his father's sheep to his filling the throne of Israel, they became enamoured with my company. They wondered at the circumstance which brought David into public notice, viz. his duel with Goliath, the giant of Gath. The young people, though much pleased with the narrative, thought David was wrong in not going well armed against the monstrous giant. I told them, that his dependence for protection and victory was on the God of heaven, whose armies Goliath had defied; and, that the victory might appear to be of God, and not of man, David went only with his staff and his sling to combat with this champion of the Philistines—and also that God designed, by this signal manifestation of his presence with Israel, to lead the surrounding nations to make inquiry respecting Him, whom to know is life eternal. And who knows but it had this effect in many instances?

The young people were also remarkably entertained with the accounts I gave of Esther, queen of Persia. They perceived how much depended on the king's being unable to sleep that night—that he called for the records of the kingdom, to amuse himself while he continued awake; and one of the young ladies remarked, after I had finished the relation, "What a good thing it was that he did not ask for any other writings but these! for had he, it is probable, Mordecai would have remained in obscurity unrewarded, and the whole Jewish people been cut off by means of proud Haman." But God knoweth the end from the beginning; his counsel must stand, and he will do all his pleasure.

This gentleman, under whose roof I resided, was far advanced in years, and sometimes reflected, that, in the ordinary course of nature, he must soon bid adieu to all things here below. This consideration sometimes created uneasiness; and he frequently involved himself in the hurry of business, and courted much company, in order to banish such unwelcome thoughts; but all his art could not always overcome them. I would sometimes whisper, "The time is short, and the day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night." Then I turned to the young people, and said, "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

It was easy to perceive, that human nature here was the same as in Europe, possessing a dislike to the things of God, and the concerns of the soul. One morning when the family were contriving new schemes for acquiring wealth, I was hastily taken into the midst of them by their youngest child, which afforded me an opportunity of saying one word, which was this: "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" The saying was seasonable, and caused great silence for a few minutes; after which the lady observed, that my question was very important, and that she had often heard her old grandmother converse on such things when she was a child; but after she was introduced into the gay circles, she had forgotten the many good things which she had been told by her worthy grandmother. Then said I, "Hearken unto me now and I will teach you the fear of the Lord;

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search me for wisdom as for hidden treasures; for he that findeth this, findeth life." "Well," said she, "I will; but I have not leisure at present; however, at some future period I will send for thee." "But *now*," said I, "is the appointed time, *now* is the day of salvation; and we know not what a change a single day or an hour may produce respecting us."

With a trembling heart and hand, she now drew me nearer to her, and civilly requested me to relate the conversation that took place between Jesus and Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews; with which request I readily complied. When I repeated the objection which the ruler started against the doctrine of regeneration, she said, "That is very remarkable, for the same objection occurred to me." She could not conceive what the Lord meant by calling regeneration an earthly doctrine, till an old Christian sailor, some time afterwards, happened to touch at the island, and having heard of his piety, she sent for him and proposed the question: "In what sense is this an earthly doctrine?" "O madam," said he, "the necessity of having our natures changed before we can relish the things of God, or be fit for the heavenly world, quite accords with things with which we are familiar on earth. For example, before a lion could lie down peaceably on your dining-room carpet, its ferocity must be removed, and a milder temper communicated to it; before a fish could live out of water, and a beast in it, their natures must be changed." "Oh!" said she, "thank you; I understand now."

But to proceed with my narration of our first friendly interview: I went on mentioning all that Jesus stated to the Jewish ruler. I then related the remarkable history of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, to which the Lord referred in his discourse. What I said seemed like a nail fastened in a sure place by the great Master of assemblies. She then left me, and retired to her room, where she was distinctly overheard pouring out her whole heart before God. When she returned, the tears were falling from her eyes. When this was discovered, several of the family inquired what was the matter. She told them, she had been an utter stranger to the weighty matters I had made her acquainted with, and that she now desired to enjoy the salvation of God; but she feared it was too late. This she spoke looking at me; but I constantly answered, "Not so!—not too late; the Lord Jesus Christ laid down his life for the ungodly, and he waits to be gracious to all who come unto him. Be not faithless, but believing, and thou shalt see the salvation of God." On saying this, her eyes sparkled; she smiled, and said, "Precious Bible, what a treasure!" Turning to her husband, she said, "Come, let us go together, for yet there is room for us and our dear children."

The husband consented to my addressing the family, the servants, and all the slaves upon the estate, every evening for an hour. Accordingly, they all regularly assembled in the great hall every evening at eight o'clock, when I was set in the midst of them, to inform them of the works, ways, and words of God; which I did from time to time without wearying.

Nothing remarkable within doors occurred for some months; but out of doors the family became a subject of discourse to the whole country. They ceased to join in the follies of the fashionable world, which gave great offence to some of their old friends, who condemned and ridiculed them in every company. These insults they bore with a meekness and gentleness that surprised some; for Mrs Sharp, which was the name of the lady, was formerly singular for pride and haughtiness of carriage to all her acquaintance. But my doctrines, when believed, bring down the lofty looks of men, by making them acquainted with the majesty of God, their own sinfulness, and their constant dependence upon him for mercy and pardon, and for the enjoyment and continuance of all that they possess.

CHAP. V.—PLEASING PARTICULARS WHICH SUCCEEDED THE CONVERSION OF MR SHARP.

Mr Sharp and one of his sons were soon, through the blessing of God on my instructions, brought to a humble acknowledgment of their sins, and a simple dependence on Jesus for their forgiveness.

At one of our evening meetings, a poor old slave stood up, and with many tears, inquired if any of these fine things, of which I was speaking, were designed for slaves like him. In answer to this, Mr Sharp desired I would repeat to him the commission which the Son of God gave to his apostles before he ascended into the heavens. Then I repeated, as in Mark xvi. 16, that Jesus said unto his disciples, "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the gospel unto every *creature:* he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

The poor slave then stood up, begging Mr S. to explain this to him; which he readily did.

He said, "Jesus commanded his disciples to go into every country in the world, where black as well as white people live, and tell them they are perishing sinners, but they had good news for them—that the Son of God had become also the Son of Man, had obeyed God's laws for sinners, and made satisfaction to God for their sins, by dying on a cross—that he was now risen from the dead, and glorified at God's right hand; and whosoever believed on him, and made an open profession of their belief, should be saved from the wrath to come; but that whosoever should treat these things as idle tales, and not receive them in love, should be condemned to suffer eternal misery in hell for their unbelief."

A female slave now rose, and, in a very humble strain, asked if there was nothing which God required us to do, in order to obtain the pardon of our sins: "Does he not even command us to cut and scourge our flesh, that he may be pleased with us?" "No," said her master, "you have heard that Jesus did all that was necessary for obtaining our pardon; and nothing more glorifies the riches of his grace, and the finished work of his Son, than our believing that pardon and eternal life are freely granted to us through Jesus Christ."

Every eye was fixed on Mr Sharp while answering these simple, but important inquiries. "Lord, I be-

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lieve," said one—" And so do I," said another. Then they wept bitterly that ever they had offended such a kind and compassionate God, and anxiously inquired how they should live to his praise and his glory for the future.

The only preacher in the town where this family resided, was a mere *fop*, who spent most of his time in the company of the gay and thoughtless, and was as much so as any of them. His discourses on the Sabbath were dry dissertations in favour of benevolence and charity, and against lying, stealing, and other gross vices; but he seldom mentioned the name of the Saviour, and never spoke of the necessity and glory of his righteousness. The family were disgusted with his life, and starved under his preaching. They resolved for the future, only to hear me preach to them on the first day of the week.

Formerly they had been accustomed to call a certain building the church; but, by my instructions, they began to learn that a Church of Christ is composed of a number of living stones, or believers assembled together statedly, for the purposes of mutual edification; watching over one another; observing all the ordinances commanded by the Lord Jesus, as King and Head of his body, the Church. When they understood this, they began to look around upon each other, to find out which of them came nearest to a Christian bishop, as described by the apostle Paul; which description I faithfully repeated to them.

As Mr Sharp appeared to them a man dead to the world, and one whose comments on Scripture truth had greatly comforted and edified their souls, and who seemed to rule his own house with prudence and discretion, they, after much prayer to God, chose him to take the oversight of them in the Lord. When he had signified his consent to their request, they commended him to the grace of the Lord Jesus, with prayer and fasting.

In their meetings, they believed what I said, that Jesus was in the midst of them, to bless them. The faith of this made them long for the return of their stated meetings, from which they expected to derive much benefit, because Jesus had appointed them for that purpose, and had engaged to be present, to render them effectual for producing that end. When they were assembled, they looked on each other as heirs together of the grace of life; and when they united in singing a hymn of praise to their exalted Lord, they did it with one heart and one soul. Truly they were a lively Church!

When I related to them what Paul says of the Church of Thessalonica, of their sounding forth the word of truth throughout all the region round about, they prayed to God that he would enable them to be followers (or imitators) of those Thessalonians. Some time after, God raised up a humble gifted brother, who was willing now and then to visit the neighbouring villages, to disseminate the knowledge of him who died for sinners, and rose again. His excursions were crowned with abundant success. Many of the villagers became the willing servants of Jesus Christ. After each of his excursions, he related to the Church in Mr Sharp's house the progress of the incorruptible seed, which occasioned shouts of praise to God, who had rendered his word effectual. The young man, though very laborious, took no praise to himself; he always spoke of the good that was done as the effect of God's presence, and in a way calculated to lead the Church to look beyond him to God. They continued praying that God would send forth more labourers into his harvest; and he heard them —for several were converted, who were afterwards found to possess suitable talents for this good work. Those were also sent forth to other quarters which had not been visited; and God was pleased frequently to smile upon their labours.

While this Church continued to attend to the apostolic order, and the simplicity of the gospel, things went on well; but when they began to make improvements, as some new members called them, or rules not founded on the published will of Christ, the love of that lively Church began to wax cold, both to God and to each other; their zeal began to slacken apace, and divisions about mere trifles arose; they spake evil one against another, and these declensions went on and increased for some years, till their pastor, who, alas! had connived at many of their innovation, being struck with remorse, came forward, at one of their meetings, and expressed his repentance for unfaithfulness to Jesus and to them. He then took a review of their first state, and the great comfort they enjoyed during their former associations. He then pointed out the evils that had crept in amongst them unawares, and moved, that they should return to their original conformity to apostolic rule. Some opposed this; but, upon the pastor plainly stating the scriptural order of a gospel Church, these were silenced, and almost the whole Church cheerfully agreed to resume their original simplicity. A few were offended, and withdrew from the communion of the Church; which was a great mercy, for it was soon found that only the corrupting leaven had left them. Now they went on in their former way; they found that the Lord was returned to them of a truth. Then they had rest, and were edified; and, walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied, like the Churches in Judea.

This Church unanimously declared it their determination, that I should, in every case, be their ruler; consequently, when any matter came before them, I was consulted, and they adhered to my decision. For example: one of their members began to conform to this present world, and attend vain and sinful amusements. The matter was stated to the Church; then they all looked to me for counsel. I told them, that if any man was in Christ, he must be a new creature, old things would pass away, and all things become new. They concluded, from this and other things I said to them, that a Christian was delivered from the love and practice of the evil customs and enjoyments of the wicked—that he would find such things hurtful to his soul, and would flee from them; wherefore they thought they had just grounds for doubting the Christianity of their brother; and having attended to all that I commanded to be done in such cases, without producing repentance in him, they excluded

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him from their society, and then earnestly prayed, that Jesus would make this his own ordinance useful to him whom they had just put away from among them.

CHAP. VI.—DREADFUL DISASTERS IN CONSEQUENCE OF A HURRICANE.

A short time after these things took place, there happened a most violent hurricane, accompanied with an earthquake. The largest trees were torn up by the roots, many houses were swept from their foundations, and the sea broke over its accustomed bounds, carrying destruction wherever it went. The scene was awful; the inhabitants were in the greatest consternation; and Mr Sharp's family came into the room where I was, which, indeed, was almost the only one in the house that had received no damage at that time from the storm. I assured them that their God reigned—that winds and waves were his ministers, sent to fulfil his will; and commanded them to call on God in this day of trouble, assuring them he would hear them. Accordingly, they all knelt down, and prayed to their heavenly Father for protection. When they rose from prayer, they observed the house ready to fall, which obliged them to leave it. With great difficulty they reached the back of a rising ground, that lay about a quarter of a mile from their house, which screened them from the fury of the contending elements. They had not left their house above three minutes, before the whole fabric came down with a crash, and was soon so completely scattered, that, when day-light appeared in the morning, they could hardly discover the place where it had stood. They could not but remark this wonderful preservation was in answer to their prayer; for, had they remained five minutes longer, they must all inevitably have perished.

But what a scene of misery did the morning light unfold! The family, though upon their own estate, knew not where they were. A village, which had stood opposite to their house, was carried away, and nothing but the raging waves of the sea were to be seen there. Vessels, of various sizes, were lying wrecked in the fields; and not a house or cottage was left standing in all the country round them. In the midst of all these ravages, they were made happy by my conversation, and hoped that God would provide for the supply of their wants.

About noon, one of the children came running to his father with the joyful news, that he had seen a cask of flour, which had been driven up the country by the wind, but had been providentially caught in a large bush. This cask was brought, and in a short time part of its contents was prepared for food; which was the first they had tasted since the preceding day. The hand of God was so visible in this relief, which was necessary for the preservation of their lives, that I never saw a family stand up with such cheerfulness and thank God with such fervency for a single meal. I desired them to continue in this happy frame, and the Lord would provide.

They expressed great anxiety to hear of the circumstances of their Christian friends and neighbours. Though the wind was still boisterous, it was not so furious as formerly. Several of the stoutest of the family went in search of such of their neighbours as might have survived this awful catastrophe. They soon found many mangled bodies of those who had been overwhelmed by the falling of their houses, or blown with violence against a wall, tree, or rock. However, they relieved many, who had escaped by being sheltered by rocks, trees, bushes, &c. They found one man who had been driven over the fields to the distance of a mile from where he lived, but miraculously escaped, by falling into a very deep ditch, which protected him from the violence of the wind; but even while there, he experienced some very narrow escapes from large stones that were blown into it, very near where he lay.

When the survivors were collected, they presented an affecting spectacle. Very few had escaped without violent contusions in some part of their bodies. They now consulted where shelter could be obtained during the night that was fast approaching, as all their former habitations were overturned, and the materials of which they were composed dispersed in all directions. While consulting about this matter, a young man, who lived a few miles higher up the country, joined their company with the joyful intelligence, that several houses in his neighbourhood remained entire. To these the company went, taking along with them their cask of flour; which was all they had saved of their whole property.

The believers in Jesus, when they assembled for worship in the evening, expressed great thankfulness to God, that they had a treasure in heaven, which no storm nor earthquake could possibly reach. They besought God, that he would instruct them by his providence to set their affections more than ever on those permanent riches, and that they might not be placed on the perishing enjoyments of this miserable world.

They now understood better what I meant when I told them that riches sometimes took to themselves wings and flew away—also, that the Lord sometimes gave and then took away, and that even then they should say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

During the confusion and bustle occasioned by the disasters which had happened, I was frequently left to lie carelessly on the floor. When in this situation one morning, a little boy took me up in his arms, carried me a little distance from the house, and hid me under the root of a large old tree. The boy being taken that afternoon to a distant part of the island, none remained to discover to my sorrowful friends the place of my concealment; consequently, many a fruitless search was made for me. There I lay speechless for nearly twelve months, when an old black slave, upon a journey, happened to lie down under the shade of this tree, to rest his weary limbs. Awaking from a comfortable sleep, while in the act of stretching himself, his hands, which were extended beyond my head, happened to touch my covering, which caused him to search under the root, when he found me half immersed in sand. He called at the first house he came to, and inquired if any of the family knew me, assuring them he wished

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to restore me to my proper owner; but they honestly declared that they did not know me, so I went forward with the old slave. This slave had been taught my language when first brought to the West Indies; and, therefore, though he had never met with me, or any who spoke on the subjects that I did, yet he could converse with me tolerably well.

On our journey he met a gentleman, who was a stranger in the country, but on a visit to some friends in it. This gentleman was very curious to know the history of my fellow-traveller. His history was affecting, which I shall relate as correctly as I can.

CHAP. VII.—REMARKBLE HISTORY OF AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

"I was born," said he, "in the interior of Africa, a country far from hence. My parents lived, like most of their countrymen, by hunting, and on fruits and roots. With much toil they provided a scanty subsistence for their family. Sometimes they hardly ate anything for days together, that their children might be satisfied. I had four brothers and three sisters, with whom I cheerfully spent my youthful years, and with whom I expected to live to a good old age. But, ah! sir, this was not to be my good fortune; my fate was, soon to be torn from the fond embraces of my parents. [Here he paused, and wept bitterly.] A war, sir, broke out between our nation and a neighbouring one. My father, with the rest of the men belonging to the village, was obliged to join the standard of our chief, to oppose the common enemy. Our countrymen were routed with great slaughter, which was followed up with a general pursuit. A man of our village, who had escaped from the carnage, arrived about midnight, and awoke us from a sound sleep with the cry, 'Run for your lives, for the enemy is at hand!' We rushed instantly out of our house, and ran in all directions into the woods, in order to escape the danger. The night was so dark, we could not discern friends from strangers. I could for some time easily distinguish the screams of my poor mother, who carried one babe on her back, and one under each arm. I nimbly climbed to the top of a cocoa-tree, where I hoped to be safe from the search of strangers.

"In the morning before break of day, it was but too evident that the enemy had entered our village, for the whole was in a blaze. Being in want of provisions, these marauders came into the woods in search of cocoa-nuts. The tree I was in was one of the first that attracted their attention, which two or three of them instantly mounted, and, to my great angush of soul, discovered and seized me. I made use of every means to prevail upon them to allow me to go to my mother, but they were deaf to my entreaty. They tied my arms behind my back, and whipped me on before them. I several times stopped and attemped to persuade them to let me go, but always in vain: they said, 'We must have boys, to exchange for white people's goods.' Having heard that the white people ate our countrymen when they got them to their own land, my terror was increased at being sold to them. When we arrived at the main army, I was added to the common stock of prisoners, who were mostly in tears, especially the women. This army, after plundering the country, and collecting as many prisoners as they could find, returned in disorder to their own land.

"The prisoners were distributed throughout various villages, with orders to be kept in safe custody, till an opportunity should occur of selling them to the slave-traders. The family to whose care I was committed treated me, upon the whole, with humanity; only, when they went a-hunting, I was tied to a tree, with my arms extended round it, and my two hands tightly tied together. In this painful position I sometimes remained ten or twelve hours together, without meat or drink, and without anything to cover me from the scorching rays of a noon-day sun. Now and then the little children of the village, who came from motives of curiosity to see me, would bring with them some small morsel for me to eat, and put it into my mouth. But for their little acts of kindness I must certainly have perished for want on two or three occasions. Many thanks did I give them, and often expressed a desire that they might never experience my forlorn condition.

"At length the slave-dealers arrived, who, after viewing the prisoners, made a purchase of the whole, and to them we were consigned.

"Being afraid of our number, they loaded us heavily with chains, lest we should revolt and overpower them. Our journey towards the coast now commenced, but our progress was slow, owing to several accidents, and the sickness of some of our company. The heat being very great, they permitted us to halt for a few hours in the middle of the day. In a few weeks we were met by some white men, the first which any of us prisoners had ever seen. We gazed on them with wonder and fear. We could not conceive by what means they made their skin so different from ours; but most of us thought it must be owing to some awful disease.

"In a few days, we arrived at a sea-port, and were put on board a ship, to be taken we knew not whither. We now appeared to ourselves to be in a new world. When we looked from shore, we saw nothing but water; and the motion of the ship excited general alarm. They chained us to each other, and ordered us to go below; from whence, on our passage, they allowed us, by turns, to come upon deck. Many died on the passage, and several leaped overboard and were drowned. However, I, and many others, arrived on this island in good health, and were soon sold to various masters. My master has been a good one to me. He has treated me kindly; and, sir, he has taught me to read; and I am very happy, except when I think on my country and friends; then I sigh and weep, and wish I had wings to fly home and see my friends before I die."

Having finished his story, the gentleman thanked him, gave him a piece of money, and took leave of us.

When we arrived at the end of our journey, Teito (which was the slave's name) took me into his hut, and put me carefully into his little press.

The next day he brought me to the middle of his

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hut, when I whispered to him, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards." "Sure I have found it so," said Teito, "from my youth up to the present hour." "But," I added, "the Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble; and they that know his name will put their trust in him." I wish I knew this Lord," replied Teito, "I would run for refuge to him." I endeavoured to convince him that sin is the cause of all human misery. "But," said he, "what is sin?" I answered, "It is the transgression of the law of God;" and, that he might understand this, I explained to him the nature of that law, and mentioned many who in ancient times transgressed that law, and stated the punishments inflicted on them. In order, also, to make him acquainted with the progress of sin and misery in the heathen world, among whom he was born, I repeated what Paul wrote in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans.

I told him that God had not left men to perish without a remedy—that he had not left them without a refuge; but had so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. When he had time, I related to him the life and death, &c., of Jesus Christ. God inclined him to listen to my instructions, and taught him to understand them. My information was all new to him, having never heard such things before. Wherever he went, he repeated what I had told him, and often solicited his comrades to come to his hut and hear me themselves. Some, however, said I talked nonsense; others, that I made them uneasy, which they did not like; and others, that I was a rank enthusiast, and had in some other islands created great confusion. "Oh!" said Teito, "you do not understand him, or you would not entertain such notions of him; for he has been travelling for some thousand years in the world, teaching, without any reward, how man may become happy here, and in a world that is to come." "Well," said they, "has he done any good?" "Yes, infinite good; he has comforted thousands in every age, in all their afflictions; delivered them from painful despondency; and made them not only to love each other, but their enemies also; and through his instructions has made them to rejoice even in the solemn hour of dissolution—which, in general, is a terror to the stoutest heart." "It may be so," said one, shrugging up his shoulders and walking off. Some said, these things might do very well for old and infirm people, who are stepping down into the grave, but *they* had no occasion for them now. On this Teito held me up, when I took the opportunity to call out, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." On this they put their fingers in their ears, and ran off. On which I called after them, "Who hath believed our report? to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?"

Some of my words spoken at this time made a deep impression on the minds of several, as they afterwards confessed, when they were converted to the faith of Christ.

Teito supposed that, as these had treated the word of God so disdainfully, there was no hope of their ever being benefited by that word. But I soon taught him that God had long patience with men upon this earth, and often knocked for many years at their hearts with the hammer of his word and of his providence, before they opened to receive him. This encouraged Teito to pray for his friends who had left him, that God would bring his word to their remembrance, and cause them to experience it to be his incorruptible seed. I told him, that in the morning we should sow this seed, and in the evening should not withhold our hands from sowing, for we know not which shall prosper, this or that. He believed all I said, and did according to my directions. He was no loser by this, for I became the joy and rejoicing of his soul.

Teito now began to bless God that he had been brought from his country. "Without this," said he, "I never could have known the true God, and Jesus Christ his Son, whom he sent into the world." O how thankful he was to the God of providence, for leading him to lie down to sleep at the foot of that tree where I lay, who, under God, had conveyed to him such precious and eternal blessings! "Oh!" said he, "had any gentleman made me a present of the best horse in the island, and a purse of gold to carry me home, without sleeping at that tree, what a loser I must have been; but His wisdom is a great deep, and His ways past finding out!"

The next remarkable circumstance that happened, while I resided with Teito, was to see two of those who had treated Teito and me with contempt returning and confessing, with apparent sorrow, their improper conduct, and asking permission to hear me again. Teito received them with great affection, and assured them that his God was infinitely more ready to forgive and to receive to *His* favour, than he was. They told us, that some of my sayings had followed them by night and by day, especially God's command to look unto him, that they might be saved. They often dreamed of these words, *Look unto me;* and while busy at work, they said they thought they heard a person from a distance crying with a loud voice, "Look unto me;" but this was owing to the deep impression these words had made on their minds.

Teito related to them the wonderful providence that introduced him to my acquaintance, and how unwearied I had been in conveying to his mind the knowledge of his Creator and Redeemer. Before he knew me, he declared he had been as ignorant of himself and his God as the very fowls of heaven. "But now," said he, "I know the grace of the Lord Jesus, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." They asked him if he was any happier since he knew these things. "Happier!" said Teito, with tears in his eyes; "I never was happy before. I knew nothing that could make me so: but now I knew my God to be my friend, his Son to be the Prince of peace and of life to me. My friend, the Prince of life, lives in my soul, and teaches me to live a life of dependence on his dear, faithful, precious word, which is sweeter to me than honey from the honey-comb."

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"Do you not think, Teito, you should be happier still, if your master would give you your liberty?" "I should, in that case," replied Teito, "bless God, and thank my master. But though I am now my master's slave, yet I am God's free man. He allows me to speak to him when I please, to ask from him any favour; and he does it for me as readily as he does for the richest Christian in the world. He tells me that all his family are one in Christ Jesus, and that when I reach the heavenly mansions I shall reign with his Son; in fact, that I am an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. Is it not wonderful, my friends, that God should be so kind and condescending to a poor slave?"

Our two visitors sat amazed, at hearing old Teito tell them of the love of the great God to his soul. Indeed, this was the first time that they had ever heard a man speak of the love of the great God to his soul: nor is this surprising in such a country, where the acquisition of wealth is universally considered to be the one thing needful to render men happy. God and his great salvation are entirely neglected. The white people's children are brought up for business, but not for God. Their education is the same as if they had no soul, and as if there were neither a God, nor a heaven, nor a hell. As for the black children, they are reared like beasts, merely for work. Their parents know nothing to teach them, and their masters in general know as little about God; wherefore they are left to grow up, to live and to die in ignorance.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOST SON.

I WAS standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr Beattie's church, Union Street, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service. A holy calm hung over the city; no discordant noise broke the solemn stillness of the day of rest and worship; scarcely a whisper was heard in the assembly of waiting worshippers who crowded the broad pavement on which I stood. All seemed profoundly impressed with the solemn and sacred character of the day, the place, and the occasion which had called them together. It was, in short, a Sabbath in the land of Knox and Chalmers. I had been in this position probably ten or fifteen minutes, when I observed two young men turn a corner and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. Some of the bystanders expressed their horror at the occurrence, others wondered what had become of the police; but my mother turned to me, and said, "Follow these two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation, and probably also with the earnestness and simplicity with which it was delivered. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away. But he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. *I don't feel right.* I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand, and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. The doors were now open, and the church was filling rapidly; we entered, and I conducted him to the pew where my mother was already seated. A most excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi. 1: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

At the conclusion of the service he hastened out of the church, but he was closely followed, and soon overtaken by my mother, who kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No, ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course?" said she. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible, until you procure one of your own. Read it attentively during the week, and come to meeting again next Lord's-day. I will always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. My mother looked at him with great earnestness, and a gleam of satisfaction and thankfulness overspread her pale intellectual features. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk and left the house, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired, of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W. C." The writer stated that he had been confined to his room by sickness for the previous two weeks. He declared his inability to express the gratitude he felt towards my mother, for the interest she had manifested in his spiritual welfare: he asked to be remembered in her prayers, and concluded by stating that he was an Englishman, and would return to his native land in about ten days.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship St George, of which I was the medical officer, anchored at Table Bay. Between us and Penguin Island, I observed a man-of-war which I had seen before and knew well; it was her Majesty's brig Chanticleer, of ten guns, Commander Forbes, on a surveying expedition. The surgeon of the brig, Dr F——, had been my preceptor and I resolved to pay him a visit. He received

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me with his usual warmth and kindness. After dining with the gun-room officers, we proposed that, on the following day, which was the Sabbath, we should attend meeting in Cape Town. "It will remind us," he said, "of old times, when we used to go arm in arm to church in Union Street."

Next day, in company with my friend, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan Chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. We had arranged to dine at the "George;" and I was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently labouring under some intense emotion. He appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, was tall and slender, and neatly dressed, but apparently in bad health. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birth-place, &c. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr Beattie's church. I was astonished—the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me! Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr C. gave me a short history of his life, from the time he left Scotland to the day on which we met so unexpectedly in a foreign land.

He was born in the town of Leeds, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview in Union Street, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and her son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday-school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. His conviction of sin—his battlings with temptation—his repentance—his victory over the world—the growth of his faith in the great atonement, and, finally, his peace in believing, formed a deeply interesting and instructive narrative. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and, on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been labouring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognised it, and the examination of the writing, which is still legible on the blank leaf, assured me that I was not mistaken. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. You can now see and appreciate the terrible fate from which I was rescued by the unfathomable love and boundless grace of God, through your own and your mother's instrumentality. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr Beattie's text on the day of my salvation? 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.' The proud, hardened, scoffing sinner, is found, after thirteen years, a humble minister of salvation to the benighted heathen; and your sainted mother is doubtless enjoying the reward of those who turn many to righteousness—shining as the stars for ever and ever."—*From the American Messenger.*

SECRET OF GOOD PREACHING.

It is recorded of the late Henry Mowes, the celebrated Prussian preacher, that a sermon, with him, "was not the work of a day. It was not a mere outward act; it was an expression of himself. It occupied the whole week. He had it almost daily in his mind. Often would he be found with his first sketch before him, with his eyes filled with tears." Here is the secret of good preaching. A listless week and a Sabbath of interest are just those things which God has not joined together. Spirituality in the pulpit, and the want of it in the study of the preacher, never dwell together in the same bosom.

A PERFECT TITLE.

"Perfect wisdom and perfect goodness, united with infinite power, form a perfect title to perfect trust and confidence." Such were the words of one of the ablest diplomatists, jurists, and statesmen, with which our country has been blessed. It expresses in a most comprehensive manner the ground of the Christian's security against every ill. What right have Christians to be, under any circumstances, anxious and unhappy?

Christian reader, what right have you to be unhappy? Do you think that there is something in the circumstances in which you are placed inconsistent with happiness? Infinite wisdom judges otherwise. Infinite wisdom appointed those very things of which you complain. Do you think that your lot is a hard one? Infinite goodness assigned it to you: yes, infinite goodness, guided by infinite wisdom, and supported by infinite power. Why, then, should you not rest assured that all things shall work together for your good? Why should you not go forward, fearing no evil? Why should you not rejoice evermore.

By failing to exercise perfect confidence in God, in things temporal as well as spiritual, you wrong your own soul, and dishonour the Holy One.

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RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM NOT MADNESS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.*

The first ingredient [of religious enthusiasm] is a deep sense of eternity in the heart, leading him who has it to live by the powers of a world to come. We have here both a principle and a conduct — such a principle as receives no countenance from this world's sympathy, and such a conduct as receives no countenance from this world's example. They both serve to mark a peculiar character—to remove him to a distance from the feelings and pursuits of other men—to throw him out of the range of their sympathy. An air of peculiarity is, to the undiscerning eye of the world, an air of folly and extravagance. It provokes ridicule—it brings down epithets of contempt—it is construed into some perverse and unaccountable direction of the understanding. The light and the frivolous laugh, and your cold, rational, judicious men wonder at this devotedness of mind to an object which they cannot go along with. The man who walks by faith and not by sight is altogether out of their element, and they cannot breathe with comfort in his. There is a barrier betwixt them; and till the mighty Spirit call them out of darkness into light, and open their eyes, which are now blinded by the god of this world, the barrier is impassable. The man whose main concern is eternity is at antipodes with the general run of people in the world. Go at random into any company, and tell me what else is talked of than the prices, and the news, and the entertainments of the day which passes over them. Every topic is temporal; and surely, surely if out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, every desire, every feeling, every affection is towards what is temporal. Will not the man who has his conversation in heaven—will not the man who rejoices in hope of the coming glory—will not the man who labours for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life—will not the man who is diligent to be found without spot and blameless on that mighty and decisive day which is to usher in the march of eternity—will not such a man be an exception and a rarity among the secular companies of the world? Yes, he will; and the only way to escape their derision would be to confine the elevation of his principles to the silence and the solitude of his own bosom. If he dares to whisper them he is disgraced and stared at, or the loud laugh of all his acquaintances is ready to overwhelm him.

But surely, surely it is he, and not they, who is on the side of truth and soberness. Were I asked what is that which mainly distinguishes wisdom from folly, I would say that it is the power and the habit of anticipation. An infant has no anticipation. It is the creature of present appearances. It rambles with a delighted eye from one object to another; and if its amusement be wrested from it for a single instant it abandons itself to despair, nor does the prospect of what is to come round again the next minute offer any alleviation to its simple and unreflecting bosom. The infant rises to a school-boy, and the power of anticipation is formed in him. He can look forward to the joys of the next holiday—they soothe the irksomeness of his confinement—they make him faithful to his task, and prove that he can gather something from futurity to guide and to encourage him. At the end of his boyhood I see a further stretch of anticipation. He verges towards the grave, and serious, and calculating man. He looks thoughtful, and can talk of his wishes and his plans beyond the period of his apprenticeship. The stream of years carries him on to confirmed manhood, and gives the last finish to his range of temporal anticipation. He can now take a farther look into futurity—he can think of that competency which is to be the fruit of his accumulations, and that retirement which is to dignify the evening of his days—he can look forward to the settlement of those children who are now frolicking in infancy around him; and the light playfulness of their hearts, joying in the present, and caring for nothing beyond it, is in striking contrast with the state of heart in the parent, brooding in serious calculation over the plans of a distant futurity. He hath be-

* From *Posthumous Sermons*, just published.

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come a man, and put away childish things, and you look upon the change as respectable and manly; but tell me, my brethren, upon what mysterious principle it is, that if the same anticipation shall extend its flight a little way farther, and pierce beyond the curtain of the grave, it loses in the sight of the majority of this world all its honour, and the terms of fanaticism and folly are employed to cover it with disgrace? Anticipation is the very feature of the mind which distinguishes wisdom from folly, which distinguishes manhood from infancy. It is that feature the want of which is idiotism, and the presence of which is sense and understanding; and that man is the wisest of the wise who, in the calculations of trade, or politics, or war, can weigh the most distant consequences, and who, from the eminence of his superior discernment, can command the farthest view into that region of futurity which lies before him. Surely, on this very principle, the man still wiser than he is the Methodist or the Moravian, whom you despise—he who can renounce the world for eternity—he who can sacrifice the present enjoyment for the distant advantage of a place in heaven—he who while death acts as a barrier to the plans and the prospects of worldly men, can carry his anticipation beyond it, and make it his business to lay up for immortality. You admire the far-sighted sagacity of wise and reflecting men. The man who is altogether a Christian sees farther than any of them. He shoots ahead of them all—he stands on a higher eminence, and a mightier range of prospect is submitted to him. Is this the man whom ye call mad, and whom your sober and secular and business men wonder at for his enthusiasm? Yes, it is very true there is a difference in their objects; they labour for the meat that perisheth—he looks beyond the grave, and shapes his measures by what he knows of the country on the other side of it. Time will show on which side the madness lies; she will carry us forward to our death-beds, and then she will arbitrate the question. Yes! you men of the world, who were so wise in your generation, you perhaps gained the objects you were aiming at—but where are they now? They are all over and gone, and you look back upon them as the frivo ities of an idiot dream. Look at the children of light; they only can die in peace, for their futurity is richly provided for, and the way which leads to such a provision is surely a way of truth and soberness.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF A BIBLE.

(*Concluded from page* 611.)

The shadows of the evening began to appear in Teito, for his bodily strength was decaying apace. His master, being a humane man, did not exact his usual labour, but allowed him to work or not, as he pleased. This gave him opportunity of conversing with me almost from morning to evening. I desired him to continue steadfast in the faith of my instructions, and persevere in humble and holy walking, and he should certainly possess the crown of life.

One day when his master called to see him, he told him he meant to leave me as a legacy to him, and begged he would treat me with civility and affection. He descanted on my qualifications, such as the variety of useful information which I was able to communicate, of my unchangeable veracity and strict fidelity. He assured his master, also, that I would make men wise unto everlasting salvation. He then thanked his master for the kindness he had shown him for many years, and prayed fervently that the God of Abraham might bless, protect, and reward him, and that both of them might meet at the right hand of Jesus their judge. Then his master took an affectionate farewell. On his arrival at home, he related the interview he had had with old Teito, which excited the rest of the family to visit him frequently, and they always brought with them some cordial to revive the heart of old Teito.

In a few weeks, he breathed his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father, just after he had recommended the Saviour to the notice of one of the young ladies, who ran home in a flood of tears to tell her father that Teito was now no more. "Blessed are the dead," said I to those who were present, "who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

CHAP. VIII.—VOYAGES TO NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

After the death of my friend Teito, I lay unobserved in a corner of his hut for a considerable time, till a young black slave carried me off to a distant plantation, and exhibited me among his companions as a curiosity. Many of the slaves who had been lately imported from the coast of Guinea, supposed that I had grown like a tree from the ground, and could not conjecture what use I was for. However, a female slave, named Susanna, who had in her younger years been taught to read while under a kind mistress, said she could make me speak. Accordingly I was handed to her, when I at the first opening said, "Unto you, O men, do I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." In a little while after, I repeated to them the whole of the second chapter of the Ephesians. None of them could comprehend what I meant by being dead in sins, or by the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience. These poor slaves knew no more about God than what they collected from the wicked oaths of white people.

Their conversation on these matters made them forget the proper time they should have begun work; of course, the overseer came upon them in a rage, and

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whipped them to their respective employments, who, finding that I was the cause of their detention, declared I should no more be a snare to his slaves; wherefore I was put under lock and key in his house. The slaves were sorry at being deprived of my company, but they had only themselves to blame, for attending to me when they ought to have been engaged in their master's work. Persecution for imprudence or indiscretion is not persecution for righteousness' sake. I teach my friends to do all things in order, lest they should bring reproach on the good cause—not to be in their closets when they ought to be at work, nor at work when they ought to be in their closets.

I was soon after condemned to be sent off the island, which sentence was put in execution in a few weeks; for a vessel, on its way to South America, happened to call at one of the ports in the neighbourhood, to the mate of which I was committed for transportation. In a few weeks the vessel arrived at its destined harbour, and I was soon exchanged for a few dead birds of a beautiful plumage, which the mate intended to carry home as curiosities. My purchaser soon perceived that I had some sentences very different from the assertions of some of my brethren. For example, when I said one day, that Jacob worshipped, leaning on the top of his staff, "That's false," said he, "for our priest told me that father Jacob worshipped the top of his staff." At another time, when I said, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing in heaven or in earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them;" he was very angry, and almost threw me into the fire; "For," said he, "our priests insist more on our worshipping images of the Virgin Mary, and other saints, than on worshipping God, or his Son Jesus Christ." He then demanded my sentiments about purgatory, but on this subject he could not get me to say a word. On this he concluded I was some spurious character, and resolved to part with me the first opportunity that offered.

My possessor watched the opportunity of some North American vessel calling at the port, that he might dispose of me to some person on board of her. For nearly six months, I lay waiting for this opportunity, and was hardly permitted to speak one word during the whole of the time.

A North American vessel did arrive, but they forgot me till she was actually sailing out of harbour. However, the son of my proprietor remembered me, ran home, snatched me up, went in great haste to the extreme point of the pier, just in time to catch the vessel as she passed, into which he threw me with such violence that all on board wondered I had not been beaten to pieces. Now I was placed much in the same situation I had been in some years before, sometimes in a hammock and sometimes in a chest, according to the fancy of the captain; only, on the Sabbath I was always liberated, and allowed to lie during the forenoon on the cabin table. Indeed, my lying in this posture for a few hours, and those on board dressing a little better, was all that distinguished the Sabbath from any other day.

One evening the captain related to a passenger an account of a shipwreck he endured in the Gulf of Mexico, which ought at least to have reformed him. It was during the hurricane months, when the sea ran mountains high, that the vessel in which he sailed struck against a rock about midnight, when all who happened to be on deck at that instant, were driven with extreme violence into the sea and perished. "I," said he, "was asleep in my hammock, but the shock threw me out of it to a considerable distance. When I recovered from my surprise I hastened on deck, but not a creature was there, all had been swallowed up in the furious ocean. I ran below to assist in saving some of my comrades, but most of them had broken limbs or arms, and could do nothing for their preservation, having been driven by the shock against different parts of the vessel. The ship was rapidly filling with water, and I could only drag two of them on deck before she was quite full; and all the others were drowned. In the morning, to our joy, daylight began to appear in the east, and I was able to make a raft of broken pieces of the ship, which conveyed us with great difficulty to the shore."

"And what influence had this miraculous escape, captain, on your after life?" said one of the passengers. "None at all," said he, "for when I got with my kind friends again, I soon forgot it."

The mate said, he had once been shipwrecked on a barbarous coast, infested with wild beasts—that before they reached the shore, several of them had remained twenty-four hours lashed to the ship's main-mast—that at last the vessel went to pieces, on one of which they reached the shore, and were obliged instantly to climb a tree for their preservation from the lions and tigers; and after overcoming many difficulties, and escaping many dangers, they reached the habitations of men, and from thence got home to their native country.

A young man on board, who had never been at sea but once till this voyage, began to be alarmed at these terrific relations, and dreaded lest something similar should happen to us before our arrival in port. He privately asked the captain for liberty to converse with me at pleasure; which was readily granted. At our first interview, I related the history of the prodigal son, as contained in the 15th chapter of Luke's gospel. "Thou hast found me out," said he, "for the history of that young man exactly agrees with mine. I had indulgent parents, and during my younger years was happy at home; but, in consequence of a disagreement with my elder brother, I determined to go abroad, and went contrary to the wishes of my tender parents. They expended more than they could well afford in equipping me for my departure. When I arrived in that country which we lately left, there was none to befriend me, consequently I was slighted, and could obtain no situation suited to my expectations. In a few months every thing I had brought with me was sold for my support, and I was obliged to engage in the most menial services. The kind of work in which I was employed, and the people with whom I was constrained to associate, were both extremely disagreeable, which often led me to reflect on the comforts which I had hastily forsaken. Hearing that this vessel was bound for the

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very city where my parents reside, I one morning determined to return, and should I meet with a reception any thing resembling that which you have just related, I shall then be very happy."

An old lady, a passenger on board, who till now had concealed her religion, overhearing all that had passed, came into the little cabin where we were, and soon discovered that she loved and feared the God of heaven. She assured this young man of the joy it gave her to find that he had been convinced of his folly; "For," said she, "I know your parents well, and also that your undutiful conduct has been their constant grief since the day of your departure, as their never having heard from you has added to their sorrow. I can assure you, you will meet with a hearty welcome from them."

In the evening the wind rose very high, and increased till after midnight. The few passengers who were on board were much alarmed, especially Julius, the young man whose history has just been related. He thought God was contending with him for his crimes, and that he should soon be brought before an angry God. In this state of mind he went to prayer, confessed his numerous transgressions, and earnestly besought forgiveness from God. After he rose from his knees he came running to me, anxious to hold a little conversation; but the vessel rolled so prodigiously, that I could only get him to hear a sentence now and then. One thing I said, and he heard me distinctly, viz., that whatsoever a man asked the Father in Christ's name, believing that he received it, that should be done unto him. This cheered him a little, and encouraged him to go to prayer again. The storm now subsided, and we were wafted very pleasantly on our voyage, till we arrived safe in a North American port, where Julius met with a most affectionate reception from his parents, whose forgiveness he solicited in the most filial manner.

I was now become old, my face full of wrinkles, my frame quite shattered, and my constitution completely broken up. Indeed I could only speak a kind of broken language; many of my sentences, too, were so imperfectly articulated, that they were altogether unintelligible. On these accounts I was entirely laid aside from active service, like an old and weatherbeaten sailor.

Thus ended the voyages, travels, and labours of a Bible.

CHARACTER.

MEN are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the *mass of character*. A block of tin may have a grain of silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence; yet he was not without the alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base; yet he had a portion of zeal, which was directed by God to great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds: they are employed as a means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.

ACTIONS AT DEATH.

WE just now met with this thought—*No man would wish to do a wicked act as the last one of his life.* But as no man knoweth which act will be his last, he should not be willing to do a wicked act at any time. But how much better so to live, that when death comes it shall find us doing what God would have us do! How much better to die praying than to die sinning!

THE END.

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